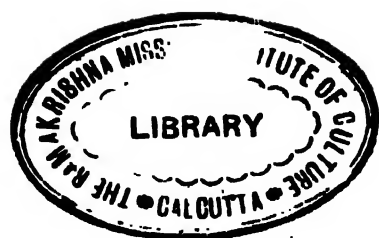


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INDEX.

Familiar Sketches and Essays.

	Page
Art among the Coal-seuttles (w. c.),	801
Astors, Story of the (w. c.),	81
Autumn,	625
Benefactors (w. c.),	417
Charlie (w. c.),	817
Cherwell, On the,	609
Club-life,	305
Country Rambles,	339
Crown of Life, the,	401
Ellenborough, Lady (an Eccentric Lady),	577
Fashion, Follies of,	33
Friends of (w. c.),	177
German Theory, the (w. c.),	115
Getting On (w. c.),	353
Gilbert White,	433
Herschels, Story of the (w. c.),	299
Holiday in an Old Roman City,	737
Idlers,	419
If,	553
Lambert, the 'Hero and Martyr' (w. c.),	515
Left Behind,	222
Limpets,	225
May,	273
Merchant Prince—Alexander T. Stewart, of New York (w. c.),	385
Money, What to do With (w. c.),	17
Moral Training,	611
Motives,	536
My Scouts,	721
My Starling,	593
Name lending (w. c.),	289
Objectors (w. c.),	497
Old Bob, Story of (w. c.),	7
Old Times and New (w. c.),	257
Physiognomy of Houses,	331
Sketches from the Hebrides,	717
Story of the Astors (w. c.),	785
Clyde (w. c.),	705
Herschels (w. c.),	209
Moss Hole (w. c.),	833
Torturations (w. c.),	361

Poetry.

Ariadne,	576
Autumn, Country in,	624
Country Justice,	336

Country Lass, the (w. c.),	Page 448
Doggie Squib,	528
Erl-king, the,	224
Fall of the Year, the,	832
Golfer's Elegy, a,	720
Halidon Hill, a Border Battle-field,	816
Hermit, the,	384
Holy Loch,	304
Home,	96
Invincible Lover, the,	736
Lines by a Lady to her Sons,	208
Lullaby, a,	432
Memories,	128
Moonset,	112
My Native Bay (n. c., 1823),	80
Pastoral Song, a,	368
Primrose Flower, My Little,	160
the,	192
Remembered Days,	592
Robin, the,	818
Sally in Our Alley (w. c.),	180
Silver Wedding, the,	32
Sir John Suckling's Campaign,	672
Soldier's Death, a 1815,	590
Songs of the Olden Time (w. c.),	418, 430
Sonnet to a Pair of Old Boots,	830
Spring of Heather, On a,	610
Spring,	256
Spring's Gifts,	272
Thames and Windsor Forest, the,	656
To ———,	288

Popular Science.

Age of the World, the (w. c.),	Page 629
Air, Travels in the,	161
Ants, Some Recent Observations on,	5
Aphides,	303
Aquarium, the:	
Formation and Management of,	357
Inhabitants,	391
Artificial Stone,	262
Blind Fishes,	326
Butterflies of the Sea (Pteropoda, 'wing-footed'),	463
Changes in Land and Water,	238
Clubbing Plants,	25

Cuttle-fishes,	Page 645
Eyes and No Eyes,	369
Geographical Distribution of Animals,	711
Happy Accidents,	345
Lightning-prints,	35
Lost Stars,	673
Manganese, Uses of,	543
'Mysterious Sounds,'	183
Natural History, Curious Phases in,	303
Photocineography, or Autotypy, 'self-printing' (w. c.),	52
Science and Arts—	
77, 142, 205, 286, 350, 411, 491, 558, 638, 702, 766, 816	
Science in the Detection of Crime,	101
Suspended Animation,	158
Use of Forests,	590
Useful Items from France,	671
Winter Vegetation,	837

Tales and Other Narratives.

Adventure on the Clyde, an,	Page 298, 311
ARAB WIFE, THE. A Tale of the	
Polynesian Seas,	
I. The American Skipper,	707
II. The Fight,	723
III. Ashore,	726
IV. I am Initiated,	740
V. Piracy,	742
VI. Dinner,	756
VII. Love,	758
VIII. Stratagem,	772
IX. Nizam,	774
X. Apostasy,	787
XI. Matrimony,	803
XII. Wandering,	820
XIII. Home,	835
Aunt's Attendant, My,	793
Aylin,	527
Catching Tartars,	763
Chinese Speculation, a,	10
Dashmorton's Legacy—	
425, 441, 457, 473, 490, 507, 523	
Dilemma, a,	394, 411
Election Story, an,	329, 347
Eventful Voyage, an,	264, 282
Fairy,	175

	Page		Page		Page
FAILEN FORTUNES. By James Payn, Author of <i>Lost Sir Marmagland</i> , <i>Walter's Word</i> , &c.		Old Manuscript, an, 803, 825, 840		Travels in the Air, by James	
I. After the Charades, . . . 1		Our Only Snake, . . . 254		Claiher, F.R.S., Camillo	
II. Teacher and Pupil, . . . 20		Roulette, Concerning, . . . 319		Planmarion, W. de Fonville,	161
III. In the Rose-garden, . . . 37		Russian Officer's Story, . . . 783		and Gaston Tissandier, . . .	
IV. Mrs Campden orders the		Starling, My, . . . 593		Wallace's (A. R.) Geographical	711
Pony-carriage, . . . 40		Tale of the Mauritius, . . . 254		Distribution of Animals, . . .	
V. Mr Campden orders the		Tiger Tales, . . . 699		Wolf-hunting and Wild Sport in	42
Baronche, . . . 41		Tiny's Lovers, . . . 532, 552		Lower Brittany,	
VI. The Guide Race, . . . 52		Tornado on the Mississippi, a,	465		
VII. Making the Best of It, . . . 68		Victim to Modern Inventions, a,	59		
VIII. Job's Comforter, . . . 72		Westchester Tower, . . . 90			
IX. Wormwood, . . . 84		Wickham's Reckoning, Joe, . . . 360			
X. A True Wife, . . . 106					
XI. Mr Holt's Advice, . . . 123					
XII. Sympathetic Ink, . . . 131					
XIII. Jenny's Suspicious, . . . 153					
XIV. On the Brink, . . . 155					
XV. How Dr Chuzon's Bill					
was Settled, . . . 161					
XVI. On Board the <i>Mary</i> , . . . 179					
XVII. To Be, or Not to Be? . . . 196					
XVIII. The Anonymous Letter, . . . 213					
XIX. Reconstituted, . . . 227					
XX. Dalton takes the Bit					
between his Teeth, . . . 244					
XXI. The Power of 'Old					
Times', . . . 259					
XXII. Mrs Campden's View of					
the Matter, . . . 275					
XXIII. A Patroness, . . . 291					
XXIV. Advice Gratis, . . . 308					
XXV. Second Class, . . . 324					
XXVI. The Worm Turns, . . . 340					
XXVII. Last Days, . . . 355					
XXVIII. Farewells, . . . 372					
XXIX. Mr Holt asks Mamma,					
XXX. Mr Holt departs with					
Flying Colours, . . . 403					
XXXI. Realities, . . . 405					
XXXII. Lady Skipton's Charity,					
XXXIII. Evil Tidings, . . . 420					
XXXIV. A Catastrophe, . . . 436					
XXXV. Tony's Expedition, . . . 452					
XXXVI. Bereaved, . . . 468					
XXXVII. Jenny at Bay, . . . 485					
XXXVIII. A Lover Dismissed, . . . 499					
XXXIX. Kitty's Dream, . . . 501					
XL. An Author and his					
Editor, . . . 517					
XLI. The Exodus, . . . 538					
XLII. The Swing of the Pen-					
dulum, . . . 546					
XLIII. How the Premium was					
Paid, . . . 564					
XLIV. In the Coffee-house, . . . 581					
XLV. Retrospective, . . . 597					
XLVI. In Brazil, . . . 614					
XLVII. Mine and Counter-mine, . . . 616					
XLVIII. Breaking It, . . . 627					
XLIX. Does Kitty Know? . . . 642					
I. Mr Holt makes Jeff his					
Confidant, . . . 659					
II. How Mr Holt hastened					
Matters, . . . 661					
III. How they Lived ever					
Afterwards, . . . 675					
First Tiger, My, . . . 147					
Following up the Track —					
563, 588, 602, 618, 631, 646, 667					
Friend of the Thousand Islands,					
My, . . . 232					
Holvellyn, On, . . . 377					
Indiscriminate Acquaintances, 680, 692					
Laird's Relief, the, . . . 714, 730					
Left in Charge, . . . 747, 763					
Lighthouse of the Gannets, the, 26, 45					
Lochview, . . . 97, 117, 136					
Match-making in Roscommon, . . . 269					
Number 25 in Our Square, . . . 218					
Old Love-story, an, . . . 169, 186, 201					
		Notices of Books.		Miscellaneous Articles of	
		Bellars's Fine Arts and their		Instruction and Enter-	
		Uses, . . . 380		tainment.	
		Bellow's Account of an Embassy		Absence of White Colour in	
		from the Viceroy of India to		Animals, . . . 816	
		the Khan of Kashgar and Yar-		Almsrilities of Modern Credulity, 470	
		kand, . . . 488		Accidents, Happy, . . . 345	
		Bertram's Harvest of the Sea, . . . 531		Acrobaticism, Sensational, . . . 697	
		Book of Kells, the, Ascribed to St		Adventure on the Clyde, an, 298, 314	
		Columba (w. c.), . . . 49		Age of the World, the (w. c.), . . . 529	
		Blackland's Report on the East		Aids of Science in the Detection	
		Coast Fisheries, . . . 63		of Crime, . . . 101	
		Burbridge's Domestic Floriculture,		Aims, Mistaken, . . . 526	
		Busk's (Miss) Folk-lore of Rome, . . . 612		Air, Travels in the, . . . 161	
		Cooper's Lost Continent (Africa), . . . 781		America, Primary Education in, . . . 555	
		Darwin's Movements and Habits		Amusements at Sea, . . . 654	
		of Climbing Plants, . . . 25		Anglo-Indian Artisan's Day, an, . . . 173	
		Payre's (Dr) Thanatophidia of		Animal Powers of Offence and	
		India, . . . 822		Defence, . . . 217	
		Pratt's Lives of the Conjurers		Ants, Some Recent Observations	
		(w. c.), . . . 321		on, . . . 5	
		Gilmore's Storm Warriors, . . . 689		Aphides, . . . 303	
		Goldie's (Miss) Family Recolle-		Aquarium, the, . . . 357, 391	
		ctions, . . . 765		Aquatic Animals, on the taking	
		Greg's Mistaken Aims and At-		of Food by, . . . 735	
		tainable Ideals of the Artisan		Arctic Seas, Yachting in the, . . . 511	
		Class, . . . 526		Armour-plating, Great Guns and, . . . 286	
		Hassall's (Dr) Food and its Adul-		Art Among the Coal-scuttles	
		terations, . . . 216		(w. c.), . . . 801	
		Heathcote's Reminiscences of Fen		Artificial Stone, . . . 262	
		and Mere, . . . 404		Artistic Errors and Anachro-	
		Hill's (Miss Octavia) Homes of the		nisms, . . . 476	
		London Poor, . . . 230		Art-writer, an Intelligent, . . . 380	
		Jones's (Rev. Harry) East and		Associations and Customs of	
		West London, . . . 109		'Christmas, . . . 806	
		Kennedy's Colonial Travel (w. c.) —		Astors, Story of the (w. c.), . . . 81	
		769, 790		Aunt's Attendant, My, . . . 793	
		Lamont's Notes of Five Voyages		Automata, . . . 87	
		of Sport and Discovery in Spitz-		Autumn, . . . 625	
		bergen and Novaya Zemlya, . . . 511		Aylia, . . . 527	
		Lenep's (Dr Van) Bible Lands,		Banquet of the Lord Mayor of	
		their Modern Customs and		London, . . . 694	
		Manners, Illustrative of Scrip-		Bearing-reins, the Torture of, . . . 784	
		ture, . . . 650		Benefactors (w. c.), . . . 417	
		Lesseps's History of the Suez		Bird Protection, . . . 65	
		Canal, translated by Sir H. D.		Blackwater, On the, . . . 510	
		Wolff, M.P. (w. c.), . . . 113		Blind Fishes, . . . 326	
		Lukis's Guide to Barrows and		Book About Thrift, . . . 110	
		other Prehistoric Monuments		— of Kells, the (w. c.), . . . 49	
		in Brittany, . . . 121		Brittany, the Indo Stone Monu-	
		Macleod's (Dr Norman) Reminis-		ments of, . . . 121	
		cences of a Highland Parish, . . . 337		Brittany, the Wild Sports of, . . . 42	
		Morant's (Major) Game Preservers		Butterflies of the Sea, . . . 463	
		and Bird Preservers: which		Canine Sagacity, . . . 126	
		are our Friends? . . . 65		Carpices of the Nile, . . . 815	
		Moresby's (Captain of H.M.S.		Cashmere Rivers, Primitive	
		<i>Basilik</i>) New Guinea and Poly-		Modes of Crossing the, . . . 488	
		nesia Discoveries, &c. . . 454		Catching Tarians, . . . 783	
		Poems of Mrs G. G. Richardson		Cave-men, French, . . . 596	
		(Caroline Eliza Scott), . . . 607		Central Africa, a New World	
		Rink's (Dr Henry) Tales and		in, . . . 365, 374	
		Traditions of the Eskimo, . . . 131		Chambers's Journal (w. c.), . . . 16	
		Rowe's Jack Afloat and Ashore, . . . 92		Changes in Land and Water, . . . 238	
		Suile's (Samuel) Thrift, . . . 140		Channel Tunnel, the, . . . 521	
		Stock's Fac-simile Reprint of the		Charlie (w. c.), . . . 817	
		Original Compleat Angler, . . . 367		Cherwell, On the, . . . 609	
		Timbs's Doctors and Patients, . . . 585		Chinese Speculation, a, . . . 10	
				Christmas — Its Customs and Asso-	
				ciations, . . . 806	
				Climbing Plants, . . . 25	

INDEX.

vii

	Page		Page		Page
Club-life,	305	Following up the Track—		London, East and West, . . .	100
Clyde, an Adventure on the, 298,	314	569, 588, 602, 618, 631, 646,	607	— Poor, Homes of the, . . .	230
—, Story of the (w. c.), . . .	705	Forests, the Use of, . . .	590	Look to your Milk, . . .	731
Coal-scuttles, Art among the	801	Formation of an Aquarium, . .	357	Lord Mayor of London, the, 683,	694
(w. c.),	801	France, Useful Items from, . .	671	Losses of Jewels, . . .	661, 832
Cobra, the Indian,	822	French Cave-men,	596	Lost Stars,	673
Coca,	318	— Mussel-farm, a,	531	Love-story, an Old, . . . 169, 186,	201
Coincidences in Dates, . . .	761	Frenzies of Fashion (w. c.), . .	177	Low Scale of Commercial Moral-	
Commercial Morality, a Low Scale		Functions of the Lord Mayor of		ity, a,	32
of,	32	London,	683	Lutine, Story of the,	438
Commercial Traveller, the, . .	813	Games on Horseback: Polo and		Magic, Natural (w. c.), . . .	321
Concubines and Mysteries, . .		Tout-jagging,	492	Management of an Aquarium, . .	357
Literary Impostures,	252	Gannets, the Lighthouse of the, 26,	45	Manganese and its Uses, . . .	543
Concerning Roulette,	319	Garden Parties,	574	Match-making in Roscommon, . .	269
Conjurers and Spiritualists, 657,	686	Geographical Distribution of		May,	273
Coolin, the Slave and the, . . .	781	Animals, the,	711	Meat and Drink,	216
Co-operative Community, a, . .	600	Germ Theory, the (w. c.), . . .	145	Mendicants, Hindu,	311
Corn-crake,	336	Getting On (w. c.),	353	Merchant Prince, a (w. c.), . . .	385
Cornish Sardines,	400	Gifts to Waiters and Servants, .	550	Microscopic Ingenuity,	623
Country Rambles,	369	Gilbert White,	433	Milk, Look to your,	731
Crabs and Lobsters,	777	Gossip about 'Cuttle-fishes, . .	645	Mission Work, Flower,	678
Crow, the Indian,	477	— about Lighthouses, . . .	828	Mississippi, a Tornado on the, . .	465
Crown of Life, the,	401	—, Umbrella,	799	Mistaken Aims,	526
Cuckoo,	334	Great Guns and Armour plating,	296	— Ideas of India,	423
Curiosities of Patents and Paten-		Guarana,	447	Moabite Stone, the,	397
tees,	579	Gymnastics, Sensational, . . .	697	Modern Credulity, Absurdities of,	470
Curiosities of the Wire, . . .	593	Happy Accidents,	345	— Inventions, a Victim to, . .	50
Curious Companionships, . . .	167	Healing Art, Varieties of the, .	585	Money, What to do with (w. c.), .	17
— Phases in Natural His-		Helicides, Rough Sketches from		Monsoon, India during the, . . .	749
tory,	303	the,	717, 785	Mont Blanc without a Guide, . . .	513
Cuttle-fishes, Gossip about, . .	615	Helvellyn, On,	377	MONTH, THE: Science and Arts—	
Dashmorton's Legacy—		Herschels, Story of the (w. c.), .	209	77, 142, 205, 286, 350, 414, 491,	558,
425, 441, 457, 473, 490, 507,	523	Highland Parish in the Last		638, 702, 766,	846
Dates, Coincidences in,	761	Century, a,	337	Moral Training,	641
Deaths and Disasters on the Stage,	13	Hindu Mendicants,	311	Moss Hole, Story of the (w. c.), .	833
Desert of Sahara made Navigable,		Holiday in an Old Roman City, .	737	Motives,	536
the Great,	505	Hone Flowers,	241	Mussel-farm, a French,	531
Detection of Crime, Aids of		Homes of the London Poor, . . .	230	My Aunt's Attendant,	793
Science in the,	101	Houses, Physiognomy of, . . .	331	My First Tiger,	147
Dignities of the Lord Mayor of		Idlers,	449	My Friend of the Thousand	
London,	683	India during the Monsoon, . . .	749	Islands,	232
Dilemma, a,	394, 411	—, Mistaken Ideas of, . . .	423	My Scouts,	721
Disappearances, Mysterious, . .	75	Indian Colera, the,	822	My Starling,	593
Disease Propagation, Infectious, .	831	— Crow, the,	477	Mysterious Disappearances, . . .	75
Distribution of Animals, the Geo-		— Jackal, the,	103	'Mysterious Sounds,'	183
graphical,	711	Indiscriminate Acquaintances, 680,	693	Name-lending (w. c.),	289
Distribution of Seeds by Panthers, .	832	Infectious Disease Propagation, .	831	Narrative of the Wreck of the	
'Draw, The,' a Word about, . . .	288	Ingenuity, Microscopic,	623	Strathmore,	481
Dreaming and Sleep-walking, . .	56	Inhabitants of the Aquarium, . .	391	Nest-building Fishes,	238
Drink, Meat and,	216	Intelligible Art-writer, an, . . .	380	New Guinea and its Inhabitants, .	451
Drummers and Fifers,	628	Irish Bulls,	199	New World in Central Africa, a—	
East Coast Fisheries,	61	Isaac Walton,	367	365, 374	
— End of London,	109	Jack Frost,	92	Night-fishing off the Stags, . . .	636
— Life in the,	630	— Tar,	15	Night-jar,	335
Eccentric Lady (Lady Ellen-		Jackal, the Indian,	103	Nile, Caprices of the,	815
borough),	577	Japanese Silver Mine, Visit to a,	224	North Pole? Who Owns the, . . .	279
Ed-fare,	575	Jewels, Losses of,	661, 832	Number 25 in Our Square, . . .	218
Election Story, an,	329, 347	Joe Wickham's Reckoning, . . .	360	Objectors (w. c.),	497
Emigrant Caravan, the,	133	Journal, Chambers's (w. c.), . . .	16	Observations Ants, Some Recent, .	5
Employment for Educated		Kaffir Festival, a,	249	Occasional Notes (w. c.), . . .	383
Women, Sick-nursing an,	429	Kells, the Book of (w. c.), . . .	49	Oddly Addressed Letters,	80
Eskimo, Traditions of the, . . .	131	La Crosse,	445	Odls and Ends—	
Eventful Voyage, an,	264, 282	Laird's Relief, the,	714, 730	Instance of Scent in a Dog, . . .	720
Eyes and No Eyes,	369	Lambert, the 'Hero and Martyr,'		Tenacity of Memory in a Pony, . .	608
Fairy,	175	(w. c.),	545, 800	Turning Salt Water into Fresh, . .	720
Far West, Stock-raising in the, .	811	Land and Water, Changes in, . .	238	Offence and Defence, Animal	
Feast of First-fruits, the, . . .	249	Leviches,	431	Powers of,	247
Feathered Neighbours, Our		Left Behind,	222	Old Boh, Story of (w. c.), . . .	7
Corn-crake,	336	Left in Charge,	747, 763	Old Love-story, an, . . . 169, 186,	201
Cuckoo,	334	Lesseps and the Suez Canal (w. c.),	113	Old Manuscript, an, . . . 809, 825,	840
Night-jar,	335	Letters, Oddly Addressed, . . .	80	Old Times and New (w. c.), . . .	257
Books,	129	Laws, in the,	785	On Helvellyn,	377
Fen and Mere, Reminiscences of,	408	Life in the East,	650	On the Blackwater,	510
Fire-kings and Fire-eaters, . . .	732	Lighthouse of the Gannets, the—	26, 45	On the Cherwell,	609
First Tiger, My,	147	Lighthouses, Gossip about, . . .	828	Our Only Snake,	251
Fisheries, East Coast,	63	Lighting-prints,	35	Ourselves as Others See Us, . . .	635
Fishes, Nest-building,	268	Limpets,	225	Pagant of the Lord Mayor of	
Flower at the End of Twenty		Literary Impostures, Conceal-		London,	694
Centuries, Reappearance of a, . .	96	ments and Mysteries,	252	Painters' Pleasures,	301
Flower-mission Work,	678	Lobsters and Crabs,	777	Panthers, Distribution of Seeds by,	832
Flowers, Home,	241	Lochview,	97, 117, 136	Parrots,	744
Folk-lore of Rome,	612			Patents and Patentees, Curiosities	
Follies of Fashion,	33			of,	579

	Page		Page		Page
Peculiar People, a,	272	Sick-nursing, an Employment for	429	Tent-pegging and Polo,	402
Physiognomy of Houses,	331	Educated Women,	429	Termite,	797
Pigmy Shrew, the,	556	Singing Round the World (w. c.)—	763, 790	Thousand Islands, My Friend of	232
Plants, Climbing,	25	Skye, Glimpses of,	717	the,	140
Poems of Mrs G. G. Richardson,	607	Slave and the Coolie, the,	781	Thrift, Book About,	609
Polo and Tent-pegging,	492	Sleep-walking and Dreaming,	56	Tiger Tales,	532, 552
Primary Education in America,	555	Snake, Our Only,	251	Tiny's Lovers,	465
Primitive Modes of Crossing the		Sophistications,	30	Tornado on the Mississippi, a,	561
Cashmere Rivers,	488	'Sounds, Mysterious,	183	Torturations (w. c.),	784
Railway Run, a,	111	Spiritualists, Conjurers and,	657, 686	Torture of Bearing-reins, the,	131
----- Tickets,	617	Stage, Deaths and Disasters on the,	13	Traditions of the Eskimo,	641
Reappearance of a Flower at the		Stags, Night-fishing off the,	636	Training, Moral,	190
End of Twenty Centuries,	96	Starling, My,	583	Trains-signalling by Telegraph,	161
Reminiscences of Pen and Merv,	408	Stars, Lost,	673	Travels in the Air,	461
Roman City, a Holiday in an		Stewart, Alexander T., of New	385	Trees of Liberty,	95
Old,	737	York (w. c.),	814	Truffle-gathering,	720
Romantic Incident, a,	765	Stock-raising in the Far West,	121	Turning Salt Water into Fresh,	799
Rome, the Folk-lore of,	612	Stone Monuments of Brittany,	689	Umbrella Gossip,	151
Rooks,	129	'Storm Warriors,'	7	'Unlucky' Days,	590
Roscommun, Match-making in,	269	Story of Old Bob (w. c.),	81	Use of Forests, the,	671
Rough Sketches from the Hebrides:—		----- the Astors (w. c.),	705	Useful Items from France,	585
Glimpses of Skye,	717	----- Clyde (w. c.),	200	Varieties of the Healing Art,	59
In the Lewis,	785	----- Herschels (w. c.),	438	Victim to Modern Inventions, a,	224
Ronlette, Concerning,	319	----- Lutine,	833	Visit to a Japanese Silver Mine, a,	550
Russian Officer's Story, a,	783	----- Moss Hole (w. c.),	481	Waiters and Servants, Gifts to,	779
Sahara made Navigable, the Great		Strathmore, Narrative of the	113	Weddings and Wakes,	90
Desert of,	505	Wreck of the,	158	Westchester Tower,	109
Sardines, Cornish,	400	Suez Canal (w. c.),	727	West End of London,	17
Scent in a Dog, Instance of,	720	Suspended Animation,	735	What to do with Money (w. c.),	279
Scouts, My,	721	Taking of Food by Aquatic Ani-	254	Who Owns the North Pole?	360
Sea, Amusements at,	654	mals, On the,	461	Wickham's Reckoning, Joe,	42
---, Butterflies of the,	463	Tale of the Mauritius,	608	Wild Sports of Brittany, the,	837
Sensational Gymnastics and Aero-		Tattooing Extraordinary,		Winter Vegetation,	288
bation,	697	Tenacity of Memory in a Pony,		Word about 'The Draw,' a,	529
Shrew, the Pigmy,	556			World, Age of the (w. c.),	541
Sick-nursing,	752			Yachting in the Arctic Seas,	

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FALLEN FORTUNES.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF 'LOST SIR MASSINGBERD,' 'WALTER'S WORD,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—AFTER THE CHARADES.

It is night, and the moon is rising over crag and coppice in its fullness, making all things, as is commonly said, 'as light as day.' Its silent, silvery splendours do not, however, vie with the golden glories of noonday, but have a radiance of their own, infinitely more enchanting as it gleams on wood and wave. Never does Nathay look so charming as when its smooth, swift stream mirrors the moonbeams, or steals coily from them in eddy and pool beneath its bush-fringed banks. Never do the tall crags of Bleabarrow stand so grandly out as beneath this harvest moon. How distinctly does every giant boulder assert itself, every heather-clad knoll, and every mountain ash that leans aslant out of its rocky cleft, like a flag at a ship's stern in calm! To one who observes her closely, Nature has at this time a listening air; the giant boulders, in their statuesque magnificence, seem to be awaiting something, the utterance, it may be, of some magic charm that shall confer a wondrous transformation; the ash is leaning and listening; even the tufts of heather stand stiffly up, as though in expectation. If he be alone in such a scene, Man himself mechanically listens also; and to some a voice is vouchsafed—uncertain, vague, yet pregnant, so it seems, with eternal mysteries; and by others there is no sound heard, save the whisper of the wind among the trees, or the murmur of the stream as it hurries to the fall.

'Listen, Kitty, listen! Is it not pleasant to hear the Nathay tumbling over the weir in a night like this?'

The speaker is a plump, fair girl in a housemaid's dress, who is standing at an open window of a mansion commanding a view of the weir, and she addresses one of her own age and sex who is leaning over the window-sill beside her.

To judge from the attire of the latter, which is a neat and cheap one, such as is bought for solid merit, as respects its washing qualities, rather than for pattern and texture, and by the little apology for a cap, made out of imitation lace, that crowns her rich brown hair, you would conclude her to be of the same station as her companion; but Kate has an air of refinement that the other lacks. They are both, however, what even bachelors, who have arrived at the critical age, would term pretty girls; and if Mary (for that is the speaker's name) is inclined to be stout, that is no defect, so far as my poor judgment goes, in a pretty housemaid, but generally bespeaks content and good-nature. She is evidently one of those who do not 'work their fingers to the bone' in the performance of household duties, for her hands are smooth and delicate, while it is equally plain that her occupation lies within doors, for her complexion is as soft as cream, and almost as white. Her neck, too, though marred by the presence on either side of it of a large blob of mosaic gold in the shape of an ear-ring, is free from roughness or sunburn; and its delicacy contrasts prettily enough with the gay cotton handkerchief pinned above her bosom, in that old-world modest fashion which is rarely seen in these days, even when modesty is affected, as upon the stage. Upon the whole, we would say that Mary is a superior young person in her rank of life, and that her mistress is an easy one, and leaves her plenty of leisure to adorn and preserve her charms; and woe be to the susceptible gamekeeper (one would go on to prophesy) who, in his watchful rounds to-night, should behold that pleasant vision as she gazes out on Nathay's stream and crags. Kate, like Mary, is a blonde; but the resemblance between the girls goes no

further. She is a year or two younger than her companion—indeed, unusually young for one in domestic service—and has an air of delicacy so pronounced, that it only just falls short of the appearance of ill-health. Her cheek-bones might be termed too high, and her frame too angular, if it were not that Nature has not yet done with her. Her beauty is at present in the budding stage, though it gives promise of great perfection; and her eyes are too soft and spiritual, one would say, for the task of looking for cobwebs or cleaning grates. If she is to be up betimes to-morrow, and go about her work as usual, it strikes one that they ought long ago to have been closed in sleep, instead of looking on rock and river with such a thoughtful and impassioned gaze.

'You hear the weir, don't you, Kitty,' continued Mary; 'though it seems you don't hear me?'

'A thousand pardons, Polly. O yes, I hear it well enough, and I heard your question too; but, somehow, on a night like this, one likes to think, and not to talk. It was very selfish of me not to answer you; but I was wondering how long your river had run on like this, how many generations of men and women had listened to it, and how many more will do so, when you and I shall have no ears for its ceaseless song.'

'No ears, dear Kitty; what a funny notion! Oh, I see; you mean when we shall both be dead.'

'Yes; dead and gone, Mary. The moon will shine as calmly as it does now, yonder, glistening on those crags we know so well; and the sky will be just as blue and beautiful; the trees will be even grander and larger; but we shall never see them more.'

'Well, of course not; we shall be enjoying something better in heaven—at least I hope so.'

'Do you really hope so, Polly?' asked the other earnestly; 'or is it only that you hope you are not going elsewhere? I cannot help thinking that we often pretend we want to go to heaven, when we have in reality no expectation of the sort.'

'O Kitty, how can you be so wicked!'

'But is it not wicked to pretend such things? It seems to me to be attempting to deceive not only ourselves, but Him who made us. Now, on a night like this, and looking on so fair a scene, I almost feel as if I ~~was~~ in heaven; as though, at all events, I was not of the earth—earthly—but was projected somehow—I don't know how—into some diviner sphere. There seem influences about us such as are not perceived at other times, if they then exist; a sort of communion appears to be established between our souls and Nature herself'—

'You are "projecting" me, dear Kitty,' interrupted the other, laughing. 'very much beyond my depth: for my part, I am quite content to leave speculation alone, or, where there seems a hitch, to trust to the clergyman.'

'That is, because you are conscious of being so comfortably located, that the very idea of change, even in one's ideas, annoys you. From your cradle to your grave, you will, in all human probability, be out of the reach of adversity; and therefore this world seems sufficient for all your wants, if not the best of all possible worlds.'

'For that matter, you will be just as well off as I, Kitty.'

'So far as material wants are concerned, I suppose I shall; but I cannot shut my eyes to the

position of those who are less favoured by I often wonder if one were poor, and looked upon (as, I fear, poor people are, whatever may say), and conscious of injustice and contumely, whether one's views of the future would be altered as much as one's views of the present seems to me that it is much easier for the poor to be what is called orthodox—to pronounce whatever is to be right, and to take matters as they find them mapped out for them, both here and hereafter—than for the poor.'

'Yet I am sure some of our poor people here mean of those that belong to the estate'—

'A very different thing from the estate belonging to them, Polly,' interrupted her companion drily.

'Of course it is. Providence has placed them in a subordinate position; but yet they are often better people—I have heard the rector say so—and more religious-minded, than their masters. They are ill-lodged and ill-fed, rheumatic, and I know not what else; but yet they never complain, nor seem to think it hard though they see others so much better off.'

'Still, I confess I should feel it bitterly, Polly if I were in their place,' answered the other earnestly. 'I am afraid I should be a radical and an infidel, and all that is bad.'

'Well, then, I am very glad that you are unlikely to be exposed to the temptation, cousin, was the laughing reply. 'If your papa gets into parliament, he is quite clever enough to become a cabinet minister, and then you will be a great lady; when you will soon get rid of these socialistic sort of ideas, and begin to patronise us all.'

'Patronise!' exclaimed Kate; 'that is another thing that seems to me to embitter the position of the poor almost beyond endurance. There are people in our class even who seem to imagine that they have bought their fellow-creatures out and out—body and soul—with a few yards of flannel or, very literally, a few "messes of pottage." Even if they had settled a comfortable annuity upon their unhappy victims, they could not have the right to treat them as they do; but to have bought them so cheap, and then to give themselves airs of proprietorship, is to my mind a very offensive spectacle.'

'My dear Kitty,' cried the other, laughing, 'you are not of a more "umble" spirit, and do not feel more grateful for your perquisites than you. Your language seems to promise, you will never get into an "upper" situation. Even as it is, you know, I was noticed by Mr Holt in the church to-night that you looked above your place.'

'I daresay I should be very unfitted for it,' was the grave rejoinder, 'as well as for anything else that was really useful. I often wonder'—

'What is the good of it? You are always wondering, Kitty,' broke in the other girl.

'I can't help it; and I have heard it said that wonder is a stepping-stone to understanding. I say I often wonder, if papa and mamma were to be ruined, what use I could possibly be to them. How could I get my own bread, even, except by the very occupation we have been playing at to-night—that of domestic service. As to going out as a governess, for example, what qualification do I possess for such a post?'

'Oh, that is no obstacle, my dear Kitty, for

half-a-dozen governesses, and not one of whom what she proposed to teach.'

'I told you I thought it wicked to "pre- and so I do; so that the profession of which would be out of the question, so far as I concerned. What on earth, then, should I do, were penniless?'

'I will tell you. You would send an unpaid girl to Miss Mary Campden, Riverside, Bleaslow, Derbyshire, telling her how matters stood; as soon as steam and wheels could take her, she would be with you; and this would be her answer: "Come to Riverside, Kitty, and for the rest of your life make it your home. We have always been sisters at heart, though only cousins by birth; let me now prove how much I love you."'

'As Polly said these words, her pretty face was lit up with the brightest of smiles, and her voice had quite a touch of generous welcome.

'My dearest Polly, how good you are!' said Kitty.

'And you *would* come to me, would you not, and make this your home for life?'

'Well, you see, there would be papa and mamma, and poor Jenny and Tony. I could never leave them, and live in luxury, while they were poor.'

But we should never let them be poor, of course; I mean my papa and mamma would not permit it. Even if you were not—all of you—the dearest friends we have in the world, blood is thicker than water, and has indisputable claims.'

'Then how is it that neither your people nor mine ever take any notice of Uncle Philip?'

'O Kitty, you must not speak of him; indeed, you must not. He is not your uncle at all, you know, legally. He is a person whose name should never be mentioned; at least by you and me, and young girls like you and me. We ought not even to be aware of his existence.'

'But since we are aware?'

'Well, then, we should ignore it. It is your father, even more than mine; for if the law had sided otherwise than it did, your papa would have been disinherited, and this man Astor would have succeeded to your grandfather's property.'

But this man Astor, as you call him, is my father, nevertheless,' persisted Kitty; 'and it was his fault that his mother was not my grandmother.'

'What a funny child you are! Of course, it is not; but a great many people in the world are victims to misfortune. It is the will of Providence. Why, it's in the Bible itself, Kitty, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on their children.'

'I know it is; but it seems very hard, for all that.'

'But that is very wicked, Kitty.'

'What! to pity Uncle Philip? Then I hope I shall be always wicked.'

Here there was a little pause. Mary knew by experience that it was idle to argue with her cousin upon general principles, and at once resorted to particulars.

'I have heard that Mr Astor is a bad man; dissipated and untrustworthy; a sort of person who is certain to go to the dogs.'

'Who told you that?'

'One who knows him better than anybody,

because he has more to do with him; one, too, who is a great friend of your father's, and a warm admirer of yourself, so that you should receive his opinion with respect on all accounts.'

'I would not believe everything Mr Holt says, if you mean him,' observed Kitty quietly; 'and even if he be right in this case, Uncle Philip is still to be pitied. I saw him once by accident when I was quite a child; so like in face, and even in voice and manner, to his brother, dear papa, and yet so different in their positions in life.'

'They are different every way, Kitty, if you only knew them better,' answered Mary gravely. 'Mr Astor is a *mauvais sujet*. Mr Holt tells me he is about to leave England for good and all, to try his fortune in the New World; and from what he said, I am confident that that will be a happy thing for all parties.'

'That is what people always say when they have contrived to shake some responsibility off their shoulders,' said Kitty.

'Nay, Mr Philip Astor is certainly no responsibility of ours, at all events,' observed Mary quickly.

'I was not thinking of Uncle Philip just then, Polly.'

'Ah, you were thinking of Geoffrey. Well, of course I regret that mamma should have expressed herself in those terms to-night about him; but it cannot be expected that the lad should live at Riverside all his life; and since he has a fancy for the sea, why should he not indulge it?'

'But he has no such fancy; it is only that he feels himself a burden—or rather, he is made to feel it'—

'I don't see that, Kitty; indeed, I don't,' interrupted the other sharply.

'Then you must be stone-blind.'

'O no; it is merely that I look at him with ordinary eyes, and don't make a fool of the boy, by pretending to be in love with him.'

'No; you conceal your affection for him very well, it must be confessed.'

'I wish I could return the compliment, Kate. You make yourself quite conspicuous by your attentions to that young lad. It is a very mistaken kindness in you—to say the least of it. If you mean nothing by it, it is an act of cruelty to him; and if you do mean anything, Geoffrey Derwent has scarcely a shilling he can call his own, and is not the sort of character to make a fortune, so that he will never be in a position to marry.'

'I think this discussion is uncalled for, cousin,' answered Kitty, drawing up her slight figure to its full height.

'You provoked it yourself, Kate, by reflecting upon mamma's conduct to Geoffrey; and while we are upon the subject, I would recommend that when your father comes to-morrow, you should be a little more discreet in your behaviour, for he has quicker eyes than your mamma, who has not such a knowledge of the world.'—

'My mamma knows all that she needs to know, though she knows nothing bad,' interrupted Kate, in indignant tones; 'she is not only the best, but the wisest of God's creatures in all that He deems to be wisdom; and I would rather have her good opinion than that of all the world beside.'

'My dear Kitty, I never uttered one word against her (nor have ever dreamed of doing so),

so you need not be so fiery in your championship; whereas, you did reflect upon the conduct of my mother as respected Geoffrey; she is not so fond of him as you are, but she has done her duty by him—and more than her duty—for the last ten years.'

'Till at last she is getting a little tired of it,' observed Kate coldly.

'You have no right to say that, cousin; Geoffrey has been brought up like one of the family—just as though he had been my own brother; and yet he has no natural claim upon us'—

'For shame, Mary!' interrupted the other indignantly. 'How can you talk like that? Do you suppose I don't know how it all came about? How old Mr Derwent was your father's dearest friend, and put him on the road to fortune, though he lost all himself. No natural claim? Is gratitude, then, contrary to nature?'

'What! do you call my father ungrateful, you, who know that Geoffrey has been educated entirely at his expense?'

'Heaven forbid! He is the most kind and generous of men; but I honestly tell you that I think he has done no more than his duty in paying for Geoffrey's schooling. Why, I have heard him say myself—and I honour him for it—that he owes all he has in the world to old Mr Derwent; and what is Geoffrey's schooling out of your papa's ten thousand a year? Why, not so much as he pays to his second gardener! I think it unworthy of you, Mary, to adduce such a thing as evidence that the poor boy has nothing to complain of in the teeth of the scene we witnessed to-day; I do, indeed.'

'I think that mamma was a little hard upon Geoffrey, Kate,' answered Mary slowly; 'but not so hard as to evoke such indignation on your part. Of course if—at seventeen—the young gentleman is your accepted lover, you have every right to be in a passion; but otherwise, you had better have been silent—at least to my mother's daughter.'

'I am not in a passion even now, Mary; though what you have just said was designed to put me into one. If I know myself, I should have been just as angry to have seen any other person in a dependent position so contemptuously treated as Geoffrey was; but if I have said anything disrespectful of your mamma to you—though I am not aware of it—I am very sorry for it. It was altogether wrong of me, and would have been so, had I so spoken of her to anybody—far more to you. Mrs Campden has been always most kind to me, I'm sure; and a kinder hostess to us all it is impossible to picture.'

'Of course she is, because she loves you all; not that she does not love Jeff too; only, she has such a notion of discipline, and of boys making their own way in the world. I think the only exception is your Tony, whom she certainly does spoil; but nobody can help spoiling Tony. How you will miss him, when he goes to Eton in October!'

'Yes, indeed; and how dear mamma will miss him, and above all, poor Jenny! Something to love and cling to, and pet, seems absolutely necessary to her existence. She is herself so dependent on others, that to have some one about her dependent upon her, is an especial delight. Papa says she has taught Tony far better than his masters have done, and that he has got into the

upper school at his entrance examination—he is but nine, you know—has been more owing to her than to them.'

'What a clever family you all are, Kate,' observed Mary admiringly; 'I am quite surprised that everybody is not afraid of you, instead of you being such favourites. I suppose it comes from your having such a clever papa. I sometimes think, that if I could wish my own papa to change in anything—which I don't—I should like him to talk, and laugh, and make everybody admire him, as yours does. Is he always in as high spirits at home as he is everywhere else? I need not ask if he is as good-humoured. I cannot imagine Mr Dalton put out by anything.'

'Well, I don't say papa is never put out,' said Kate, laughing for the first time, as though the topic of talk had begotten merriment; 'but he is so soon all right again, that we rarely notice that there has been any interval of gloom. We have not seen so much of him at home of late, as usual, and we miss him sadly. I am sure, so far as mamma and we are concerned, we would much rather that he was not made a member of parliament, for that will take him more away from us than ever.'

'Oh, but then think of the position, Kate, and the great things which, in his case, it may lead to.'

'I am afraid I am not ambitious, Polly,' sighed Kate; 'and from what I have seen of ambition in papa's case—that is, since he began to sit on "Boards"—which, however profitable, must be very uncomfortable—and to take the chair at this meeting and that, and to busy himself in public affairs, I think it would have been better for him to have remained as he was.'

'But the law was not to his taste, Kate; and though it is true he had a competency of his own, it seemed like hiding his candle under a bushel to remain a briefless barrister all his days. If I were you, I should be so proud of him.'

'You cannot be more proud of him than I am, Polly, or so proud as dear mamma is; but for the reasons I have mentioned, I regret, and so does she, I know, though she would never confess it, that he is standing for Banpton. Since he wishes it, we prefer, of course, that he will succeed; but so far as we are selfishly concerned, if he fails to do so, it will be no disappointment.'

'Oh, but he will not fail; he is far too clever, and has laid his plans too wisely for that; and though it will cost him a good deal of money, it is most important to his interests—so Mr Holt assures me—to secure the seat.'

'Mr Holt seems to have told you a good deal; I wish he would mind his own business. It is he who persuades papa to "go into" this and that, as he calls it, and tells him of "good things," which I fancy don't always turn out as good as they look. Mamma dislikes the man, I know, and distrusts him.'

'But then dear Mrs Dalton is not a woman of business.'

'I don't know about business, Mary: mamma is the best manager of a household I ever knew, which is woman's business, I suppose; and as to people, though she does not talk much, and never says an uncharitable word, her instincts are always right; and in this case my own agree with them. I don't admire this Mr Holt at all, and am very sorry your good father asked him down to

Riverside, at least while we were staying with you. I am not proud myself, you know, and care very little what occupation people follow, so long as they themselves are nice; but I am surprised that Mr Campden should have so "cottoned," as Jeff calls it, to a man like that, who is also, I believe, a stock-broker.'

Not a word was spoken for some moments; nothing was heard but the murmur of the weir, and the melancholy tuwhit tuwhoo of the owls, as they called to one another across the unseen mere above, from which it flowed; then once more Mary broke silence with: 'What is a stock-broker, Kitty, dear?'

If she had asked, What is a stock-love? the inquiry would have been pertinent enough to such a scene; but as it was, the question was so ridiculously inappropriate, that Kitty broke into a silvery laugh, that woke the echoes; it also awoke some one else, for a window was thrown up, immediately beneath that which the two friends occupied, and a thin but decisive voice cried: 'Mary, your father says that there must be no more charades, if they lead to all this discussion afterwards between you girls; I must insist upon your going to bed.'

'Indeed, Mrs Campden, I am afraid it was my fault, not Mary's,' answered Kate penitently from above.

'No, no; I know it is not you, Kitty. Mary would sit up all night, and perhaps be no worse for it; but you are much too delicate for such imprudences'—

'I'll have both those young hussies discharged in the morning,' broke in the bass notes of the exasperated Mr Campden; 'their tittle-tattle robs me of my beauty sleep.'

'What a nice dear old thing, your papa is!' laughed Kate, as she and Mary softly closed their window, and prepared to divest themselves of their borrowed plumes. 'If I was a housemaid, and he in the same service, I should certainly set my cap at him.'

SOME RECENT OBSERVATIONS ON ANTS.

A CONTRIBUTION to the character and habits of ants has lately been made by a Swiss naturalist, M. Forel. This inquirer establishes the fact, that ants of different varieties make war on each other, the stronger and red kind, known as *Formica sanguinea*, overcoming the meadow ants, *Formica pratensis*, and usually reducing them to slavery. The reckless fury with which the red ants attack their unfortunate neighbours is described as something dreadful. M. Forel speaks of it as a sort of 'drunkenness of fight.' Some of the ants around try to stop these delirious combatants by seizing them with their feet, and holding them till they sober down.

On one occasion the author placed a number of workers and cocoons of the meadow ant near a residence of red ants; the latter soon carried off the cocoons. Was it to eat the pupæ? By no means. Next year presented the curious spectacle of both kinds of ants living together in fraternal association. A breach having been made in the nest, both kinds carried the cocoons down below, and sought to repair the disaster with equal zeal. Next, a large number of meadow ants were brought near the habitation, from another district; but those

in the nest, far from welcoming them as congeners, fell upon them in concert with the red ants. The new-comers had the advantage in numbers, and besieged the nest. The allies, conscious of their extremity, took to flight, carrying away slaves, larvæ and pupæ, and new-born workers; and established themselves at a respectful distance. An alliance has sometimes been effected between the inimical species, which has continued many years. Very curious is the mixed ant-hill. Each species retains its own way of building, so that the architecture is mixed. On the dome may usually be seen the meadow ants bearing material, or sunning themselves. If you disturb them, or introduce some unknown animals, they quickly disappear into the nest. They are seeking assistance. Presently appears a host of the red ants, and if a fight occurs, the meadow ants do not join in it with the others.

The newly hatched workers take to domestic work, and do not know friends from enemies for some time. It seemed possible, therefore, to form alliances among several different species, if the subjects brought together were quite young. This proved successful. In a glass case were deposited pupæ belonging to six different species, under the care of three young workers having no common parentage. The establishment developed and increased quite tranquilly, the different species all living in concord. In the free state, such associations are impossible; the only unions realised are between the red and meadow ants.

The relations between ants of the same species, but of different colonies, have been matter of doubt. The truth is, it depends on certain circumstances whether they shall be friendly or hostile. When the parties are established tolerably separate from each other, under satisfactory conditions, they fight each other 'to the bitter end.' If two neighbouring ant-hills be cramped for space, there will be battle and repeated engagements; but in general, the forces coming to be exhausted, an alliance will at length be formed. If two ant-hills have but a small population, the parties will improve their circumstances by an immediate alliance.

When an ant-hill is overcharged with inhabitants, emigrations take place more or less numerous. At the border of a kitchen-garden, a colony of ants had been long established. The paths they took were various; that most frequented lay across the road, passed into a field, and along the side of a pond to a clump of trees; it was very long. In spring, a party of ants went to form a colony among the trees. Later, a fresh party set out from the old home, and became domiciled at the end of another path. The place proved unsuitable; they left it, and settled on a grass plot a little way off. During the whole summer, the workers of the new establishments often met the workers who still remained in the mother-hill, and the reception on both sides was evidently cordial. Autumn came, and the meetings were interrupted. The following year, the inhabitants of each nest got into the habit of not moving far from it; and the old relations were thus broken off. After a considerable time had elapsed, the idea occurred to take some individuals of the old nest and place them near one of the young colonies. Received with anything but cordiality, they were glad to make their escape. In a second experiment of the same kind, the

new-comers, though less harshly treated, were yet received with distrust. It has often been observed that ants separated for a certain time again recognise one another; but if the separation has been very long, they lose all recollection of their companions. It must be considered, however, that the population soon becomes greatly altered by new generations.

M. Forel made a patient study of the famous amazon ants, which are unable to construct, or to rear the larvae, or even to eat alone. Their chief work is fighting; they carry off the pupæ of working ants in other hills, but afterwards tend these with much care. Many new details are furnished by M. Forel regarding them. The amazon ant (*Formica rufescens*) is of a pale red, and about six or seven millimetres in length; the female is a little larger. The neuter individual—it can hardly be called a worker—carries five curved and branched mandibles with drawn-out points. Such an instrument cannot be used to cut wood or temper earth; it is simply a weapon. The amazons, thus equipped, fight quite differently from other ants. Unable to seize their adversaries with the legs and cut off the head or limbs, they attack the body, or transpire the head with a mandible point. They shew great agility and impetuosity in their movements, and a courage bordering on rashness. Never seeking safety in flight, the individual will rush on a strong ant-hill and kill several of the offenders, till he is overpowered by force of numbers. It is only in desperate cases, however, that amazons shew such rashness; when on expeditions, they march in close ranks, retire if serious danger threatens them, and make detours to avoid obstacles. The individual that may have got separated by accident on the way, hastens to rejoin the main body, and he will craftily avoid a too numerous enemy. When the journey is long, the amazons make halts, perhaps for the sake of stragglers, perhaps, also, from hesitation as to the direction to be taken. The force of expeditionary columns is very variable; sometimes not more than a few hundred individuals, often from a thousand to two thousand. The departures on these enterprises take place always in the afternoon; about two o'clock, if the temperature is not excessive; but later, if it is a very hot day. The preparations are speedy. Some ants are seen walking about on the dome in an indifferent way; suddenly a few individuals go inside; the signal is given; the amazons stream forth; they touch each other with the antennæ, and then the entire company sets off. The slave ants of the colony remain aloof from this movement, and do not appear to give it any attention.

Sometimes the amazons go at their object with surprising certainty; for example, if they wish to attack a nest placed on ground which they have been in the habit of frequenting. On the other hand, they easily make mistakes when they have to operate on unknown ground; at times their expeditions are unsuccessful. One day, about 4 P.M., a compact body of amazon ants was observed issuing from their abode (built by the brown ants, their slaves) on a sloping meadow. This troop descends the slope, reaches a vineyard, goes along the border of it a little way, then suddenly stops. The amazons distribute themselves in various directions; then, having come together again, they decide to continue their march forwards. After

going a little further, signs of hesitation are manifested; the company again stops, and scatters itself, one detachment in one direction, another in another; but the search is unavailing. One by one the detachments rejoin the centre of the army; then the entire column takes its journey homewards, as light as at starting. In the return, when it reaches the slope and begins to ascend, signs of fatigue are apparent, and the march is laborious. Individuals at the head of the column come back, as if to make sure that none has fallen out. At length, about 7 P.M., the amazons are once more housed. Another time, the band sets out at too late an hour. Tufted herbs embarrassing the path allow of but very slow progress; the troop changes its mind, and without apparent hesitation, returns to the nest.

It is rare, however, that the amazons allow themselves to be permanently checked by reverses. M. Forel tells us of one case in which a troop came to a field of wheat, and after exploring a part of it without success, the foragers had to return home. Next day, they set out in the same direction, entered the field, and traversed the whole of it, keeping to the right. In coming out, they found themselves confronted by a large nest of brown ants. To invade this by an open gallery was the work of a moment; and they soon came forth again, each amazon with a pupa. The last of them were chased by the brown ants. The robbers resumed their journey homewards; but instead of entering their habitation, they deposited the pupæ in a heap near the entrance, and came back to continue the pillage. The first of the column met those of the rear, and it was curious to see with what care they avoided passing too near, lest they might disturb them in carrying their burdens. The brown ants that had been robbed had, foreseeing a second assault, blocked the openings of the nest with grains of earth—a sorry resource. The amazons at the head of the troop waited till the whole body had come up; then they all rushed upon the hill, broke down the barriers, hustled the defenders aside, and loaded themselves with fresh booty. In these expeditions, the amazons will sometimes carry off empty shells, carcasses, and other useless objects, by mistake.

No colony of amazons is complete without a certain number of slaves; and though for the most part these consist of the brown ant, the red-beard ant (*Formica rufibarbis*) is as willingly taken. The latter generally defend themselves with the greater energy, but are also always overcome. One afternoon, an immense horde of amazons was marching with great assurance in the direction of a large ant-hill. Coming in sight of it, it suddenly stopped, and emissaries rushed along the sides and the rear of the troop, to form the members into a compact mass. The red-beard ants perceived the enemy, and in a few seconds their dome, pierced with several large holes, was covered with a host of defenders. The amazons, nothing intimidated, fell on the nest; the mêlée was indescribable, but, after a stiff fight, the amazons managed to effect their entrance. Just then, a multitude of the red-beard ants were observed coming out with hundreds of larvae and pupæ which they wished to save. The besiegers, however, on emerging again, were not without cocoons in their mandibles; and having satisfied themselves, they united in a body, and set off for their habitation. The red-beard

ants, now seeing them retire, followed in pursuit. The scene was most curious. One amazon, seized by the legs, would be forced to let go his booty; another, vigorously assaulted, would drop the cocoon he was carrying, to stab the individual who sought to take it. For a long time, the red-bearded ants thus harassed the amazons; but the latter, more agile, quickened their pace, and reached their nest with considerable spoil.

It would seem as though nothing could discourage the intrepid amazons. One day, in frightful weather, a column was observed on the march. Passing near a fountain, the unfortunate creatures were inundated; but the greater number managed, with much toil, to struggle over the wet grass. Coming to the side of a road, they did not hesitate to cross, notwithstanding the boisterous wind that was blowing. A little farther on, they succeeded in pillaging an ant-hill. Returning laden, they struggled along painfully amid the violence of the storm, and were sometimes even swept some distance away. Still, they were never seen to let go their burdens; and, persevering with indomitable energy, they nearly all succeeded in reaching their destination with the fruits of their toil.

There is a singular kind of ant known as the erratic ant, or the *tapinome*. When menaced, it squirts from the abdomen a volatile liquid with a very pronounced odour, which suffocates the assailant or puts him to flight. The *tapinomes* change their (subterranean) abodes very frequently, and make the transference with surprising rapidity. They are not of a warlike humour, but defend themselves resolutely if attacked.

STORY OF OLD BOB.

HALF a century ago, or thereabouts, any one who, for the sake of a short cut, walked down a certain lane connecting the two leading thoroughfares of London, might, on looking sharply about him, have seen a neat little shop devoted to the sale of small-wares. In the window were attractively exhibited cards of needles and pins, shirt-buttons, black, white, and red tapes, and thread put up in divers forms for tailors and sempstresses. The little shop, which had hardly standing-room at the counter, was kept by a Mr Robert—So-and-so—his name being of no consequence. In early boyish days he had come through a variety of difficulties, had been cuffed and kicked, and half-starved by parents, got nothing more than a trifle of schooling, and had led a sort of dog-life as an errand-boy in a business concern a good way east of St Paul's.

It is curious to note that under all these disadvantages, Bob—for we may begin to call him so—had in him, by a kind of intuition, the mind of a great merchant, and what was of more importance, he had the sense to see that no greatness can be achieved in anything, in fact, no good done in the world, without sterling integrity, and it may be considerable suffering and patience. So much in a rough way he had learned by the annual recurrence of Lord Mayor's shows on the 9th of November. Of almost every successive Lord Mayor, the story was whispered about among

apprentices and shop-porters, that the great man rolling along as a civic deity, with a splendid gold chain round his ermined shoulders, had at one time, long ago, been just as poor as any boy in the City. And further, that it was only by dint of perseverance and ingenuity in his profession, that this worshipful personage had reached his present enviable dignity.

Bob had what is called a head upon his shoulders. He saw there was a knack in well-doing. The thing could not be done by frivolity, nor, for that matter, by any special patronage, but by a self-possessed and earnest consideration of circumstances. Very good this in the way of generalisation. But what was the particular line to be followed? That is always the trying question. It was a shrewd conception when Bob fell upon the idea of making a start in a humble way with small-wares. As a shop-lad, he had not failed to observe that there is a perpetual demand for needles and pins, thread, tapes, and so forth. 'I am determined to set on foot a trade of that kind,' said the lad to himself; 'and if I am not mistaken, I could attract a lot of customers.' So resolved, and with some savings from frugality in living, the whole amount being only about twenty pounds, Bob throws himself on the world, sets up business in the narrow lane we have been speaking about. It was a bit of a struggle, but hope was in the ascendant, and there was a pleasant excitement in laying plans to get a reputation for civility, assiduity, and cheapness. Anywhere, these attractions will secure a degree of success. In London, if they become known, they are a fortune.

A reputation for extraordinary cheapness, as is understood, was the chief reliance. We are not aware of the ordinary profits on small-wares, but imagine that they are not inconsiderable, and afford some scope for giving bargains. Bob soon let it be known that his needles, and thread, and tapes were of the best quality, and very much cheaper than anything of the kind in London. To drive rivalry to despair, he is said to have actually sold certain classes of articles below prime cost. That, no doubt, was a little hazardous. It was safe only on the principle of throwing out a sprat to catch a herring. If the herring is not to be caught, the sprat is a dead loss. All depends on the likelihood of a good catch. In the locality where Bob had commenced his angling operations, the bait fortunately took. The small shop, at first fondly cherished, was insufficient to accommodate the crowding of customers, and the ever-growing stock of needles, thread, tapes, stay-laces, and shirt-buttons. Then, after due cogitation, comes an enlargement of premises, and an expansion of domestic concerns. The once obscure dealer is recognised by the neighbourhood as at the head of a thriving establishment. If he had a mind, he could be a parochial dignitary, beginning with overseer, and afterwards rising to be church-warden. His tastes, however, did not quite lie in that direction.

It might not at this mediæval stage have been easy to summarise Bob's desires. He wished to advance in business, to widen his range of undertakings, and, if possible, to get beyond the sphere of needles, shirt-buttons, and such-like matters. It

was a perfectly honourable ambition. He had begun in a way suitable to his means, but blessed with success, there was no reason why he should not stretch out in any particular direction, as circumstances seemed to direct. One of the grand features of a career in London is that you are left to yourself, with a wide scope for independence. A great thing for any one who has brains in his skull to be able to do as he likes, instead of being discouraged or kept down by narrow-minded and irresponsible neighbours. In his career, Bob did not exclude the idea of being rich, but he did not care for money in a miserly sense. His aim was simply to make the best of his faculties, and leave the rest to Providence. The possession of wealth, he knew, immensely widened the opportunities of doing good, and with this knowledge he pushed on. Of course, according to all experience, there were rocks ahead, and how to steer clear of these dangers requires no small degree of tact. Looked upon as a likely man, Bob was invited to become a member of the 'Free and Easy,' an evening club at the *Goose and Gridiron*, in a neighbouring court. The attractions consisted in good speech-making and singing, with some betting and drinking. Very pleasant, but the kind invitation was politely declined. He did not mean to pick up tavern acquaintances, although some of them were exceedingly clever fellows, with immense powers of drollery.

A very different personage was Knaggs, a solicitor with whom he became acquainted through a few business transactions, and who occasionally stepped in to have a chat about local matters. Advanced in years, and with a large practice, Knaggs had much to say about property in the neighbourhood. Dropping one morning into Bob's enlarged premises in the lane, and taking him quietly into the back-room, he mentioned that there was a capital shop to let—something which, from its conspicuous position in a leading thoroughfare, and its old-established drapery business, small-wares included, was well worth looking after. 'There's a chance for you,' said Knaggs. 'I could snap it up for you, if you say the word.' The proposal was too tempting to be rejected. Bob removed from the lane, carrying with him his old connection; and we now see him set up, not very grandly, but in a highly promising situation, in the full tide of London traffic, and that almost means the traffic of the world.

We skip over an interval of time. Forty-three years pass, during which there has been a mighty revolution as concerns Bob and his affairs. His establishment, for general retail alone, with some wholesale trade, is among the largest of its class in London. Floor above floor, and extended along the street, it is an organisation of gigantic proportions. What a row of plate-glass windows, shewing off piles of silks and satins, Indian shawls, printed goods, cambrics, lace, furs, carpets, made-up articles of female attire, and other things which we are at a loss to name. The shop, to call it so, is in itself a kind of town, or perhaps, more correctly, a huge mart of commerce. On looking in, you observe a series of counters fading far away in the distance, crowded with piles of drapery, and attended by quite an army of 'assistants,' who are ministering to hordes of customers. Intermediately, we notice a number of gentlemanly looking persons wearing white neck-cloths, who, as a sort

of adjutants to the corps, walk about to maintain discipline and to graciously hand on inquirers to the respective departments. At a side-door round the corner, you possibly observe laden wagons with goods from the 'manufacturing districts,' and also vans driving off with parcels of articles for town distribution.

Time has not wrought such marvels without leaving its mark on the originator of the establishment. He has passed through various phases in personal aspect and mode of living. Older and grayer he has undoubtedly grown in appearance, but his intellect, sharpened by exercise, is as fresh as ever. An enlargement of means has enabled him to help on beneficent undertakings. Churches and charities have partaken of his bounty. From the first, he was a warm supporter of Ragged Schools. In City affairs, when any great work is in hand, his counsels are listened to with respect. He is a fair specimen of the men to whom, generation after generation, London owes its greatness—men, we should say, of a generous nature, whose names are hardly known beyond the sound of Bow Bells. In conducting their enterprises, they every morning determine on transactions involving the risk of thousands of pounds. Their business communications are with all the ends of the earth. The post-letters they receive daily, and which are dismissed one after the other with inconceivable promptitude, would drive a country gentleman out of his senses. To the avalanche of letters by post, have latterly been added telegraphic messages, by which communications of a business nature are flying about all day long. Through the agency of those slender wires which cross the sky-line, negotiations of vast magnitude are effected in a few instants of time. With such facilities, people get through as much work in a day as their ancestors did in a month. Is not that method of cramming much into a small space, very much like a lengthening of the ordinary span of existence?

Going back to Bob's stupendous establishment, we are invited to notice what can be done by telegraphy. Directing your eye upwards to a corner of the building, you will perceive that it is furnished with telegraphic wires, to bring it into connection with some distant locality. As usual, the wires cross the murky atmosphere, and no casual street passenger thinks anything about them. They are, however, important adjuncts of the business carried on within, and affairs could not well be conducted without them. These wires are a means of communication to and fro between the acting manager on the premises and the proprietor, who now, with slightly failing health, lives in retirement some ten miles distant from town. Through the active agency of these wonderful wires, Old Bob, as he is now designated, knows as well what is going on at headquarters, as if he were sitting in a back-room with a peep-hole looking into his business establishment. So long as without inconvenience he was able to move freely about, he drove into town daily; but this recreation being now impracticable, an energetic system of telegraphic communication is substituted, and proves an unspeakable comfort. Like a commander-in-chief operating by signals, he, though miles away in the country, receives despatches, issues orders, and keeps himself acquainted with all that is going on.

Just let us take a glance at how things are

managed. The aged gentleman, true to business instincts, begins the transactions of the day at ten o'clock. That is to say, he walks into a pleasant parlour overlooking a well-shaven lawn, and seats himself in an arm-chair at a writing-table. In an adjoining closet, a youth is already engaged in front of a telegraphic apparatus, which, with sounds of click, click, click, he is assiduously watching; and ever and anon he writes down what is communicated, handing in notes to the room without a moment's delay. The intelligence is of a multifarious character, usually beginning with a report concerning letters that have been received. By way of illustration: Note of invoice of goods arrived from Manchester and Bradford; letters specifying what the whole of a bankrupt stock is offered for as a bargain for cash; letters from Lyons regarding French silks, from St Etienne about ribbons, and from Brussels about lace and window-curtains; letters from the midlands and the north about carpets; letters from Birmingham about pins, from Sheffield about needles; and letters from a well-known house in the Rue de Bondy about Parisian knick-knacks. How the old man revels in the multiplicity of intelligence. In spirit, he grows young again. Accustomed to make up his mind on the instant, he dashes off replies on the different matters brought before him; the whole affair, perhaps, involving purchases that would frighten ordinary mortals to think of.

Pretty well this for a beginning to a day's work. Leaving the youngster to attend to the machine, our venerable friend, weather permitting, takes a sauntering sort of stroll out of doors; or if that be unsuitable, he wanders into the green-house, a charming resort, with a splendid display of native and exotic flowering-plants, with a fernery at one end, and an aviary of beautiful singing-birds at the other. Here, there are rustic seats about, with a sprinkling of the morning newspapers, just brought in by the postman. While, perhaps, scanning the news of the day, the coachman peeps in to know if there is to be a drive out for an airing before or after luncheon. That being settled, back to business. From twelve to two, the click, click, click is going merrily. What delightful messages are coming briskly along the wires. 'Shop greatly thronged with ladies. At counter number three, sale of lace-flounce to Lady B., a hundred and twenty-three pounds. In the carpet-room up-stairs, five parties looking at Brussels and Turkey. Just sold a job-lot to a country dealer, two hundred pounds. Much demand for white kids, opera-season being to commence to-morrow. Two young ladies trying on silk cloaks; preference for the black drap de Lyon, with bugles. A good deal doing in Irish poplins. Old lady in the fur-room buying one of the fine seal-skin jackets, thirty guineas. Marriage-party at counter number six, examining linens; they have fixed on six dozens of Ballymena table-napkins, royal pattern. Sales till this hour, 1.30, twelve hundred and ninety-eight pounds. Would have been more, but for shower at eleven o'clock. Sun now out, weather fine; crowding on the increase, nine carriages at the door, and three footmen with powdered hair in attendance, one of them in yellow plush, and white silk stockings. Throughout the day, several inquiries as to Parisian printed muslins, and numerous large

sales in these articles. . . . Six p.m. Winding up. Business done during the day, two thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine pounds six shillings and sevenpence.'

So, there, in the evening of his days, our venerable friend, who began life in a poor sort of way, and who has never slackened his endeavours in well-doing, is now enjoying himself with agreeable surroundings in the bosom of his family; at the same time, while drawing out existence in his pleasant country retreat, he has, thanks to telegraphy, the satisfaction of still amusing himself with his accustomed business duties. These duties, however, are not his whole reliance. Notwithstanding his miserable share of schooling, he has through life been a great reader, and has now a library as choice as it is extensive. Nor is he indifferent to those refining influences and pleasures which spring from a contemplation of works of art. To his house is attached a gallery abounding in choice and costly pictures, by eminent continental and native artists. That is not all. Fond of scientific investigation, he possesses a splendid microscope with sundry appliances, with which he pursues researches in natural history, that have made a respectable appearance in the Transactions of one of the learned Societies. Then, at times, he gives some attention to the public affairs of the immediate neighbourhood. The ancient parish church, which had gone to irretrievable decay, has been replaced by a handsome and commodious edifice, fully half the cost of which was, in a quiet way, voluntarily contributed by Old Bob—known in the country as the Squire at the Hall. That is but one of many things to which he has lent a hand. A Friendly Society in the village, which, through ignorance, had been started and carried on upon a wrong principle, and which was swiftly going to ruin, has been entirely recovered by his energetic management; according to last accounts, it was in an eminently flourishing condition. That is what we call being useful in one's day and generation.

Old Bob has been lucky in his family. His eldest son, educated at Cambridge, got into parliament last election—we will not say for what borough, nor what was his complexion in politics. Possessing not a little of his father's shrewdness, he will, we doubt not, make a fair figure in the House. The second son has for some years been in the business, to which also, we are glad to know, has been admitted a grandson of the late Mr Knaggs, whose friendly counsel on a particular occasion proved so advantageous. At present, there is a talk of the accomplished daughter of our friend being married to the eldest son and heir of a baronet in next county—the lady's good looks and figure being materially enhanced by certain attractive financial considerations—but this we give merely as a piece of country gossip, which needs confirmation.

Our sketch is finished. It depicts in outline the career of one of the Merchant Princes of London, whose persevering industry, breadth of feeling, and honourable discharge of duties in the general concerns of life, bear a favourable contrast not only to the disreputable speculators on the Stock Exchange, but to those who, subordinating their faculties to their vanities, pass through existence in little better than idle uselessness and mental vacuity. In a festively eulogistic strain, we,

as a last word, have the pleasure of proposing (with all the honours), a vote of general respect and admiration for OLD BON, not forgetting to remark that he did a wise thing when he declined to be a member of the 'Free and Easy,' at the *Goose and Gridiron*!

W. C.

A CHINESE SPECULATION.

'It is a tempting offer, Mr Sin-lin-tai—very tempting!' said I, hesitating and puzzled.

'Then why you not say, Yes—one great big Yes—and let us shake hands upon the bargain!' returned the Chinese merchant promptly, but with an odd expression, as I fancied, in those long, sly, sloe-black eyes of his.

Now, the proposal in question ~~was~~ a tempting one, addressed to a poor fellow like myself, who had suddenly slipped down some rounds of Fortune's ladder. I, Frank Hepburn, bred to the sea, had lately been chief-officer of a noble clipper-ship, the *Swiftsure*, and with the certainty of becoming her captain in two voyages more. Our owners, fine old-fashioned specimens of the British merchant, had become insolvent through the failure of some bank, and their vessels had been sold for another trade. There was I, reduced to kick my heels on the quays of Shang-hai, waiting for an engagement, while my little venture, as part owner of the *Swiftsure*, was lost in the general ruin. What made matters worse was, that I was in love, and betrothed to pretty Lilian Travis, the niece of a worthy member of the British mercantile community established in that strange city that the magician Commerce has conjured up at the mouth of the great river, and that now our marriage seemed to be almost hopelessly deferred. I was thirty-two years of age, and had nothing left to me save my robust health and professional knowledge. Quite unexpectedly, Sin-lin-tai, with whom my acquaintance was of the slightest, had accosted me in his blindest manner, and had proposed that I should assume the command of a large and new steamer, the *Cassandra*, which belonged to himself and partner, and was bound on a coasting voyage to Canton and Singapore, with a valuable cargo and sundry passengers. The salary named was a liberal one, and the position, as I was assured, permanent.

It may seem unreasonable on my part, that I hung back, instead of closing eagerly with so advantageous a proposition; but then I had heard odd stories coupled with the names of my would-be employers. Ah-chang and Sin-lin-tai had, unless fame belied them, made their money through queer channels, and were deemed to be unscrupulous even beyond the average of their countrymen. Ah-chang was an enormously corpulent and silent old Chinaman, two of whose sons were mandarins; but the junior partner, who was fluent in the English tongue, was well known in Shang-hai as a pushing man of business, while both were reputed to be rich. I suppose that Sin (as we familiarly styled him in his absence) read my thoughts, for he lightly laid his claw-like fingernails on my sleeve, and said: 'Aha! Why, you say, Mr Hepburn, why Chinese give steamer to you? Just this—you got stout heart and cool head plenty much. Not do this' (imitating the action of drinking); 'and so save ship, if storm come or bad thieves come. Chinese trust you!'

I began to think it not improbable that such reputation as I had acquired for seamanship and steadiness might, after all, have been the real reason for the preference shewn to me.

A fine steamer was the *Cassandra*, glistening in all the freshness of her new paint and trim rigging, as, having acceded to her owner's offer, Sin-lin-tai took me out into the harbour to inspect the craft of which I was to be commander. Two lighters or rafts lay alongside of her, whence the pig-tailed stevedores were bustling, like so many laden ants, over her gangway. A fine ship, neat and taut, as though turned out of a bandbox, and by no means the sort of vessel likely to belong to Ah-chang and partner.

'Your chief-officer,' remarked Sin carelessly, when I had admired the mirrors and gilding of the best cabin, 'will be first-chop seaman. You know Bates?'

'Not the American? Not Brasidas Bates?' asked I, with a start. Sin nodded, but I looked and felt grave. That Mr Bates of Baltimore, known as 'Chinaman Bates' in Shang-hai parlance, on account of his taste for Chinese customs and associates, was a first-rate seaman, I could not deny. But he bore a dubious character; and had Sin and his fat partner made him their captain, with secret sailing orders to plunder and scuttle every defenceless junk he sighted, I should have been less surprised than at their selection of myself.

'Duckett,' Sin made haste to say, 'is second-officer. He your old shipmate.'

This was true, and a good sailor was Bill Duckett, when the brandy bottle was kept out of his reach, but I rather wondered that the cautious Chinese should have viewed his besetting weakness so indulgently. 'And our head engineer?' I inquired; 'and the third-mate? for three are needed for so big a steamer.'

Sin-lin-tai very handsomely left the appointment of these two functionaries to myself, and we parted on excellent terms.

Throughout the remainder of that day, and the greater part of the next, the question would keep recurring to my mind, as though some haunting demon had whispered it in my ear: Why did Ah-chang and Company seek me out to sail their steamer? Even dear Lilian's innocent joy, or her uncle's hearty congratulations, could not blind me to the fact that there must be something to account for the extraordinary appreciation of my nautical merits shewn by Sin and his partner. The sort of skippers whom Chinese shipowners like to engage are—well! perhaps are best defined as men of elastic conscience, ready to drop the honest trader at short notice, and to be smugglers, or worse, when crooked courses promise a high profit.

It so happened that my doubts were to be solved, and with a vengeance, for as I was making my way homewards, by a short cut, from the house of Mr Travis, I heard my own name mentioned, and mechanically came to a halt, close to a ruinous *godown*, or native warehouse, void of goods now, and through the rotten and breached bamboo walls of which I caught a glimpse of two persons in earnest conversation. One wore the flowing robe and satin boots which sufficiently denoted his nationality; the other was in European garb.

'We must cut his throat,' said the latter,

thoughtfully; 'for Frank Hepburn's clear grit, though I never liked the dog.'

'Must you indeed, Mr Bates?' thought I, for I had recognised my precious first-officer in the gentleman in black shore-going clothes; 'but, with your leave, there go two worlds to that bargain.'

'You do as you muchey like. You master!' answered Sin, with a cackling little laugh, for cruelty, to a Chinaman's fancy, always suggests itself in the light of a good joke. 'Perhaps more comfortable. No tales tell.'

'But,' said Bates, meditatively, 'it will be a tough job and a ticklish one. There are those forecastle fellows out of the *Windsor Castle* that you would clap on board.'

'Well, well, my dear Bates,' returned the Chinese coaxingly; 'would it do for them to say, Ah-chang and partnership no decent hand, only scum of grog-shop, and their own lascar what you call! No wonder *Cassandra* no able make fight of it in the Narrows.'

'Ah, that's it. Hepburn will make a fight of it, and those *Windsor Castle* claps will stand by him. Six brass guns, too, and a long rifled gun amidsthips! I tell you'—

'And I tell you,' interrupted the Chinaman, becoming excited; 'you flinch now, and Ah-chang say, Sin say: Bates turned coward, Bates no good; he not get ten thousand silver dollar, nor two, nor one. I say, steamer *must* be boarded, cargo *must* be taken, passenger pay ransom, or——and he ended the sentence by passing his yellow hand, edgeways, across his throat. 'And as for guns, why—— Sure some one there?'

For a bit of bamboo had cracked under my feet, and I thought it wisest to hurry away before my presence on the spot should be detected.

What was I to do? Nothing was clearer but that the foulest treachery was designed, and that life and property were alike in danger. The *Cassandra* had on board a valuable freight belonging to native merchants, who were to sail with us, along with other wealthy passengers, European and Chinese. From these latter a heavy ransom could probably, by threats or torture, be extorted; while the steamer was no doubt insured for her full value, and could probably be surreptitiously sold into the Japan or Indian trade, after her cargo had been unloaded, and the evidence of unwelcome witnesses summarily suppressed.

What was I to do? I might, by denouncing the plot to the admiral in command of the station, frustrate, or defer its execution, but that was all. It needs a strong case to procure any action on the part of the imperial authorities against a rich Chinaman, and I had but my bare word to set against the assertions of Bates and Sin. I might resign, but then, with a more compliant captain, the *Cassandra* would go to sea, and——

'Why, Hepburn, are you asleep or awake?' cried a genial voice, as I found myself confronted by an especial friend of mine, Commander or Captain Hamilton of H.M. gunboat *Wasp*, a dashing officer, and an excellent seaman, who had never forgotten, in the difference of our present rank, old schoolboy frolics shared in England. Well, I could not have wished for a safer confidant, and in a few minutes I had told him all. A long talk we had together, and when we separated,

Hamilton's parting words were: 'Leave it to me, Frank, to see you well through this.'

We sailed in fair weather, and with a smooth sea, and just wind enough to fill the white sails of the pleasure-boats that danced merrily around us. Lillian stood among the ladies on the quay, waving her handkerchief. I marvelled to myself what would have been her feelings had she known how soon the spotless deck of the *Cassandra* was likely to be reddened with blood. Ah-chang and his partner Sin were there too, to give us a parting blessing as we went out like sheep, as they fully intended, to the slaughter. But I kept my own counsel, and the rascally owners of the steamer saw in me nothing but a dupe.

There were, as I have said, sundry passengers, rich Chinese for the most part, with some Europeans, and a few ladies and children. The cabins were large and commodious, and we kept, as usual in that luxurious country, a capital table, at which mirth and merriment reigned. And all this while, as the champagne corks popped, and the piano tinkled, and gay groups chatted under the awning aft, Murder, stealthy and pitiless, lurked like a couchant tiger, ready to spring upon his prey. Bates was there, civil, silent, scrupulously attentive to his duty, but often to be seen conferring with a set of brawny, brass-complexioned mariners belonging to the Chinese portion of the crew, and whose countenances belied them sorely if they would not have been more at home on the deck of a pirate junk than on that of a respectable craft like ours. Of the European sailors, by far the most reliable were four or five stalwart A.B.s, lately discharged from the *Windsor Castle*, and in whose courage and steadiness I felt that I could trust.

From what I had overheard, I was perfectly well aware at what juncture of our voyage the peril awaited us. I knew the 'Narrows' to be the name of the most contracted part of the channel, lying between a long chain of islets and the mainland, a place notorious for outrages on the part of the numerous pirates whom the indolence or connivance of the Chinese government permits to infest the coast. Nothing was easier than for a force of determined men to lie hid among the many creeks that intersect the shore, and to assail an unprotected merchantman before their intention was conjectured.

The *Cassandra* was a swift vessel; and with a good head of steam on, and the cannon which she carried, I should have had little doubt of her power to repulse an attack, could I but have relied on my crew. With traitors on board, however, ready at a signal to assist the enemy, there could be no hope of a successful defence. The more I saw of the Chinese moiety of the crew, the less I liked their scarred, sallow faces, some of which bore the singular and undefinable expression that came of long sojourning in the Taeping camp, while all had the air of truculent marauders. Most of the Christian seamen were Portuguese—docile, swarthy creatures, but not over-warlike; while the English sailors, with the exception of the draft from the *Windsor Castle*, really were what Sin had described—the sweepings of the grog-shops on the wharf.

It needed all my self-control and command of features to maintain an unruffled aspect, join in general conversation, and avoid giving Bates, the traitor, the slightest inkling that I knew or

suspected anything. He, on his part, was discretion itself. I could tell, by various signs, that he was annoyed at my refusal to maintain a high rate of speed, so as to enter the Narrows during the hours of the darkness, which would probably have facilitated his projects; but on finding that I was firm, he accepted my decision with a tolerably good grace, and it was not until morning that we quitted the broader channel, and ran into the straits.

'How beautiful! How lovely! What sweet islands!' exclaimed the ladies who stood on the steamer's poop, admiring the effect of the rosy morning light as it played on the waving groves and dense vegetation of the many islands, of all sizes and shapes, between which and the coast we were now threading our way; and the children clapped their hands with delight as the red flamingoes and silver-plumaged ducks rose from the swamps on clanging wing. But the sight I most desired to behold was the open sea beyond, if, as was unlikely, we should be allowed to reach it in safety.

'Captain,' said the third-mate, Hardy, a brave and good lad, as he came hurrying towards me, 'there's a net—so the look-outs declare—right ahead of us, blocking the channel.'

I sprang into the shrouds, glass in hand, and one glance sufficed to confirm the youngster's words. Across the practicable seaway, from shoal to shoal, stretched a huge net, supported here and there by a line of stakes, and marked by a streak of foaming water. We were indeed in the toils, for I had heard often of this favourite device of the pirates. My best course was, clearly, to keep on. 'Run, Louis, to Mr Bradshaw, the engineer,' said I to a smart boy, the steward's lad, beside me; 'desire him to put the full head of steam on, and keep the *Cassandra* at her highest rate of speed. Off with you, and come back to report.'

The boy went, but did not return. The engines worked but slackly, and soon a hoarse, confused noise arose from below. 'Something wrong in the engine-room!' said I wonderingly. 'Mr Hardy, go below and inquire what is amiss.'

But the mate had scarcely begun to descend the ladder before he called out: 'Mutiny, sir, below. Some of these Chinese villains have'—

Then he was dragged down by unseen hands, and left the sentence unfinished; while almost instantly the screw ceased to revolve, and the steam came rushing up the waste-pipe, as the *Cassandra* floated idly down the current. A cry of surprise was uttered by the passengers, and was answered by another cry—the fierce, exulting yell of barbarians assured of an easy victory, as forth from the mangrove-fringed waters of a neighbouring creek there emerged three lorchas, their straw sails spread to catch the breeze, and their long sweeps lashing the water into froth, as the frantic rowers tugged at them; while, outstripping these, came on a score of boats, sampans, and canoes, full of wild and scantily clothed figures, who came on as fast as paddle and pole could urge their light skills, flourishing their weapons with every possible gesture of brutal menace.

I looked around for Bates. He was, as I expected, among the Chinese on the fore-deck, some of whom had overpowered the engineer and firemen, and stopped the engines, while the others were obviously preparing for a rush aft. Then I

threw a glance at the approaching pirates. 'If Hamilton is unable to keep his promise, Heaven help us,' said I, with a groan, as my eye ranged over land and water, without seeing aught but what was hostile. 'They shall not, anyhow, say that I failed to do my best.—Cast loose that gun,' I ordered, pointing to a brass carronade; 'train it forward, and when I give the word, fire!'

The pick of my English crew obeyed, as sailors do obey when they respect their officer; and the advancing Chinamen, in whose hands now gleamed knives and swords, drew back as they were confronted by the threatening muzzle of the cannon.

'Chicken-hearts!' thundered Bates, who was a really bold villain, and he added some words in Chinese which revived their courage.—'You'd best give up, captain. It's no use. I spiked every gun of the lot with my own hands.'

'I know you did, you traitor!' shouted Duckett, the second-mate, suddenly emerging, armed to the teeth, from the cabin hatch; 'but Captain Hepburn and I were clever enough to set all right without your being the wiser. Ah! you thought me stupefied, did you, with the drugged liquor? You're mistaken, my hearty, for I pitched brandy and opium overboard together, and'—

Before the second-mate could complete his speech, Bates had drawn his revolver, and fired three shots, the first of which grazed Duckett's left temple, while the third wounded me slightly in the shoulder. Bang! in answer, went the brass gun, and the grape-shot swept the fore-deck as with the scythe of death, mowing down the mutineers like grass. But already the canoes and sampans were grappling with us, and the ladies' shrieks blended with the war-cries of the pirates, as wild foras came clambering over the *Cassandra's* bulwarks, and the Chinese crew, cowed for a moment, plucked up spirit enough to renew the attack.

What was that? Surely, I could not be mistaken. It must be—it was a ringing British cheer that reached me, in the midst of all that fiendish discord, and promised hope. A boat, yes, and another, came towards us as fast as the gallant rowers could urge them with their tough ashen oars. The boats of H.M.S. *Wasp*, no doubt, for here, from behind the friendly shelter of a mangrove-tufted creek, emerges the gun-boat herself, sending shot and shell with unerring aim into the enemy's midst; so that, before five minutes were spent, one of the lorchas had sunk, and another was on fire; while the savages in the canoes were only too thankful to beat a retreat as rapidly as possible shorewards. As soon as the gun-boat was seen, and the *Wasp's* blue-jackets came scrambling up the side, the rascally native confederates of the pirates flung down their arms, and with abject entreaties for mercy, fell upon their knees, and were put in irons to await their trial at Shang-hai.

Bates, the chief culprit, lay dead upon the deck, riddled with grape-shot from that very gun which he had confidently believed himself to have rendered harmless; but we had to deplore the loss of poor Hardy and of the head-engineer, both of whom had been cruelly put to death by the Chinese mutineers, on whom had devolved the task of stopping the engines as the steamer drew near to the net spread to intercept her passage. The pirates received on that day a severe lesson, for the *Wasp* kept up her fire until the third lorch

also was destroyed, and the flames were rising from the huts of a village whither our late foes had fled.

'I've kept my word, Frank, as you see!' said Hamilton, as we shook hands, on the gun-boat's quarter-deck, after the straits had been swept clear of the pig-tailed enemy; 'but though, by means of native spies and a bright look-out, I managed to prepare my counter-ambush without yonder sea-thieves having a suspicion that a gun-boat lay hidden so close to that man-trap of theirs, I confess it was a near-run thing after all. The cunning of that Bates, or whatever his name was, in stopping the engines, was what I was unprepared for; and but for the bold face you put on it, old fellow, I should have only been in time to find the *Cassandra's* deck a shambles. To you, quite as much as to me, belongs the credit of this affair.'

So the mercantile community of Shang-hai and the naval officers of the squadron were good-natured enough to think, for, on the steamer's return to port, I found myself lionised and made much of by all, and more of a hero, I am sure, in Lillian's eyes than I deserved to be, for, after all, I had but done my plain duty. The gratitude of the merchants to whom the cargo belonged took a practical form, for not only was I presented with a handsome sum as salvage, but was appointed to command the *Dalhousie*, a fine barque in the China and Australian trade, of which I am still captain, while it is understood that on my return from my next voyage, Lillian is to become my wife.

As for the treacherous owners of the *Cassandra*, Messrs Ah-chang and Sin-lin-tsi, they at first assumed an expression of injured innocence, but were at last overborne by the evidence given by their accomplices; and finding Shang-hai too hot to hold them, decamped to some other province, having, as it was said, bribed the local mandarins to connive at their flight. As for the *Cassandra*, she was, I believe, confiscated to the use of the Chinese Viceroy, and sent up the river; but at all events I saw no more of her.

DEATHS AND DISASTERS ON THE STAGE.

IN the excited and exciting lives of actors, dancers, and singers, so constantly before admiring audiences, the feelings, nerves, and muscles are sufficiently on the strain, without the addition of extraneous agitations. Considering the amount of sword-play and other dangerous 'situations,' incidental to the efficient acting and setting of plays, and especially of tragedies, the accidents that occur are wonderfully rare. Still there have been unintended effects, unrehearsed situations, which have brought the tragedy of real life upon the stage, under circumstances calculated to cast a gloom alike over actors and spectators.

Lives have been lost, or limbs shattered, by mere accident on the stage, mishaps of a purely mechanical kind, with which the mental exertions of the performer have had little or nothing to do. Ropes, trap-doors, spring-boards, planks, scaffolding, ladders, and so forth, are naturally the cause of disaster if not properly adjusted and used; and the stage can tell many a tale on this subject.

In the old days of Lincoln's Inn Theatre, when a pantomime on the fertile theme of Dr Faustus was being performed, some of the machinery gave way; one of the actors fell, burst a hole through the stage, and was killed; another was fatally wounded; and a third broke his thigh. Early in the present century, when Mademoiselle Aubrey was playing before the Empress Josephine at Paris, she fell from a glittering piece of stage-carpentry called a *gloire*, and broke her arm; while Mademoiselle Lebrun, a ballet-dancer, fell from a gold-bespangled chariot which was carrying her up to a splendid Mount Olympus, and broke her leg. In our own day, if a Blondin or a Leotard has escaped, imitators of those performers have met with many a disaster, some fatal in their result. On too many of these occasions, the accidents have been rendered all the more distressing by the victim being of a sex ill fitted for such exhibitions—women engaged in unwomanly athletics. More terrible still are the burnings which occasionally take place on the stage. Dancers, with wide-spreading skirts of gauze and muslin, are in much danger from the gas-lights placed near the side-scenes—witness the case of poor Clara Webster, who lost her life in this way while performing in the ballet of *The Revolt of the Murem*, at Drury Lane Theatre.

Some of the accidents are due to the performers themselves, rather than to the machinery or stage-appointments. Too much enthusiasm, or too little caution, may bring about stage-effect not at all wished for. The Roman actor Roscius, while performing the part of *Atræus*, was so unnecessarily energetic in wielding a sceptre, that he gave a brother-actor a blow that killed him. Another, when performing *Ulysses*, was accidentally killed by a too-ardent Ajax. In more modern times, when Baletti was performing *Lelio* in *Camille Magicienne*, he was shot in the thigh by a brother-actor, who took up by mistake a loaded blunderbuss—a kind of accident that has occurred more than once since. Farquhar, when acting *Guyomar* in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, killed a brother-actor with an over-vigorous sword-cut. Mrs Bellamy, as an Asiatic heroine in *Tamerlane*, gave an unlucky poke in the eye with an unguarded foil to Lee, who was performing *Axala*, and nearly blinded him. The great French actor Baron, while performing *Diégne* in *Cornille's Cid*, wounded himself in the toe with the point of a sword; he would not permit amputation, as it might damage his acting and his personal appearance; and so the over-proud man died of gangrene in the hapless toe. Le Kain dislocated his foot while acting *Briseis*, and brought on a malady; this was so increased by his subsequent intensity while acting in Du Guesclin's *Vendôme*, that he died in consequence. Woodward the comedian jumped from a (stage) table when acting the part of *Scrub*, and sustained an injury from which he never recovered. When a German actress was performing in Lessing's *Emilia Galotti*, she fell heavily from the arms of

Avoardo (one of the characters in the play), and struck her head with considerable force against the stage; she died ten days afterwards.

Instances are on record in which performers enter with such fervour into the story of the play, or the portraying of an individual character, that their hearts or brains become affected in a way never intended. A performer of the character of Lusignan, in Voltaire's *Zaire*, allowed his feelings to run riot in the scene where Lusignan blesses his children; he became so forcible and impetuous that he fainted on the stage, and died soon afterwards. Over-excitement and exhaustion together, caused the death of a leading actor in the time of William and Mary; he was taken ill during the fourth representation of the long and fatiguing part of Cyaxeres, in *Cyrus the Great*, and died on the stage during the fifth. In the early half of the last century, there was a performer familiarly known as Fat Hulett; he often overstrained his lungs, and doing this once too often, broke a blood-vessel, and died in consequence. The same fate befell the French actor Brécourt, while performing the rôle of Timon. In the time of Louis XIV., when Mademoiselle Champmeslé was acting in *Oreste et Pylade*, she was so exhausted on the fourth representation of a long and fatiguing part, that she was taken ill on the stage, and died from the malady which supervened.

Not immediately connected with the character represented at the time, but thinking more of the audience than of the drama, performers have in some instances been affected in a distressing way. To be killed with joy is not unknown in the profession. Angeleri, a Milanese actor, was so excited by the applause he met with on his first appearance at one of the Italian theatres, that he fell down at the side-scenes and expired. To be killed with mortified pride is also known in the annals of the stage. At Caen, about fourteen years ago, Madame Faugeras was suddenly called upon to enact a character, in Anber's *Diamants de la Couronne*, which had been allotted to another vocalist. She acquitted herself well under somewhat difficult circumstances, but a slight hiss was heard amid the applause; she suddenly fell down in a fainting-fit, and expired soon after being conveyed to her own residence.

Many cases are on record in which performers have been struck with paralysis or apoplexy on the stage. Molière, when acting in his celebrated comedy of the *Malade Imaginaire*, was seized on its fourth representation with a convulsive attack; he tried to conceal it with a laugh, and went on with the part, but sunk into the grave a few days afterwards. In this case he had been warned by his friends, and advised to desist from acting for a time; but he did not like to interrupt the run of a new piece which was likely to benefit the manager and the company. The actor Montfleury had an attack of apoplexy on the stage; so likewise had Mondory, when playing Hérode in the drama of *Mariamne*; he resumed the stage again, but before long broke down altogether.

During the time of George I., an actor named Spiller was struck with apoplexy on the stage of the Lincoln's Inn Theatre. About twenty years later, at the Norwich Theatre, Cashel the actor was similarly seized, while performing the part of Frankly in the *Suspicious Husband*, and died in a few hours. Near the close of the reign of George II., the celebrated Mrs Woffington, the kind-hearted 'Peg Woffington,' was one evening enacting the part of Rosalind in *As You Like It*; when she came to the Epilogue, she was suddenly rendered almost speechless by paralysis, and never fully recovered. Foote the comedian was a man who would have joked even under the gravest circumstances. Although struck with paralysis while acting in his own farce of the *Devil on Two Sticks*, he continued his habit of punning and practical joking during the few remaining months of his life. Being recommended to go to France for the improvement of his health, he stopped awhile at Dover, and went one day into the kitchen of the inn where he was sojourning, to 'chaff' the cook. He told her she must have been a great traveller, for he had heard that she had been all over Greece [grease]; she declared she had never been ten miles from Dover in her life. 'That must be a fib,' he returned, 'for you have often been seen at Spit-head.'

Later years have not been without their instances of sudden attacks of illness on the stage. Miss Linley, related to the Sheridans, was struck fatally at Bath while singing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' in Handel's *Messiah*. When Baldeley was acting Moses in the *School for Scandal*, at Drury Lane Theatre, he was suddenly taken ill, and died soon afterwards. Mrs Pope, an actress of some eminence in her day, was seized with an apoplectic fit while playing Desdemona, and was lost to the world a week later. Lucca Fabras, a singer at the San Carlo Opera-house at Naples, broke a blood-vessel while attempting to reach a note above the compass of his voice. Two sterling comedians, Furren and Harley, whose acting is still fresh in the memory of men in middle life, were attacked with paralysis while on the stage. The former played afterwards, though symptoms of the affection were painfully visible; he was playing Old Parr when seized. Harley's attack came on while he was acting Bottom, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is said that his dying words, uttered unconsciously, were some of those which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the redoubtable Bottom the Weaver—'I have an exposition of sleep come over me.' Somewhat similar was the case of Powell the actor, who, when on his death-bed, became suddenly animated, put himself as nearly as he could in the proper theatrical attitude, and gave utterance to the well-known line in *Macbeth*—'Is this a dagger that I see before me?'

The death of the elder Kean was peculiar in many ways. He virtually received his death-stroke on the stage, though he survived a little longer. His irregular mode of life had weakened his health, impaired his memory, and destroyed his elasticity of spirit; he had been troubled, too, by the determination of his son Charles to take to the stage as a profession, against the parental wish. The resolve being fixed, the father agreed to give the son an introduction to the public, by playing Othello to his lago. The performance took place on the 25th of March 1833. The great actor was

tamer than usual. The audience waited for the bursts of energy with which they had so long been familiar; but waited in vain. The accounts do not exactly agree as to the precise passage which was destined to be the last uttered by him on the stage. We are inclined to think it was—

Oh, now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind;

saying which he broke down, became speechless, and was led off the stage. Mr Bartley solicited the indulgence of the audience for a few minutes; but when it was found that the great actor could not reappear, Mr Warde took the character of Othello during the remaining scenes of the play. Virtually an old man at the age of forty-five, Kean lingered awhile, and finally sank. His funeral was attended by a larger number of theatrical celebrities than were, perhaps, ever before assembled at one time in one place. Though a man who had given way to intemperate habits, Kean had endeared a large circle of acquaintance to him. Among the pall-bearers and mourners were Braham, Macready, Farren, Cooper, Harley, Charles Kean, Sheridan Knowles, Bartley, Keeley, Wrench, O. Smith, Strickland, Webster, Fitzwilliam, Vining, Anderson, and Frank Matthews; while the humbler members of eight different theatrical companies followed in the train.

The actual deaths upon the stage, without a moment's warning, are of course more sad to contemplate, and more impressive to those who witness them. Rather more than a century ago, at the Norwich Theatre, Peterson the actor was performing the part of the Duke in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. He had to address Claudio in the words:

Reason thus with life;
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep—

when he suddenly dropped into the arms of Moody, who was acting Claudio, and expired. These words, having so impressive a meaning at such a time, were afterwards engraved on his tombstone. John Palmer, an eminent tragedian towards the close of the last century, was engaged on what proved to be the last evening he was destined to live, in acting the character of the Stranger, in Kotzebue's drama of the same name. He had recently heard of the death of a favourite son—news which unnerved and agitated him. In the fourth act of the play, Baron Steinfort obtains an interview with the Stranger, recognises him as an old acquaintance, and asks the cause of his seclusion. The Stranger replies that he has left his children at a town hard by; and then exclaims: 'O God, O God! there is another and a better world.' Palmer, directly he had uttered these words, fell down dead at the feet of the actor who was performing the part of Baron Steinfort.

Two more instances of these unrehearsed, unforeseen tragic stage-effects. About sixty years ago, an actor named Cummins, in a drama in which he was performing, had to deliver a speech ending with the words:

Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts;
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to shew thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour.

Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips, when

he fell down dead upon the stage. Only a year or two ago, M. Victor, a comedian at a provincial theatre in France, fell down on the stage while performing a comic character, and expired almost instantly.

JACK FROST.

THE following useful hints respecting severe winter weather appear in the *Daily Telegraph*.

'English weather is so uncertain, that the extremes of heat and cold always take the mass of the people unawares and unprepared. In other countries, long spells of iron frost, to which our present experience is mild, are borne by the well-used inhabitants without harm. The Esquimaux grows fat in the long arctic nights which keep the mercury frozen; the Chinaman takes his thick dresses out of pawn, and puts one on the top of the other, till he is a bale of wool. The Scandinavian and the Canadian poor have a hundred skilful methods of fighting the frost. In Kamtchatka, the fish-eating races occupy subterranean apartments in the winter, where they are as warm as rabbits; and a Laplander or a Siberian never allows himself to suffer from cold, like the ill-informed poor Londoners, who shiver in unfit clothing and absurdly constructed houses, without understanding exactly why the winter kills them. In the all-important matter of food, for example, there is nothing more nutritious and warmth-giving than pea-soup and peas-pudding, yet, though the best split peas can be obtained at 60s. the quarter of 550 lbs.—that is, about nine pounds to the shilling—how many poor housewives buy this life-sustaining pulse? If it seems not "genteel" enough for the pride which often goes—and usefully too—with poverty, there are lentils which can be bought for a very little more, and are yet the food of Eastern kings and queens; and, as among the best flesh and heat givers known to man, are looked upon abroad, and not without reason, as far superior to the best wheat. Fish, again, is a description of food always cheap at this time, and most sustaining, and it must be remembered that the best fuel in winter is a well-filled stomach. As to clothes too, how many poor mothers recollect that they can get cotton wadding in sheets for a few pence, and that if they quilt this in between the lining and the cloth of their husband's and their children's garments, they have something as good as the costliest fur to keep JACK FROST away? At night, it is no bad plan to put a blanket of brown paper under the counterpane. Once more, every one must remark that a favourite article of winter-clothing for children among the poor is a comforter swathed round the neck. This is a sumptuary error: the feet and wrists are the proper members to keep warm; the nose and throat will harden into healthy indifference to cold; but that muffler exchanged for an extra pair of thick socks and knitted gloves, would preserve a boy or girl really warm and well. Bronchitis and sore throat have declined fifty per cent. since the absurd use of high collars and twice-round neckerchiefs went out of fashion; and if the poor would take better care of their children's feet, half the infantile mortality would disappear. It only costs twopence to put a piece of thick felt or cork into the bottom of a boot or shoe, and the difference is often between that and a doctor's bill, with, perhaps, the undertaker's besides.'

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

BEGINS a new year, and an opportunity occurs for making a few editorial observations. As the work commenced in February 1832, it is now almost forty-four years old. It is a long time for us to look back to the memorable day in the reign of William IV., when the first number made its appearance. Life was then young, with hope in full buoyancy, but hope not unmingled with anxiety respecting the success of our venture. It happened to be successful far beyond expectation, and after pulling at the oar for more than half a lifetime, we find the original current of approbation to be undiminished. That, we humbly submit, is something to be grateful for, and to be fairly proud of.

This continued popularity of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL is the more surprising when we keep in mind the vast number of competitors which first and last have succumbed. *The Penny Magazine*, which began six weeks or so after the *Journal*, and which was ushered into existence under the highest titled and literary patronage, perished after a run of fourteen or fifteen years—a remarkable example of how little value is any mere factitious recommendation, or any flourish of great names, in the way of patronising. We, who had no special patronage at all, and did not want any, have outlived *The Penny* about thirty years. We might say the same thing of dozens of cheap periodicals, less or more formed on our model, or professedly with similar objects in view, and which might never have been in existence had we not pioneered the way. The failure of so many competitors, not a few of which, from their appearance, deserved to succeed, has always been to us a little perplexing. Their break-down was certainly not owing to anything we either said or did. From the first we held out the hand of fellowship to all whose aims seemed to resemble our own. Among our agreeable recollections are included a friendly intercourse with Charles Knight, and the cordial response of Leigh Hunt on tendering our good wishes for the success of his *London Journal*, which unfortunately happened to be very short-lived.

As a matter only of literary history it might be deserving of inquiry, why CHAMBERS still lives in perennial youth, when so many rivals have vanished and almost been forgotten. It is a broad question, and we would gladly leave its solution to others. A few things may be mentioned from our own point of view. The work has always been conducted with thorough earnestness of purpose, and in a spirit of independence. It has ever aimed at harmlessly entertaining and instructing apart from sectarianism, apart from political bias, apart from high-flown conventional theories. We have never cared about pleasing sects, parties, or individuals, nor of making literary capital by parading the names of aristocratic contributors. On all occasions, the work has been allowed to stand on its merits. What we have endeavoured to do has

been to meet the desires and feelings of the public; that is, all who, in a familiar and possibly amusing strain, could be addressed through a paper modest in pretensions, price, and appearance. That might be called our *raison d'être*, the charter of our existence; and as far as practicable, in the changing tastes and fashions of the time, it has been rigorously stuck to. Just as at the outset, we still address ourselves to large masses of every denomination, telling them what we believe to be the truth, and what may be useful for them to know, without any violent attack on, or a mean support of, prejudices.

Yet, the changing tastes and fashions of the time, just alluded to, have caused some difficulty. Forty-four years' teaching of the press, in which we rank only as an atom, along with numerous other appliances, have given a new aspect to the face of society. People do not now require to be addressed elementarily. The reading of books and newspapers is on a very different footing than it was in 1832, when paper and printing were subject to oppressive fiscal restrictions, that now seem ludicrous, indeed, hardly conceivable. With enlarged knowledge and the progress of wealth, have arisen tastes for what may be styled merely recreative literature. Dry information is set aside for what will afford entertainment. Beyond even this, there comes a change in fashion, expressed in the word 'sensationalism.' How to keep our ground in these progressive diversities, has needed some delicate management. Yielding to solicitations, we, for a time, to use a similitude, lightened the burden of our song; but the experiment never went with our feelings, and going back to the old and time-honoured notes, we shall be contented to let things take their chance. In a word, those giddy beings who want high-wrought sensational stories—which are nothing but the wildest rack of invention—must go elsewhere for them than to the pages of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL. To one craving of the age we have been obliged to conform. We refer to a taste for continuous tales, extending through successive numbers. It is a novelty which would have been strenuously opposed at a time within our recollection, but to it there is nothing seriously objectionable, and we let it pass, only on all occasions taking care that the language and sentiments of the tales shall be kept within bounds.

It will be understood, therefore, that with such health and ability as we can muster, CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL will be conducted as nearly as possible on the plan originally projected, and of which the work for the past twelve months offers an example. The design is to offer a pure and wholesome literature—to cheer the invalid and the aged, to strengthen the good resolutions of the young, to stimulate and encourage habits of self-denial, industry, sobriety, and thrift, to point out what we consider to be social errors, to inculcate kindness to the lower animals, and to sympathise with and enlarge the higher sentiments of our nature. In conclusion, and as some guarantee for professions, the work is now entirely under our own guidance, assisted only by Mr R. CHAMBERS, son of the late Dr R. CHAMBERS, but with a further reliance on a large body of skilled contributors, to whom be all acknowledgments. W. C.

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WHAT TO DO WITH MONEY.

ONE is at present a little puzzled to know what to do with money. Through a long course of manufacturing and commercial prosperity, along with habits of saving in all but among the uneducated and reckless classes, disposable capital has increased so enormously that there is a difficulty in knowing how to employ it to advantage; for lenders are more numerous than trustworthy borrowers. Gradually you add figure to figure at your bank account, but what signifies how many figures are at your credit? The accumulation counts for little or nothing. To know that you are worth a row of five figures may impart a certain complacency to the feelings, and if the thing gets wind, you are perhaps looked up to with admiration by those whose account is still at the rudimental item of two figures; but what good does all this come to? 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich.' Well, you have been superlatively diligent; you have schemed and toiled for fifty years, and are rich, but what to do with your riches is the question. Instead of being at ease, you are environed with troubles—a thing never contemplated when you prudently, long ago, began to economise.

This species of embarrassment accounts for a variety of phenomena. There is hardly a town in the kingdom that is not increasing at a great rate—pushing out beyond the old dimensions, and covering fields with villas. Being somewhat timid as to the possibility of getting anything to do securely and profitably with their money, people take to building a house which shall be something superior to the modest dwelling they have been hitherto accustomed to. How conspicuously is the progress of wealth demonstrated in those town and city extensions! Building or buying a house seems to be about the first thing thought of by a person who can reckon his bank account by four figures, but sometimes much less. It is a new social feature, and delightful to contemplate. Increase of towns, increase of population, speak strongly of national well-being.

A like phenomenon consists in buying land,

which is a considerable stretch above building a suburban villa, and infers a pretty long row of figures—not below five or six; but on this we will not at present dilate. As vast numbers have neither the means nor the inclination to buy 'real estate,' but must look to some simpler and more off-hand investment of savings, they try railway shares and debentures; and if these be well selected, there is a fairly moderate return—say, three to four per cent., in some cases as much as five or six. Of all the phenomena arising from accumulated wealth, railways are the most remarkable. They go beyond the building of houses or the purchase of lands. They are the wonder of the age.

But, after all, and no matter how insignificant have been the returns to investors, money accumulates beyond expectation, and remains as much a drug as ever. What marvellous industry, what thoughtful economy, what moral hardihood are revealed in this expressive circumstance! Countries with enormous pretensions, and far more highly favoured by Nature than England, never save at all. Living from hand to mouth, they are in the character of those poor and improvident neighbours to whom doles are compassionately sent to keep them from the workhouse. In these splendidly sunny, and it may be classic, regions, the people dance, sing, smoke, fight, and indulge in other mighty pleasant diversions, apparently untroubled with cares about the future.

The future! That is about the last thing that these gay communities think about. They seem to say: 'Why should we economise to make railways, to construct docks, to build ships, to erect palaces, to supply towns with gas or water? There happens to be an island eight hundred miles long, lying off the coast of Europe, and exposed to the blasts of the Northern Ocean, where the inhabitants have a remarkable faculty for saving and plodding industry, and with notions of gain, are stupidly facile in throwing away their money. They are actually at a loss what to do with their spare cash. It would be an act of kindness to take it off their hands. They are easily imposed on by

plausible pretences. Let us put on a fair front, and by lying promises, wheedle them out of a large sum, under name of a loan at a high rate of interest. What we plunder them of will never be missed. And the beauty of the thing is, that we shall not sacrifice an iota of our cherished recreations.'

And so England is speciously and systematically robbed—becomes the money-lender of the world—the prey of every shifty miserable country possessing sufficient audacity to sue as a borrower on false or visionary pretences. The ordinary method, as everybody knows, is to send round prospectuses by post to select individuals over the British Islands. He is fortunate who escapes this torrent of plausible representations to take shares in concerns that reach from half a million to one or two millions of pounds sterling. Oil-wells, mines, phosphates, guano, foreign railways, docks, sewage, and water-works, are among the projects offered to investors. How many are caught, it would be painful to consider. We would not go the length of saying that these are all sham or insecure undertakings; but, taking them in the bulk, they strikingly demonstrate the wealth on which a drain may be attempted, and perhaps not less do they indicate the amount of popular credulity. In the history of past times we have nothing at all to match the copiousness of these financial projects; because not until now have there been such vast accumulations of capital inviting the encroachment of needy schemers and speculators. Every one having a little money at command may be said to be in a state of siege, so many are the alluring devices to induce a rendering up of the savings of a lifetime. In days of old, people were apt to be plundered by highwaymen. There is now, through the agency of prospectuses, an infinitely more safe and sweeping method of carrying off the proceeds of diligent industry and thrift.

Borrowing on a gigantic scale by foreign nations of more than doubtful credit, and of which we shall have some details to offer presently, is not alone to be viewed with distrust. There is a home department which reckons on the weakness of lenders, and requires to be equally guarded against by those who are honestly looking about to make investments. Encroachments of this class are multifarious. Hollow schemes of new Banks and Life-assurance societies put forward under specious auspices, have been a formidable method of deception, bringing thousands of confiding shareholders to ruin. It is customary to blame the legislature for not establishing checks on visionary projects. No doubt, something might be done in this direction, but let us keep in mind that we are a community which aspires to be out of tutelage. We are not like continental nations, who need to be watched and directed like children, lest they get into mischief. We are presumed to be able to take care of ourselves, whether on a railway platform or the purchase of shares in commercial undertakings. That is British liberty, and let us

be proud of it, and guard it sufficiently through the exercise of all the faculties at our command.

Why should not people reason, think, consider, before they involve themselves in the responsibilities of enterprises over which they have scarcely a vestige of control? It is their own business, not that of the government. But, say the sufferers, with a truth that is almost agonising, and which we refer to with a sense of disgust: 'Have we not been entrapped by names of baronets, members of parliament, men high in social position, stuck as sponsors at the head of the prospectuses which have robbed us of our money?' Quite true; and the more shame to those who, as an act of pure folly, or it may be for the sake of some paltry gains in the shape of directors' fees, lend themselves to schemes that are too frequently worthless. What misery is owing to this pliance in permitting the use of names! The error is flagrant in all directions. Out of sheer good-nature, names are given and used as a decoy, that ought as a point of conscience to be withheld, even when the matter is greatly more insignificant than the chance of seducing small capitalists into venturing money on projects substantially rotten and reprehensible.

The depredations committed on account of joint-stock undertakings fall into the shade in comparison with what come prominently to the front as professed loans to foreign governments. For the last fifty years, England, as already hinted at, has been the lender to the world at large. Now, be it observed, there is nothing wrong in lending, if it be conducted on fair terms and for an honest purpose. It is complimentary to know that we are looked to for loans which will afford a proper return; because that would be a good way of benefiting neighbours by the excess of wealth created through our industrial operations. A trustworthy borrower is accordingly to be appreciated, and, if anything, to be cultivated in a friendly spirit. Both parties are served, the borrower and the lender. We might feel gratified in thinking that a number of countries have been advanced in civilisation through the agency of our abundance. Surely, a blessing will fall on a people who, by their thrift, have done such marvellous things in the cause of humanity!

Pity it is that along with so much good there should be associated so much evil. Half a century ago, the people of England confidently lent a large sum on easy terms to Greece, with a view to the establishment of its independence. The object was gained. Neither principal nor interest, as we understand, has been paid. The loan is a bad debt. The lenders have lost their money, and not even got thanks. A much worse case is that of Spain, which has been a large defaulter, and does not appear to be soon likely to meet all its obligations. Turkey, worse and worse. One is absolutely ashamed to think of what has first and last been done to prop up Turkey, with its incompetent rulers and utterly disgraceful management. For fanciful diplomatic considerations, and hopes the most illusory, the British government must historically bear the heavier part of the blame; but scarcely less responsible are those individuals who profusely lent money to maintain an Asiatic tyranny altogether out of place in Europe. If, in greedy expectation of an inordinately large rate of interest, lenders

are destined to lose two hundred millions or so, who will sympathise in their misfortune? In a moral point of view, they are chargeable with helping to perpetuate barbarism—and should be modestly silent.

There is still a deeper scandal and disgrace, and it falls on the City of London. The metropolis, which, as we imagine, should stand forth as an example to the nation, has latterly, through certain stock-jobbing operations, been its reproach. To the case we can only in a brief way allude.

The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Foreign Loans, which has been made widely known through newspaper notices, abounds in very extraordinary revelations. It leaves untouched the loans to defaulting European states, and is confined to the several loans that have from time to time been brought into the market by the governments of Honduras, Santo Domingo, Costa Rica, and Paraguay. How many millions of money were wanted it is unnecessary to say. Any one can understand that the raw and penniless countries specified could only hope to effect their object by employing an agent to secure the co-operation of contractors skilled in getting up prospectuses and in the art of 'floating a loan.' When a number of contractors are concerned in the business, they are called a 'syndicate.' It would never do to bring out a loan, and leave it to take its chance of customers, no matter how favourable the terms. The artifice consists in the contractors taking up the stock even before it is advertised, and then putting it on the market at a premium. This is a matter of immense delicacy. Every step in the process is kept profoundly secret. The object is to allure jobbers to apply for allotments of shares, in order to make a profit by selling them in what appears a rising market. The period between the advertisement and the allotment is the opportunity of the syndicate or contractors. By purchases and concerted dealings on the Stock Exchange, the loan is raised to a tempting premium; and this premium is maintained at any cost till the allotment is over. As the loan is issued at a fixed rate, say at sixty pounds per hundred, and appears to be in request at eighty, the witless jobber or outsider rushes to apply for stock on which, as he thinks, he can at once realise a profit of twenty pounds per hundred. Under this prevalent delusion, the whole of the stock is applied for, and with evidence of this fact, a quotation is permitted on the Stock Exchange. The operation of floating the debt is completed. To keep up the game, the agents of the respective governments are authorised to appear as buyers. One way or another, the public get themselves saddled with the stock, and now is developed its true value. The contractors have slipped out of their responsibilities, each pocketing perhaps a hundred thousand pounds. Down and down goes the stock in the market, till at length what was bought at eighty, is not worth more than ten pounds, if worth anything at all. In the course of operations of this kind, the borrowing governments often have cause to complain that very little of the money for which they have been made responsible comes their way. Desiring to shear, they are in the pitiable plight of being well shorn. Through a variety of stock-jobbing manoeuvres, they perhaps incur a debt for a couple of millions, of which they may not have handled more than

twenty to thirty thousand pounds. Hence, they are weighted with obligations which they have not the slightest chance of discharging, and must correspondingly suffer in loss of character.

According to calculations made by *The Times*, which has come nobly forward on the subject, it would appear that certain foreign loans, including Turkish, of which the issue price amounted to a hundred and fifty-seven millions, are now worth only eighty millions. The difference, seventy-seven millions, has not, perhaps, been all lost by the public, for a portion of the loss has probably been incurred by agents and contractors. But after making deductions on this score, the sum of 'sixty-two millions may be set down as lost by investors of one class or another. That,' it is emphatically added, 'is a very large sum to take out of the savings of the public in less than four years, and when all allowance is made for the strength of popular credulity or greed, it remains a sufficiently marvellous thing that it could be so readily parted with.' An average loss of upwards of fifteen millions a year is certainly wonderful, but that by no means expresses the entire depredation; for, concurrently, there has been no end of abortive joint-stock undertakings, and it might not be too much to say that the loss to the people of Great Britain by bad investments reaches twenty millions annually. We should doubt if all the booty carried off by highwaymen during the last hundred and fifty years reaches a twentieth of the amount.

The system pursued in too many cases of foreign loans can be described as nothing else than gambling—gambling, we might say, with loaded dice, for the victims are denied any knowledge of the fact, that they are sure to lose. We refrain from characterising in all its disreputable features the process of enrichment at the cost of greedy and weak-minded dupes. One remark may suffice. What strikes every one with surprise is, that men who attain to enormous wealth by the devices referred to should be admitted to social intercourse among the courtly and higher ranks in the metropolis. Has it come to this, that opulence, no matter how obtained, suffices to place any one on the platform of honourable society?

While recognising the terrible evils inflicted by the usual methods of floating the loans to States of doubtful solvency, the Committee making the investigation shrink from offering any specific remedy. They hint at some reforms as concerns the Stock Exchange, and counsel greater caution in applying for shares. That is all. People with means for investment, as we have already observed, must therefore think for themselves, or, at all events, trust only to individuals in whose good sense and integrity they have reason to feel confidence. As a general truth not to be neglected, the promise of more than four or five per cent. is unsafe; for scarcely any more can be offered in wholesome undertakings; and the tendency, as has been observed, is a progressive lowering of the value of money. In short, high interest means bad security. Have nothing to do with promises of ten per cent. and upwards. Be jealous of projects beyond the limits of Great Britain and the colonies. Shun railways, mines, and other undertakings in the United States. Be on your guard against all overtures from South American Republics. On the whole, it comes to this, that persons who wish to avoid possible losses and cares which make the

heart sick, must considerably moderate their expectations of gain. How melancholy to reflect that in GREED, along with efforts to overreach, we have the vulgar outcome of national prosperity, and that perplexing condition of affairs—What to do with Money! W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER II.—TEACHER AND PUPIL.

THERE are no doubt attractions of a sentimental kind that cling to fine old country-houses, with which no other habitations can compete. 'I like your England only pretty well,' observed an American lady to me on one occasion; 'but I do love her ruins.' Historical association was what her own land did not possess, and she valued it accordingly; and, indeed, it has charms for most of us. It is something to dwell under the same roof which has sheltered Queen Elizabeth in her progress, or Charles II. in his wanderings; and perhaps even to sleep in the same bed that was once occupied by the Royal Martyr. But there are objections to these stately ancestral homes, which make them more pleasant to 'go over' as a tourist, with a half-crown in your hand, destined for the housekeeper, than to reside in as a guest. The rooms are stuffy, and the ventilation most observable in draughts under the doors; the windows are small, and do not conveniently open; there is generally a reputed ghost or two—which, however much we laugh at in broad daylight, is apt to appeal more strongly to the imagination, when we are lying awake, during the small-hours, in an antiquated four-poster. Lastly, the 'Castle,' or 'Hall,' or 'Tower,' or whatever imposing name it may bear, though generally what the auctioneers term 'finely situated,' is by no means always placed in the most picturesque spot of those which its extensive lands afford for building purposes. In the good old times, when everybody was for interfering with his neighbour, or for avoiding being interfered with, the architect of the period was more intent upon preserving the personal safety of his employer, and making him inaccessible to the general public, than in providing him with an attractive outlook, and we often sigh, as we contemplate some stately home, moat-ringed—as though wedded to old Time himself—'Oh, why was it not built there or here!' It is for these reasons that I prefer to be a guest—for in my wildest dreams I have never pictured myself as the proprietor thereof—at some modern mansion, though owned perchance by a City millionaire of yesterday, than to be entertained in what I have heard a certain gilt but irreverent youth—himself the lord of such a feudal residence—term a 'ghost box.' I can fancy few pleasures more solid and satisfactory than that of going about this fair land, with a hundred thousand pounds or so in one's pocket, looking out for an estate with an eligible site to build a house upon after one's own fancy—or perhaps still better, to purchase one ready built. George Campden—a

fortunate man in many things—had been lucky enough to find in Riverside a ready-made residence that suited his taste exactly, save in some particulars which his riches easily enabled him to make conformable to it. It had been built but a few years by one who had risen on the flood of Fortune only to be dragged down with its ebb, and yet it had no objectionable trace of newness. How could it do so, indeed, when the flinty bowels of old Bleabarrow had supplied its walls, up which the creepers had been as prompt to climb, as heath and wild-flower were to deck the crags themselves?

There was an affinity between stone and plant at Riverside Hall, which I have seen nowhere else, and which made the whole edifice less like a production of art than of nature. Yet art, and that of the most modern kind, was everywhere visible about it, from the divan-like billiard-room with its electric marking-board, to the gilt gas-lamps marking the garden-path that led to where the steam-yacht was housed—a boat-house like a Chinese palace. The lamps were by no means superfluous, though the steam-yacht might certainly have been termed so, since it was only after much rain that the Nathay would admit of its reaching Bleabarrow Mere, under pretence of navigating the waters of which that ambitious vessel had been purchased; but the sailing-yacht, which the Chinese palace also contained in addition to half-a-dozen pleasure-skiffs, was often put in requisition; and after a late picnic, or protracted voyage, the miniature lighthouse at the head of the boat-landing was useful enough, and the lamps beside the winding pathway saved many a bed of costly flowers from invasion and damage.

The house was built upon elevated ground, that gradually sloped up to it from the river; but at its back, and sheltering it from the north and east, a hill arose, so high that it could be almost termed a mountain, and yet so fertile that great trees grew almost to its summit, beneath which the insatiable sheep cropped the rich grass; while lower down clumps of tame deer wandered from shade to shade, with twinkling ears. The whole place, without and within, displayed that perfection and wholeness which is only possible in a country residence when its possessor has large supplies of ready-money. It was Mr Campden's boast, that if anything went amiss, from the bursting of the kitchen-boiler to the breaking of a window-pane, the mischief was repaired upon the instant.

'Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,' might not indeed wait 'the beck of the warders ten;' nor 'thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,' stand 'saddled in stable day and night,' as the poet tells us 'was the custom of Branksome Hall;' but there were steeds and serving-men in plenty at Riverside; and man and horse were despatched to the county town with equal speed, and certainly on much less emergencies than were wont to send them forth from that Border tower. No guest ever had it brought home to him that he was sojourning at a country-house, from the occurrence of an inconvenience that extended beyond the hour; while

every luxury was supplied to him that London could produce. Even the lettuces in the salads were almost as good (though, if there was a weak point in the Riverside commissariat, it was that which is common to all country places whatsoever—the lettuces) as those bought in Covent Garden itself; while the asparagus was infinitely better. Not a bottle of champagne was ever opened that had not been duly iced. The daily papers arrived by express at 4.30 from the nearest railway station, and from it was a branch telegraph to the Hall, by which the morning news came down, and was found upon the breakfast-table by the earliest riser. The guests of the house descended to that meal at any time they pleased, or, if they preferred it, had it served to them in their own apartments; but the hours for lunch and dinner were absolutely fixed (as they must be, if the cook is to respect his art), and were stated on a printed card, and hung up in every bedroom, as prices are at hotels. The wheel of existence was made, in short, to move so smoothly at Riverside that you forgot the mechanism of strap and cog that are in general so plainly visible, and were apt to take that as a matter of course which was in reality the result of infinite pains and provision. When you shifted your quarters, it is true your mistake was immediately rectified; but it was said, and said truly, by those who had experience in such matters, that to be a guest with the Campdens 'spoiled you' for visiting anywhere else.

What gave Riverside an advantage, however, it must be confessed, in such a comparison was, that it stood almost alone in being essentially a *summer* residence. Although the estate was large, there was little game upon it, and that little—the proprietor being no sportsman—was not preserved. Hence, when the house was at its fullest, other country mansions were standing empty, their fashionable owners having gone on the continent, or yachting in the Mediterranean; and when the hunter's horn, or the whirring wing of the pheasant, sounded their recall, Riverside in its turn became vacant of guests, and the Campdens came up to town for the winter months. Sometimes their daughter Mary would precede them by a few weeks, which she would spend with the Daltons in Cardigan Place; and sometimes she would tarry behind them, to enjoy 'the season' a little longer, under the auspices of the same hostess.

The two families, though they called themselves cousins, were only distantly related, but they lived in great familiarity and friendship; Kate Dalton, in particular, felt almost as much at home at Riverside as beneath her father's roof, and especially on the present occasion, when her 'belongings,' as she called them, were her fellow-guests. She had often stayed there alone, just as Mary Campden—her dearest friend, though she was her senior by two years—had stayed at Cardigan Place; but the fact was, she was never quite happy when away from her family. Her mother, whom she adored, was herself in delicate health, while her sister Jenny was a confirmed invalid, afflicted with a sort of chronic neuralgia, which at times made any movement of the limbs intolerable; and Kate was eager to do her share of tendance, and also to take Tony off their hands during his holidays, whose animal spirits, though he too was far from physically strong, were at times not a little 'trying.' It was from their mother that the children, doubtless, all

inherited their delicacy of constitution, for Mr Dalton was never known to have had 'anything the matter with him,' in wind or limb: but for a certain nervous and impulsive temperament, which was common to them all, they had to thank, or to blame, their father.

Under an appearance of the most perfect *sang-froid*, it was asserted by those who ought to have known him best, that John Dalton concealed a sensitive and passionate nature, and that, though he was the most popular man of his day in clubs and on business committees—two very different characters rolled into one—he could shew 'a deuce of a temper' when displeased. As his wife and children evidently loved him to excess, however, it is charitably to be believed that these paroxysms, if he really did indulge in them, were rare and short-lived. He has not yet arrived upon the scene in person, but we may make some guess at his character from a specimen of his correspondence, perhaps.

The morning letters, despatched in a private bag by express from Bleabarrow, arrived early at the Hall, and having been taken out of their repository by Mr Marks, the butler, were carried up to their respective owners.

'There is a letter from master, inn'am,' observed Mrs Dalton's maid, as she entered her apartment, and laid the missive in question on the dressing-table, at which that lady was already seated. It was perhaps impertinent in Lucy to say as much, but she has been many years in her mistress's service, and is well acquainted with all her ways, and even with some of her thoughts. She concludes, for example, that she has risen so early this morning from her anxiety to hear news of her absent husband; and she is quite right in her surmise. Mrs Dalton takes the letter quickly, and without any fashionable pretence of not being in a hurry to possess herself of the contents, yet opens it with a certain neatness of touch, of which characteristic no haste can deprive her. Nay, she even takes the opportunity of Lucy turning her back to set down the hot-water can, to press the handwriting to her lips before reading it, like one saying grace before good food.

BAMPTON, August 1,

began the note, which was indeed but a hurried scrawl.

'MY DEAREST LOVE—You will see me to-morrow without fail; I hope by the train that gets to Bleabarrow at 6.30. Holt was over-sanguine, it seems; and they tell me if I get in here at all, it will be a tight squeeze. The people are a roughish lot' (Here the delicate pink fades from the wife's cheek, as when you suddenly remove the light with which you are shewing off your cup of egg-shell china: 'Good Heavens, there is danger then!' she thinks.) 'I have been soliciting their sweet voices for five hours to-day, at one place or another, and am dead-sick of it, and as house as a raven. The whole affair is what Julia would call "quite too awful." I do not myself think I shall succeed, and unhappily it is of great importance that I should do so. Do not say anything to Holt of this, however. Kiss my dear ones for me, and tell Jenny I found a fern for her,—while I was out canvassing,—which seems to me to be rare; but I daresay it will be at once detected by her learned eye to be something *communis*.

'I shall see you to-morrow, sweetheart, whether I shall have to be congratulated or consoled; that is something; but "would it were supper-time and all were well."—Ever yours, JOHN DALTON.

'P.S.—Don't say a word to Holt, or anybody, of my misgivings.'

Mrs Dalton read this letter again and again (there were things in it that puzzled her, such as the reference to supper-time. 'I hope he is not hurting himself by taking suppers, which never agree with him,' was her mental commentary upon that passage); but she knew those were not of importance: what gave her most uneasiness were the allusions to Mr Holt, whose name was mentioned no less than three times.

Mr Holt was a stock-broker, as Kate had told her friend; but even if she could have answered her general inquiry as to what a stock-broker was, which is doubtful, she could certainly not have explained the nature of the calling of Mr Holt in particular. Few persons, indeed, could have done so. His doings were by no means confined to scrip and share; he had a finger in every pie from which 'plums' are picked; and wherever there were wires, it was his aim to pull one. His influence over her husband, Mrs Dalton was well aware, was great, though she did not know how it was obtained. It seemed to her very strange, and almost humiliating, that her John, who was so clever and brilliant, should allow himself to be persuaded into this and that by such a blunt, plain man as Richard Holt, one rather younger than older than himself (though he did not look younger), and who had nothing to recommend him beyond a character for shrewdness. She would have been indignant with any one to whose opinion her husband had deferred; but the influence of this man was peculiarly obnoxious to her, since it had drawn him into business and politics, which she detested, because they took him so much from her and home. She had hitherto seen no other evil in them, and certainly no danger; but a phrase in her husband's letter, or rather a word in the phrase, had now excited her apprehensions. 'I do not myself think I shall succeed' (that is, in being elected for Bampton); 'and, unhappily, it is of great importance I should do so.' Of course it was important that John should get into parliament, but why should he have written '*unhappily*, it is of great importance?' He was wont to write rapidly—to dash off his words, indeed, as fast as his pen could form them—but he rarely used an unfitting word, or a superfluous one. She had not thought so much of John's becoming a senator as most wives equally devoted to their husbands would have done, but that was because she had so high an opinion of his talents, reputation, and social position, that no adventitious distinction could, in her eyes, make him a greater man. It was simple in her to think so much of him, but it was singularly becoming. It had been once said by a very great reader of mankind—one who had studied 'each mode of the lyre' of human life, and had 'mastered them all,' that Mrs John Dalton was 'the nicest woman in England;' and though that had been said at a time when she was one of the prettiest, her niceness had not departed with the years. It might almost have been said that her prettiness had remained with her also—as one sees her standing now, with that letter in her hand, but

gazing thoughtfully through the opened window; only '*prettiness*' could not have expressed that matured grace. Her once golden hair no longer ripples in bright waves, and is streaked here and there with silver; her slight form has lost its comely outlines, and her whole appearance denotes fragility; but the love-light in her eyes shines out as clearly as in her bridal days, and burns with that sacred flame which years of constancy and trial alone can give it, and which no loss or cross can ever extinguish; a saint as holy and as pure as any virgin of the cloister; a guardian angel set in the niche of Ilome.

She had not thought much, I say, of how things might go at Bampton; but now that she heard that they might go *unhappily*, her feelings changed, and the matter assumed that '*great importance*,' though she knew not on what account, that it wore in her husband's eyes. Every one said, and justly, how kind and unselfish Mrs Dalton was; how tender to misfortune; how gentle as well as liberal to the poor; how ready and eager to heal family differences. She had been appealed to more than once to intercede for a spendthrift son, and once even for a runaway daughter; and not in vain; and yet she only lived for her husband and her children. Her heart was open to all the world—it was difficult to close it against even the wicked; but in her heart of hearts were the images of those four beloved ones set up alone as idols. 'God and my country,' was not her motto, though, perhaps, she would have gone as far to serve her country as the foremost of our female politicians; but simply 'God and my dear ones;' for them, however, she would have laid down her life without a sigh.

To no purpose she ransacks her mind for any sign that might point to the cause of John's anxiety about this election; it would cost him some considerable sum of money, she was aware, but she also knew that he had calculated the cost, and had the money to spare. It was not usual with him to confide his business affairs to her; but he had told her so much as that in answer to her gentle expostulations against his embracing political life at all. The '*unhappiness*' could therefore have nothing to do with money matters; and yet it had certainly to do with Mr Holt, whose connection with her husband was based solely upon them. They had nothing else in common, she was quite sure. She had her doubts whether they were even quite good friends, though they were thought to be so by everybody. Indeed, she was aware that Mr Campden had asked Mr Holt down to Riverside entirely upon her husband's account, and, as she suspected, even at his express request. '*Do not say anything to Holt, however,*' read she again. But why should she say anything? Why should John suppose that she should have spoken to the man about his private affairs at all? He was a person, as her husband well knew, for whom she had no liking, and whom she kept at as great a distance as politeness permitted; so that the injunction was quite superfluous; and yet it was repeated in his postscript. 'Don't say a word to Holt, or anybody, of my misgivings.' She would not, of course, say a word to anybody, since he had forbidden it; but without that warning, she would certainly not have dreamed of saying one word of John's affairs to Mr Holt.

Mrs Dalton has done with her letter at last, and

every line of it having been committed to memory, places it in her bosom; then calling up a smile upon her face, she opens a green-baize door, and knocks at another door behind it.

'Come in, dear mamma,' answers a cheerful voice; and she enters the neat room accordingly. This is a luxuriously furnished apartment, hung with pictures, lined with books, and evidently not intended as a sleeping-room; yet there is a charming little bed in it—with rose-coloured curtains hanging upon it like a tent—and also an article of furniture that looks like a second bed, though it is only a reclining couch of peculiar construction. Upon this latter, a young girl of about sixteen is lying, propped up with cushions, at the window, and apparently sketching the prospect it affords.

'What! up and at work already, Jenny? Surely that is not prudent, my darling!' There is a look of pain but not of reproof upon the mother's face as she stoops down to kiss her child; and it is reflected in that of her daughter. But the pain of the former is mental, and that of the latter is physical.

'I felt rather uneasy in bed, mamma, so exchanged it for the couch; and when Lucy came, she moved it to the window.'

'But, my poor child, what did you do with yourself till she called you? Why did you not pull the string for me?' She pointed to a little cord that passed under the two doors, and formed a communication between her daughter's bed and her own.

'Oh, it was too early to wake you, mamma; and yet it was broad daylight, so that I could do my lace-work.—There was a letter from papa, Lucy said.'

'Yes, dear. He will be here to-day, he hopes, in time for dinner; he wrote but a short note, yet sent an especial message to yourself. He is bringing back a little present for you;' and she gave Jenny the message about the fern.

'How good of him it was,' said the invalid, flashing up, 'to think of me, when he was canvassing! Was it not, mamma?'

'I believe your papa thinks of you at all times, Jenny. I hope you will have a good report to give of yourself to him, in spite of this bad night.'

'Oh, the night was not bad, mamma; only a little long; and as for me, Dr Curzon says I am pounds better than I was when I last came to Riverside. He told me last night at the charades, that he hoped to see me act a milk-maid carrying pails next year, as naturally as Kitty did the house-maid with her broom. How charming she looked, did she not? And so did Polly, for that matter; only I thought that Polly was a trifle too natural—looked the character to too great perfection.'

'Most girls in cotton prints and flyaway caps with red ribbons, would look the part that they were playing, my dear,' said Mrs Dalton quickly.

'Yes, but our Kitty did not. It was easy enough, as Mr Holt whispered to me, to see who was the princess in disguise. That was a pretty little compliment, no doubt, and had truth besides to recommend it. But do you know, mamma'—here Jenny began to sketch most vigorously—'I don't much like that Mr Holt.'

'Why not, my dear? He seems a very inoffensive person.'

'Yes; he does not bite one, certainly; indeed, the creature makes up to us as though he had very good intentions indeed.'

'The creature, my dear!'

'Well, I should have said the man, I suppose. But even you mamma, whose good word is worth so little, as Mrs Campden says, because everybody has it, even you could not call Mr Holt a "gentleman." If you except his hat and his boots—which I own are very brilliant—he can scarcely be said to "shine in society."'

'As to shining, everybody is not expected to do that, my dear Jenny. But since your papa thinks him good enough to keep company with *him*, Mr Holt is good enough, I suppose, for most societies,' answered Mrs Dalton drily.

'Well, papa can make friends with everybody, mamma. He is equally at home with a bishop and a bargee.'

'My dear Jenny'—

'Nay, mother; I was only referring to the versatility of papa's genius. Now, we are not all of us so talented in that respect; and I, for my part, do not feel at ease in Mr Richard Holt's company. It is ungrateful of me, I know, because he evidently intends to be extraordinarily civil.'

'It is not only ungrateful, but unjust, Jenny; it is plain to me that you are entertaining an unfounded prejudice against this person.'

'A prejudice, certainly; but whether unfounded or not, remains to be proved. Lookers-on, dear mamma, it is said, see most of the game; and at the game of life, I, on my couch here, am fated to be but a looker-on. I am carried down-stairs, and set down among the rest; but no one takes notice of me—of course, I don't mean *you*, dear,' added she quickly, in answer to her mother's glance of tender reproof; 'nor any one that is dear to you; but I am referring to strangers generally. Then I amuse myself with making my little observations—"the child amongst us takin' notes," as papa calls me.'

'Your papa spoils you, Jenny, and makes you think too much of yourself, I fear. How is it possible that a girl of your years, and with so small an experience of life'—

'Less than even that of most girls,' put in Jenny quietly, 'by reason of my infirmity; I acknowledge all that.'

'Well, then, how is it possible, my dear, that you can judge rightly of grown-up people?'

'It is instinct, I suppose, or intuition; but papa says I have got it.'

Jenny has at all events some sagacity, thus to invoke her father's authority in corroboration of her pretensions. Mrs Dalton suddenly dropped her tone of reproof, and answered, laughingly: 'My dear Jenny, you are a shocking egotist; and it is useless to reason with such self-conceit. But since you have already passed this infallible judgment of yours upon poor Mr Holt, may I ask you what it is?'

'But, mamma, you won't be angry?'

'Angry, no; except with myself, perhaps, for putting such a foolish question to a child like you.'

'Well, it is my opinion that Mr Holt is, a II—U—M—B—U—G.'

'But why, Jenny?'

'Nay; I cannot say why. An oracle gives its answer, but never its reasons; indeed, I could not give mine if I tried. I have seen a hundred things in the man—of course, but little things—yet all pointing the same way. Mr Holt is acting

a part, as much as Kitty was acting one last night ; he has something in view, from which he would divert the attention of others. But there'—and Jenny laughed a merry laugh, which had a certain goblin ring about it too—'I will say no more, except that he is a humbug.'

'Considering that Mr Holt is especially esteemed in the City for his shrewd and straightforward character, Jenny,' replied Mrs Dalton gravely, 'I think you have said quite enough to upset your pretensions as a seer.'

'That is suspicious, though,' said Jenny slyly.

'What is?'

'Why, his being so "esteemed for, &c." How could he be all that, and in the City too, unless he was a humbug?'

'I don't understand you, Jenny. You might just as well say that, because your dear papa is so admired and beloved by almost everybody, he is a—that very vulgar word you said just now.'

'Oh, papa is like nobody else in the world, and is not to be judged by ordinary rules,' replied Jenny naively. 'It is his mission to make things pleasant; whereas it is not Mr Holt's mission by any means, and his endeavours to do so are most ridiculous. His attempts at a joke are like the gamboling of that horse on his back yonder, all hoof and teeth in the field; they are only laughable because they are so clumsy.'

'But everybody can't be lively and agreeable, like your papa.'

'Then don't let them try,' answered Jenny, with irritation; 'and, above all things, don't let them try to be insinuating, and soft and tender, when they are obviously rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses, and cannot do it without blowing into one's ear. Don't let them!'

Here she was interrupted by a soft drumming noise at the door, which gradually rose and swelled in volume, till it became an excellent imitation of a gong.

'Come in,' said Jenny, laughing; 'come in, you naughty boy.'

Then the door opened, and disclosed a youth of about nine years old, with a thin but merry face, set in a thicket of brown curls, and above the curls a parcel of school-books, which he held there by one hand, as a maiden holds her pitcher at the well.

He closed the door softly, then took a noiseless run and slide upon the carpet that landed him at the feet of the coach. 'And how is my pretty mamma?' inquired he, as he kissed her cheek. And, 'How is my venerable coach?' added he, addressing Jenny.

'Well, the coach is a little out of repair, Tony, this morning,' answered the young girl; 'and I doubt whether it will be able to carry all those passengers: *Cornelius Nepos, Virgil, Caesar, and the wicked Colenso*'—

'There was an old Bishop of Natal
Who had a Zulu for a pal,'

quoted the boy gaily.

'Said the Zulu, "Look here!"'—

'Be quiet, Tony; I won't have you say such things,' said Jenny sharply; 'it is all very well for grown-up people, but not for children.'

'But Jeff is not grown up—at least so everybody says, except himself—and he sings:

There was an old Bishop of Natal
Whose views upon Moses were fatal.'

'Hush!' said Jenny, holding her finger up rebukefully, and pointing to Mrs Dalton, who was looking out of the window, apparently absorbed in thought.

Pupil and teacher were very like to one another; the former had all the hues of health, but they were delicate hues, and the expression of his thin features was feminine, though intelligent in a high degree. His eyes, too, though large and lustrous, were very soft, and as his curling hair mingled with his sister's caressingly, the two might almost have been taken for sisters.

'What is troubling dear mamma?' whispered he gently.

'Hush! Nothing. But you will trouble her if you sing songs like that. Why have you brought all those books with you this morning, instead of your lesson?'

'Well, I want to get all my lessons over at once. I got up this morning on purpose to learn them; for there are to be sports at Bleabarrow to-day, Jeff says.—wrestling, and leaping, and all sorts, and Jeff is going to take me.'

'Geoffrey would make you as idle as himself, if that were possible,' said Jenny, her wan fingers playing with her brother's hair; 'but I don't fancy you will be trusted to go with him to any such place.—What do you think, mamma, of Tony's going to Bleabarrow Feast under the wing of Master Geoffrey?'

'Indeed, my child, I don't think that will quite do,' said his mother, thus appealed to. 'Mrs Campden has, I know, a bad opinion of such gatherings, and Jeff is but a boy. I am afraid you must give them up, Tony, unless the sports can wait till after papa comes home. I have got a letter which says we may expect him to-night. Is not that good news?'

'Yes, of course,' said Tony, hanging his head down a little. 'But couldn't Mrs Campden send Robert with me?'

'No, darling; a servant would, under the circumstances, be worse than nobody. A child should have some grown-up person, who is a gentleman, with him, when he goes to such places.'

'Then I've got leave to go,' cried Tony exultingly; 'for a grown-up gentleman has promised to go with me, though I would rather have gone with Jeff and Robert, if I could.'

'You don't mean to say you have inveigled good Mr Campden?' cried Mrs Dalton, not, perhaps, displeased at this proof of her little son's powers of persuasion.

'It's not Mr Campden, mamma—it's Mr Holt. He heard Jeff say that he doubted whether Mrs Campden would like me to go with him, and offered to take me himself.'

Mother and daughter exchanged a rapid glance of astonishment, and Jenny broke into one of her musical but mocking laughs.

'Mr Holt in charge of a small boy at Bleabarrow Feast!' cried she. 'That will be a more amusing spectacle than any the sports will have to offer.'

'I think it was very good-natured of Mr Holt,' observed Mrs Dalton gravely, 'and very unselfish;

for, as you say, it is quite out of his line, and he has nothing to gain by it.'

'I don't remember that I said that, mamma,' observed Jenny drily.—'Well, if you are going to these sports, Anthony, we must get on with our lessons.' And pupil and teacher commenced their usual task accordingly.

CLIMBING PLANTS.

SOME plants, as is well known, climb on others. Parasitically, they must cling for existence to trees or other adjoining supports, in which respect they remind us of certain classes of human beings, who possess no quality of self-reliance, and would sink, and perhaps perish, unless they had some one to cling to.

The subject has lately been investigated by Mr Darwin, the result being a small but interesting work, entitled *The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants*. According to this learned authority, there are two great classes of climbing plants—those which twine spirally round a support, unaided by any other movement; and those which are endowed with irritable organs which grasp the object which they touch—such as happens in the case of Leaf-climbers and Tendril-bearers. There are, however, various subordinate divisions, possessing very curious attributes. Some twining plants move from right to left, while others take the opposite direction. So far as observation has gone, the greatest number of plants take the latter direction—that is, as Darwin puts it, opposed to the course of the sun; for in judging of the direction, he regards the plant as being in front of the individual; but we think it would have been better had he added, when the back of the individual was towards the sun.

The hop offers a familiar instance of the determination with which a twining plant spirally ascends a pole stuck in the ground for its support, and does not stop till it reaches the top, and has nothing more to cling to. Light and heat, as may be supposed, exercise a powerful influence in communicating energy to the ascending process. In our country, most of the climbers die down to the roots after flowering; the object of their growth is over, and they recommence in spring. Another interesting point is the thickness of the supports of twining plants. In the warmer regions of South America, climbing plants are seen to twine round trees five or six feet thick, and have the power of ascending to the summit, which may be a hundred feet from the ground. Obviously in such cases, and in many others, the impulsive desire is to get to the light. We have no such grand cases as these, still there is something to shew worthy of notice. The finest thing of the kind we can point out is the honeysuckle. In a piece of pleasure-ground with which we are acquainted, there are specimens of honeysuckles twining round and getting to the top of trees thirty to forty feet high, not merely keeping to a single stem, but wandering along the branches, and finally drooping down as a splendid drape.

A consideration of the fact just mentioned is eminently suggestive of what may be done in imparting beauty to fancy shrubberies. An ordinary tree, shewing nothing but green leaves in summer, may be made to exhibit rich and beautiful blossoms, as if they were part of the plant from which they

depend. Other effects of this kind may be produced. We can hardly imagine anything prettier than a small pine tree twisted round with the bluish-purple flowering vetch (*Vicia Cracca*), which winds and winds till it gets to the very apex, all the way throwing out its delicate blossoms to the sun. Superadded beauty is to be secured, even where there is no actual twisting. We have seen a remarkable instance of this in the case of a thick bushy yew and a dog-rose. The small rose-bush nestling about the root of the yew, sends out branches which straggle upwards till they get to the light outside, and then the yew is seen to be picturesquely shining with roses. These are points, we think, worth the consideration of gardeners who have charge of pleasure-grounds. From our own experience, in none of the cases just specified was any injury done to the trees yielding the support.

Darwin goes largely into the botanical qualities of climbing plants—what parts of them climb, how they ascend, and so on. He regards one of the species of *Bignonia* as one of the most efficient climbers. We have carefully watched the mode of ascent of a species of *M'Fadyena*, one of the *Bignoniaceae*, which has the closest resemblance to *Bignonia unguis*, and can certify to the accuracy of Darwin's description. The *M'Fadyena* presented a most pleasing object, with the three toes firmly grasping with their claws the bricks of the wall of a hothouse, with the two outspread leaflets immediately behind them. The firmness of the hold was very considerable; and our fingers can testify to the sharpness of the terminal claws, and to their admirable adaptation to lay hold of any object which may come in their way. As regards *Bignonia unguis*, Darwin relates a curious fact, which is, that if the tendril should fail in clasping an object, it bends slowly downwards, and its power of clasping is lost; and very soon afterwards, as if conscious of its inability now to render any service to the plant, it disarticulates itself like an autumnal leaf, and falls. He adds that he had never seen this process of disarticulation in any other tendrils; for, when they failed in clasping anything, they soon withered away. *Bignonia speciosa* is next passed in review. Its tendrils, when comparatively young, exhibit an indifference to the value of stick-clasping, for, after seizing one, they sometimes let it free (a peculiarity which was also manifested by *B. caprolata*, even to the extent of three or four times); but when older, this fickleness seemed to leave them, and they then more steadily discharged their duties. The tendril ends in a sharp, straight, colourless point, which displays a special inquisitiveness in searching out little dark holes, and thrusting itself into them; but here also its early unsteadiness again manifests itself; for Darwin declares that in one instance he saw a tendril keep its point in a hole for twenty or thirty hours, and then withdraw it. But while the one tendril may be apparently wasting its time in gratifying an idle curiosity, the other tendril may be diligently engaged in its proper work; but in the case of both, whether occupied in clasping a stick, or in inserting its point into a hole, the phenomenon of spiral contraction is equally manifest. Now, as this contraction is not exhibited when nothing is caught, we must hesitate before charging our curious friend with a dereliction of duty; for we shall see, that in *J.*

capreolata, the apparent capriciousness manifested by it was really owing to the plant not having had supplied to it a surface fitted for the peculiar development of its tendrils.

When Darwin placed a much-fissured post near the *B. capreolata*, the points of tendrils and the tips of immature tendrils crept into the most minute crevices, and in two or three days afterwards, the final process of development commenced; for the comparatively dark and closely applied surfaces supplied the very condition for which, in their natural state, they were adapted. Darwin next bound flax, moss, and wool loosely round sticks, and placed them near tendrils. 'The hooked points soon caught hold of the fibres . . . and now there was no recoiling.' The hooks penetrated the fibrous mass, and curled inwards, and each hook caught one or more fibres. These hooks now began to swell, and after a few days, were 'converted into whitish irregular balls, rather above the one-twentieth of an inch in diameter, formed of coarse cellular tissue.' By the surface of these balls a viscid resinous matter is secreted, to which the fibres adhere; and as the ball grows, fresh fibres are attached, so that our author has seen 'a little ball with between fifty or sixty fibres of flax crossing at various angles. After the development of the disks, the tendrils become spirally contracted, and tough and woody. Now, what are the conditions in the natural habitat of this plant? Professor Asa Gray informed Mr Darwin that the forest trees where this *Bignonia* grows are covered with *Polypodium incanum*, a species of fern.

Under *Ampelopsis hedracea* the description and figures of the tendrils of the plant are admirable. Often have we studied allied species, *A. tricuspidata* and *A. Veitchii*, whose sucker-like pointed tendrils, when fixed against a wall, especially when the branches of these are spirally contracted, present an object of no ordinary attraction. The closeness with which the stems are held to the wall, and the strong resistance which they offer to any attempt to remove them, shew how admirably adapted are the provisions for accomplishing the end in view. The disks consist of enlarged cells, with smooth projecting hemispherical surfaces, coloured red, and at first gorged with fluid, but ultimately becoming woody. Darwin proved by the solvent used that they must secrete a resinous substance which would aid the cellular outgrowth (which insinuates itself into every crevice) in securely fixing the plant to its support. In proof of the tenacity of the branchlets of the tendrils, Darwin mentions an old one which was able to support a weight of two pounds; and he reckons that the whole tendril would have resisted a strain of ten pounds. We suspect, however, that the age in this case must have contributed largely to the result, for on selecting the terminal portion of a branch of *Ampelopsis tricuspidata* (which had, however, been growing on a wall for only two months), which was fixed firmly by three tendrils, and attaching a weight of four pounds to the lowest of the tendrils, the portion of the branch and its tendrils were pulled from the wall; and on examination it was found that the tendril nearest the end of the branch had one of its seven disks pulled away, while the other six were left sticking to the wall; the next tendril had left its six disks adhering to the stone; while the remaining one, which was entirely attached to

lime, had six disks pulled off, and one left on the lime. If we could draw a conclusion from this observation, it would be, that the disks, when attached to an unyielding surface, are quite able at an early period to resist a heavy pull, but that the other portions of the structure of the tendril require a much longer period for attaining that woody firmness and toughness which in the case of Darwin's species exhibited such remarkable tenacity.

Of the Passion-flowers (*Passifloraceæ*) we shall only instance *Passiflora gracilis*, which (with the exception of *P. acerifolia*) is perhaps the chief of all climbers, being more rapid in the revolutions of its internodes, and more sensitive in its tendrils. Sometimes, as our author remarks, in less than an hour a revolution would be effected, and the movement of the tendrils was as rapid. The sensitiveness of a full-grown tendril is such, that one-thirty-second of a grain weight has been thrice observed to cause it to curve, and even one-fiftieth of a grain was seen to affect it. The bending commences in half a minute after rubbing the tips of the tendrils. The exquisite delicacy and regularity of the spirals in some of the species attached to a roof, especially when drawn down to some extent by the weight of the stem, are subjects of no ordinary interest.

Under Root-climbers, Darwin's remarks on *Ficus repens*, and on the caoutchouc-like material by which its roots adhere to a wall, are deeply interesting; and we think that a similar explanation must be given of the mode in which the long aerial rootlets of *Pothos Nymphaeafolia* are fixed, as it seems otherwise impossible for them to adhere to flat surfaces, as we know they do with efficiency; and it would account for the fact, that after they have been torn off they do not seem, so far as we have noticed, to be able to adhere anew.

We fear that our necessarily brief and imperfect sketch may have failed to give our readers a just idea of the deeply interesting details with which Darwin's new work abounds; but we trust enough has been said regarding the curious and wonderful properties of this class of plants, to excite in each reader a strong desire to peruse the book for himself, and if opportunity be afforded, to make his own observations.

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF THE GANNETS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAP. I.—TO THE RESCUE.

'KEEP her away, you at the helm! Keep her away! d'ye hear? Pull, lads, just a couple more strokes, to clear the pier-head, as the current catches our bows, and then bear a hand with the sail. There's hardly air enough stirring to flutter a lady's veil in-shore here, but I see broken water in the offing, and what little wind there is sets right for the Gannets.'

The speaker was a hale old mariner, whose pin-nace, the *Delight*, was being rowed out of the tiny harbour of Ravenscombe, in the extreme south-west of England, on a brilliant summer's morning, when sea and sky were alike decked out in the gayest tints of blue and gold, and when the balmy breeze was zephyr-like in the softness of its touch. The pretty watering-place, with its trim crescents and terraces, and the white villas above it, each

nestling amidst myrtle bushes and fuchsia-beds, and banks carpeted with trailing roses, looked at its best; and even the gigantic cliffs of the Cornish coast seemed to wear a smile, as though the loveliness of the weather had possessed the power to charm away the ruggedness of the grim, bare rocks, the base of which was bathed by the surges of the now sleeping Atlantic. On the quaint gray pier of rough-hewn stone sundry groups of idlers had gathered to watch the departure of the pleasure-boat, and parasols and handkerchiefs were waved in sportive token of adieu to those on board the *Delight*, by friends on shore.

Mingling with none of these groups of gazers, but nevertheless intently observing the receding pinnacle, was a young man, whose handsome face, slightly bronzed by exposure to a fiercer sun than that of Britain, wore an expression sad and dejected enough, as his eyes wistfully followed the little vessel starting on her holiday trip. In addition to the *Delight's* crew of four sailors, she had on board four passengers, two of whom were ladies, mother and daughter evidently, the latter being a beautiful girl, who seemed to derive but little pleasure from the prospect of the excursion, and from whom the gentleman who sat nearest to her vainly strove to win a smile or a glance of approval.

'Don't you know them?' said a voice from among the nearest knot of lookers-on. 'Those are Mr and Mrs Lee, of Brooklands, half a mile out of town, and their daughter; and that is Mr Damer, of Damer Park, who was M.P. for Camelford, a tremendously rich man. I hear that he and that pretty Miss Lee are likely to make a match of it.'

Lieutenant Gordon, R.N.—the name of the young man who stood silently on the pier-head, watching the boat as it was pulled out of harbour—could not forbear wincing as these carelessly uttered words reached his ears, albeit he was only too well aware that they were substantially true. Malcolm Gordon was beginning to wish that he had never seen Ravenscombe at all. It was but a few pleasant weeks since he had come thither with his friend Jack Lawless, whose fine schooner-yacht, the *Titania*, lay at anchor near the quay, with her white sails gracefully brailled up. He had learned to love Rosa Lee, and had won her love, although his proposals had been, but two days since, politely but coldly declined by Rosa's parents, who were bent on seeing her established in life as Mrs Damer, of Damer Park. Even with the smart of his recent disappointment rankling in his mind, Malcolm could not but own to himself that Mr Lee's preference of a wealthy son-in-law was scarcely to be wondered at.

The young naval lieutenant had nothing but his pay, and was leading, as many good officers perforce do, a life of idleness on shore, for lack of the interest to secure employment. 'If my elder brother, Archie, had been the suitor in my stead,' such was Malcolm's soliloquy, 'perhaps he might have met with a more patient hearing.' And as he spoke thus, memories of the green oak glades and dark fir-woods of Glendarroch; of the grim, half-castellated house that had so long sheltered his Highland ancestors; of

the old laird his father, and of his only brother Archibald, who cared for little but the sporting over the wild moors, of which he was heir of entail, rose up before him; and he was only recalled from his reverie by the sound of a cheery voice, which exclaimed close by: 'Why, Gordon, old fellow, are you dreaming in broad daylight, that you ignore your best friends in this unconscionable fashion! I have been looking for you high and low.'

It was Jack Lawless who spoke, laying his ungloved hand, as he uttered the words, on his friend's shoulder. A blithe, kind-hearted, utterly useless member of society was Jack, merely one of the gilded youth of the age, of no special calling. But, nevertheless, Jack was a favourable specimen of his kind, and his frank face and ringing laugh won him friends everywhere. He had a genuine regard for Malcolm Gordon.

'They will have a pleasant sail of it to-day,' said the owner of the *Titania*, as he drew from the breast-pocket of his blue yachtman's jacket a cigar-case, the weedy contents of which he offered to his friend. 'I saw Damer for a minute as he got down from his tandem, and he told me that he had chartered old Mawle's boat there, and intended to play the part of a regular cicero to the Lees, and shew them all the lions of the coast. They're new people here, you remember, whereas Damer is a Cornishman born and bred. So they are off to the lighthouse on the Gannets, first of all; and then to Tregony Cove; and after picnicking there, they visit the Nnn's Stair, and Penludra, and the Logan Stone, and'—

'The Gannets! you don't mean that she—they—that there can be any intention of visiting the lighthouse on the Gannets, to-day!' interrupted the young officer, with a nervous anxiety, inexplicable to his mercurial friend, who arched his eyebrows as he rejoined:

'Why not? If they had consulted the almanac on every morning of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, I don't suppose they would have chosen a better day here, on this stormy Cornish coast, where we come in for the full strength of the Atlantic rollers. They are well out of the lee of the land now, and bowling along merrily. I really envy them the excursion. The essential thing for us idlers is to know what comes next; a game at billiards, or'—

'It's eleven miles to the Gannets; two hours good, at the rate of sailing of that boat,' muttered Gordon, heedless of his friend's suggestion; 'while to get back would occupy three, even without that visit to Tregony Cove. I don't like it.' And he threw another quick, searching glance at the horizon, where, on the verge of the gold-flecked sky, there floated a few streaks of filmy cloud, lying packed to windward.

'Come, come, don't play the part of Cassandra!' said Lawless incredulously; 'you are a sailor, and I a poor landman, but second-sight alone could excuse such croakings. Why, I passed just now within earshot of a cluster of old salts, among whom Dawson, my sailing-master, was prominent, and their verdict was unanimous in favour of the day's being an exceptionally fine one. Besides, Mawle, the skipper of the *Delight*, is a tough old sea-dog, who would not venture beyond the length of his tether, with ladies on board.'

'These Cornish coasting sailors are bold men enough,' answered Malcolm, shaking his head; 'but they have too much foul weather ready-made to hand to be as ready to read the signs of a squall, white or black, as we who have learned our textbook in the hurricane latitudes. But no man is infallible about storms. Come, we will play billiards, if you like. Come across, then, to Henshaw's Rooms, and let us while away the time over the rolling ivory.'

But after knocking the balls about for half an hour, Gordon grew restless, and laid aside his cue. 'It's of no use, Jack; I can't make a stroke to-day,' he said. 'If you like, we'll stroll about the place, though in good earnest I am sick of Ravenscombe. When, I wonder, can we up anchor and be off?'

'When you like, old boy,' said easy-going Jack, who had by this time gained an inkling of the fact, that his friend was seriously in love with Rosa, and that his courtship had not prospered—'when you like. By Jove!' he added, as they sallied out into the street, 'I begin to think you were a true prophet, and that the weather is not quite such a case of set fair as it seemed to be.'

And indeed, already had the beauty of the day departed, while a hazy film hung athwart the lately brilliant azure of the sky, and the wind, feeble as yet, blew in fitful gusts, that whirled aloft the dust and dried wrack-weed of the sandy beach.

'They'll put back, of course, in the *Delight*, when they see the queer look of things,' said Lawless, half carelessly taking out his telescope, and adjusting it so as to sweep the sea in the direction of the Gannets.

'That's just what they won't do, unless I am greatly mistaken,' answered Malcolm, compressing his lips: 'that old Mawle is as obstinate as a mule; and unless they go about pretty early, they would not find it easy to make the harbour with the breeze fast freshening to a gale. Let me see if I can get a glimpse of them through the glass.—Thanks. No; I see nothing but sea-mews' wings and foaming wave-crests. I hope Mawle may have the sense to run for Studley, or for St Kevin's, before the sea grows rougher.'

By this time it was clear, from the conversation and gestures of the fishermen and other blue-jackets on the quay, that their recent confidence in the settled serenity of the weather had been disturbed.

'We'll have half a gale,' observed one white-haired Nestor in a striped nightcap and elephantine sea-boots, as the young men went by.

'Ay; and the other half to the back of that,' answered Gordon sharply; and then said, earnestly: 'I say, Lawless, I'd take it very kind of you if you would order your people to get the yacht ready for sea, and let us stand out, and overhaul that pleasure-boat, before worse comes of it. The *Titania* will have a tossing, but it won't hurt her.'

'But it *would* hurt me,' rejoined the owner of the vessel in question. 'This child only fancies the ocean when it is in good-humour, thank you, and has not the least taste for mountain billows and their concomitant of sea-sickness. But come, my dear fellow,' he added, glancing at Malcolm's anxious face, 'I'll lend you the craft, crew, skipper, and all; but I prefer keeping my feet

on *terra firma*, and my appetite for dinner unimpaired. Luckily, here is Dawson. You two nautical authorities may settle the matter between you.'

The sailing-master, although now fully convinced that 'dirty weather' was brewing, was not unwilling to put out to sea, or to place himself under the orders of the young naval lieutenant, whom he knew by experience and repute to be a first-rate seaman. But it took some time to get all the hands mustered on board, and as the schooner stood out of harbour, the canvas flapped ominously, and the first low muttering of thunder made itself audible.

'They'll have to take in sail afore long, or the wind'll spare them the trouble,' remarked a sailor on the pier, as he watched the *Titania's* progress; and indeed the weather was rapidly changing for the worse. Crash upon crash, peal upon peal, rung out the deep diapason of the thunder, while flash after flash of lurid lightning illumined the fast deepening gloom; and amid sheets of driving rain and clouds of blinding spray the schooner was seen staggering along, sorely buffeted by the first fury of the storm, but bravely beating up towards the distant lighthouse on the Gannets. Jack Lawless, as he turned up the collar of his pea-jacket, began to entertain considerable apprehensions for the safety of his fine yacht, but the remembrance of his friend's danger turned his thoughts into another channel. 'I'd give, yes, I *would* give the *Titania*, hull, masts, and cabin fittings, to see Malcolm safe and sound ashore again,' muttered the soft-hearted young fellow, as he lost sight of the tempest-beaten vessel, now sturdily working her way out to sea.

CHAPTER II.—DANGER.

'Are we not fortunate in our day? Look, Rosa, love, how prettily Brooklands seems to smile down upon us from the hillside yonder, and how wonderfully near and distinct everything looks! This must be quite a treat in Cornwall, if Mr Damer will forgive my saying so much of the climate of his native county,' said Mrs Lee, as the *Delight* glided smoothly out of harbour, prattling, as well-meaning women often do, in utter unconsciousness of coming mischief.

'I remember to have heard the Cumberland shepherds say,' rejoined her husband, 'that these excessively fine days, when distant objects seemed, as they now seem, to be brought so very near, and when every outline was sharply and clearly picked out, were not to be trusted. If so, this would be a good test for their theory.'

'Cornishman as I am, I do not make the least pretence to weather-wisdom,' said Mr Damer, smiling. 'My simple philosophy teaches me, however, to enjoy a good thing when I have got it, and I hardly think that a more enjoyable morning could be welcomed anywhere. Why, the sky is blue enough, and the sea rich enough in colour, for this to be Italy instead of Cornwall; and if we are lucky enough to be passing the ruins of Penluddra Castle when the moon is up, you will see a sight, Miss Lee, not easily to be matched, for beauty, anywhere.'

Rosa bent her head, and uttered some commonplace reply; she was not in a mood to be readily interested in anything that Mr Damer might choose

to say; and, indeed, as time progressed, Mrs Lee saw with regret that the attentions of the county magnate were to all appearance wholly thrown away upon her daughter, and secretly deplored the discrepancy between Rosa's views and her own. She had with feminine tact planned this expedition for the express purpose of throwing Mr Damer and Miss Lee into the society of one another, but, as it seemed, unsuccessfully, as regarded the weaning of Rosa's heart from its first attachment.

The earlier part of the voyage was pleasant and prosperous enough, but presently the motion of the boat increased perceptibly, the sunny splendour of the hitherto unclouded sky seemed to fade and darken, and it was evident by the bustle among the boatmen, and their frequently consulting together in an undertone, that some change of weather, hitherto unlooked for, was coming on. First one reef, and then another, reduced the spread of sail, and ballast was adjusted, and sheets made handy, while old Mawle himself took the *Delight's* tiller in his horny hand, as the large boat bounded merrily over the surge.

'I could almost wish,' observed Mr Damer at length, 'that we had deferred our trip to the Gannets till another occasion; and yet I much wanted the ladies to see one of the wildest bits of thoroughly maritime scenery off our coast here. The sea, however, is becoming somewhat more boisterous than it should be for so long an excursion. I am not sure, Mr Lee, but it would be better to forego part of our pleasure-trip, and have the boat's head turned towards Tregony Cove, where we are to dine.'

'You can't, squire, begging your pardon,' said the bluff old owner of the *Delight*. 'It would be a tempting of Providence to run for Tregony now, and if we were off the mouth of the cave, you'd not be able to land, without wings, you wouldn't, through the surf that's on by this.'

'Perhaps, then, it would be better to return,' said Mr Lee, growing pale. 'The sea is becoming very rough, and the sky looks threatening.'

Old Mawle shook his gray head.

'We couldn't put back to Ravenscombe, sir,' he answered, as under his skillful guidance the boat rode buoyantly over the huge glossy waves, 'not if our lives depended on it. We might make Studley, but we'd maybe get swamped in crossing the harbour bar, in such a sea as will be breaking on it. Our safest plan, my mates and me thinks, is to stand out for the Gannets, if the wind holds.'

Mrs Lee uttered a kind of shriek, while Rosa could not repress an exclamation of alarm.

'The Gannets, surely not!' exclaimed the former of the two; 'we shall never reach the lighthouse alive. It seems sheer madness to traverse miles and miles of raging sea in a cockleshell of an open boat, and so near to the shore as we still are.—Offer them money, Walter,' she added to her husband; 'twenty pounds—fifty pounds, to land us safely somewhere on the coast.'

There was a rugged dignity in the old boatman's bearing, as he made answer: 'Madam, if you could promise me to load the pinnacle gunwale-deep with golden sovereigns, I couldn't earn them—if you'll trust the word of a seafaring man of my age—by setting you ashore, dry and safe, from this to the Scilly Isles, except the one place I spoke of, where we'll be, I reckon, in three-quarters of

an hour. Bribes go for nought here. If I can't save my passengers for my just pay of thirty-six shillings, I can't do it for the wealth of the Indies. Squire Damer knows me, anyhow.'

'I really think,' said Mr Damer, leaning forward and speaking hurriedly and earnestly, 'that we had all of us better be guided by the advice of Mawle here, backed as it is by the opinion of the other sailors. At the lighthouse we can take shelter until the storm abates, and'—

The remainder of the sentence was lost amidst the deep reverberations of the sullen thunder that now rolled overhead, and it was by a silent gesture that the tough old helmsman received the assent to his proposal. A minute later, and, under a mere rag of sail, that strained and tore at the bending mast and the restraining cordage, the *Delight* was flying like an arrow through the savage sea, receiving blows that made her quiver from stem to stern, and seeming at each instant to be in danger of being swamped by some one of the many breaking waves that reared their foam-crested heads high above her, while far and wide the froth-bells flew, like snow-flakes in winter before the shrieking wind. Once and again, too, some enormous billow would come rolling towards the pinnacle, and Rosa, as she sat with blanched face and dilated eyes, would watch the oncoming of the mountain wave, and anticipate the disaster that seemed so imminent, until a dexterous movement of the helm evaded the peril.

No steering, however skillful, could quite keep an open boat dry in such weather, and in spite of all that could be done to shield the ladies, the drenching spray flew ever and anon over the gunwale of the *Delight*, and first one man, and then another, had to work hard at baling. Then there rose through the misty atmosphere, phantom-like, a gaunt white wooden tower, perched upon a hog-backed, sharp-edged rock, over which the sea broke furiously, and which was, on the seaward side, environed by a roughly traced semicircle of smaller rocks, some of which were so low in the water as to resemble thin black lines of ragged stone, lashed by waves.

'This be the Great Gannet; yon's the Brood,' said Mawle gruffly, as he pointed to the lighthouse. 'Steady, now, my lads, to down sail and chuck the grapnel, as I run her in for the landing-place. Save life and limb, if the boat must go to pieces.'

Then came a dreadful moment of feverish expectation. A crash of breaking planks, a shouting, and trampling, and clutching at every point of vantage, and neither Rosa nor Mrs Lee, nor even the gentlemen of the party, ever quite realised how narrow had been their escape, as they emerged, wet, dripping, and breathless, from the clouds of flying spray, and began one by one to ascend the copper ladder that formed the only means of access to the lighthouse. But all crew and passengers, were safe ashore, though the *Delight* was immediately afterwards a mere heap of drifting wreck, tossed to and fro among the eddies between the half sunken rocks, over which the sea broke in thunder. At the head of the ladder stood a tall, melancholy-eyed man, whom, by his dress, the newcomers concluded to be the keeper of the lighthouse, while behind him came a young sailor lad, whose beardless face contrasted with the unshaven chin and strongly marked features of his senior.

'You are welcome, as what Christians would not be, to such poor accommodation as I have to offer,' said the elder man, whose garb was that of a sailor, but whose speech had a fluency unusual among mariners: 'a roof at anyrate, and a fire presently whereby to dry your wet clothes, and the government rations of rum, biscuit, and salt meat. This is not a commodious place, ladies; but I hardly thought, when, five minutes since, I saw your boat going fast to splinters against the ragged rocks below, that you would be standing here safe and sound. Lookers-on, as the saying is, see most of the game, and you've had a narrow squeeze for it. A Ravenscombe boat, or one from Studley? Why, it's Skipper Mawle, surely?'

'Yea, Mr Willis, I be,' answered the old man; 'that is, in course, if I ought to be called a skipper without ever a craft to be master of. It cost me fifteen years of hard saving before I bought the *Delight*, and now she's gone, like a broken tobacco-pipe.'

'The wreck of your boat shall be no loss to you, Mawle, in a money point of view,' said Mr Damer in a kindly tone; 'I can promise you that.'

By this time the keeper of the lighthouse had conducted his unexpected guests into a large, low-ceiled room, the white-washed walls of which were adorned by a few cheap prints, a copy of the *Nautical Almanac*, and some old brass-hilted cutlasses and telescopes hanging to rusty nails. A ladder led upwards to the loft-like upper story where the lamp was kept, and three hammocks, as on board a ship-of-war, swung in their respective corners. The lad was already busy kindling a fire in the cooking-stove, and improvised seats were provided for the ladies; but Mrs Lee, as she looked around her, could not repress a shudder.

'Will it be long, do you think, before we can be taken away from here?' she asked, addressing herself to no one especially. There was a singular gravity in the face of the man who had been addressed as Willis, as he replied: 'Who can tell? If the weather mends, and a vessel comes within hail, there's a chance; not else.'

'Have you not regular visits from the shore?' asked Mr Damer, as he placed a wooden bench near the fire for the accommodation of Miss Lee and her mother.

'Yes, we have, sir,' answered Willis moodily. 'Tuesday, if the sea allows, the boat will bring fresh provisions. Bring a new hand, too, she will, in place of the one that's missed the number of his mess three weeks ago. Poor Tom was standing on the stones below, not two yards from the ladder-foot, when a bigger wave than common washed him clear off the platform, and we were as powerless to help as new-born babes could have been. He wasn't the first that's been swept off the Gannet. Let's hope he'll be the last; but all our lives are in the Lord's hand.'

'What do you mean?' asked Mr Damer, who saw that there was a deep earnestness underlying the man's gloomy vagueness of speech.

'I mean that the lighthouse is going to pieces, and that four-and-twenty hours of storm, such as we often have here, will send us'—

'Where?' exclaimed Mrs Lee, with white lips, as Willis hesitated to conclude his speech.

'You hear it give the answer, lady, do you not?' returned the keeper of the lighthouse after a pause, during which nothing was heard but the shrieking

of the wind, and the boom of the resounding waves. 'The voice of the strong cruel sea hungering for our poor lives. If the wind does not drop, nothing earthly can save us.'

SOPHISTICATIONS.

IN a recent article (September 4, 1875, 'Notes about the Mint') we gave some particulars concerning the coinage, including extracts from the public records relating to suspected or ascertained debasement of the current coins in bygone ages. So far as suspicions of the government or the officials are concerned, we are now happily at ease; but individual rascalities are probably as rife as ever.

It is the old story—ingenuity and ability becoming mischievous through being applied to dishonest purposes. Sand in sugar; spent tea-leaves, redried and recurred to look like new; black tea coloured like green; mixtures of roasted corn and beans with coffee, and of queer odds and ends with cocoa; tobacco, gin, mustard, pepper, milk, port wine, sophisticated with substances which do not properly belong to them—all tell us that knavery is far too active in shops and manufactories.

The poor purchasers in humble neighbourhoods are not the only victims; nor are articles of necessity the only kinds to which fraudulent ingenuity is applied. The buyers of costly works in fine art have need of caution to an extent that many of them are far from suspecting. Experienced picture-buyers have become aware that pictures apparently old, and bearing the names of the great masters, are in too many instances really modern. Old panels and canvases are repainted with copies from fine pictures; the colours are purposely made dark and smoky, as if toned down by age; while the cracked surface of old varnish is imitated by placing the newly painted picture for a time in a heated oven. Old china and earthenware are selling at prices perfectly monstrous, as we have had occasion already to shew (April 17, 1875, 'The Old-china Mania'); and this has set unscrupulous men to produce modern-antiques, new products of the potter's wheel and the potter's mould, coloured and decorated in exact imitation of much-prized productions of past centuries.

Bank-notes, in bygone years, used to be largely forged; but many country notes and foreign notes are now engraved and printed by London firms, so exquisite in minute detail, and with different coloured inks so intermixed, that forgery seems well nigh hopeless. The Bank of England has made but little change in the appearance of its note, relying on clues and tests which are known to few persons besides bankers; the paper, especially, is believed to be almost inapproachable in peculiar qualities.

Coins are perhaps the productions on which the greatest variety of sophistical arts has been exercised; so fertile has roguery been in devising ways for inducing these pieces of metal to appear to be what they are not. As we have lately shewn in the article cited above, matters were not quite right in this respect among the officers in the Mint during the time of Charles II.; but 'smashers,' 'sweaters,' and 'clippers,' it is now

known, have been busy in various countries from very early ages. The name clippers explains itself; while the sweaters reduce the substance of the coin, either by shaking many of them together in a leathern bag, or by some other means, and appropriating the surface 'sweat' obtained thereby. Smashing is not the making, but the circulating, of base coin; the word probably belongs to thieves' slang, for the name of 'smash-feeder' is given by them to a nickel silver or imitative silver spoon.

Numismatists and coin collectors have good reason to know that nefarious skill is at work in their department. A very old and scarce coin, say of silver, is worth in the antiquarian market many times its weight in that metal; and hence there is a strong temptation for the cleverly-dishonest to produce coins which can be sold for as many pounds as they cost shillings. Curiously enough, this laxity was known to the ancients as well as to ourselves; for Roman coins have occasionally been dug up, some evidently plated, some as evidently washed over with a mere surface of precious metal. At the present time, the Greek islands shelter men who make false dies of ancient coins, as a preliminary to the manufacture of new specimens so doctored up as to pass for old. The trade must, indeed, be a lucrative one, if the statement is correct that one engraver of these false dies netted two or three thousand pounds from the pockets of Englishmen alone, who innocently purchased the counterfeit at high prices, under a belief in their genuine character. Old Roman coins require to be scanned closely, whenever a high price is asked for them; it is said that almost every collector has some whose genuineness he doubts, although he has not tests sufficient to settle the matter clearly. A numismatist, a few years ago, warned collectors to be on their guard concerning half-groats and pennies of Richard III.'s reign; there are but few of them in existence, and imitators have been tempted to enter this field; the fraudulent specimens are well made, and put on that worn appearance which would be due to great age.

Much could be said as to the sophistication or imitation of coins which, on account of their age or rarity, command a market price much beyond their original value; but the debasement or fraudulent imitation of the current coin has also for ages afforded a field for misapplied ingenuity. An extant official document, relating to Wells in Somersetshire, describes a curious way of determining the legality and excellence of a current coin. In the time of Queen Elizabeth there was a coin called a *teston*, of which there were two varieties, one worth just double the other. The four-penny *teston* and the twopenny *teston* were current at the same time, and being of the same size, though different in alloy, were frequently mistaken for each other. The document to which we allude is an Order in Council addressed to the Corporation of Wells in 1559. Four discreet, honest, and competent persons were to take their station in the market-place, and act as money-inspectors. By whom they were to be accompanied, and in what way to proceed, we will describe in the quaint language of the original. The corporation were directed to select 'some Goldsmythe of the beste knolege yee can gette, or some other p'son havinge beste knolege in the matter of moneys, and shal ther be ready to judge and discerne of all man'r of Testons that anye oure subjectts shal

bring unto youe whiche bee of the value of two pence to be stryken wyth th' yron havynge the Greyhounde uppon the side of the Teston wher-uppon the kynges face ys, behind the hedd over the showlders, and th' other Teston of four pence yee shal stryke wyth th' other yron havinge the Portcullice before the face, and so f'wyth redelyv'r the same moneys to the same p'sons that dyd p'sent them unto you. And ye shal take good regard that yn no wyse ye doe stampe anye Teston valued at two pence with the stampe of the Portcullice.' We may here remark that *teston*, *testone*, *tester*, *testern*, and *testril* are all believed to be modifications of the same word, referring to *teste* or *tête*, the head of the sovereign stamped on the coin. The value, in England and some foreign countries, has ranged from a maximum of twelpence to a minimum of twopence.

Before the accession of the present sovereign to the throne, the English silver coins were in a multitude of cases worn so completely smooth and plain, that forgers were tempted to put into circulation smooth discs of silver or alloyed silver, the intrinsic value of which was much below the current value of the real coins. When the over-worn silver coins were called in, and sent to the Mint to be remelted, the smooth blanks were of two kinds, genuine and fraudulent. The practical officers at the Mint adopted a singular way of ascertaining whether any raised device had ever been on these blanks: they placed them on red-hot iron plates; when heated to a certain temperature, the fraudulent pieces remained as plain as before; but the worn-down genuine coins presented the device very faintly re-introduced, of a greenish hue; this revival disappeared as the coins cooled down, but lasted long enough for the immediate purpose in view. Collectors themselves adopt a similar plan, when testing old silver coins of which the device is so worn down as to render the reign and date almost illegible; they place them upon a red-hot poker, and watch till the inscription comes temporarily into view.

Macaulay gives a graphic account of the woful state of the coinage in the closing years of the seventeenth century. Down to the time of Charles II., the blanks for coins were cut out from sheets by means of shears, and then hammered into circular shape; this circularity was by no means perfect, while the edge was often irregular, and without any legend or milling. One consequence of this was that the dishonest clipped and pared and filed the edges of the coins, and appropriated the fragments of gold or silver thus obtained. The government, on urgent and repeated representations from bankers, merchants, employers of labour, and shopkeepers, caused a machine to be constructed for milling or stamping the edge. But, unwisely, the old coins and the new were allowed to be in circulation at the same time, producing an effect which had not been duly foreseen. 'Fresh wagon-loads of choice money came forth from the Mint; and still they vanished as fast as they appeared. Great masses were melted down; great masses exported; great masses hoarded; but scarcely one new piece was to be found in the till of a shop, or in the leathern bag which the farmer carried home from the cattle-fair.' The gibbet at Tyburn was at work nearly every week, executing wretched creatures, women as well as men, who had been convicted of clipping the coinage; but the profits

of the nefarious trade were so large that even the terror of the gallows did not act as a cure. One clipper was wealthy enough to offer six thousand pounds as bribe for a pardon. He was unsuccessful; but, as Macaulay remarks, 'the fame of his riches did much to counteract the effect which the spectacle of his death was designed to produce.'

The falsifications known to be practised at the present day are many in kind. Small bits of metal are punched out of good coin, and melted down till there is enough to sell to a refiner. A sovereign is split in two, some of the inner gold taken away, a thin layer of cheaper metal put in, the two halves re-soldered, and the milled edge furnished up. A well-stamped coin is made, but of gold or silver lower in value than the proper standard. A sovereign is 'sweated' or subjected to some process that will take off a little of the good gold, without materially affecting the appearance of the surface.

The above-named methods of falsification are, it is believed, not so much practised now in England as at some former periods; but the beautiful art of electro-metallurgy is, unfortunately, made to assist roguery in these matters. A case that attracted much attention in London some time back shewed how far this is carried. In a busy neighbourhood, sovereigns were tendered for purchases at numerous shops, good silver to be received as balance. The sovereigns were so undoubtedly gold, the 'ring' so sound, and the devices so perfect, that the coins were taken without suspicion. But the person who made the purchases became known to the shopkeepers; questions were asked how golden sovereigns happened to be so plentiful in such a quarter; and an assay of the coins was determined on. One of the sovereigns was found to be good gold, and of the right ring, but was one-tenth short of the proper weight. The police, furnished with a clue, obtained entrance into a squalid room containing a galvanic battery, sulphuric acid, sulphate of zinc, sulphate of copper, and cyanide of potassium—ascertained by an analytical chemist to be such; besides these, were found in the room bent wires, files, plaster of Paris, emery powder, a board with round recesses sunk in its surface, steel burnishers, small crucibles, a blow-pipe, and other articles. The facts afterwards ascertained shewed that the chief culprit was a man who had moved in better society, and possessed considerable knowledge of chemistry and electro-metallurgy. He knew how to take off two shillings-worth of sterling gold from a sovereign, without interfering with the sharpness of the device; and then to restore the lustre in the proper places by means of a steel burnisher. The victims had no other satisfaction than that of bringing the criminal to punishment. A banker would not have been deceived as the shopkeepers were; measuring and weighing would have revealed deficiencies not made manifest by ringing on a counter or testing with a touchstone.

The passing of surreptitious coin is frequently left to be managed by women. We have curious evidence that this was done so far back as two centuries ago. One Katherine Williams, in 1685, made it her practice 'to utter false Guineys at Foxhall and several other landing-places between that and Greenwich, by stopping at such places, and sending her waterman ashore to change her bad Guineys.'

A LOW SCALE OF COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

The following occurs in the *Sanitary Record* for November 21, 1874. It is a painful exposition of a state of things which it is to be hoped is in the course of removal.

'The Report of Mr Stoddard, the city analyst for Bristol, shews that rather a low scale of commercial morality exists in that town. Out of eighty-nine samples of food, &c. which he had analysed, forty-seven were adulterated. From nine samples of tea, six were mixed with a large percentage of a mixture of quartz, sand, and stalks, made into pellets with gum, faced to imitate green tea. Sugar was impure from glucose and dirt. Twelve samples of milk were extensively lowered, from fifteen to seventy per cent. having been abstracted in some cases, and in others from twenty to thirty per cent. of water added. The whisky contained so much fusel oil that it produced unpleasant symptoms whenever it was drunk. Seven samples of butter were impure from the addition of extraneous fats, water, and colouring-matter. Many specimens sold as fresh country butter were adulterated to the extent of twenty-five per cent. Nine samples of citrate of quinine and iron were largely deficient of quinine; and of three samples of milk of sulphur, two contained three-fourths of its weight of sulphate of lime. Mr Stoddard concludes his Report by saying that these facts speak for themselves, and prove the value of the Adulteration Act, if carried out with careful promptitude. A great deal of promptitude is required to check effectually this enormous amount of adulteration.'

THE SILVER WEDDING.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding-day, it is customary for parents to receive a silver gift from each member of the family. On the fiftieth (rare event), a golden gift.

RECEIVE my offering, Mother mine,
Upon this wedding-day of thine.

Twenty years and five have shewn
A softer lustre o'er thy head,
And turned thy golden locks to gray,
On this thy Silver Wedding-day.
But all unchanged the better part;
The kindly eye, the loving heart,
Still beams as bright, and glows as warm
As on thy wedding-day of old;
And lend to all thy ways a charm
Which binds thy household in a fold
Of deepest love. No iron bands
Have half the force that love commands.

Long may they gather round thy chair,
Thy stalwart sons, thy daughter fair
(Ah! darling Polly, how we prize
An Heaven's own light those bright-net eyes,
'Sweetest eyes were ever seen'
Since Camoens sang the fair Catrine).

Long may thy gentle rule command
Each loving heart, each ready hand,
And long, long years—at least a score
Fleet lovingly as heretofore!
So take my gift, dear Mother mine,
Upon this wedding-day of thine.

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FOLLIES OF FASHION.

ONE can scarcely help laughing to see a whole flock of sheep jumping at a particular spot because one does so; but is there not a similar absurdity in the way that ladies, one after the other, follow the remarkable fashions of the day? They can give no reason why they do so, further than that it is the fashion. That seems to be the only argument employed. In not one instance out of a hundred can any one tell who is the leader of fashion, or the originator of any particular costume or part of it. It may be, to-day, an illustrious invalid, to conceal some physical defect, or a Parisian draughtsman in a garret; to-morrow, the suggestion from an old print or a portrait in some collection; and the next day, one of Madame Chigot's underpaid and overworked seamstresses, who has manipulated a dress, from the sheer want of material, into a new arrangement; or, from the redundancy of stuff—too much for one, and not enough for two—has given amplitude of skirt and expansive trailing of robe, which (if it takes) becomes the reigning style for the next week or so. Then the town becomes aflame through the agency of the immensely augmented fashionable literary media; and according to the length of our purses, and too often without reference to our means, the darling element around us obey the new 'regimental orders,' adopt the regulations, and become as alike to each other in dress and accoutrements as so many soldiers in the same squad. Resistance is vain. To be out of the fashion is to be out of the world! Thus, the most absurd, and in regard to the wearer, often the most incongruous, habiliments are adopted and maintained as the correct thing, in spite of all opposition from the more sober-minded lover of taste. Nor should it be forgotten that a style of dress begets a style of demeanour. To take the sterner sex, the man who dresses 'horsey' talks horsey; and it is the same with women—the women who dress 'fast' will talk 'fast.' The character, in fact, must be kept up; Macbeth cannot perform without, at least, the vision of the dagger; nor can the mimic

monarch strut upon the stage without his robes of ermine.

It has been asserted as an excuse for many frivolities of fashion, that women seek variety in dress to render the admiration of the male sex the more secure; but every day must convince those of observation that this can scarcely be the case; as amongst men whose opinions are of any value, the most simple costume, if neat and appropriate to season and locality, is always preferred. Men, as a rule, are more shocked than otherwise with gaudy blandishments in dress; and all our poets who have touched upon the subject agree in denouncing the meretricious as gilding of refined gold or painting the lily—a wasteful and unlovely excess. The fact is, that if the truth were fairly put, this struggle on the part of women to be first to adopt any new quackery in costume, is more to vie with their own order and sex for precedence, and to exhibit the possession of the means of a prodigal display, than any desire to enhance their charms in the eyes of men—simply that they know they are safe there in any guise.

We have certainly known instances in which men have been at fault by influencing their lady connections in the choice of costume and material; they, in their mistaken solicitude for 'appearances,' urging that they wished their wives and children not to look 'dowdy' and unlike other people—that is, people with ten times their income, and a considerably higher social position. But these cases are exceptional, and, when they arise from the male side, have a tendency to cure themselves. One instance we can recall with pain of a lady being compelled by her husband to walk forth from a shop with a pair of new shoes on her feet, which, by their tightness, brought tears into her eyes; her spouse declaring, to her remonstrances, that she had a very pretty foot, and he was not going to have it spoiled. And so, it may be, the Frenchman is led to believe that the English take their pleasure sadly, from the great proportion of women to be seen at any *fête* who are suffering under torture from this cause.

We do not trespass here upon the question of the impetus which fashion gives to our manufactures, and the hosts of people it keeps in constant employment; nor do we venture to dictate to those whose fortunes are sufficient to warrant their indulgences in any eccentricity, beyond the fact, that they are responsible in some degree for the example they set in those excesses in dress, which the middle and poorer classes of late years have struggled to imitate. There is little doubt that, with a very large section of female society, dress is the one absorbing passion. We can scarce intrude into any coterie of ladies, or overhear at the corner a knot of servant-girls, without finding that this subject, tinged with a spice of scandal, plays a very considerable part in a 'kettle-drum' or stolen gossip. Nor is this example the less baneful upon children, who are now not content to dress their dolls like ladies, but they themselves must be dressed like dolls.

We can scarcely exempt any nation or sect from a tinge of this folly. But in our own islands the remarkable cheapness of most fabrics—excepting silk, but of which there are close imitations within the reach of the masses—has given the widest scope to the indulgence of the ruling passion; so much so, indeed, that a manifest tendency is shewing itself, amongst the court and aristocracy, to dress, excepting upon state occasions and gala days, as quietly as possible, and this in very self-defence. To this reaction we may perhaps look for a change of a more healthy nature; but as Fashion is as capricious as her followers, it is to be feared the chances against reform are remote.

We would fain hope that, from illustrious example, the tide will change for the better; but when we cast our eyes across the Atlantic, naturally hopeful that new worlds would inaugurate a more sensible order of things, we are shocked to learn that the struggle is not to shame the old country into propriety and prudence, but to excel her in the race of extravagance. Here is a sample of 'going ahead' in this direction, taken from the *Philadelphia Ledger*, from which, as we learn that the chief families of the modern community have commenced with their babies, we presume the mothers and daughters are not outdone by their offspring: 'At a juvenile party lately given in Brooklyn, Long Island, New York, by a lady aged eleven years, the extravagance in dress could not, it is said, have been exceeded even by adult ingenuity. The hair, dressed in the latest style, was frizzled, puffed, powdered, and adorned with flowers. Four-buttoned white kid gloves were generally worn; while French kid boots, matching the dresses in colour, encased the feet. A little girl of seven years was dressed in a rose-coloured silk, trimmed with *point-appliqué* flounces, and covered with gold and gems, which brought the cost of the outfit up to about seven thousand dollars. The young gentlemen of from nine to fourteen were usually arrayed in black dress coats, light pants, and in

lavender neckties, with the most dazzling profusion of rings, seals, and watch-chains. The hair of the elder youths was parted in the middle, and worn in long floating locks. Music, dancing, and flirtation occupied the evening until the supper-hour, at twelve o'clock, after which the gay assembly departed. The coquette of twelve and the effeminate dandy of fourteen are apt to suggest painful visions of a coming race of men and women without strength of mind or muscle, and with every spark of youthful vitality and freshness prematurely driven out by the training to which they have been subjected.'

Perhaps, however—to look at home—a little colloquy, which occurred in our hearing between a kind and generous father on the one side, and his wife and daughters on the other, may serve to illustrate the inconsistencies which enter into the defences and excuses for any abrupt change in fashion, however great.

'Don't you like our dresses, papa?' was the query, as Mr Signcheck's three handsome daughters entered the breakfast-room in the costume of the period.

'Humph!' replied papa, lovingly giving them the matutinal kiss in turn. 'You put the question in too beseeching a form to obtain my candid opinion. Ask it in a less arbitrary manner, and I will reply, "Not at all."'

'O papa, it is quite the fashion!' from all the ladies, deprecatingly, mamma included.

'Well, my dears, it may be the fashion, but that fact does not necessarily secure my approval. The dress is far too tight in front, and too carelessly loose behind; reminding me of a countryman's bundle wrapped up in a handkerchief, and tied with a slovenly knot behind, which he puts his stick through, to carry it over his shoulder. Indeed, it has really a painful effect upon me. When I saw the actor in the farce who was doomed to stand all the evening at a party, because he had not got his "sitting-down trousers" on, it did not excite my laughter, but my pity; and I really feel the same for you. Now, when crinolines were in'—

'O papa!' again from the ladies, 'you know when we wore crinolines, you declared them execrable, and all that sort of thing.'

'True, my dears. I did so, in common with many, denounce them as hideous, as destroyers of the human form, and a dreadful penance to a man who had to sit close by a lady who wore those parrot-cages. But that is no reason why you should fly to the opposite extreme, and adopt a costume which you can only find a precedence for on a willow-pattern plate.'

'Dear papa! it is you who are now inconsistent, not we.'

'Indeed! Well, to please you I'll plead guilty; but, in extenuation, let me fetch from my desk a few home-notes I jotted down at the time crinolines were the rage, and which fell from your own sweet lips, supported, you may recollect,

by the weighty arguments of your mother. Here they are. "Crinoline is the most convenient, comfortable, delightful, charming, and graceful part of our costume. It keeps our clothes off the ground, and out of the mud; gives free scope and action to our limbs, and extending the dress, avoids those plaits and folds which are the first to become frayed and shabby; and therefore crinoline has the additional advantage of being economical." Granted, my dears, I observed to this testimonial of its merits, and asked: Do these recommendations, presuming they are stable, outweigh the sad truth, that we are compelled to hear almost every day, of some sister, rich or poor, being immolated by fire within those ruthless bars? To this I find you replying: that it could only be great carelessness which caused such accidents; that accidents would occur, and that people would get accustomed to crinoline without danger, as they did to everything else. Indeed, for your parts, such was your love (that was your word) for these durling things, that you would never consent to set them aside, let the fashions change as they might. Had you abandoned crinolines because of the very many human sacrifices they had occasioned, I would have hailed the present costume, absurd and expensive as it is, as an acceptable and merciful change; but the screams of those who fell victims to these distended wires, were drowned in the louder behests of Fashion, and deaths the most excruciating went on and on, unheeded, till the fiat of Folly was trumpeted forth. Then they were no longer to be worn by the *élite*, for it became known that they were vulgarised by factory-girls hanging them up by order, like children's hoops at the school-door, before they entered the mills to work. Then, and not till then, comfort, convenience, grace, economy, were thrown with them into the lumber-room, or sold for a better purpose than they had served before, to the old umbrella-mender to repair his wares.'

'O papa, papa! there—don't!' and their taper fingers were over his mouth.

The father kissed each hand affectionately, and, with a sly expression of half fun and earnestness, added: 'There, then—you shall have no more of my lecture, if you promise not to announce every change in your dress with the assertion of its being all that's convenient and comfortable, and your determination to live and die in your new adoption, as many a poor woman has really done in that of the discarded crinoline. If you do not mind, I shall pull some more memoranda from my desk, and read them to the last word; for I have here your own advocacy of the Grecian bend and the Alexandra limp—both positive and practical imitations of physical affliction. And then, perhaps, you would like to hear how you used to rate the servants for going beyond the door with nothing on their heads, as not respectable; little anticipating that the time would come when you, their superiors, would deem a couple of rose-buds, and a piece of stuff the size of a cheese-plate, a sufficient substitute, in all weathers, for hat or bonnet.'

'Enough, enough, papa; we will promise,' said the eldest daughter, with a sly look. 'You have quizzed us girls, and we own, not without some

reason; but pray, is there nothing in *men's* dress that should demand change?'

'Men's dress! Indeed there is; and I will frankly own that, leaving out of count his carrying a chimney-pot on his head, the custom of wearing garments that apply equally to dinner, to a ball, or to a funeral, is one of the most absurd of the age. 'There, girls; we are now quits.'

LIGHTNING-PRINTS.

VERY curious results are sometimes produced by lightning, calculated to incite wonderment in the minds of persons unversed in the phenomena of electricity, and to set scientific men thinking and experimenting on the probable causes of these appearances. Of the destruction of ships and houses by lightning we do not speak, nor of the more lamentable cases in which persons have been struck dead by such visitations. The phenomena more immediately in view are *lightning figures* or pictures, impressions burnt into the surface of the objects struck, and presenting resemblances concerning which fancy has been allowed to draw fanciful conclusions.

Marks, remarkably tree-like, have sometimes been found on the bodies of persons struck by lightning. M.M. Bossut and Leroy, in 1786, reported to the *Académie des Sciences* a case of this kind, and accounted for it by supposing that the lightning in its passage through the body had forced the blood into the vessels of the skin, and thus all the ramifications of these vessels were visible on the surface. Arago adopted a similar explanation, in regard to a case which occurred in France much more recently: two persons standing near a poplar-tree were struck by lightning, and on the breast of each were found marks closely resembling the branchlets of the poplar.

More strictly belonging to those instances in which the lightning-marks resemble familiar objects is one that occurred in a Somersetshire village in 1812. One version of the story is, that 'six sheep reposing in a meadow surrounded by woods were killed by lightning; and when the skins were taken from the animals, a *fac-simile* of a portion of the surrounding scenery was visible on the inner surface of each skin.' The other version is that, about turnip-sowing time, a farmer and his men were engaged in the fields, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning came on, and three out of four valuable rams, which had taken shelter under a tree, were killed; when the skins reached the fell-monger, on the inside of each was found depicted a very accurate representation of the tree under which the animals had sought refuge. Although differing in details, these two accounts probably relate to the same occurrence; the latter is perhaps more credible than the former, seeing that we can more readily believe an impression of a *tree* than of a *landscape* being thus produced.

In 1846, at Graham's Town in South Africa, a flash of lightning struck the gable of a powder-mill. The building contained a store of twelve tons of gunpowder, in copper-bound barrels packed in a cluster about four feet from the wall. The lightning ran along the wall of the gable, beneath the floor, and out under the door-sill. The mark of the flash, zigzag in shape, and directed at an angle of about eighty degrees, was plainly visible on the

whitewashed wall of the magazine, resembling in colour the stain produced by the explosion of a very light train of powder; and a small hole or crack was made in the arch where it entered. There was no tree-mark or mystical mark here; the mark produced was evidently the zigzag path of the lightning itself.

Signor Orioli brought before a scientific congress at Naples four narratives relating to lightning-prints. In the first, lightning struck the foremast of the brigantine *Santo Buon Servo* in the Bay of Arriero; a sailor sitting under the mast was struck dead, and on his back was found an impression of a horse-shoe, similar to one fixed at the mast-head. In the second, a sailor, in a somewhat similar position, was struck by a lightning-flash on the left breast with an impression of the number 44; an almost exact representative of a number 44 that was at the extremity of one of the masts. In the third, a young man was found struck by lightning; he had on a girdle with some gold coins in it; and images of these were imprinted on his skin in the order they occupied in the girdle. In the fourth, an Italian lady of Lugano was sitting near a window during a thunder-storm, and was struck, though in a way scarcely conscious to herself at the time; a flower which happened to be in the path of the lightning was perfectly reproduced or printed on her leg, where it remained permanently.

Among the thunder-storms described as having occurred in the West Indies, one, in 1852, was rendered remarkable by this phenomenon: a poplar-tree in a coffee-plantation was struck by lightning, and on one of the large dry leaves was found imprinted an exact representation of some pine-trees that stood three or four hundred yards distant. Whether this was really an 'exact representation,' or the product of an excited imagination not well controlled by accurate judgment, is just the point which we cannot determine; the markings on the leaf may have been only the natural zigzagging of the lightning.

In 1853, a little girl was standing at a window, near which stood a young maple-tree; a flash of lightning struck either the girl or the tree, or both, and an image of the tree was found imprinted on her body. In another instance, a boy climbed a tree to steal a bird's nest; a lightning-flash struck the tree; the boy fell to the ground, and 'on his breast the image of a tree, with the bird and nest on one of its branches, appeared very conspicuously.'

Scientific journals, as well as those of more popular character, contain a rich store of incidents more or less similar to the above. Dr Franklin stated in 1786, that about twenty years previously, a man who was standing opposite a tree that had just been struck by lightning (or as he called it, by a thunderbolt), found on his breast an exact representation of that tree. M. Poey, who has treated this subject somewhat fully in the French scientific journals, mentions twenty-four cases of lightning impressions on the bodies of men and animals. Of those, eight were impressions of trees or parts of trees; one of a bird, and one of a cow; four of crosses; three of circles, or of impressions of coins carried about the person; two of horse-shoes; one of a nail; one of a metal comb; one of a number or numeral; one of the words of a sentence; and one of the back of an arm-chair.

There is no mention, so far as we are aware, of any imprinting on the bodies of the two hapless lovers mentioned by Gay; but a very little exercise of the imagination, aided by an element of credulity, would have sufficed to produce imaginary crosses, hearts, or trees. Those who know the story will remember that Pope and Gay were visiting at Stanton-Harcourt in 1718; that Gay described the incident in one of his letters; and that Pope memorialised it in verse. Two rustic lovers, John Hewit and Sarah Drew, about a week before the day fixed for their wedding, were at work with other harvesters in a field. A storm of thunder and lightning came on in the afternoon, and the labourers hastened for shelter to the trees and hedges. Sarah Drew, frightened and dismayed, fell in a swoon on a heap of barley, and John Hewit raked up some more barley, to shield her from the cruel blast: while thus engaged, an intensely vivid flash appeared; the barley was seen to smoke, and there lay the two lovers, he with one arm around her neck, and the other arm over her, as if to screen her from the lightning. Both were dead: her left eye was injured, and a black spot produced on her breast; while he was blackened nearly all over. Pope's epitaph on the hapless couple is engraved on a stone in the parish church of Stanton-Harcourt.

In all probability, no one explanation will apply to these several cases. The descriptions require to be examined closely; and they meet with the most consistent solution by separating them into groups. There is, in the first place, a love of the marvellous which induces some persons to stretch the truth in order to make up a striking story. Not habitually untruthful, they nevertheless yield to the temptation of so rounding off a narrative as to cause hearers and by-standers to make exclamations of the 'Good (Gracious!) kind. Other persons, repeating what Jack told Dick that Sam had heard Bob say to Bill, do not reflect how much a story gathers as it travels from mouth to mouth, until the final version bears but slight resemblance to the original. In another group of instances, a physiological agency of much importance has to be taken into account. Persons of nervous and excitable temperament, when under the influence of strong mental agitation, have been known to receive marks on some part of the body or limbs, corresponding in shape to the object which they were thinking of at the time; this is known to have occurred in other domains of human feeling; and there is nothing impossible in the occurrence of a similar phenomenon when the mind and the body are alike exposed to the action of a lightning-stroke. This was probably the case in regard to a French peasant-girl—one of the instances noticed by Poey: While tending a cow in a field, a storm came on; she took refuge under a tree; the cow fell dead from a stroke of lightning; the girl loosened her dress, that she might breathe more freely when nearly choked with agitation; and then she saw a picture of the cow imprinted on her breast. We give this story the credit of being truthfully told, and assign as the probable cause of the phenomenon a co-operation between a lightning-stroke and a vivid mental or nervous activity.

Where metal is concerned, the production of images or fac-similes may result more immediately from this rush of electricity which constitutes the

passage of lightning. Wherever metal lies in the path, the flash takes that route in preference to one through wood, brick, or stone; but if the metal be discontinuous or interrupted, strange markings are often produced on neighbouring substances, similar in shape to the piece of metal just traversed. This may have been the case in the accident which befell a young man in Cuba in 1828; after a lightning-flash, he found on his neck an imprint of a horse-shoe, similar to one nailed up on the window of a house near him. If the ornaments were of brass or some other metal, we might perhaps place in the same category the narrative (one of those given by Poe) of a lady, at her château of Denattonnière in La Vendée; she was seated in her salon, in November 1830, when a storm came on; lightning appeared, and on the back of her dress was imprinted a fac-simile of some ornaments on the back of a chair against which she was leaning.

There is every reason to believe, lastly, that many of the markings are nothing more than results of the forked zigzag course of the lightning itself. Mr Tomlinson, in his interesting volume *The Thunder-storm*, has gone somewhat fully into this subject. He had had occasion to observe the manner in which the disruptive discharge of electricity, from an electrical machine, marks out its path over a badly conducting surface, such as glass, and was struck by the tree-like impression produced. He gives a wood-cut representation of a surface struck by the flash or spark of a small Leyden jar; and it is impossible to avoid seeing how strikingly the markings assume the form of a tree. The probability is pointed out, that in cases where persons struck by lightning have had tree-like marks imprinted on their persons, they have been hastily considered to be real images of actual trees close at hand. It may, moreover, be observed that some persons, when struck by lightning, have received blue marks or bruises; these may put on a ramified appearance, 'not only from the irregular mode in which electricity travels about in search of the line of least resistance, but also from the smaller vessels becoming congested, and consequently visible.'

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER III.—IN THE ROSE-GARDEN.

ALL rooms at Riverside Hall are good rooms, including those of the servants, which, instead of being ill-lit, ill-warmed, with sloping roofs and mere apologies for windows—such as are common in all those ancient mansions which we see pictured in 'Gentlemen's Seats' or 'the Ancestral Homes of England'—are comfortable, and of fair size; but even at Riverside there are distinctions. The guest-rooms appropriated for bachelors, for example, though well, and even luxuriously furnished, do not look out towards the front of the house.

The penalty inflicted upon unmarried persons beneath that hospitable roof is to have their view restricted to the croquet-ground, the rosary, and the hill-park (as it was called) at the back of the house. The stables are hidden away in a hollow, and approached by a secret way known only to the household, for it is not Mr Campden's habit, as it is that of many country gentlemen, to lead

his male friends thither after breakfast to discuss hocks and pasterns, and to inhale the fine flavour of the saddle-room, and worse. But even this back view is not to be despised by those, such as Mr Richard Holt, who have been shut up in Abdell Court, in the City of London, for eight hours a day through spring and summer, and doubtless that gentleman would have been enjoying it this morning, had he not had something more important to engage his attention. A goodly batch of letters had, as usual, arrived for him by the morning's post, and in their contents, though he is up and dressed, and sitting at the open window, he is rapt for the present, to the exclusion of external objects. He is one of those men—if you will take the opportunity of observing him—for whom the letter-bag has always paramount importance; men who do not mix readily with those about them, and find pleasure or even engrossing employment in the present; whose thoughts are semi-occupied, whose very gaze is filmed over, as it were, with the web of their projects. They are never sure of their movements, or of the length of their sojourn in any place; all must depend, they say, 'upon the afternoon post,' as though they were in a constant crisis of affairs, which a line of somebody's handwriting must settle for them one way or another: an unhappy class of people enough, but whose anxieties, let us hope, are not quite so overwhelming as they would have us believe.

It would be unjust, however, to accuse Mr Richard Holt of affectation; he is much too sagacious to be affected, and often finds circumstances much too serious to need any exaggeration of their importance. Indeed, it is just now his constant endeavour to avoid that appearance of pre-occupation peculiar to weaker brethren of his kind, and to play the part of a frank and easy-going man of the world—that is, of the thoughtless, high-placed, and luxurious world in which he finds himself, to confess the truth, for the first time. It must not, however, be supposed that our new acquaintance is a vulgar fellow. His appearance is good; he is six feet high, and well built; his large features, if somewhat grave and still, are capable of considerable expression, and if he looks old for his age—which is five-and-forty—he has looked about the same age for the last ten years, and will probably look no older for ten years to come. His eyes are hard, and he knows it; if he could make them otherwise, he would very gladly do so; he can smile, and speak softly, and his tongue has no lack of persuasion upon certain topics; but when his talk ranges beyond business affairs, he cannot get his eyes to accompany his voice, and the result is a want of harmony. People talk about the intense significance of the jaw and chin, and, very possibly (for there is no limit to such folly), of the lobes of the ears; but Mr Holt, who was no fool, and never attempted to deceive himself (whatever his conduct might be as respected others), knew that his eyes were not what they should be, and that it was a great misfortune to him. They were not ugly, by any means: not those hard-boiled ones, the balls of which project like the yolk of a stale poached egg; but long years of calculation and plodding, and standing upon his guard against rogue and scoundrel, had, as it were, set them, and they could never melt again either with love or pity, however nearly his heart might be touched by either.

However, he still finds them exceedingly useful ; one glance suffices to put him in possession of the contents of most of the letters that have arrived for him this morning, after bestowing which, he either tears the communication in small fragments, or places it in a huge pocket-book of Russian leather, which he always carries in his left breast-pocket, giving him the lopsided appearance of an amazon. Two notes, however, afford some cause for deliberation, and he gives each a second attentive perusal ; one is from his confidential clerk in Abdell Court.

'Mem.—Brooks has cabled as follows: "Sell Laras: whole concern a plant."' On another slip of paper was written: *'Dear Sir, on the whole advisable not to telegraph to you, especially as the Exchange had closed when the news arrived.'*

'Brand has got a head on his shoulders,' mused Mr Holt with a grim smile as he read those words; 'almost too good a head for my service. On the first opportunity I shall let him run loose.'

'Astor left yesterday, but with no immediate intention, I have reason to believe, of quitting England. I hope you find the country air is doing you benefit.—Yours truly, ROBERT BRAND.'

'Well, that is a good riddance every way, though I should have felt happier had the scoundrel put the seas between him and another; the last man in the world, however, as it happens, he is likely to foregather with. Master Philip knew too much.'

With a thoughtful brow, Mr Holt takes up the second letter that he had reserved from the batch, and for the second time examined the postmark, *Bampton*.

'This comes just in the nick of time, for the news it brings will shape my views about the mine. I shall have the whole day to think about how to play my fish. It was uncommon sharp of Brand to recollect that they had a private wire here, which makes all communications public.'

'I thought it, on the whole, advisable not to telegraph. Confound his sagacity! I will certainly get rid of him on the first opportunity, and select a less intelligent lieutenant. If he does not know too much, this shews he has suspicions, and I don't like suspicious people about me. "Bampton, Headquarters.—Our canvass is now over. The contest will be a narrow one. Mr Griggs will be the man."' That was all the second note contained, but it seemed to affect its recipient even more gravely than their first. 'Things are coming, then, to a crisis,' muttered he, 'and earlier than I expected.' He sat, plunged in thought, for a full minute; then, 'The man has nobody to thank but himself for what will happen,' exclaimed he, in a firm voice.

If 'the man'—whoever he was—had been standing before him in the flesh, and accusing him of having been the cause of his misfortunes, his denial could not have been more earnest and explicit. As he spoke, a clear and ringing voice made the air musical without:

'Birds in our wood sang, ringing through the valleys:

Maud is here, here, here—in among the lilies.'

He started up excitedly, his ordinary pale cheek flaming crimson, as a man flushes when another has given him the lie; but as the song went on, a curious change came over him. The lines of

thought and care seemed to grow faint upon his brow, and the whole expression of his face to soften; his lips parted with a smile, and he lifted up his hand for silence, as though he had not been alone:

'I kissed her slender hand; she took the kiss sedately;

Maud is not seventeen, but she is tall and stately.'

Holt smiled softly towards the window, and, keeping himself concealed behind the curtain, peered cautiously through its folds.

In the rose-garden, as it was called, from the flowers to which the little plot of ground was exclusively devoted, and immediately beneath the window, stood Kate Dalton, in the act of plucking a bud which she had just selected from a bunch that grew above her head. Her face was full in view; the morning sun shone on her bright tresses, and transmuted them to gold; its beams darted at her eyes so lovingly that she was forced to almost close them, so that their long silken lashes were made plainly visible; the position of the rosebud necessitated her standing for an instant on her toes, and exemplified that particular grace of which the employment of high-heeled shoes is supposed (very erroneously) to supply an imitation; the extended arms lent a fullness to the otherwise too slender bust; the shapely head seemed to be crowned with nodding roses. It was indeed 'a picture to make an old man young;' and upon Richard Holt, who was by no means old, according to his own reckoning, it had a very singular effect—it made him giddy. His head went round with him; his heart sank, down, down, with a feeling of sickness; and for the moment he clung to the curtain, to steady himself, if not to preserve him from a fall. The next moment he had stepped quickly across the room to his dressing-case—not the solid and elaborate affair that such articles generally were at Riverside, but a mere roll of leather containing various articles of the toilet—and taken from it a pair of scissors. Slipping these into his pocket, he left his room, and descended the stairs with hurrying steps. The breakfast-parlour, though empty, save for an attendant, had all things prepared for the morning meal; but he passed by the door, and out into the hall. He paused for an instant at the hat-stand, doubtful whether he should select the 'chimney-pot,' which he usually wore, and which he knew suited him best, or the 'wideawake,' which he had brought down in compliance with the fashions of the country.

Unluckily for his personal appearance, he chose the latter, which had the effect of a clumsy disguise. It took away from him his City air, it is true, but substituted for it that of some confidential servant who has the immediate reversion of his master's clothes. Aristocracy has not yet issued a stamp by which even the most distinguished member of it can be recognised in a bad hat; nor is it every one who can 'carry off' even a wideawake. The newer it is, the worse it looks on some folks; and the wideawake of Mr Richard Holt, of Abdell Court, was very new. If the handle of the pair of scissors that were lying in his breast-pocket had been but visible, one would have set him down, probably, as a master tailor.

It was not in the nature of things that Mr Holt should run, but he moved rapidly across the gravel

sweep, and through the shrubbery that led by devious ways to the rose-garden, and arrived there just in time to see Kate Dalton—kissed. It is terrible to have to record it, but it is the truth—kissed by a young gentleman. There was no time for Mr Holt to restrain his headlong speed, and to pretend not to see it. His position was precisely that of the spectator described in that famous ballad, of which all the verses save one have been lost in the mists of time:

I saw Esau kissing Kate,
And the fact is we all three saw;
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.

Only in this case it was not Esau; for Esau, we have reason to know, was a hairy mau, and the offender on the present occasion had a cheek as smooth as a girl's. Hair is not hair (and how true this of many a native-looking chignon) when it is down, and Jeff's lip had only down to boast of. This may not seem of much consequence to the reader, but to Richard Holt it was a great mitigation of the shock which he experienced. The attachment of a boy and girl is never more ridiculous and immaterial than in the eyes of a middle-aged man who himself has only just begun to feel Love's dart. Moreover, Master Geoffrey Derwent's lips had only saluted Kate's fingers, and there is really nothing in *that*; for does not the Queen herself permit the same liberty to mayors and consuls? Nay, even for this transgression, there had been a very sufficient cause, had Mr Holt but known it. He had last set eyes on Kate, you remember, when she was reaching for the rosebud, and trilling that exquisite little verse:

I kissed her slender hand; she took the kiss
sedately;
Maud is not seventeen, but she is tall and stately.

At that instant, if Mr Holt had not been in such a hurry to bring the scissors, he might have heard a merry voice chime in with:

'Maud is tall and stately, but not tall enough to reach that bud without assistance;' and then a longer arm than hers interposed, and drew down the flower. When he had done that—not in a hurry, you know, but with a quiet deliberation and ever so much solicitude to remove the thorns from the stalk, it was only in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that he should 'kiss her slender hand;' and it is my firm conviction that she would have taken it 'sedately' enough, but for Mr Richard Holt's unexpected intervention. As it was, though her face flushed like any rose around her, she merely observed: 'How rude you are, Jeff;' then turned to the new-comer with a cold 'Good-morning, Mr Holt.'

If she had been seventy instead of seventeen (she was in fact eighteen), she could hardly have carried off that little incident with greater sangfroid or more perfect self-command.

Master Jeff, on the other hand, a tall and comely lad, with light hair, but bright black eyes, glared haughtily at the intruder, as though the rose-garden had been his own private preserve, which the other had violated; while Mr Holt stood dumfounded, and slowly produced his scissors.

'I saw you from my window yonder, Miss Dalton'—he looked up towards it, as though for

corroboration of his story, but her eye did not follow his; she looked as though, if there was one thing on earth absolutely indifferent to her, and without one scintilla of interest, it was the situation of Mr Holt's apartment; 'and remarking that you had a difficulty with your friends—or may I say relatives? for there is a strong family likeness—the roses, I brought you this pair of scissors.'

'Thanks,' said Kate, not taking them from his hand; 'but I have gathered all I want.'

She had but two buds, one of which she carried in her left hand, and the stalk of the other she was now tying to a leaf or two with a piece of silk, getting it obviously ready for somebody's button-hole.

'That new word 'Thanks,' so common in young ladies' mouths nowadays, seems, somehow, to lack the warmth and grace of the old 'Thank you,' and to Mr Holt's ears it now sounded particularly cold.

He stood snipping the scissors, for want of something to say or do, and gazing longingly at the little bud, which she had by this time transformed into a fairy bouquet. Kate's heart, which had been hardened by his *mal-à-propos* appearance, began to feel some pity for this man, to whom she had certainly been somewhat discourteous.

'Mamma tells me that you have been so kind as to sacrifice yourself for Tony's sake, Mr Holt, so far as to accompany him to the sports at Blea-barrow. Jenny was "spurring" him, as he calls it, through his *César* this morning, in order that he might go off to them early.'

'It is no sacrifice, I am sure—that is, if I can ever be of any use to you or yours, it never seems so.'

'I don't see why Mr Holt should trouble himself,' said Geoffrey, 'since I promised Tony to take him long ago.'

'Yes; but then, you see, you are but a boy, like himself, Jeff,' observed Kate: 'it would be like the blind leading the blind, to trust you with Tony among all those queer rough people.'

'I don't think them at all queer,' returned the lad brusquely; 'they are honest and hearty folks, who never do harm to anybody, except now and then to themselves, through taking too much beer.'

'But then they don't know *what* they do,' remarked Mr Holt mildly, delighted to find Kate and himself conducting this little argument in concert.

'Just so,' said Kate.—'Now, don't be cross, Jeff, merely because you have not arrived at years of discretion, which is a question of time, you know, though to some people of a very long time.'

At this Mr Holt laughed approvingly, though Kate had shewn no such appreciation of his allusion to her likeness to the roses, which he had thought particularly happy and opportune.

Jeff took no more notice of his laugh, nor of his remark, than if he had not been present.

'Of course, I knew that Mrs Campden would object to my going with Tony—she always does object to my doing anything—but I should have thought your mother would have trusted me, Kate.'

'Certainly, my dear Jeff, mamma would trust you; she always says you are the best of boys.—There now, you are taking huff again: and here's a rosebud for your jacket—I mean your coat.' And with that she placed the little nosegay in his

button-hole, while the young fellow thanked her with his eyes.

'That should make amends to Mr Derwent for anything,' said Mr Holt significantly, as the three moved slowly towards the house. 'I am sure I would submit to be distrusted.'—

'Or even to be called too young,' interrupted Jeff, stung into unaccustomed epigram.

'Certainly I would submit to that indignity,' continued Mr Holt, good-naturedly—though his unhappy eyes would not look good-natured, in spite of all his efforts—'and indeed to any other, for such a guerdon.—You have still another flower, I see, Miss Dalton, and remember, I *did* bring you the scissors, though I was too late.'

'You are too late again, Mr Holt,' answered Kate gently, as they ascended the steps at the front-door; 'I have only this rosebud left, and I always give one, as you know, to Uncle George.'

CHAPTER IV.—MRS CAMPDEN ORDERS THE PONY-CARRIAGE.

Mr Campden was not Kate's uncle, being only, even by marriage, a distant cousin; but the relations between him and the Daltons were so cordial, that the junior members of the latter family always called him by that title—which I am not quite sure that his wife relished, since she who was the blood-relative was never entitled aunt. He was a bluff, kindly man of some fifty years of age, and though he had always been engaged in commerce—till Fortune had filled both his pockets and enabled him to retire on his gains—his appearance was that of a thorough country gentleman. That he possessed some astuteness, his great success attested; while that he had some ideas beyond mere money-making was certain, from his choice of Riverside as a residence; but these mental gifts would never have been guessed at by ordinary observers; indeed, Machiavelli himself would have been puzzled to make much of Uncle George, since he rarely opened his lips save to admit his meals or the end of a cigar. His existence had been, in fact, absorbed by the superior vitality of his wife. It had not, indeed, been always so; there were some who professed to have seen him make some show of resistance to her indomitable will; but though her seizure of the poor gentleman had been very gradual—inch by inch, as a cobra swallows a rabbit—he had never recovered any portion of himself that had once been appropriated, and the process of deglutition had long ago been completed. Mr Campden still drew his breath independently of his wife, and that was all: he never attempted to shape it, without her leave and license, into a word of command, or even the expression of a wish; at times, when elated, he would break out into a confession of his own state of thralldom—as a helot in his cups might have done—in which there was a touch of humour, bearing witness that he had some individuality still left in him; but these little jets of independence grew every day more rare, and it was plain that their source was drying up. If he had been a septuagenarian married to a young girl of twenty, his thralldom could not have been more complete than it had become of late, and an old friend had on one occasion taken the liberty to tell him so. 'I know it, my dear fellow,' he had replied, without a trace of irritation at this plain

speaking; 'and, unhappily, Julia is more than twenty.'

Indeed, there was no reason—absolutely none—to a looker-on, why Mrs Campden should have got her husband so entirely under her thumb. She had not been very young when he married her, not very pretty, nor particularly accomplished; and whatever might have been her attractions in these respects, they had certainly not improved with years; yet every year she had placed him in closer bondage, till he could now scarce move hand or foot. He had still, however, a smile for everybody, and it was universally understood that he would do a good turn for any one, unless his wife had issued a special ukase to the contrary. He was amazingly popular with all young people, and, indeed, with old ones also, although the more thoughtful of his friends regarded his state of servitude with just contempt. 'When a man is downright henpecked,' said John Dalton, 'it almost always arises from his having committed peccadillos which have come to his wife's ears; but poor Campden has no such "set-off" to comfort him; he has fallen a victim to his Julia through sheer indolence.' And this was the true state of the case. Moreover, it cannot be denied that Mrs Campden possessed that gift in reality which is always imputed to those members of our governing classes who have nothing perceptible to recommend them—administrative capacity. She was essentially a managing woman, and would have swallowed everybody else, inch by inch, if she had had the chance, just as she had swallowed her husband; her love of power had 'stomach for them all'; and yet a more unambitious and 'ordinary' looking little woman than Mrs Campden it is not easy to imagine. Even now, as she sits at the head of her own breakfast-table, there is nothing of despotism in her look or manner; and only by the unusual quickness with which the servants execute her orders, and wait upon her rather to the exclusion of her guests, would you guess her to be the Tartar she really is. Her skin, however, though not particularly delicate, is of that unfortunate kind that betrays emotion, and her pale face will glow like a peony on very slight occasion; her voice, too, which is unusually thin and low, will, if opposed, become metallic. Curiously enough, this is the case, though in a less degree, with Miss Mary also; and when mother and daughter have their little wrangles—in which the latter is always discomfited—their argument at a little distance resembles the dropping of copper coin—as if they were playing 'odd and even' for halfpence.

This morning, however, Mrs Campden is all smiles and harmony; she has just succeeded in persuading Mrs Dalton, who sits on her right hand, to accompany her in her pony-carriage, that afternoon, for a long drive; and her victory has flattered her, for she knows that Mrs Dalton did not want to go, being anxious upon her husband's account, who is sure to telegraph to her at the close of the poll.

'My dear, that is just the reason I wanted to take you; the time will pass quickly (I hope) in paying our little visits; and once away from the house, you will cease to fidget about the news that may come from Bampton.'

'Well, as you please, my dear Julia; but I am afraid I shall prove but a dull companion,' sighs

Mrs Dalton, after some attempts at escape—as vain as those of a gold-fish in a glass bowl.

'I have never found you *that*, dear Edith,' answers her hostess laughingly.—'I wish, Mr Holt, that you were as certain of having a pleasant afternoon, as I am with Mrs Dalton. I fear you will find our Bleabarrow festivities very heavy.'

'Yes, indeed, I am sure it is most kind of Mr Holt to go with Tony,' said Mrs Dalton; 'for though I have the utmost faith in Jeff—here she slid her hand down to Geoffrey's knee, who sat beside her, and patted it, in sign of affectionate confidence—his good-nature has made him too much of a playmate with my boy, to admit of his ever using due authority.'

'Oh, *that* is not to be thought of for a moment,' observed Mrs Campden austerely.

'I don't think any harm is likely to happen to my young charge,' smiled Mr Holt; 'unless he should insist upon competing among the light-weights.'

'And why not, if there are boys?' inquired Tony earnestly.

'Oh, how shocking!' cried Mrs Campden. 'That would be a pretty thing for a young gentleman to do: to wrestle with all these vulgar creatures.'

'It would be only excusable if he were standing for Bampton instead of his father,' observed Mr Holt; 'then, indeed, it would go down very well, as a proof that, though a Whig, he had got no pride about him.'

'By-the-bye, Mr Holt, you have not chanced to hear anything this morning about the election, I suppose?' inquired Mrs Dalton; not because she thought it at all probable that he had done so, but in order to anticipate any question upon his part which it would be embarrassing to her to answer.

'Not a word,' answered Mr Holt, touching at the same time—whether in proof of his veracity, or to convince himself of the safety of the manuscript—the breast-pocket which contained the memorandum from *Headquarters*. 'But your husband is sure to telegraph directly the thing is certain.'

'Oh, I *know*,' said Mrs Dalton; 'and that is why I was rather wishing to stay at home this afternoon;' and she cast an appealing look towards the mistress of the house. Whatever that lady had once acquired, however, whether promise or concession, she never dreamed of giving up again, but used as a possession of her own, and a basis from which to start in search of further gains.

'You would not object if you and I were to lunch a little earlier than the rest, Edith, would you,' inquired she, 'as we have a good many calls to make?'

'Certainly not,' said Mrs Dalton: the earlier she started, as she fondly hoped, the earlier she would be permitted to return and receive dear John's despatch. But she reckoned without her hostess.

'That's right, my dear; I knew you would not mind; and that will just enable me to push on as far as the Park, and call on Lady Brodie, who is generally a little beyond my beat.'

CHAPTER V.—MR CAMPDEN ORDERS THE BAROUCHE.

Thus, therefore, it came about that, at the usual luncheon-hour, four of the breakfast-party had gone their ways, and there were gathered around

the great table only the host and the three young ladies—for Jenny generally made her appearance at the mid-day meal.

'Now, Uncle George,' said Kate merrily, 'I hope you are going to be very polite indeed to us girls, because, you see, we have no other cavalier.'

'Don't say polite, Kitty,' cried Jenny; 'don't waste your opportunities like that; of course he'll be polite; say *devoted*.'

'My dears, I *am* devoted,' said Uncle George; 'very much so indeed. If I can do anything to please you, pray, mention it.'

'He is a nice old papa; he really is,' remarked Miss Mary, like an auctioneer who is recommending some article to an audience who have doubts.

'He has done himself a mischief already, upon your account, young ladies, by eating luncheon out of courtesy; let me tell you *that*,' observed he.

'O papa, how *can* you say so, when you know mamma always cries out if you have two helps of meat, as you did to-day; and you had bottled stout too!'

'All for your sakes, my dears: I felt that what Curzon calls "support" would be necessary if I had to amuse you young people. And now I am prepared for further sacrifices. Suppose I take a glass of sherry.'

It was very unusual to see Mr Campden in such a lively mood; he was generally as dumb as any china figure, and almost as motionless; now he was more like something in india-rubber from which a weight has been removed, and which assumes its natural shape with elasticity. It was only very seldom that his wife was away at meal-times.

'My dear papa, then you will go to sleep, and be of no use at all.'

'Not a bit of it; I am all for exertion. Now suppose you and Kitty row me about on the river, and Jenny steers.'

'Oh, Uncle George, we have got blisters on our hands already,' said Kitty, 'from rowing you about: you are certainly very lazy.'

'Well, supposing you girls dress up in Eastern costume—you are fond of dressing up—and come and dance before me. Pretend to be nautch-girls (if that is the way you pronounce it); and Jenny shall clap my hands together—if I like it—for applause.'

'It is a capital idea,' cried Jenny. 'Let us get out all Mrs Campden's beautiful Indian shawls, and do the thing completely.'

The three girls burst out laughing, partly at the audacity of this proposal, but principally at the very long face which it caused Mr Campden to draw.

'I don't think that will quite do, my dears,' said he. 'Now, what do you say to billiards? Mary and Kate shall play, and Jenny shall mark; and I will shew *how* you ought to have played when you make mistakes. That will give me a good deal to do, but I don't mind.'

'You are very rude, Uncle George, instead of being polite, far less devoted,' said Kitty.

'Well, my dear, I only threw out these ideas as mere suggestions. If you are for archery, I can pull the bow against anybody, though I can never, somehow, shoot off the arrow; and as for croquet, there are doubtless more stupid games than croquet, though I confess I have never seen them.'

'But Jenny can neither shoot nor play croquet, papa,' observed Mary softly.

'Oh, pray, don't mind me,' said Jenny with a little flush. 'I shall be very happy looking on.'

'My dear Jenny, a thousand pardons,' cried Mr Campden vehemently, his ruddy face becoming quite purple. 'It was the stout that made me so stupid. The only amends I can think of is to leave our occupation for the afternoon entirely in your hands. Let the rest of us be Miss Jenny's slaves, and do whatever she pleases. What do you say, girls?'

'That will be capital!' cried Kate and Mary simultaneously.

'Do you really mean it, Uncle George?' asked Jenny gravely.

'Unquestionably, my dear. I feel already like Herod when he had made that imprudent promise to his step-daughter—but my word is passed.'

'But there are so many deliciously naughty things that I should like to do, Uncle George,' said Jenny thoughtfully. 'It has long been my desire to go out in the steam-yacht with a few friends who do not in the least understand the machinery, and to see what will come of it; whether it could ever stop or not, of itself; and what we could do beyond making it whistle.'

'I am truly thankful to say,' observed Mr Campden piously, 'that there is not enough water in the river to float the steam-yacht.'

'So am I,' cried Kate and Mary, also gratefully. It was well known to both of them that Jenny was afraid of nothing, and that her love of danger and excitement was in inverse proportion to her feeble physical powers.

'Well, then—it is a great bathos, after my steam-yacht notion—but, next to that expedition, I should like us all to go to Bleabarrow to see the wrestling.'

'Oh, how delightful!' cried Kate.

'Oh, my goodness!' ejaculated Mary, 'what will mamma say?'

Mr Campden poured himself out another glass of sherry, and ran his hands through his thin thatch of gray hair. Beneath his breath he might have been heard to murmur 'Gracious heavens!' but the expression of his face was pretty firm.

'You think you would enjoy that sort of thing, Jenny? I mean, these games?'

'I am sure I should—that is, looking on at them. I should not make much of wrestling myself. Jeff says it's a noble spectacle; and Jeff will be there, you know, and dear Tony; and Mr Holt. Fancy how surprised they will be to see us! They will scarcely believe their eyes. Come, Uncle George, you'll keep your word.'

Mr Campden swallowed the sherry, and rang the bell—for the discussion had lasted long after luncheon was over, and the servants had retired to their own mid-day meal.

'Jeff took the dogcart,' observed he, 'and my wife the pony-carriage.'

'Then we had better take the brougham,' suggested Mary.

'No, my dear; I think the barouche would be more comfortable for all of us; and, besides, it will afford a better view.'

'Uncle George, you are thinking of what will be more comfortable for me,' said Jenny softly.

'Well, it would not do to forget you twice in one afternoon, my dear,' was the pleasant response.

'Now, go and get your things on, girls, that we may start at once; and then we can get back

pretty early, you know—before your mamma comes home.—John, let the barouche be at the door in twenty minutes.'

He had not issued such a command without consultation with that barouche's mistress, far less in direct opposition to her, for twenty years.

'My dear Jenny, I am quite jealous of you,' cried Mary Campden, as the girls trooped upstairs together, to attire themselves for the anticipated treat. 'I am sure no seductions of mine would ever have persuaded papa to do such a thing. Why, it quite "partakes of the nature of a lark," as Jeff calls it; does it not?'

'She must have "given him medicines," as Falstaff says, to make dear Uncle George so complaisant,' laughed Kitty; she was a young lady who liked Shakspeare better than the musical glasses, and had a very pretty 'trick of iteration.' 'She has certainly given him medicines.'

'No, my dears,' said Jenny decisively; 'it was neither my charms nor my medicine—though some people do take it medicinally; we owe everything to that second glass of sherry.'

THE WILD SPORTS OF BRITTANY.

IN a work lately published, entitled *Wolf-hunting and Wild Sport in Lower Brittany*, the author is careful to remind us that the adventures which he chronicles happened twenty years ago, but he has every reason to believe that repetitions of them must still occur.

The curious little Keltic town of Carhaix formed the author's headquarters for hunting in the vast mountainous forests of Dualt and Huel-goed. This is a country of savage moorland, clothed in heather and broom; these pass into gloomy woodlands, broken up into ravines, and crowned by mountains, where the bare granitic breaks out in rugged blocks piled one above another (like the Dartmoor 'clitters'), which afford shelter to wolves and foxes, wild swine, wild cats, badgers, and the like. A wolf-chase is a striking feature of life in Brittany. The common wolf (*Canis lupus*) is found all over Europe, from Egypt indeed to Lapland; and it reaches over Asia into India; but its habits appear to vary in different countries. Thus the Russian wolf is peculiarly savage. In Bengal the wolf even turns man-eater, like the tiger, and frequently carries off children in broad daylight. But the Breton wolf seldom or never touches man. He is not often seen in summer, but in winter he joins several neighbours, an old one with half-grown cubs, maybe, and prowls around the cabins of the peasantry to kill their sheep and horses. Pressed by cold and hunger, they then become very daring and destructive. Horses are seized by the throat, and at once killed and eaten. Dogs are very dainty morsels; and in some winters it is necessary to light fires nightly at all the road entrances into Carhaix, Callac, Gourin, and other neighbouring towns, in order to preserve the cattle and dogs from their devastations. The outlying peasants drive their few sheep and cows into the huts with them at night, while the baffled wolves

keep up a melancholy chorus of howls outside, and not unfrequently, mounting the roofs of the cabins, tear a way in through the broom and heather which form the thatch. A thrilling story is told by our author of a doctor, compelled to ride to a distant patient after nightfall one winter's evening, who was pursued by a small pack of wolves, and kept them at bay, as he fled, by lighting matches, and a liberal use of his hunting-whip. The fear was, lest they should spring at the horse's throat, when the rider would probably have been also torn to pieces in the *melée*. But children of five years old frequently watch their father's black cows and sheep in the forests with perfect impunity. The wolf in Brittany respects the dominion of man. It was not always so indeed. In the desolation and brigandage ensuing upon the War of the League, it is upon record that the wolves got the upper hand, and fearlessly hunted men into the towns. And the belated peasant in Brittany still shudders in dread of the *Loup-garon*, or demon-wolf, a phantom which has evidently sprung from these and the like old tales of horror and atrocity in which wolves played a part.

Early on a November morning, the sportsman who intends chasing a wolf will be roused by numerous blasts of trumpets, by eager shouts and trampling of *sabots* in the street below, for every Breton, townsman or peasant, is a keen hunter. In the gray dawn, mounted on a sure-footed horse, he trots along with the *louvettier* (or wolf-slayer) of the district, his friends, a motley assemblage of huntsmen, and a pack of keen and powerful wolf-hounds, towards the mountains. Probably he meets a violent storm, for these sweep in from the Atlantic and break in torrents of rain on the Black Mountains. The regular huntsmen carry *couteaux de chasse*, and that huge circular horn round their necks and bodies which affords such endless amusement to English sportsmen. Blasts on this dignify the proceedings, at the same time that they keep the hounds together. The peasants are dressed in the usual costume of the country—tight goat-skin jackets; canvas trousers, also fitting tightly, and buttoned down to the ankle; heavy *sabots*, stuffed with hay; and round-crowned broad-brimmed hats, beneath which depends their long curly hair. They too carry in their hands what seem to English eyes poaching weapons, huge antique firelocks discharging *balles-mariées* (two bullets joined together). The wolf is so destructive to them that no quarter is given to him. The *louvettier*, however, with the instincts of an English Master of Fox-hounds, is very careful of the breed, will not kill too many in one neighbourhood, and though his business ostensibly is to slay and exterminate the whole race throughout his district, would shudder at the idea of reducing the stock too much. Still, he politely manages to conceal these sentiments from the peasants. Their huge iron wolf-traps are his peculiar aversion, partly because they destroy his quarry in an un-

sportsmanlike manner, but still more because his hounds are occasionally killed or badly maimed in them. These hounds are fine, bony, fierce animals, standing some twenty-six inches high at the shoulder. They have a cross of the wolf in their breeding, which is found to make them desperate in the chase and untiring. Their only defect, perhaps, is that they are somewhat too fond of running silent; but by choosing the more noisy dogs, and carefully keeping them for the sires of the pack, this fault is in great measure remedied. Owing to the vast forests and rough ground over which they have to work, it is very difficult to train wolf-hounds in Brittany. For first, there is a variety of attractive scent (foxes, hares, martens, &c.) to withdraw them from their proper quest; and secondly, the huntsmen can scarcely penetrate the thick covers, unpierced as with us by 'rides,' in order to administer correction or check riot, when the pack settles down to it in earnest. Besides this, the scent of a wolf is at first distasteful to young hounds, which are rather inclined to set up their bristles and retire to the *piqueur's* heel, than to follow it up. The force of society and emulation, however, soon cures this fault, so that one or two old hounds kindling well to their work speedily light up a like flame in well-bred dogs.

The mode of hunting a pack of wolf-hounds in such a country as we have described is peculiar. It consists in placing a 'lyme-hound' (as our ancestors termed a blood-hound), a *limier*, as modern French venery calls it, on the track of a wolf which has been discovered by the *piqueur* at early morn returning to cover from its nightly rambles. As the *limier* warms upon the drag, a few steady old hounds are uncoupled; and when they settle down well upon the scent, the next batch of trusty hounds is added to them, and so on, until the puppies are entered and encouraged onwards with voice and horn. It must be remembered that besides the nature of the country, the variety of animals which these hounds are expected to chase—deer, boars, wolves, and foxes—necessitates this method of hunting. It seems somewhat barbaric to those who are familiar with the opening burst of Her Majesty's stag-hounds, or the united manner in which the Pytchley pack hunts its fox.

But here we are at the edge of the forest of Trefranc. The *piqueurs* and lyme-hounds are ready to begin; and a large number of the peasants, some with fire-arms, others with knob-sticks, used as walking staves (with the knob invariably on the ground), stand eagerly waiting for the *louvettier* to give the signal. Two or three *gendarmes* survey the assemblage with a critical eye, in order to pounce upon any *ouvrier*, or peasant, carrying a gun without a *permis de chasse*. But the *louvettier* and his mounted friends, with another peculiarity of the French chase which is incomprehensible to our insular minds, are wasting precious moments, and still more precious enthusiasm, on the part of men and dogs alike, in much excited conversation and violent gesticulations. This is the indispensable palaver about the right place at which to throw off, the number of hounds to be uncoupled, &c., which is always held at the cover-side. Twenty minutes having been thus wasted, the *piqueurs* advance with the lyme-hound, which at once begins its deadly but silent quest. The horsemen ride rapidly off, to station themselves at

likely spots for the burst ; while, horror of horrors to English eyes, the peasants post themselves at each coign of vantage with their guns at full cock ! Their harmless-looking, unarmed brethren also run off to the thick cover, where each man discards his staff, and recovers his gun, which has been hidden from the *gendarmes* under the heather. They also betake themselves to good outlooks, and stand ready to pour a relentless fusillade of slugs upon the hapless wolf, wherever he attempts to break cover, utterly regardless of those who happen to be in the way. And now the brace of leading hounds are put on the lymie's track, and at once raise the merry notes which signify that the game is afoot. The *louveter* winds his huge horn, sets spurs to his horse, and dashes over granite blocks, broom bushes, fallen trees, and waist-deep heather, in a way which can only be witnessed in England at the chase of the red deer on Exmoor. Off go the rest of the horsemen in his wake. The wolf has kept to the wood, and thereby defeated the good intentions of the musketeers, who are at once thrown out, and follow, in hopes of eventually getting a shot by means of taking short cuts, and descending cliffs which compel the rest of the hunt to adopt a circuit. More hounds, meanwhile, are laid on, and the echoes of wood and cliff ring again to the headlong music of the pack. Like a whirlwind, it sweeps onwards into the valley. Up the cliffs of bare granite the wolf once more doubles for dear life, the huntsmen pursuing, some above, some in the defile. Again the creature betakes himself to the valley, and makes for the brook which runs through it, in hopes of either puzzling his adversaries or obtaining a safe place for turning at bay. But three of the peasants have by this time arrived at the head of the vale, and on viewing him below, forthwith open fire upon him. Amidst loud cheering from above, the gallant pack rush upon their foe before he reaches the water, where the struggle is by no means one-sided, the wolf dealing severe bites right and left with great impartiality. The *louveter*, in much fear for his hounds, drives his horse down a gap in the bare rock-wall, which no one in cold blood would dream of facing, gallops up to the snarling combatants, leaps down nimbly, and with his *couteau de chasse* deals the death-blow. Then the rest of the hunt ride up, and the *mort* is solemnly wound on the horns. The hounds meanwhile don't 'break up' the wolf, after the manner of English fox-hounds running into their game ; they do not even tear his skin, and scarcely disfigure the thick hairy covering of his huge limbs ; 'yet for at least half-an-hour,' says the author, 'every tooth in their heads and every muscle in their bodies is concentrated on the wolf's body, biting, shaking, and dragging it furiously.'

In order to realise the size of a Breton wolf, it may be noted that one measured after being thus hunted, proved to be ten inches in circumference round the fore-arm, just below the elbow ; while its canine teeth, measuring them only above the socket, were at least an inch and a half in length.

The chase of wild swine by the same pack of hounds, and in the same manner, is related with much animation. These destructive creatures ravage the crops of the peasantry ; whole fields of potatoes are upturned by their snouts ; standing corn, if not eaten, is trampled down like stubble

into the earth ; and during the autumn, the chestnuts, which form great part of the labourers' winter supplies, are frequently devoured. Harboured by day in the recesses of thick forests and in inaccessible caves, little droves of pigs, led usually by a master-boar, descend upon the cultivated spots at night ; the peasantry being powerless without the aid of the *louveter* and his hounds to protect their property. Trees are often found scored with the creatures' tusks, just as the tiger loves to tear the bark of some favourite tree with his claws. On being roused and hunted down, the sportsmen emulate the countrymen in shooting the pigs as they rush by, being careful to take up their position beside a tree with overhanging branches, into which they can leap up and cling to, if the infuriated animals, as frequently happens, charge them. Our author on one occasion had to perform this feat with great celerity, or he would have suffered considerably. At another time, a fine boar was run to bay on a rocky ledge beside a river, where he could only be approached by swimming, and it was impossible to shoot him, for fear of harming the hounds. Speedy action, however, was necessary, for he was dealing death and destruction upon them every minute ; so a man, ascending the precipice behind where the animal was posted, dropped an immense mass of rock, and swept him into the current, where the surviving dogs soon finished him. Another took refuge in a cave, whence he had to be smoked out, and being shot, was found to weigh nearly four hundredweight. This was a *solitaire*, and such a wild boar always makes a long fight for life. The peasantry assist in these hunts with even greater eagerness than when a wolf is chased, as the death of a pig means not only immunity for their crops, but a good store of meat for themselves ; the custom being, that the *louveter* should divide the slain quarry amongst the natives of the district. One day, in the great cover of Laz, five pigs were killed, which weighed on an average at least two hundredweight each ; these being divided into quarters, half a hundredweight of the best chestnut-fed pork thus fell to the lot of no less than twenty peasants. This sport is attended with considerable danger, not only, as has been seen, from the pig's charges, and the volleys of slugs which the farmers discharge almost at random on the appearance of the animal, but still more if a hunter attempts (as must be done, for the dogs' sake) to despatch the creature at bay by means of his *couteau de chasse*. One dexterous thrust must be dealt, for, unless a vital part be struck, the hunter runs the risk of his life.

The other wild sports treated by our author are of a quieter nature, admitting of little novelty in their telling ; but his enthusiasm and sense of enjoyment captivate the reader quite as much as when larger game are in question. The alder-beds and oak copes of Ty-neur, in Finisterre, afforded excellent woodcock-shooting. The English style of penetrating the boggy covers, and taking snap-shots at the birds as they rise among the stems of the trees, was found to secure larger bags than the more cautious method, which seems universal in Brittany, of having the covers worked by spaniels, and remaining on the outskirts to shoot such birds as there emerge. During snow, the sportsmen could secure twelve couple of woodcock per head daily. How English squires must envy such bags!

With frost, the birds passed south to the Mediterranean shores; but ducks and teal took their places on the brooks and river-sides, and gave plentiful sport. A wild cat was sprung during one of these wintry excursions, and it is matter of much interest to an English naturalist to read of its agility and mode of life, as the true wild-cat is now all but extinct in England, and only lingers in certain favoured spots of Scotland.

Another pleasant chapter describes the shooting of red-legged partridges in the valley of Locrist. These birds have been introduced into Norfolk, but are not held there in much estimation, owing to their habit of running instead of rising before the sportsman. It has been found, too, that they cause the common gray partridge to disappear from the locality. The sportsmen distributed themselves on each side of the valley, to intercept the birds as they flew from one side to the other, and proceeded to beat with the pointers of the country. They are powerful dogs, and will face a gorse-cover, and even retrieve; it is the fashion to cut their tails short. The red-legs were flushed while feeding amongst the broom, heather, brnshwood, and patches of buckwheat and oat-stubble. The poachers of the country on such an occasion are wont to scout on the edge of the *remise*, or cover, to which the birds fly on being disturbed, and generally manage to secure full bags by this strategy.

In addition to descriptions of various wild sports, our author gives us miscellaneous items, frequently of an amusing, as well as of an instructive nature. Thus, an interesting account is given of the State aquarium at Concarneau, the gray mullet in which are so tame that they come to the director in order to be fed. This establishment is maintained for the purpose of studying the habits of fish, with a view to their better culture and propagation in a state of nature; an aim essentially different from that of the aquaria with which late years have familiarised us. The archaeological remains of Carnac and Hellu also come in for a notice; and an interesting account is given of the wrestling-matches of Pleyben, to which the Bretons, like their Cornish relatives, are devoted. The first prize, which somewhat revives classical recollections, consisted of a big fluffy hat. After the due number of 'falls,' the national bagpipes struck up, and the peasantry eagerly joined in a marvellous dance, called the *Jabadan*. This is the Breton fandango, and in name as well as nature reminds one of the Spanish *Zapateo* or clog-dance. We incidentally learn that itinerant hair-merchants are wont to attend these Breton gatherings to purchase tresses from the country girls. Long experience shews them that despatch is needed, so three snips for the most part are all that is necessary in their dexterous hands to deprive a maid of her flowing hair, almost before she has had a moment to repent her bargain.

But we must break off our notice of this fascinating book, which treats of a land tolerably near, but of manners and customs remotely distant from ours. Its pleasant style never flags; incident succeeds anecdote, description follows travel-talk of horses, hounds, and silvan-craft; nor would it be right to omit mention of the spirited etchings where-with Colonel Crealocke has adorned the text. By the aid of his frontispiece and the author's graphic narration, we almost seem to have assisted person-

ally at a wolf-hunt. An amusing termination to these sporting days is found in joining a town *chasse*, when a 'scratch pack' of twenty dogs, and a large 'following' of peasants and *ouvriers*, under the guidance of a carpenter, all armed with fowling-pieces, at a distance of twenty paces between themselves, swept the country in a line of some four hundred yards, remorselessly shooting down every live bird and beast they could arouse. Our author made trial both of its pleasures and its dangers, for a careless fellow blazed at a rabbit which ran near the writer's legs, and succeeded in putting two slugs through his leather leggings, at the same time that he killed the rabbit. The carpenter commandant rated the fellow soundly for his carelessness, and even excluded him for the future from the *chasse*, assigning for reason, with becoming gravity, that 'he was a dangerous character, and would one day shoot one of his hounds.'

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF THE GANNETS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.—A SAIL!

'Is he mad?' whispered Mr Damer in the ear of the old boatman Mawle; but low as his tone was, Willis overheard the question, and took upon himself to reply to it.

'No, sir; I am sound enough so far as my wits go,' he answered civilly, but sadly; 'though many a better head than mine has been turned by work such as mine. Few lighthouse keepers can hold out, nerve and brain, so long as I've done. You don't know what it is to have your ears filled, through daylight and darkness, with the roar of the enemy so near to one, to see no prospect but the waste of gray waters hemming in one's solitary dwelling. All this, you'll say, is wide of the mark. I only mention it to shew you that a man's intellect may remain unimpaired, though his manner, from lonely living, may come to be odd and strange. Anyhow, the lighthouse is going to bits, as an unseaworthy ship might do. The boy Bill knows it as well as I do.'

'I'm afraid Mr Willis speaks gospel truth,' said the master of the late *Delight*, whose deep voice now made itself heard above the confused utterances of the rest of the party. 'Tis common talk among us blue-jackets how the building here on the Gannets stands sorely in need of repairs, and the wonder is, rather, it has kept its own so long. It's an old lighthouse this, and was ill-built, with iron bolts where copper should have been, and the timber of the foundations, that were sound heart-of-oak piles in their day, have rotted with age and damp. Two year ago the government surveyor came to see it, and he promised as repairs should be done. Never a stick nor a clamp has been changed, to my knowledge.—You, squire, as has been a parliament man, understands how what oughter be done don't get done.'

Mr Damer notified a hurried assent. His was a difficult task. Mr Lee, a man of average sense, but weak in nerve and muscle, was unfit to calm, in so awful a situation, the fears of his half-hysterical wife; while Rosa, braver than her

mother, a noble girl, who only lacked the stimulus of love to enable her to confront peril boldly at the loved one's side, did not love him—Mr Damer of Damer Park. It was hard to have to calm the nervous anxiety of the one, the natural timidity of the other, while all the time the instinct which prompts all of us to hold on to life until the last, was asserting itself in Mr Damer's breast.

The men, gathered under that menaced roof, acquitted themselves fairly well so far as manliness went. Mawle, an old man, with two daughters, and with grandchildren that were used to prattle and play about on the beach within reach of the brown caressing hand of the aged sea-king, seemed to think a good deal more of the dear faces that he might never see again, than of his own fate. The young sailors, like the junior lighthouse keeper, gave up hope with a sigh or two, but with marvelously few words. Mr Damer seemed courageous and unselfish; Mr Lee, quiet and composed; while Rosa appeared only heedful of her mother's terror.

'Can we do anything, Willis,' said Mr Damer, 'to stave off the breaking up of the lighthouse? Here we are, half-a-dozen strong men, and sailors too—have the knack of engineering; and perhaps'—

'Useless, sir, if we were sixty, instead of six,' returned the lighthouse keeper, after a moment's consideration. 'We want a derrick here; and boring-tools, and braziers, and the calmest of weather, that iron and copper, and lead and timber, may get a clutch of the slippery stone below. Why, sir, when first I was sent here, the Gannet's Brood, as they call the smaller rocks, were twice as many, and twice as big, and they made a screen for the lighthouse, on which now the whole strength of the Atlantic spends itself.'

'That's true,' rejoined Mawle. 'When I was a boy, we counted the Gannets as twenty-nine; they're eleven now. Mr Willis, there, hasn't allays earned his living by the sea, as you may tell by his speech; but he has heard the thunder of the salt water when most of us were well asleep.'

All this time the mighty sea was dealing stroke after stroke upon the more exposed flank of the lighthouse, that trembled beneath the blows, as if it were a birch-tree quivering under the fierce impact of a fitful gale. The wind howled around the wooden turret wherein were the lamps, soon to be lighted. The very planking of the floor shook ominously beneath the tread of those whose tenure of life seemed to depend on the endurance of the rusted fastenings that alone held up the entire structure.

'If I'm a judge of weather,' said one of the *Delight's* crew, a sallow, grizzled, little sailor, 'it's getting worse, not better. The wind's not stronger, but the sea is, and them big Atlantic waves are the awkwardest, short of Cape Horn, that ever Jack Judkins had to deal with. I told you, skipper, that I smelt mischief, before we sailed to-day, but you wouldn't heed a broken-down, long-voyage man like me. We'll be'—

The rest of Mr John Judkins' discourse was cut short. There was a crash of breaking woodwork below, and a smashing of glass, and a gurgling of angry water, and then a piercing shriek of female voices, as through a breach in the wall the waves were now gaining access. It was plain

that the rocking, trembling structure was no longer tenable.

'I've looked for this,' exclaimed Willis, who seemed to gain energy from the very desperation of the position, 'this many a day. To stop here is to perish, like a rat in a hole. Our only place of refuge is the Gannet's Back, and our only hope that some of us may be found living when, after the storm is spent, a fishing lugger may pass within hail. I'll shew you, at any rate, how to stave off death for a while. Follow quick.'

The Gannet's Back, so called, was a long and sharp ridge of black wave-worn rock, which, as the highest spot of ground to be found within the limits of the islet, afforded the best chance of at least temporary safety to those driven forth from the lighthouse, now tottering to its fall. It was, however, difficult to maintain a firm foothold on the narrow spine of crumbling rock, over the lower portion of which the surf broke heavily; while not a part of it was high enough above the surface of the water to be free from the spray, which mingled with the now fast-falling rain. While still the lightning flashed, and the thunder bellowed in the distance, as the storm rolled on to the eastward.

'The ladies will be miserably ill off, I fear, in this chilly place, should we have to remain here throughout the night,' said Mr Damer, as he and Mawle sped back to the lighthouse to bring away such rugs and waterproofs as could be hastily laid hands on, so as to afford Mrs Lee and her daughter some protection.

'Ay, ay, poor things,' answered the old boatman, 'taint likely they'll last it out so long as the likes of we.—But come, squire, you must be quick, or— Hold back, sir, for your life! There it goes!'

And indeed, before the words were well uttered, the lighthouse toppled over from its perch on the rocky bank, and fell prone into the sea, sending aloft a mass of white water, that splashed and spouted far into the air, and flooded for the moment even the highest escarpments of the stony islet. Then the wild waves, as though exulting at the overthrow of a vanquished enemy, leaped up to tear and tatter the wreck of the building, rending it plank from plank, until it was converted into a mere floating heap of disjointed timbers. When Mr Damer and Mawle the boatman contrived to crawl back to their companions in misfortune, they had but little that was comforting to impart or to receive. The general dejection seemed the deeper since the destruction of the lighthouse, for man never feels his own weakness so fully face to face with the untamed might of Nature, as when he witnesses the annihilation of the strongest of his vaunted works by her terrible forces.

'To-morrow, perhaps—not a chance of it earlier,' was old Mawle's reply to the reiterated questions of the gentlemen of the party as to the probability that relief would reach them.

'But the ladies?'

To this nothing could be answered. A good-natured sailor had laid a rough watchcoat—the only wrap of any kind that had been brought from the lighthouse—over Miss Lee and her half-fainting mother, but there seemed little prospect that the weaker members of the party would survive many hours of such exposure to the fury of the weather in that bleak and desolate spot, as to all appearance awaited them.

'No, no,' said Willis, the lighthouse keeper, in answer to another inquiry; 'the tide won't harm us here. It makes very little perceptible difference so far out to sea. It's the sailor's tide we feel here, not the landsman's, and only at full spring-flood does the water creep up to the Gannet's Back. There's an awful sea on, though.'

And as he spoke, Rosa could not repress a shriek, for a giant wave, bursting over the rocky barrier, almost reached the shivering forms of those who were clinging to the ridge of rock, and sent a cloud of foam clean over the Gannet's Back. At that moment the sailor who had announced himself as Jack Judkins set up the welcome cry: 'A sail! a sail!' and hope sprang up again in every heart.

'You can make the strange sail out better than I,' said Mr Damer, resigning his pocket field-glass to the more practised boatman at his side.

'A schooner—a yacht, by her fine lines and trim spars, and beating up bravely towards us,' cried the late owner of the *Delight*. 'Why, she's the *Titania*, out of Ravenscombe harbour. I'm afraid, though, such a gingerbread thing as a yacht, with a Jemmy Jessamy young gentleman like Mr Lawless to command her, won't come within grappling distance of the Gannets on such a day as this.'

'There's a shift in the wind, just a point, but it helps her,' muttered Judkins, breathlessly watching every manœuvre of the yacht; 'she's behaving beautifully, answers to her helm as if she were alive.'

'That's no dandy landsman that's handling her now,' exclaimed the lighthouse keeper, shading his eyes with his hand as he looked eagerly at the approaching vessel; 'a thorough sailor he must be that's in command, and a gallant one too, to risk life and limb so nobly to save strangers.'

It was indeed a sight well worth the seeing, that which was presented by the struggling schooner as she fought her way, inch by inch, yard by yard, against the raging waves that boiled around her, as though they knew her mission was to rescue the human victims of their relentless anger, and strove to involve the *Titania* in the common doom. Reeling along, her deck swept by the surge, her bows hidden ever and anon by a cataract of glistening spray, the holiday vessel, under shortened sail, did brave battle with the tempest. Now and again the schooner heeled over so fearfully that her bright copper glanced through the driving scud, and often it seemed as though the strain was greater than masts and rigging could endure; but, handled with consummate skill and daring, she gained at each successive tack, and slowly neared the Gannets.

'If the sticks don't get fairly blown out of her,' growled Willis, as he surveyed the yacht through the glass, 'she'll range up to the leeward yet, but the sea swings her and buffets her as if she were a cork. Round she goes again, true as steel. A good boat; and a brave seaman he must be that's giving orders aboard.'

CHAPTER IV.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

'Too near! too near! she'll go against the rock. No; she has rounded it; but it was touch-and-go work of it, for the lives of all on board the schooner. Grand steering, though!' Such was old

Mawle's professional comment, as the *Titania*, by what seemed a marvellous combination of skill and good fortune, avoided a pointed, half-sunken rock that jutted out into the sea, as though to defend the approach to the Great Gannet, and lay to in the comparatively untroubled water to the leeward. Much time had undoubtedly been saved by this apparently hazardous exploit, and now the yacht was so near that a ringing cheer from her crew was answered by a feebler shout from the sailors on the rocky islet.

Though much had been done, much still remained to do. The yacht was rolling about in the rough sea, perilously near the rugged shore, while around her floated beams, joists, and lighter fragments of woodwork, part of the wreck of the lighthouse, and whirling about with a violence that would of itself have threatened a boat with destruction, even if it had been prudent to lower a boat into a surf such as that which broke upon the black rocks. The first attempt to establish a communication with the shore resulted in failure. Repeated casts with a grapnel were made, but in all instances the barbed iron fell short of the mark, nor could the schooner, without a rashness akin to suicidal folly, be brought closer in. A kedge had been hastily let go, and there she rode, amid the tumbling water, but it seemed scarcely possible that even the hardiest swimmer could make his way through the breakers. Whiz! Off flashed a rocket from the yacht's deck, and, adroitly aimed, it hissed and crackled its curved path above the Gannet's Back, some yards of the light line attached to it dropping within reach of the belated group. With a cheer they hauled in the line, and the small hawser that was made fast to it, and almost instantly an active form was seen to spring over the *Titania*'s side, and boldly dash into the surf, holding by the tough rope, and struggling manfully onwards until, breathless and dripping, he swung himself ashore. Another volunteer, and yet another, succeeded to this, the first adventurer, who made but one bound to the ledge whereon Rosa and her mother were crouching for shelter. Miss Lee's eyes met those of Lieutenant Gordon, and as he bent to raise her, the shock of this joyful surprise overcame her reserve, and with a low cry of 'Malcolm!' she fainted in his arms. He lifted her slender form as easily as though she had been a child, and directing the sailors who followed him to take charge of Mrs Lee, he again grasped the hawser, and set forth on the return trip to the yacht, tenderly clasping his precious burden to his breast.

It was no trifling task, that of regaining the schooner under such circumstances, and more than once the young lieutenant felt as though he should be compelled to relinquish his grip of the saving rope, or as if Rosa would be torn from him by the rush of an angry wave; but he was strong and agile, and, with Miss Lee in his arms, at length found himself on the deck of the yacht; while, by the exertions of the crew, in little more than half an hour every living soul had been hauled safely on board the *Titania*. Then the capstan was manned, the kedge was hauled in, and the yacht, under close-reefed canvas, made for the open sea. As she emerged from the broken water, that seethed, as in a witches' caldron, in

the narrow channel between the Great Gannet and the congeries of rocks that bore locally the name of the Brood, a hearty hurrah from the sailors on board the vessel greeted the young naval officer, who stood beside the helmsman, directing the schooner's course.

'No, no; I go for nothing in the job,' said blunt-spoken Mr Dawson, sailing-master of Jack Lawless's fine yacht, in answer to some words from Mr Lee. 'It's the lieutenant to whom you owe your lives, since, under God's mercy, his skill and courage have brought you off unhurt. I never thought—an old Channel groper like me—to learn a lesson in my own trade on board my own craft; but I've done it to-day. 'Taint every merchant skipper, nor yet every white lappel of the royal navy, could have brought the schooner and you through the queer scrape we were in.'

It was not until the *Titania* had run for some miles after leaving the Gannets that the weather shewed manifest signs, discernible even by the unpractised eye of a landsman, of the gradual cessation of the fierce but short-lived tempest. The sea still ran very high, since the great glassy waves of the Atlantic came rolling in, one after another, an endless succession of mountain billows; but the wind was certainly abating, and as the schooner had suffered little damage, there seemed every probability of making some port on the Cornish coast before sunset. The yacht was still under Lieutenant Gordon's command, although for the time being danger appeared to be at an end.

'I fear'—it was thus that, with a quivering lip, Mr Damer addressed himself to Miss Lee, when, after the first excitement of the rescue had passed away, he found an opportunity of approaching her—'I fear—I see—that my hopes are false ones, and my day-dream over. I had trusted one day to call you my wife. I see now that such happiness is not for me.'

'Do not blame me!' said Rosa piteously; but Mr Damer's gentle, patient smile reassured her.

'I have not come to reproach. I have no such right,' he said, 'even were such my thought. I can well understand the reasons which prompt your—preference for another, and I have simply come to assure you that no suit of mine shall ever again come between you and the absolute liberty of your choice.'

With a bright smile, that shone through the tears that fell fast from her eyes, Rosa, half timidly, held out her hand to him.

'Oh, be generous!' she said; 'tell this to my parents—to my mother. They will then no longer refuse their consent to— Ah! pardon me, Mr Damer; I ought not to ask this of you. I was thoughtless, selfish, and—'

'No, no,' rejoined Mr Damer, in a voice that he vainly strove to render calm. 'You are right, Miss Lee; nor will I play an ignoble part towards her whom I have loved, or towards the gallant gentleman, to whom I, in common with all who have been rescued from imminent peril this day, owe a deep debt of gratitude. I will speak with Mrs Lee at once.'

Mr Damer kept his word. He did speak with Mrs Lee, so soon as that lady was sufficiently composed to hear what he had to say, and also with Mr Lee; and the result of the conversation was that Malcolm Gordon was summoned from his post

on deck, and, to his surprise, on entering the cabin of the yacht, Rosa's mother placed his hand in that of Rosa. Mr Damer, as might have been expected, was not present, and the betrothal of these two young lovers, whose love was now for the first time sanctioned, was effected with very few words on the part of either. Mr Lee, reddening and stammering, as an honest Englishman who is forced to own himself in the wrong is apt to do, said something that was meant as an awkward apology for his previous rejection of the young lieutenant's suit for his daughter's hand, and seemed inexpressibly relieved when Gordon cut it short by heartily shaking his own.

'You were quite right, as the world goes,' said Malcolm frankly.

'And I am proud now to hail so good a fellow as my son-in-law that is to be,' rejoined Rosa's father.

The weather gradually improved, and before nightfall the *Titania* succeeded in making Ravenscombe harbour, where the whole of her passengers were set safely on shore, amid the applause and outspoken congratulations of the crowd that had collected on the little pier; for, since the coming on of the tempest, the *Delight* and those on board of her had been given up for lost. The Lees and Mr Damer took a cordial farewell of Willis, the late keeper of the vanished lighthouse of the Gannets, who went to the coastguard station to make his formal report of the disaster; while the lad, like the crew and owner of the *Delight*, met with a clamorous welcome from the families and comrades who had hastened down to the shore, on receiving the tidings of their escape.

Foremost among those who offered their congratulations on the happy ending to an event which had so nearly proved tragical, was the proprietor of the *Titania*. 'Thank God, I see you safe on *terra firma* again,' he said, with more earnestness than was usual with him; 'and thankful too am I that my yacht, which to me was no better than a toy, should have rendered service in the doing of a good deed.'

Meanwhile, Mr Damer was taking leave of his late companions in peril.

'We are to be friends—always,' said Rosa, as he held her hand for a moment in his.

'Always, I trust,' he answered, smiling as he turned away; and Rosa never perhaps quite knew what a pang this exhibition of unselfish stoicism had cost her discarded admirer.

Three months later, Rosa and Malcolm were married; and before the new year began, a great change in the prospects of the latter was effected, since, his elder brother Archibald having been accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun, Lieutenant Gordon and his bride yielded to the wish of the lonely old Laird of Glendarroch that they should take up their residence beneath the roof of the mansion which will one day belong to Malcolm, by right of inheritance. Mr Damer, after a while, learned to console himself for his disappointment, since there has for years past been a pretty Mrs Damer, of Damer Park; and both she and her husband are reckoned as among the truest friends of the Gordons of Glendarroch.

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THE BOOK OF KELLS.

PERHAPS only a very few persons are aware that much has lately been done at the national expense to produce exact fac-similes of ancient manuscripts illustrative of the history, manners, and feelings of long-past times. It is a noble undertaking, worthy of a great and wealthy country. What we propose to do is to give our readers an idea of what has been done for this species of literary revival in Ireland, through the agency of the Right Honourable Edward Sullivan, Master of the Rolls, and J. T. Gilbert, Secretary of the Public Record Office, who have selected and edited the National Manuscripts to be reproduced, and by Major-general Sir Henry James, who has photozincographed the fac-similes, by command of Her Majesty.

The First Part of this remarkable collection of fac-similes, which has been lately issued, is a large folio volume, to be procured at the offices for the sale of Ordnance Survey Publications. We have seldom or never seen any work of the kind so beautifully executed, or more calculated to inspire respect for the taste and perseverance of the priestly penmen who lived eight to thirteen hundred years ago. Nor do we less admire the artistic ability which gives us specimens, in all their original beauty, of what these ancient penmen produced. The manuscripts are in various languages, such as Latin and Celtic, and are in the custody of public institutions or of private individuals. Some are of a quarto size, others of smaller dimensions. Though on the whole well preserved, some are defaced and tattered. But in whatever condition they happen to be, they are represented with singular fidelity, the very marks of damp or injury being strictly shewn. All that is attempted has been to give specimens of pages or of ornamental letters; these being pictured on blank leaves of the volume. What has been done shews what the manuscripts are like, and excites a fervent wish to see more of the same description. Much merit is due to the decipherers for making us understand the nature of

the manuscripts. To the ordinary world, the writing, however beautifully executed, is for the most part unintelligible. The decipherers, with enormous pains and erudition, have given the language in modern typography opposite each page represented, so that where the language is Latin, there is little difficulty in knowing what are the subjects of these ancient books. In a few instances, translations into English are given. All the manuscripts are, we need hardly say, of a pious nature, such as Prayers, Psalters, and the Gospels, less or more complete. We shall run over the names and history of what may be called the principal manuscripts.

An ancient Latin version of the Gospels. Portions have been lost, and the remainder has suffered much from decay. It is preserved in a case in Trinity College, Dublin. The sequence of the Evangelists is Matthew, John, Luke, Mark, corresponding with that in the Græco-Latin Codex, assigned to the early part of the sixth century, and presented to the University of Cambridge by Theodore Beza. The manuscript is believed to have been written in the sixth or seventh century.

The Latin Psalter styled Cathach. It is a fragment. The manuscript, which is ascribed to the hand of St Columba, is preserved in an antique metal casket, known by the Irish term Cathach, or the 'Battler.' The bearing of the Cathach on the breast of a sinless cleric thrice round the troops of the O'Donnells, before battle, would, it is said, insure victory to them in any just cause. The Psalter consists of fifty-eight leaves, considerably damaged. After passing through various vicissitudes, it has, along with its casket, been deposited in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, by its owner, Sir Richard O'Donnell, Baronet, by whose permission the fac-similes were effected.

We now come to a more important work, the Book of Durrow, an ornamented copy of the four Gospels according to the Latin Vulgate. It is ascribed to St Columba. The writing is across the page, in single column. It is embellished with evangelistic symbols within borders, and pages of

coloured, spiral, and interlaced ornamentation. Some of the capital letters are in the Greek character. The book acquired its name from having belonged to the monastery founded by Columba, about the year 553, at Durrow, in the central part of Ireland. Some of the leaves are water-stained, but the greater part of this beautiful copy of the Gospels, though thirteen hundred years old, is in excellent preservation. On its cover is a silver cross, which a learned scholar states to have been executed by order of Flan, king of Ireland in the early years of the tenth century. The Book of Durrow was presented to Trinity College by Vice-chancellor Henry James, who had belonged to Cromwell's army in Ireland, and became Bishop of Meath in 1661.

The grandest of all these ancient manuscripts has now to be noticed. The Book of Kells, as it is styled, is considered to be 'the chief palaeographic and artistic monument which has descended to us from the ages in which Ireland, under the name of "Scotia," was renowned for her schools, whence religion and letters were carried to various parts of Europe.' It is a copy of the Gospels, chiefly in the Latin Vulgate, but with many peculiar readings. Unfortunately, it is imperfect. The surviving portion consists of three hundred and thirty-nine numbered leaves, of a large size, thirteen inches long by nine inches broad. It received its present name from having belonged to the Columban monastery of Kells, in Meath. There is a reasonable conjecture that this manuscript, matchless for its elaborate beauty, is 'the volume eulogised in the twelfth century by Giraldus Cambrensis as the marvellous book exhibited to him at Kildare, and popularly believed to have been executed under the direction of an angel.'

The Book of Kells, like the Book of Durrow, is ascribed to St Columba; but considering the prodigious missionary and other labours of that famed individual, we cannot put any confidence in the tradition. Either of these books must have been pretty nearly the work of a life-time. What toil, what patience, what ingenious skill were required to write these books with a pen, letter by letter! What artistic taste in designing the ornamental tracery, which gracefully twists and twines in endless convolutions! What precision required in measuring with squares and compasses, so as to produce mathematical accuracy! And what a knowledge of art in applying the appropriate contrast and harmony of colours—red, blue, green, yellow, and purple! Obviously, each book must have been the production of not one but many artists, all working to each other's hand; and such we know to have been the case in the Scriptoria or writing-rooms of the Benedictines and other monastics.

St Columba, called also St Colum-Cille and St Colm, under whose direction the Book of Kells was probably executed, was a native of Ireland, where he was born in the year 521. Bred for the

church, he commenced his extraordinary missionary career about 543, when he went to the Western Isles of Scotland, and founded the monastery of Iona. Thence, he proceeded with his disciples to christianise the northern part of Scotland, the southern division of the country having already been brought under the light of the Gospel by St Ninian. From the time he landed in the Western Isles, St Columba was so continually employed in his missionary labours, until his decease in the year 597, that no one can conceive how he could find time to produce a hundredth part of the various manuscripts generally imputed to him, and which he presented to the numerous churches and religious houses that he established. It seems not unlikely that, besides directing his properly qualified subordinates to execute copies on vellum of the Gospels and Psalms, he adhibited his signature to some of the more important manuscripts, either to make them acceptable, or because, from a sentiment of pious veneration, he was requested to give them this envied stamp of authenticity.

Our narrative takes us for a moment to St Patrick, who was born about the year 387—whether in Scotland or in some continental country, is undetermined. After studying for the church in France, he arrived as a missionary in Ireland in 432. His efforts in disseminating a knowledge of the Gospel were eminently successful. According to the accounts of his Irish biographers, he founded three hundred and sixty-five churches, and baptised with his own hand twelve thousand persons. He died at an extremely old age, prior to the year 500. He had, therefore, disappeared fully twenty-one years before the birth of St Columba, who could only know him by tradition. It is certain that Columba emulated the great Irish apostle in his missionary labours, and held his memory in extreme veneration. Columba did not confine his ministrations and example to Scotland, but extended them to Ireland, and there he founded the monastery of Kells, with which and Iona there sprung up a close and friendly intercourse. When Iona became unsafe on account of the ravages of the Norsemen, between the years 802 and 815, the members of the Columban community who had escaped destruction transferred themselves with their sacred vessels and books to Kells, at which was constructed a 'new city of Colum-Cille,' apparently for their accommodation. There must have ensued an interfusion of the two communities, for the abbot of Kells was long known as the legitimate successor of St Columba. There is another interesting fact. The name of Columba, in connection with that of Patrick, is still legible on one of the ancient stone crosses surviving at Kells. Speaking of these antique crosses, they resemble the finely sculptured crosses of Iona, where two still remain as memorials of the past. All these crosses, Scotch or Irish, bear carved ornamentation in harmony with the ornamented pages of the ancient Irish manuscripts.

The removal of the Columban community to Kells, at the beginning of the ninth century, naturally raises doubts concerning the origin of the ancient manuscripts said to have been found at Kells; for some of them, the Book of Kells included, may possibly have belonged at one time to the community of Iona. At anyrate, the Book of Kells was one of the treasures of the church whose name it bears until the time of Archbishop Usher, who was Bishop of Meath from 1621 to 1624. After his death, when his library was granted by Charles II. to the University of Dublin, this precious volume was found among his books, and has ever since remained in the safe custody of its present possessors, who, on account of its containing a Royal Charter of one of the kings of Ireland, deemed it not unfitting to allow Queen Victoria and her Royal Consort to inscribe their names in the volume on the occasion of their visit to Ireland. The Book was long ago enshrined in a golden *cumdach*, or cover, and narrowly escaped destruction in the year 1006, when it was sacrilegiously stolen in the night out of the sacristy of the church of Kells. It was nearly three months afterwards found with its golden cover off, and a sod over it. At present, it is carefully preserved in Trinity College; the only thing to be seriously regretted is, that it has been somewhat mutilated by an attempt at modern binding.

By whomsoever the Book of Kells was executed, it bears the unmistakable mark of great antiquity. In viewing it, we are to carry our mind back to a time eleven hundred years before the invention of printing, when the only books were written on vellum, and read by priests to assembled devotees. Just think of the Book of Durrow or the Book of Kells being read and expounded to an assembly of people wholly ignorant of letters, and who, for the first time, heard of Christianity! We are reminded of such pioneers of the Gospel as Moffat and Livingstone, but with a difference. These intrepid men, like all modern missionaries, carried with them handy copies of the Bible in plain typography. The ancient missionaries in the Columban era had no such reliance. The records of the religion they were to teach were scraps written on leaves of vellum, and which, though meagre, were executed in such a style of splendour as must have appeared marvellous to the beholders. How an illiterate pagan in the seventh century must have stared on getting a glimpse of the pictorial pages of the Book of Kells, with their intricate representations in magnificent colouring of human figures, of beasts, birds, and scriptural scenes, calculated to soften and win the most obdurate heart! It is by calling up such imagery, that we obtain a correct idea of the value of these ancient manuscripts. We have to view them as the original instruments of that civilisation that now pervades the British Islands, and from which no end of cultured usages have, in process of time, radiated over the globe. Considering what a

groundwork of Christianity was laid by the penmen who executed the Book of Durrow, the Book of Kells, the Book of Dimma, the Book of Armagh, and various other Books which could be specified, we cannot help thinking that these writers have never had justice done to them in the way of public acknowledgment. The truth is, that, under Providence, but for their indefatigable and pious labours, the very Scriptures might have been lost amidst the savagery and tumults of the middle ages.

Passing from the sentimental view of the subject, we may be excused for coming to what is practical and artistic. Of the Book of Kells, Professor J. O. Westwood of Oxford has remarked, that it is ' unquestionably the most elaborately executed manuscript of so early a date now in existence; far excelling in the gigantic size of the letters at the commencement of each Gospel, the excessive minuteness of the ornamental details crowded into whole pages, the number of the very peculiar decorations, the fineness of the writing, and the endless variety of its initial capital letters, the famous Gospels of Lindisfarne in the Cottonian Library. But this manuscript is still more valuable on account of the various pictorial representations of different scenes in the life of our Saviour, delineated in the genuine Irish style.' The reproduction of the entire manuscript as it now exists, would doubtless have been a work of considerable labour and cost; yet, were it possible, the dissemination of the work in a complete state, to the extent merely of putting it within the reach of biblical scholars, would be of invaluable service. Where the manuscript happens to be defective, portions could probably be supplied from some of the other ancient manuscripts, by which means an entire copy of the Gospels of the sixth century, in fac-simile, would be obtained. Viewed as a precious gift to the modern world, this is a matter which may be commended to the notice of beneficent millionaires. In the interests of art alone, the Book of Kells is eminently suggestive. We wish it were in our power to offer a representation of the pages of this glorious old manuscript. The lines of words across the page are large, and susceptible of being read by aged priests before the invention of spectacles. At spaces between the sentences or at the end of the lines, figures of animals are introduced in a curiously fantastic fashion, all coloured to the life. The most conspicuous embellishments, however, are the initial letters of the chapters. They, too, are most fantastic, and shine in a prodigality of colours, the greens and yellows being as bright as if laid on with a brush only yesterday. Specimens of the Gospels or Book of MacRegol, a work of the ninth century, shew also some elaborate drawing and colouring. The same thing may be said of a Book of Hymns in Irish, tenth to the twelfth century—one of the hymns eulogistic of St Patrick being translated, and very much in the style of Ossian. Though these manuscripts are beautiful, they fall short in point of elegance to the Book of Kells.

What, however, about the means by which these and many other old manuscripts have been successfully copied and presented to the eye, to all appearance no way differing from the original? How were the fac-similes produced? To answer

this very reasonable question, we descend to technicalities concerning the art of printing, which has latterly been extending into new varieties. First, we have lithography, or printing from inscriptions or figures made on a calcareous level stone. When the design is complete, the stone is sponged with water, which takes to the clear portion of the stone, and runs off the lines forming the design. The stone, after being freed from surplus water, is inked by a roller passed over it, the ink adhering only to the design; an impression on paper is then effected. The next novelty in printing is photography, in which, by the aid of a camera and other appliances, a negative is prepared by the sunlight, from which likenesses are produced. Next, comes the art of Photozincography, in which the above two processes may be said to be combined. Instead of a stone, there is employed a zinc-plate, which has been coated with a solution of gelatine mixed with bichromate of potash, and dried. A plate so prepared is sensitive to the action of light, and upon placing a negative in juxtaposition with it, an image will be the result. The plate is placed in cold water, and treated very much in the manner of lithography, the ink adhering only where the image is represented. By some additional and most ingenious inventions, reversed negatives may be obtained. The peculiar value of this kind of printing is, that you are able to secure fac-similes of books, writings, or pictures, with all the fidelity of a photograph. A familiar example is offered in reproduced first editions of the works of old authors, shewing the exact typography of the original. By this means, copies of books hundreds of years old are now manufactured—the first edition of Shakspeare, for instance—without the necessity of making or setting up old-fashioned types. Surely, that is a great triumph of art. We have called it Photozincography, but it is perhaps better known as Autotypy—the word signifying self-printing. There is now a large establishment in London for producing autotypic copies of works.

Greatest triumph of all is the reproduction of ancient manuscripts, such as we have been speaking of, in which divers colours are introduced. In the Book of Kells, as already mentioned, there occur letters and ornamental figures, in which are employed five colours, besides black in the substance of the text. Some pages are quite a blaze of colours, intermingled in a way the most fanciful, yet without any confusion. Sir Henry James says that 'the production of fac-similes of such highly ornamented work has tested the skill of the draughtsmen and printers of the Department, the selection of the various tints of colours requiring great taste and judgment, and the "register" of the plates the greatest nicety and care.' We can testify to the nicety and care required in producing pages with a diversified colouring. For each colour there must be a distinct plate, and the page has to undergo six distinct impressions before it is completed. By the term 'register' is implied the process of causing each colour to fall into its proper place, so as to make up an accurate whole. This has been done effectually, in a way, indeed, beyond all praise. To put it only on an artistic footing, this splendid work cannot fail to offer an incitement to students, who will see from it what was accomplished in circumstances of extreme difficulty, by poor ecclesiastics more than a thousand years ago. To think that a

manuscript copy of the Gospels handed possibly by St Columba in that wild little western island, in the sixth century, should now, after an obscurity of thirteen hundred years, be prized as a boon by the world of literature and art!

W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER VI.—THE GUIDE RACE.

'SPORTS,' as the celebration of country games is often locally called, are for the most part, in Derbyshire, much the same as they have now become in other places; an excuse for half-a-dozen excursion trains to convey the 'rough' element from the neighbouring towns, and pour it over the peaceful fields—like sewage—only by no means with the same beneficial results; but at Bleabarrow this was not the case.

The prizes offered for competition were too small, and the place itself too remote, to attract much public attention, so that the proceedings were of a 'truly rural' and Arcadian kind. The wrestlers were not attired, as they now often are seen in the heart of Westmoreland, and even Cumberland, in party-coloured tights and fancy jerkins, giving them the air of street acrobats rather than of honest dalesmen; no guerdon was offered for 'the neatest wrestling costume,' but men came in their working-day clothes, and when they stepped into the ring—which was open to 'all comers'—merely threw down their coats and waistcoats, gave their old-fashioned 'turnip' watches to a friend to hold, and kicked off their shoes; then—save that when their names were called, they rubbed their hands in sawdust, so that they should not slip their 'holt'—they were ready for the fray. Of course, there are objections to such sports in any shape, as there are to most things nowadays, thanks to the very superfine tone of our public morality; but if the objectors never amuse themselves in a worse way, they must be what advertising tradesmen term 'a selected lot.' To a mere ordinary mortal, to whom a little physical rivalry seems no more hurtful than any other form of the competition system, they afford an innocent and agreeable spectacle, though the actors are no doubt, as Mrs Campden described them, 'vulgar creatures,' whose 'Sunday best' garments (if they possessed such things at all) are not much better than those that they cast upon the greensward.

They are, after all, fellow-creatures, and it is not uninteresting to watch the play of human nature that accompanies this exhibition of thews and sinews. How anxiously, when a competitor's name is called, he listens for that of his rival, which, like his own, is drawn at a venture from the hat; and how the face lights up if it is a green-hand, and grows serious if it is a veteran whose laurels are not easily won. To the young ones, especially, who have perhaps entered their names for the first time, this is all-important, as their highest ambition is to live into 'the third round,' and their hopes of it can only reasonably lie in being opposed to antagonists of their own calibre. It is very unusual, however, for any one to give up his chance without a contest; a mere strippling will do his best against the last year's 'champion,' and very tenderly the giant will take him up—and in most cases lay him down. But now and then there is

an unexpected resistance; the youthful aspirant is supple and quick; or the slippery grass gives him an advantage, and when all eyes are expecting an easy victory, the giant falls undermost instead of the pigmy. Then a shout of 'Bonny lile one' (for little one) breaks forth from the assemblage, that startles the buzzard on the peaks of Bleabarrow; and sometimes a village maiden (his betrothed) will permit herself (for I have seen her do it) to be so far carried away by a natural enthusiasm as to give the 'lile one' another sort of hug than that which he has just experienced, to the admiration of all beholders.

No one 'bites the dust' in the Homeric way—in fact, there is none to bite, save what the combatants take up in their hands—and the danger, save of a 'ricked' back or a sprained ankle, is slight indeed; but the strain, and the tug, and the tussle—every muscle at its fullest stretch; the legs vibrating, yet stiff as nails; the heart beating at highest pressure; the breath coming in sobs and gasps—are grand to see, and afford the elements of an epic.

The spectacle of it, all entranced young Tony to a degree not attained even by the Christmas pantomimes in London, with which he had been familiar from very early years; for here all was reality; and if there were no splendours in the way of glare and glitter, yet the amphitheatre of sky-piercing crags in which the sports were held had a certain majesty even for his boyish eye, while every point in the proceedings was made plain to him by Jeff (who had them at his fingers' ends), an advantage which in the case of the pantomimes was often denied to him, the explanation thereof being beyond the wit of man. If the two youths were thus rapt up in the combatants of the ring, their elder companion was equally preoccupied in another fashion: his face was indeed fixed upon the wrestlers, but his mind was busy with the contents of those two little notes we have seen him receive that morning; his thoughts, set in motion by the one, crossed the far-stretching seas, and lighted upon a certain valley, shadowed by a mightier hill than any now beheld by his physical eyes, and canopied by a more cloudless sky; the scenery was that of the tropics, but the skilled hand of the mechanic had been at work therein, and had compelled the mountain-stream to do his bidding; there were water-wheeled stamping-mills, such as are used in Cornwall, and all the apparatus employed in mining enterprises; as Holt beheld it, the mill-wheels were still turning, and the huge hammers at work upon the spalling floors, because he was but recalling a picture that had once actually presented itself to his vision; but he knew that no such busy scene was in truth being enacted in that far-off valley, since the Lara Mine had failed to produce its yield of gold. From Brazil his thoughts would leap to Bampton—for there was a connection between those distant spots—where they could make no such picture for him, because he had no personal acquaintance with the place, but wandered vaguely over booths and hustings, and excited mobs of men—such as he had seen elsewhere at election-times.

'The two blows together will have a crushing force,' murmured he, not without a touch of pity; 'but he cannot blame me for either.'

Thus it happened that the first contingent from Riverside Hall had their attention so engrossed

that they never noticed the arrival of the second in the neighbourhood of the ring, where, indeed, as it had seemed that morning, they would have been about as likely to put in an appearance as the bishop of the diocese to be seen at a man-and-dog-fight.

Moreover, there were other carriages present, and some with ladies in them—for the local gentry and their wives were not all so exclusive in their views as Mrs Campden—so that the barouche was no very conspicuous object. Mary and Kate enjoyed exceedingly the notion of watching Jeff, and Tony, and Mr Holt, as they sat, all unconscious of their presence, in the very primitive grand stand—a bank of rough seats with a slanting roof of wood—which was the place of honour; but Jenny's whole attention was directed to the sports. For her (as she lay propped upon soft cushions, yet even then not wholly free from pain), the feats of strength and agility of which she was a witness had a marvellous charm; she was not frightened, as her sister and cousin were, at the crisis of each combat, when one put out his strength to overcome the other, and to bear him to the earth; and when the victory was achieved, and Kate would cry: 'Poor fellow! how hard he struggled,' in pity for the vanquished, Jenny's tiny palms were doing their best to swell the triumph of the conqueror.

As for Uncle George, his principal occupation was to consult his watch and calculate how far by this time his wife had probably progressed upon her 'calls,' and how much, therefore, of margin there was left for them to go home in, and still anticipate her return. Presently, a short stout gentleman rode up to the side of the carriage upon a pony, and addressed the party *en bloc*.

'Well, I never! Who *would* have thought of seeing you here? I am sure the sport committee ought to feel flattered. How did you get leave, young ladies?'

'We did not get leave, Dr Curzon,' laughed Mary. 'Mamma had gone out for a drive'—

'Oh, I see; when the cat's away—I mean—ahem!' and the fat little doctor rubbed his nose, which was enormous, and shot out of his bright black eyes a glance of sly significance at Mr Campden.

'Well, I thought there could be no possible harm in bringing the girls,' observed that gentleman apologetically. 'We were only driving by—you see the horses have not even been taken out—and just looked in for a few' (he was going to say 'minutes,' for the fact is the whole speech was but the rehearsal of what he intended to say, when the time arrived, to Mrs Campden herself. He would never have the courage, he felt, now that the effects of the stout and sherry had evaporated from his brain, to own the whole truth).—

But luckily at that moment a great shout arose over some prostrate wrestler, and spared him further humiliation, by attracting his interlocutor's attention.

'Capital fall, by Jove!' cried the doctor; 'and how long it lasted after they got hold! You were timing it, I see.'

'Two hours and a half,' said Mr Campden gravely, 'or perhaps even three.'

'My dear sir, it was not three minutes. What are you thinking of?'

'To be sure, to be sure: I meant three minutes.'

stammered the squire, for such he loved to be called by his Bleabarrow neighbours. 'A very pretty fall indeed.' He had been thinking of the 'margin' so exclusively that he had not even noticed the contest was decided. 'Have you seen our young friends yonder, and Mr Holt?'

'Not I. I am on my rounds, my good sir—professional duty; only, as I was passing by, I thought I'd just look in—like you—upon these wrestling fellows.—I did not expect to find my patient here;' and he turned to Jenny with a look the tenderness of which redeemed his monstrous nose and purple face, and made him almost handsome.

It was a face of great intelligence, notwithstanding its colour—which was solely owing to the inclemencies of the weather, to which his practice exposed him; and among the many advantageous surroundings among which Mr Campden's lines had fallen, that gentleman justly counted it not the least that Dr Curzon was his neighbour. One of the greatest drawbacks of a country life is inaccessibility to medical aid, and also the inferior description of that assistance when it is procured; but in Dr Curzon the tenants of Riverside Hall had a doctor in whom they could have confidence, at their very doors—that is to say, but half-a-dozen miles away by road; and only half that distance, if you crossed the river and climbed the crags, and so dropped down upon the doctor's cottage in Sanbeck Valley.

He was welcome everywhere, not only by the sick-bed, but at the dinner-table of those whose state of health never required his professional presence; and nobody that was not quite a newcomer in the neighbourhood, would have dreamed of saying that it was 'only the doctor,' when his staunch little pony, with its heavy burden, came trotting up their carriage sweep.

'Suppose we say, Uncle George, that you brought me here to see the doctor!' cried Jenny naively—'to meet him by appointment at the sports! When the people are not looking, I will shew him my tongue, and he shall prescribe for me. Then it will be all right, you know, and no story.'

'I don't think that will do,' observed Mr Campden doubtfully. 'No, no; we were just driving out, and looked in; which is, after all, pretty much what happened. There is no occasion to go beyond that. And I really think, my dears, that we had better be turning home.'

'But, Uncle George, there's the Guide Race,' expostulated Jenny; 'you will surely not take us away without having seen that?'

'The Guide Race?' replied Mr Campden mechanically, as he fingered his repentant—'what is that?'

'Why, squire, you ought to know,' put in Dr Curzon: 'it's a thing that we are very proud of in this county, because we flatter ourselves it assimilates us to the mountain districts. It makes old Bleabarrow hold its head up to think that it could possibly require the services of a guide, like Helvellyn or Sca Fell. It is but nine hundred feet, yet it is a stiff climb to that pile of stones yonder; and I doubt whether any of these young fellows will do it in—what shall we say?'

Mr Campden's lips were following the strokes of his repeater, which was talking in his waistcoat pocket in obedience to his pressure on its handle.

'One—two—three—four—aye, and a quarter of an hour,' he answered nervously.

'I'll bet you a shilling they don't do it under the five-and-twenty minutes,' replied the little doctor: 'it has never been done under twenty-five since Longstreet's time, the very neatest cragman of his time; and the heat to-day is something—Why, what's the matter, Miss Kate? They're peeling for the race, that's all; it's not a fight.'

'Yes; but look—look—why, there's Jeff amongst them. Jeff's going to run. How very angry Mrs Campden will be with him!'

'Pooh, pooh!' answered the doctor sharply; 'let her be angry; I mean, she has no right to be anything of the sort. Why, it is very creditable to the young fellow to shew such pluck, and I hope he won't be the last in.'

'O papa!' cried Mary, 'do you see what Geoffrey is doing?'

'I see he's taking off his coat and waistcoat; and I should like to do the same,' said Mr Campden. "'I would take off my flesh, and sit in my bones," as somebody says, "this weather, if the arrangements of nature permitted of it,"'

'But he is going to run, papa.'

'Ah, there, I think, he's a fool, Polly; I wouldn't run.'

'But he is going to join in the Guide Race up the hill—to run for money.'

'He is not, Mary,' cried Kate decisively; 'I am quite certain that Jeff would not do that. The race is open to everybody, and he wishes to try his speed against the others; that's all. You don't suppose he would take any of the prizes, even if he won them, away from these poor people.'

'At all events, I am sure mamma will be exceedingly put out,' said Mary; 'but, of course, if papa has no objection'—

'Eh, ah!' said Mr Campden, who had once more abandoned himself to his apprehensions. 'What is that you are saying about your mother? What the deuce is the matter now?'

'Nothing is the matter, Uncle George, except that I want your arm,' said Jenny gaily. 'I must stand up to see this, and you know I can't do that without your help. There's a dear good uncle; and now don't you move one inch till all is over. There are six of them, and Geoffrey makes the seventh. Now, I call this delightful. There's our dear friend Mr Holt—how I should like to see him run up the crags—and Tony looking at Jeff as though he were a demi-god.'

'And, upon my life, he looks like one,' cried Dr Curzon admiringly.—'Step on the seat, my dear Miss Kitty, and lean on me; the pony will stand quite still, for he has been used to be shot over, though not by such bright eyes as yours.—Now, I call that the model of a young fellow. Who is that he has just given his watch to, to take care of? I hope he's an honest man.'

'My dear Dr Curzon,' said Mary reprovingly, 'that is Mr Holt; a friend of papa's, or rather of Mr Dalton's. Did you not see him at the charades last night?'

'I daresay I might have seen him, Miss Mary, but I did not notice him. The fact is, my attention was wholly monopolised by a couple of pretty housemaids; the fairest, flirtiest, little—Now, don't you push me off the pony.—Mr Campden, I wish you'd speak to these two girls.'

'Speak! you might as well speak to the winds.'

answered the squire, his large arm infolding Jenny's waist with clumsy tenderness. 'Gad! you don't mean to say, doctor, they're going straight up yonder, between those flags? Why, at this distance, it seems almost perpendicular.'

'Seems; nay, it is,' exclaimed the doctor; 'as you shall see. Here's an opera-glass, which I brought for the very purpose; and if Miss Jenny will honour me by using it— We'll call it a stethoscope at home, if you please: the doctor brought his stethoscope to the sports, as agreed upon.—Eh! squire!'

'Yes; it is all very well for old bachelors to joke about other people's wives,' grunted Mr Campden; 'but, by Jove! if you had married Julia, and had taken her barouche to a prize-light—that's what she supposes this sort of thing to be—you'd be as glad of an excuse as I am. Thank goodness, they're starting at last.—You don't care to see more than the start, do you, girls?'

'Uncle George!' cried Jenny earnestly, 'I must see this race out; I never felt so excited in my life.'

'Which must be very bad for you, my dear Jenny.'

'Not a bit of it,' said the doctor; 'it will do her all the good in the world. (Wide Races are recommended by the Faculty for her particular complaint, which, as you see, is mostly "temper.")'

'He's over the wall!' cried Kitty enthusiastically.

'Like a bird,' ejaculated the doctor. 'If it was "Fire," they could not have done it quicker—the whole seven—nor have had much less on them,' added he, *sotto voce*.

'Zounds! but they're close together; you could cover them with a handkerchief!' cried the squire, roused to unwonted interest in the proceedings. 'There, now; they're scattering a bit. Now, the pace begins to tell, and the amateur to succumb to the professional. It's a case of "bellows to mend," I fear, with Master Jeff.'

'Not a bit of it,' answered the doctor indignantly; 'he is only going round the wood, instead of through it, which is the quicker way, although the longer. See! two of them have followed his lead. Jeff has got good wits as well as good wind, let me tell you.'

Kitty's little hand was leaning on the doctor's shoulder, though, up to this point, he had scarcely been aware of it; and now he felt it lean *hard*; she was thanking him by that silent pressure for his defence of her favourite.

The scene had now become very exciting; the seven competitors had already reached the high ground, yet did not in the least relax their speed; a thicket of brushwood immediately intervened, into which four plunged, whose heads and shoulders could be seen making way through it, at a diminished rate; the three others ran round, and were first upon the other side; the young blacksmith of Sanbeck leading; then Jeff; then a certain gamekeeper, said to be able to tire out any sportsman upon moor or fell.

Dr Curzon gave a short biography of each of the seven champions, with whose career he was perfectly familiar. 'I shall be able to certify that Master Jeff's rivals were all eminently respectable members of society,' concluded he slyly in Mr Campden's ear.

'Tush!' said the squire; 'let me enjoy the race.'

When the first climbers got to the steep rocks between the flags, they had become to the naked eye little more than moving specks; and Jenny alone could make them clearly out by help of the glass. 'The blacksmith is still ahead,' said she; 'and Jeff is shoulder to shoulder with the other man. —What did you call him, doctor?'

'Well, I said he was a gamekeeper; between ourselves, Miss Jenny' (this he whispered), 'he's a poacher.'

'He's an uncommonly good climber, at all events,' said Jenny admiringly. 'But Jeff goes like a chamois too.'

'Let me have the glass a moment,' said Kitty softly. Her heart was beating almost as quickly as poor Jeff's, who was doing a very nasty bit of crag-work; it looked as steep as a wall, even to her—to the others, it was like a window-pane with three flies upon it. Not a hundred feet above it was the pile of stones—marking the summit of the hill—which each had to round before beginning the race home. She had gazed upon it from her own room at the Hall a hundred times, but, henceforward, it would have a personal interest for her. What endurance, what fatigue, was he not undergoing! Matched against grown men like these, and all (as she well knew, in spite of Mary's ill-natured remarks) for the honour of the thing; for there *was* honour in it. 'He's down!' exclaimed she eagerly.

'Who's down? Not Jeff!' cried Jenny.

'Jeff? No!' returned Kitty contemptuously; 'it's the blacksmith.'

'Poor fellow!' said Mary; 'he has not hurt himself, I hope.'

'You had better go up and see,' said Jenny rather rudely; 'for my part, I should like them all to slip except Jeff.'

'Oh, so would I,' said Mary, 'so far as that goes.'

'That is the true female view of justice,' chuckled the doctor.—'As for you, Kitty, you would like them all to have apoplectic fits, would you not?'

'No, sir; I should like Jeff to win, but to do it fairly.'

The doctor patted approvingly the hand that rested on his shoulder; forgetting that Kitty had quitted her hold to take possession of the glass.

'You need not squeeze *my* fingers, Dr Curzon,' said Mary, comprehending his error.

'You need not talk about it, my dear, if I did,' answered the doctor imperturbably; he had been nearly half a century in practice as a medical man, and was not easily put out by a mistake.

'He is round the stones,' exclaimed Kitty; 'both of them. Now they are coming to the steep place again—oh, surely they won't run down *that*. I cannot look at them.'

'Give me the glass,' cried Jenny unfortunately. It was popularly understood that she was 'all nerves,' but her hand was steady enough as she brought the instrument to bear upon the returning athletes. 'Jeff and the gamekeeper are far ahead,' said she; 'they are coming like the wind. Well done! Oh, I wish I was a man like you, Uncle George, that I could add, "By Jove!"'

'Why, what's the matter, lass?' asked the squire.

'Jeff has just jumped a boulder like a deer: they are leaping from stone to stone, as the water

comes down the fall in wet weather. I would rather be able to leap like that than anything in the world.'

The doctor pursed his lips, and gave a little sigh, but Jenny neither saw nor heard him.

'If nothing happens, one of these two will win. Think of that, Kitty; Jeff will be second, at all events. O dear, O dear! they cannot stop themselves.'

'Good heavens! what has happened?' cried the squire. Kitty did not speak, but the doctor felt both her hands suddenly clutch his shoulder.

'Why, they'll have to go through the wood, instead of round it.'

'Is that all? You gave me such a turn,' said Mary pettishly.

'That is just what they could not give themselves,' said Kitty: 'they are coming right through the copse, instead of round it.'

'They are wise,' said the doctor; 'they have the ground with them this journey. By Jove! it's a fine race.'

By this time the two leading figures were well in sight, and a mighty cheer burst from the excited throng of spectators, as now the one, and now the other, seemed to have a few feet of vantage. A stone wall lay before them, then a piece of slanting turf, below which was a gully, into which both had descended on their way up—it being of course impossible to clear it from that direction. After that was the 'run in' over a level grass-field, with another stone wall at the finish. Both topped the first wall at the same instant, and then the game-keeper began to lead: it was plain that, though not more agile among the crags, he was a trifle more speedy on the turf than his younger competitor. He would certainly be first at the gap that led down into the gully, and consequently first out of it, after which, barring accidents, the race would be his. The party from the Hall could discern this as clearly as the umpire himself, and gloom fell upon them accordingly.

A roar of exultation suddenly arose.

'Hallo! Jeff's going to jump it,' cried the squire excitedly.

'He's going to try it,' murmured the doctor, mechanically putting his hand to his pocket, to feel if his case of instruments was in its accustomed place. 'He'll break his legs, if not his neck.'

Jeff's plan was indeed a desperate one. Finding himself out-paced by his rival, he had avoided the gap altogether, and was making straight for the gully at its highest point, intending to treat it as a ditch. If he cleared it, he would not only save something of distance, but all the time which the other would consume in descending and ascending. But if he did not clear it, there would be twenty feet of fall upon a stony bottom—the bed, in fact, of a dry torrent.

On he came like a race-horse; there was no time to pull himself together, nor even 'to think about it' (as Jeff himself afterwards allowed, in depreciation of his own feat); and the next instant, that apprehensive 'Ah-h-h-h!' arose from the spectators, such as salutes all 'deeds of derring-do' while in progress, followed instantaneously by the shout which proclaims success. Jeff had alighted, by a supreme effort, at the very verge of the chasm; there was not an inch of margin; but he had done it; and now he was half-way across the field before his rival had emerged from the gully.

'O Jeff, dear Jeff, I never liked you so much before!' cried Jenny, her frail limbs 'all of a tremble,' and the tears running down her cheeks like rain. 'Was it not plucky of him, Kit?'

But Kitty could not have spoken had she been offered, like 'Conversation' Coleridge, half-a-crown for every word. Her face was white, and her eyes seemed to start forth to meet the victorious boy, as he climbed over the last stone wall, not so lightly as he had crossed it last—but yet without signs of positive distress—and ran in to the goal the winner by half-a-dozen seconds.

'Back, back!' cried the doctor, riding in among the people that were pressing around the lad and cheering him vociferously. 'Give him room and air.'

Then presently he reappeared at the side of the barouche.

'The boy is well enough, but awfully "pumped" and exhausted. It is my opinion'—and when the doctor used that form of words, he meant what he said—that he would be none the better for receiving your congratulations just at present, young ladies. He does not even know you're here, you see?'

'Ay, then we had better be off before he finds it out,' put in the squire eagerly. 'Then we shall get nicely home before—that is, in time to receive your mother, Mary.'

DREAMING AND SLEEP-WALKING.

DREAMING is now not such a puzzle as it once was. We know by careful study and experience what it is. No one dreams when he is sound asleep. Dreams take place only during an imperfect or perturbed sleep. The imaginative faculties are less or more awake, and being unchecked by the reflective faculties or judgment, the wildest conceptions are formed, and these half-waking fancies we call dreams. Usually, these fancies are ill-assorted shreds of casual remembrances, or of something that has made a strong impression on the mind. There is nothing supernatural about them, and any attempt to explain them is simply ridiculous. Persons who pretend to tell the meaning of dreams are either impostors, or weak self-deceived individuals.

Yet, there are some curious phenomena about dreams. The half-wakeful mind, in an unchecked imaginative condition, can do things that appear a little surprising. Musicians have composed tunes in their dreams, and so have persons of a poetical fancy composed verses, which they wrote down on waking. We have at times experienced a pleasure, no doubt enjoyed by many, that of waking up and still continuing to carry on a dream. To do this requires some delicate management. Feeling that we have awoken, we must take care to keep the eyes shut, so as to prevent any confusion between the imaginings and the exterior objects. If the eyes look about them in a way to convey impressions to the brain, the dream vanishes. In short, in certain half-wakeful conditions, the imagination is powerful, the more so, as being wholly unobstructed by reflection,

and dashes off into the most wonderful, and sometimes most beautiful conceptions.

When we pass from the phenomena of dreaming, and enter the domain of sleep-walking, or somnambulism, a higher psychological curiosity is reached. Here, we shall find it convenient to adopt some kind of classification, so varied are the forms in which the action presents itself. Many cases are on record, for instance, in which the sleep-action is a direct continuation of wakeful-action, without any break. Coachmen, postillions, and muleteers are known to have continued driving even after they had fallen into a drowsy sleep; the muscles and nerves continue to act in a sort of automatic manner, after consciousness has lapsed into slumber. M. Plater, the celebrated lutanist or lute-player, one evening dropped asleep while playing, after partaking of an unusually liberal supper; he continued to 'discourse sweet music,' correctly and tastefully, until roused from his drowsy nap by the noise of his lute falling on the floor. A 'reader' in a printing-office fell asleep while reading for the correction of proof, but continued reading down to the bottom of that page. In this case the probability is that his sleep only went to the extent of drowsiness; at anyrate, when roused up, he could not remember the words which he had just been correctly reading. Sir John Moore, during his ever-memorable retreat to Corunna, had to make forced marches night and day, as the only mode of averting capture by a vastly larger French army; his poor tired soldiers often slept as they marched, or marched as they slept.

A truly remarkable manifestation of somnambulism is that which can be brought about by the influence of other persons on the sleeper. External voices and sounds can move him to action even when his consciousness is asleep. Dr Carpenter and other physiologists have recorded many instances of this kind. A young naval officer, signal-lieutenant to Admiral Lord Hood at Toulon, sometimes continued his anxious duties for eighteen or twenty hours at a stretch; going to his berth, and falling instantly asleep, his mind was nevertheless so far awake on one particular subject, that if a comrade whispered 'Signal!' in his ear, it roused him at once and irresistibly. A young military officer voyaging with his regiment in a troop-ship, displayed a tendency which some of the mischievous wags around him took an unfair advantage of. When he was asleep in his berth, they would whisper in his ear, giving him all the details of a duel, a shipwreck, or a battle; his mind unconsciously followed the narrative, until he was roused to action by the climax, and woke by springing out of bed. Fortunately for society, such cases are rare; it would be a perilous thing if others could induce us to do what *they* wish, without consciousness on our part.

Sleep-writing is not the least noteworthy among these phenomena. Indeed, some of the instances are inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge; for things are done with closed eyes while asleep, which the persons certainly could not have done with closed eyes when awake. In some cases, although the eyes are open, ordinary vision does not seem to be performed by them. It would almost appear as if we were endowed with an additional sense, which only makes itself manifest in the somnambulist state. Be this as it may,

the recorded examples are deeply interesting. A young French ecclesiastic frequently rose in the middle of the night, went to a table, took pen and ink, and wrote portions of sermons. It was not mere mechanical work; he would make frequent corrections, to improve the grammar and syntax of his composition—changing, for instance, 'ce divin enfant' into 'cet adorable enfant,' and then into 'cet enfant adorable.' On one occasion, when watched by the Archbishop of Bordeaux, experiments were made to ascertain what kind of vision was being exerted. A sheet of writing-paper was quietly and cautiously substituted for that which the somnambulist had placed before him; he did not recognise the change, if the two sheets were similar in size and shape; an opaque screen was placed between his eyes and the paper, but he wrote on just the same. In another case, a young poet, not having finished some stanzas before he went to bed, rose in the night, went to his table, and finished them—so much to his satisfaction, that he applauded his own genius and taste; in the morning he remembered nothing of the matter. Dr Carpenter mentions the instance of a man who wrote accurately in his sleep, placing his words at good distances apart, dotting every *t*, and crossing every *t*. A young collegian got out of bed asleep, lit a candle, sat down to a table, took pen and paper, wrote out some geometrical and algebraic problems, extinguished the light, and went to bed again—his eyes closed all the time. On one occasion, an Amsterdam banker requested a mathematical professor to work out a very intricate calculation for him; the professor set his pupils to work; one of them went to bed with his mind full of the subject; and in the morning was not a little surprised to find his table covered with sheets of paper on which the calculation was fully and satisfactorily developed. The writing was in his own hand; he had risen in the night and done it while asleep.

Walking, without talking or working, is a familiar kind of somnambulist manifestation. Bellini's *Sonnambula* hits the right note here; poor Amina walks in her sleep, a tendency which first rouses the suspicions of her lover, and afterwards supplies the means of removing them. Dr Carpenter adverts to 'sleep-walkers who make their way over the roofs of houses, steadily traverse narrow planks, and even clamber precipices; and this they do with far less hesitation than they would do in the waking state.' Muratori speaks of an Italian nobleman, Signor Agostino Forari, who was much prone to sleep-walking, especially during the waning of the moon. One evening he played at cards with some friends, and went to bed early. His servant told the guests that, from symptoms already familiar to him, he believed that his master would walk in his sleep that night; Forari was lying on his back, with staring but unconscious eyes, cold hands, and a slow pulse. At midnight he drew aside his bed-curtains, rose, dressed, put on his hat and sword-belt, went to the fire as if to warm himself, went to a wardrobe closet, came out again, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. The watchers held a lighted candle close before his eyes, but he took no notice of it, and did not seem to see it. He went down-stairs, out to the stable, stroked his horse, bridled it, and appeared confused when he failed to find the saddle. He mounted him, but gave up his intention of riding

on finding the gate of the courtyard locked; he led his horse to a water-trough, and allowed him to drink, tied him to a post, and returned into the house. Going into the billiard-room, he made a few movements with a cue, as if playing, then touched a few keys of a harpsichord, threw himself on the bed in his clothes, and slept soundly for ten hours. The servant cautioned the guests not to disturb him by any sudden noise during his strange unconscious wanderings, as it might injuriously affect his mind. A young lady, when nervously ill, was prone to walk about the house in a state of sleep, never falling over the furniture or other obstacles; her eyes were open, but she did not see in the ordinary way, for no winking or movement of the eye took place when a strong light was held close to her face. In a part of France where men are much accustomed to walk on stilts over swampy ground, a somnambulist one night walked across a swollen torrent on stilts; on awaking, he found himself too much afraid to recross the same torrent by daylight.

Hiding, instead of or in addition to *walking*, is sometimes as amusing as it is wonderful, in connection with the unconscious freaks of somnambulists. A man accustomed to attend a weekly market, one night rose from his bed, dressed, went to the stable, saddled his horse, mounted, and trotted off towards the market; finding a turnpike gate closed, he stopped; and this interruption had the effect of waking him. The *Times*, some years ago, recorded the case of a butcher at Lambeth, who one Sunday evening fell asleep in his chair by the fireside. He was seen to rise from his seat, fetch his whip, put on one spur, and go to the stable, where, failing to find a saddle, he mounted an unsaddled horse. When asked what he was going to do, he answered (still in a state of somnambulist sleep) that he was 'going his rounds.' Although prevented from leaving the stable, he nevertheless continued on horseback for some time, carrying on a wrangle about toll with an imaginary turnpike-man, to whom he exclaimed, 'Give us none of your gammon!' Even when removed from his horse, he continued for a time the movements of whipping and spurring.

Working, walking, doing, talking—there is a combination of two or three of these, sometimes all four, in the examples now under notice. A man dreamed that he saw a child fall into a river; he got up, threw himself again on his bed as if in the act of swimming, seized hold of a bundle of clothing at the corner of the bed, treated it as if it were the drowning child, held it with one hand while seeming to swim with the other, and put it down as if safely landed on the river-side; he began shivering and teeth-chattering, and said out audibly: 'It is freezing cold! let me have a little brandy;' and finally returned to bed again. A young military officer in the citadel of Breunstein was seen by his brother-officers to rise from bed in his sleep, go to a window, open it, clamber to a roof by the aid of the window-cord, seize hold of a magpie's nest with its young, descend to the room, wrap the young birds in a cloak, and go to bed again. Porati, an Italian apothecary, had a pupil named Castelli, who was much accustomed to somnambulist influence; more than once the young man was seen to rise from his bed while asleep, go down to the shop, and serve out medicines to imaginary customers.

Muratori relates that Giovanni Battista Negretti, servant to the Marchese Luigi Sale, was subject to somnambulist attacks, during which he re-performed the duties of the day in a way at once amusing and surprising. One evening, while sleeping on a bench in the kitchen, he rose suddenly, began walking about and talking, went into the dining-room, laid the cloth and other apparatus for dinner, and stood with a plate in his hand as if behind his master; after waiting some time, and the imaginary dinner ended, he put away everything, locked the sideboard, went to his master's bedroom, warned the bed, locked up the house, and finally retired to his own bed—his eyes closed all the time. On another evening he rose up asleep, got his own supper ready, ate it, went and drew some wine, and drank. It was observed, on these occasions, that he made much use of his arms, feeling his way rather than seeing. A bellringer one night rose up in his sleep, and, as if his companions were with him, prepared to go up into the belfry; after going out of the room and in again, he imitated the movements of a bellringer. A man who ate and drank occasionally while in a somnambulist sleep, evidently did not know the taste of what he was taking, for persons who watched him might change his food or drink without his perceiving it. One night he arose from bed, dressed, went to a *cabaret* or small wine-shop, asked for wine, received water, and drank it without noticing the difference. A young soldier, interested one evening by a discussion or reading with his comrades of a military combat, partook of supper, went to bed, and soon to sleep; in the night he rose, with eyes open, but asleep, and imitated with his arms a vigorous defence, rushed out of doors, and returned in a profuse perspiration. Weinhold notices the case of a musical student, who would often rise in his sleep, go into the study, place a sheet of music in proper position on the pianoforte, and play the piece correctly: once his friends purposely turned his music upside down, but he detected and rectified it; on another occasion, he found a string out of tune, opened the instrument, tuned the string, and went on with his playing. A stonemason, working for a master in Kent, was told by him one evening to go the next morning to a neighbouring churchyard, and measure the quantity of work done to a wall. He went to bed at his usual hour. Waking in the night, he was astonished to find himself dressed, in the open air, and in the dark. The church clock struck two, and then he knew he was in the churchyard. When a gleam of summer daylight came, he found that he had measured the wall accurately with a measuring-rod, and properly entered the items in a book. This case is a very remarkable one, for the man 'caught himself in the act' of somnambulist working, and was as much surprised at it as any looker-on would have been. Cassendi notices the case of a man who rose in the night, dressed while asleep, went down to the cellar, drew wine from a cask, walked back, undressed, went to bed again, and knew nothing about it in the morning. Once, when he did this, he woke in the cellar, and found more difficulty in retracing his steps in the dark than he had when asleep.

Here we close. Our budget is by no means exhausted; but the above-cited examples will

suffice to illustrate the Curiosities of Somnambulism, the faculty of thinking, versifying, calculating, walking, riding, working, writing, talking, singing, and playing during sleep.

A VICTIM TO MODERN INVENTIONS.

SINCE quite a child, Harry Gradient had been noted for his ingenuity in devising various mechanical oddities. When not engaged in graver pursuits, he was sure to be ankle-deep in some hydraulic scheme, or head over ears in some other of the mechanical sciences. His knack of invention was truly wonderful, though as yet—at the time I write, Harry was twenty-five—my friend had had few opportunities of turning it to practical purpose. He and I were both engaged in some engineering works on the continent, undertaken by an English firm. After we had been there some months, Harry received the welcome news that a relative had died, leaving him a nice little property and a comfortable house, some miles out of London.

Prior to leaving me to return to England—for there was much to be done in the way of settling the property and house in order—my friend said, with his usual enthusiasm: 'Mark, my boy' (my name is Mark Milmay), 'I shall expect you to come and see me when you come back. I suppose you are booked here for another eighteen months or so, and that will just give me time to set my house in order. Such a house, my boy! You've never seen such a one as it shall be. I mean to give up engineering for the public, and to exercise my talents in that way for my own benefit and comfort: my house shall be full of ingenious and curious contrivances, such as have never been seen before.'

Time passed on, and the business I had been engaged in was completed, and I returned home. I had written to Harry occasionally; and as soon as he heard I had arrived in England, he sent me a pressing invitation to come and visit him.

I gladly accepted the invitation, for I wanted to see my old friend again, and wrote to him saying I would run down the next day, and arrive at a station some two miles from his house, about six o'clock in the evening. I therefore packed a small portmanteau; and at the appointed time got out at the little roadside station. Harry was there waiting for me with his dogcart; and soon we were bowling along a pleasant country road.

'Look,' he cried, 'that is my house you see there among the trees; and this we are passing, and that one beyond, and the other, whose chimneys you can just see are all occupied by friends of mine—as well as some others you cannot see from here—and to each of them I have laid a telegraphic wire; so, when I have nothing particular to do of an evening, I telegraph: "Will you come and have a game at whist?" or, "I saw Brown in town to-day; he's coming to shoot with you to-morrow."'

We now arrived at the entrance-gate; Harry pulled up. 'I'll get down and open it,' said I.

'Sit still!' he cried. The gate opened of its own accord.

'Hollo! That's "Open sesame" with a vengeance,' I exclaimed. 'How is it done?'

'Why, don't you see; I have placed across the

drive a plate of iron like a shallow gutter; when I stop, the wheels pressing on this, cause it to sink slightly; this acting on levers and cranks underground, opens the gate; and a catch holds it so, until we pass over a similar one on the other side, which releases it, and the gate falls to.'

'Well, that's very convenient.'

'To be sure, it is: saves me a lodge and gate-keeper.'

We now drove up to the house, where the groom was waiting to take the horse, and the housemaid was opening the door.

'Do you see, Mark; they had notice of our coming. When we stopped at the gate, the weight of the dogcart pressed two electric wires into contact, which, passing underground, rang one bell in the stable-yard, and another in the kitchen, so that when we arrive, the servants are ready to attend upon us.'

We now entered the house. Miss Gradient met us in the hall, and I was introduced to her by her brother. I should never have supposed her to be Harry's sister, for she was tall and gaunt; and whether it was the blue spectacles or not, I cannot say, but she struck me as being frigid and severe; not at all the sort of person you would willingly care to offend. She, however, bade me welcome, asking me if I had had a pleasant journey, &c.

As I was taking off my overcoat in the hall, I exclaimed: 'Why, Harry, what on earth is that extraordinary-looking machine in the corner?' It looked something like a shower-bath without the curtains; attached to the upright supports were a number of crooked iron arms, and on the end of each a brush.

'Oh, that is my automaton brushing-machine. I will explain it to you. You see, at the bottom there is a small platform about a foot high; when you step on this, it gradually descends, and as it does so, sets in motion a train of wheels and levers—you are, in fact, the weight, the motive-power which puts all in motion. All these arms with the brushes begin to revolve, and brush you all over at once. But the most curious and complicated is the hat-brush at the top: you see it is something like a hat-box divided vertically in two parts; you perceive they are now some distance apart, so that you can pass between them; they are lined with bristles, and are fixed on two lever-like jaws. When the machine is set in motion, these jaws come together, and clasping your hat between them, they revolve rapidly; and in a few seconds your hat is brushed, at the same time as your coat, trousers, and boots. When the platform reaches the ground, the hat-brushes again separate, and you step out; then the platform springs up, and is ready for another dusty customer.'

'Well, it is a very curious contrivance. I should like to see it in action,' said I.

'That you shall soon do,' and he stepped on the little platform. All at once the clothes and shoe-brushes began to work vigorously; but the hat-machine did not come into action until the others had about half done their work; it then closed upon his hat, and spun round some fifteen or twenty times, and then flew apart, leaving him free to walk out.

'There!' said Harry. 'What do you think of that? Jump up, and try it.'

'No, thank you; not just now; some other time, perhaps,' said I; for I felt too nervous just then to trust myself to such an ordeal.

'Excuse me, then, for one moment, while I just speak to my sister, and then I will go up-stairs with you.'

He had no sooner left me, than, as I stood looking at the curious machine, I made up my mind to try it. Nobody was there to laugh at me if I jumped out suddenly; so I boldly stepped in. The brushes seemed to do their work very well; but I found I must keep in my arms, having got a knock on the funny-bone of my elbow from sticking it out too far. But the hat-brush—oh! horror! I had forgotten I had no hat on, and that I was a head taller than my friend; the consequence was, the infernal machine suddenly descended, and, seizing me by the head, whirled round at a frightful pace, till I thought no skin would have been left on my nose. I tried to stoop and escape it; but I got such blows behind from the revolving clothes-brushes, that I was glad to stand upright again. Fortunately, it was soon over, and then the hateful thing stopped. I opened my eyes, and saw Harry standing looking at me, convulsed with laughter. I felt very angry at the moment, as I rushed out, with one of my favourite long whiskers brushed across my face, and the other, back over my ear; while my hair was twisted into a vortex on the top of my head.

'It's a hateful machine!' I cried, as I tried to re-arrange my dishevelled locks.

Harry roared with laughter; but as soon as he could contain himself, he said: 'Don't you see it was not regulated for your height? If you had tried it when I asked you, I would have arranged it properly.'

I tried to laugh too, and said: 'Well, I've had brushing enough; let's go up-stairs now, for I am anxious to look in the glass to see if there is any skin left on the end of my nose.'

'What a jolly large room!' said I, as I entered the apartment prepared for me.

'Yes; this was my poor old uncle's room, and for a year or two before he died he used it for a sitting-room as well as bedroom. You see that large recess at the end: that is where he used to sleep. The bed is there still, as it is often handy; but as the room is only used for sleeping purposes now, I have had another and larger bed put in as well. I'll come and sleep in the little bed, and keep you company, if you like; that is, if you are nervous, and don't like being alone, as you used to be.'

'Oh, but that was such a wild, uncivilised place, one could never tell what might happen; but I am not nervous at being alone in England.'

'All right, old fellow; but I have got a great deal to shew you here. First of all, as it is getting dusk, I'll light the gas; that is done by electricity. I have got a quantity of batteries down in the cellar, and wires laid all over the house. Now see. I press in this ivory knob, which brings the wires into contact, and an electro-magnet turns the stop-cock; at the same moment, a spark passes across the gas-jet and ignites it. But that is not all. You see that bar on the ceiling above the lamp—well, it is composed of two metals, one of which expands by heat much more than the other; this causes it to bend when it gets hot; and as it does so, it acts on a lever and a rod above the ceiling, releasing a

catch which holds open the shutters, and they immediately close with a spring; as they do this, they catch against a sort of trigger, which in its turn releases a weight, that runs down and draws the curtains.'

Almost as he had finished speaking, the metal had become sufficiently heated by the now lighted gas, to act on the lever, and the shutters closed and the curtains drew themselves together as if by magic.

'That is very cleverly managed,' said I. 'But here is another knob with the letter A upon it; what is that for?'

'The A stands for alarm. I have one in each room, but have never required them yet. When either of them is pressed, a large alarm-bell on the top of the house is set ringing by electricity, and it continues to ring until the electric power is turned off again. We won't try that, as it would alarm the whole neighbourhood. But I have more to shew you. Here is a small recess with a curtain in front; I have had it fitted up as a shower-bath; it is self-acting: in a second or two after you enter, the water comes down. You can try it in the morning, if you like.'

'Thank you. You do indeed abound in ingenious contrivances; you, however, must have exhausted all in this room, at any rate.'

'O dear, no. Will you see if there is any water in the basin?'

I went to look, and remarked that some was just running in from the tap.

'Just so: in walking to it, you trod on a spring in the floor and set the water running; now, when you come away, you will tread on another, and cause it to run away.'

I again admired the contrivance; when he said: 'There is one more, and I think that is all. See; here by the bed-side are three speaking-tubes: this, marked number one, communicates with my bedroom; this, marked two, with my sister's room; and the third, with the servants' room. The two last I do not suppose you are likely to have any occasion to use, unless you want Jane to bring you up an early cup of tea.'

'Is Jane the pretty little housemaid who opened the door for us?'

'Yes, you sly dog; you were not long in finding that out. But mind, 'my pretty Jane' will stand no nonsense.'

'Why, Harry, I should have thought you would have known me too well to make such a remark—you know I never'—

'All right, old fellow; I was only joking. But come, you must look sharp and get ready for dinner.'

After Harry had left, and when I was ready to go down, I determined to try tube number one; I blew the whistle.

'Hollo!' replied Harry from the other end.

'I am ready to go down when you are; shall you be long?'

'I am ready now, and will meet you on the landing,' came his answer.

As we were going down-stairs Harry told me we should be four at dinner, as his sister had invited Miss Denbigh, a young lady who lived near. We found the ladies in the drawing-room, where I was introduced to Miss Denbigh. I could not help thinking she was more at home with Harry

than with his sister, and this was confirmed later on, when he walked home with her.

We had a very nice little dinner; and after the ladies had left us, Harry explained to me some more of his inventions, and shewed me his telegraphs, by which he communicated with his neighbours. While we were talking, one of the bells rang.

'Hollo,' said Harry, 'that's Pool. What does he want, I wonder?' Then followed a series of clicks. 'He wants to know if I will come and have a game of billiards to-morrow evening. I shall say I have a friend staying with me.' Click, click, click. 'He says: "Bring your friend with you." What say you, Mark? Will you go?'

'I have no objection,' I answered. Click, click, click, went the machine for some time; and then Harry came and sat down, saying: 'He says: "All right; he shall expect us."'

After a time, we joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and had some music and singing, as Miss Denbigh had a very nice voice; she and Harry sang some duets together, and appeared so much accustomed to it that they must have had a great deal of practice. In the room was a nice little organ, on which Harry gave a very creditable performance. He explained to me that it was blown by water-power. He had fixed a horizontal wind-mill on the top of the house, which pumped up the water; and from the height to which it was raised, he got sufficient power to work a small water-engine to blow his organ. When he had finished playing, he remarked: 'Perhaps you are not aware that this is a self-acting organ?'

'What do you mean?' I said. 'Can you wind it up like a clock, and make it play by means of a barrel?'

'Nothing of the kind, I can assure you; it has neither barrel nor spring.'

And now, to my great astonishment, a sonata by Beethoven peeled forth from the instrument; the keys went down just as though the fingers pressed them. But no fingers were there! I could not understand it at all.

At length, Harry let me into the secret. He had a musical friend, who lived only a few hundred yards distant, and who had an organ exactly like this one. Between the two, a cable containing a number of wires was laid, and on drawing out a certain stop, the current passed from one to the other, so that when a note in one organ was struck, the corresponding note was drawn down by an electro-magnet in the other. Thus, the piece Harry had just played had been produced simultaneously on the other organ, and now the friend was performing on his, and this was repeating it. Several pieces were played in this way, Harry, between times, holding conversation with his friend, and making suggestions by means of the telegraph. When it began to get late, Miss Denbigh declared she must be going; and Harry walked home with her, leaving me to the tender mercies of Miss Gradient. When we were left alone, she began asking me if I had seen anything of missionary labours during my residence abroad. I told her I had not. She then said she took great interest in such matters, and was now at work on some gauze frocks for negro children, thinking they would be cool and pleasant to wear. I was next cross-questioned as to the moral character of the people where I had been staying. I thought

Harry (the rogue) would never come back, and made up my mind that he must be flirting with Miss Denbigh, or he would have returned sooner, for he had remarked that she lived close by. However, he came at last; and, after a glass of grog and one pipe of tobacco, we went to bed. Before we did so, however, Harry told me of one more of his contrivances; this was to prevent the entrance of burglars.

'Between the kitchen and the front part of the house,' he explained, 'is a pair of swing-doors, on which are two brass handles; these are connected with an induction coil, and when I go to bed I turn on the battery power by a small winch in my room. Now, were betide any one who tries to open these doors in the night! If he takes hold of these handles, he immediately receives a tremendous shaking, and the muscles of his fingers so contract that he cannot open his hands to release himself, but must grin and endure it, until I choose to turn off the battery power.'

'But suppose you did not hear him, he might stand there all night.'

'Oh, but if any one touches this arrangement, a bell immediately rings in my room.'

We now went up to bed, Harry bidding me good-night at the room-door, but saying if I wanted anything I could speak to him through the tube. I was very soon in bed, and almost as soon asleep, and dreaming that I was in the train, and that the engine was shrieking madly. I awoke, and found Harry was blowing the whistle through the tube close by my ear. I drew out the whistle, and asked him what he wanted.

'Only to inquire if you are all right, and to say we breakfast at nine o'clock.'

I answered rather pettishly, I am afraid: 'I *was* all right just now, for I was fast asleep. Good-night, old fellow; don't wake me up again.'

It was all very well to say, don't wake me up again, but I could not go to sleep, do what I would. At length, after tossing and tumbling about, I determined to play Harry the same trick he had played me. I seized the tube, blew through it, and listened.

'Well?' came the answer, in rather a sleepy tone.

'I can't go to sleep; I wish you would come to my room, or let me come to yours. I think you had better come here, and you can sleep in the little bed, as you proposed.'

'I! I proposed nothing of the sort, and you know it, you base abandoned wretch! I shall tell my brother of your conduct in the morning.'

O horror! I had caught up the wrong tube, and had been speaking to Miss Gradient. What should I do? I tried to explain. 'My dear madam, I assure you it was all a mistake; I thought I was speaking to your brother.' But I got no answer. 'Madam,' I said, 'do you hear me?' Still no answer; she had evidently put down the tube, and would hear nothing more I had to say. I put in the whistle, and dropped my end of the pipe, and threw myself back on the bed to think.

The bare idea of my saying such a thing to that stiff old lady was awful to contemplate. How could I meet her at breakfast? At last I determined I must wake up Harry, and explain matters at once. I caught up the pipe, blew the whistle, and presently got an answer. 'Oh, I have made such a mistake,' I said; 'I wanted you to come

and sleep here, but I got hold of the tube that goes to Miss Gradient's room, and asked her to come instead; but of course I meant *you* all the time. Do come to me at once, or I shall try and find my way to your room.'

The reply only increased my horror and consternation; it was a shrill female voice, not Miss Gradient's, but evidently Jane the pretty housemaid's. She said: 'You wretch! I'd have you know as I'm a honest gal, and scorn ye. You won't find me a-coming near you; and if you come here, you can't get in, for cook's locked the door.'

'My dear girl, I assure you'—I commenced, trying to explain, but she began speaking from her end of the tube, and cut me short.

'I ain't your dear gal; and it's no use your talking any longer, 'cause I'm a-going to plug up the pipe with curl-papers; but I shall tell master all about it in the morning.'

I again threw myself back on the bed; large drops of cold perspiration stood on my forehead, as I thought of the awful muddle I had got into. Sleep was now not to be expected, and I longed for a glimmer of light. If those confounded shutters had not been closed there would have been a little. Then I made up my mind that I would feel my way to the window, and try and open the shutters. I got out of bed and felt my way along the wall. The darkness and stillness were dreadful. Suddenly I heard a noise in the room, and started; the next instant I found it was the water running into the basin: I had trodden on the spring in the floor. I now proceeded, still feeling my way along the wall; I must come to the window in time. 'Ah, here it is,' I muttered as I felt the curtains; but I was mistaken; it was the little bed in the recess. Again I journeyed onward, knocking my shins against the chairs, but at last I exclaimed: 'Here it is; these are the curtains.' It was a bow-window, and I passed through, to feel for the fastening of the shutters; when—How shall I describe my sensations! I screamed, I yelled, I scarcely know what I did. *It was the self-acting shower-bath I had got into,* and the water came down in a torrent on my devoted head. I suppose my cries were deadened by the curtains, for no one appeared to have heard me, and I emerged dripping from the bath. I was shivering. I drew off my wet night-shirt, and then felt my way to my portmanteau, and got another. This took me some time to accomplish, and I was glad to get into bed again. Strange to say, it was not long before I got warm; a glow seemed to come over me; but sleep was still out of the question.

During all this time I had never got over the oppression of the intense darkness. All at once I thought: 'Why, what a fool I am!' I had forgotten how easy it was to light the gas: I had only to press on the ivory knob. True, there might be some difficulty in finding it, but at any rate I would try.

Again I felt my way along the wall, and at length finding the knob, I pushed it in; but no gas was lighted. Instead, I heard a terrific noise overhead: it was the alarm-bell. All the neighbourhood would be aroused. What should I do? I did not in the least know how to stop it. I must try and find my way to Harry. As for the pipe, I could not be at all sure which was number one in the dark. In my hurry to find the door, I had

just upset a table with a variety of things upon it, when Harry, who had heard the bell, burst into the room at the instant of the crash, and exclaimed: 'What on earth is the matter?'

'Nothing,' I cried. 'If I could but stop this abominable bell! I was trying to light the gas, and pushed in the wrong knob.'

'There,' said Harry, when he had felt his way in; 'I've stopped it. But I must now run downstairs to the telegraphs. I can hear the bells ringing; the neighbours have heard the alarm, and are wanting to ask what is the matter;' and away went Harry, still leaving me in the dark. When he had sent them each a message stating that the alarm was all a mistake, he came back to ask me how it happened, and lighted the gas for me.

'I could not sleep,' I said, 'and wanted to get a light; but unfortunately, I pressed in the wrong knob and set the bell ringing.'

'Oh, well, never mind; it's all right now. But I must go and get into bed; I've got scarcely anything on, and my teeth are chattering so, I can hardly speak.'

'But, I say, I want to explain something to you. I've got into such an awful muddle. I wanted to speak to *you*; but I got hold of the wrong tube, and called to your sister instead, and she'—

'Oh, well, never mind; I'll make it all right in the morning. I can't stay any longer now.'

He was gone, and I had not been able to fully explain. Should I do so through the pipe? No; I would not risk that; perhaps I might get hold of the wrong one again, and only make matters worse. I lay pondering for a long time what I should do. I was seized with an ardent desire to get away. I looked at my watch: it was four o'clock; why, it would soon be getting daylight. If those confounded shutters were but open, I should be able to see if the day were breaking. Now, I had a light, surely I might open them. I would try. Yes; I could open them; but as the gas was alight, it prevented the catch from keeping them open, and, as I have said, they closed with a spring; however, as I held them back, I could see signs of the dawn, and at last I managed to prop them open with two chairs. How could I get away!—that was the all-important question—and without Jane seeing me too. Suppose I were trying to slip out, and were to meet her on the stairs in the dusk, she would probably think I had improper designs, and before I could explain, would rouse the house. Decidedly, if I meant to go, I must start before the servants were stirring. I consulted my Brulshaw, and found that there was an early train from the station where I got out last night. Only last night? Could it be? It seemed an age. Yes; I would make up my mind to go. I would leave a note for Harry, asking him to excuse my sudden departure, and begging him, whatever might be alleged against my moral character, to suspend his judgment until he had heard what I had to say, if we should ever meet again.

I found in my pocket a note with a blank half sheet; this I tore off, and writing my letter to Harry in pencil, I placed it on the dressing-table, and prepared to start. I had only a small portmanteau, which I could easily carry to the station myself. Soon all was ready. I cautiously opened the door, and crept noiselessly down-stairs, carrying my boots in my hand. In the hall I sat down and put them

on. Confound it; the front door was locked, and the key taken away. I must try some of the back entrances. I was determined to get out of the house if possible. I had not been in the kitchen, but I saw a passage which I had no doubt led in that direction. Cautiously I traversed it, for the early daylight was only dimly struggling in through the fanlight over the hall-door.

Presently I came to a pair of folding-doors covered with crimson baize. I pushed: they did not yield; but peering more closely, I saw a latch by which they were secured. I tried it; still the door would not open. There was another handle, and I put down my portmanteau to try this, when—'Oh! Oh! Ah! O-o-o-o-o! Murder! Thieves! Fire! Oh!' and so on, and so on, for about an hour, as it seemed to me, though I don't suppose it was really a minute. I was caught in the thief-trap that Harry had explained to me, but which I had forgotten. My fingers clutched violently at the handles, though I was all the time most anxious to rush away from them; but the muscles of my fingers were beyond my control, and I was suffering excruciating agony from the electric current, which was vibrating through me from head to foot. At last the shaking ceased, and with it my cries and shouts, which I had kept up vigorously all the time, and I almost dropped into a chair which stood near. Then I saw and heard Harry, who was asking me how I came there.

'I was going away,' I gasped. 'I have been most miserable all night; but this is the climax; it has almost killed me. Pray, open the door, and I'll try and walk to the station.'

'Nonsense!' cried Harry; 'come along upstairs. I am very sorry you have been so bothered, but I'll make it all right.'

'No; I shall never be happy here: you must let me go. I am very much obliged to you for your kind intentions; but what with tubes and bells, and knobs to push in, and handles to pull out, and batteries and coils, and one thing and another, I am almost driven out of my senses. Please, let me go, or I shall miss the early train.'

'At anyrate wait until I can call my man to put the horse in the dogcart, and I will drive you to the station—do, now. In the meantime, Jane shall come and get you some breakfast; I believe she is getting up.'

'No, no,' I gasped; 'I can't wait for Jane: I will start at once; I must be gone before she comes down.'

'But I will call, and tell her to make haste; I daresay she can come at once.'

'No, no! I must go at once. Good-bye. I am sorry to leave you so abruptly, but I—I shall lose my train.'

'Only stay two minutes, until I can slip on my clothes, and I will walk to the station with you then.'

'No, no; thank you. Good-bye, good-bye;' and I hastened away. But I had not gone far before I remembered that the electric wires were laid as far as the entrance-gate. I looked back; Harry still stood at the door, looking after me. 'Is there any danger at the gate?' I cried.

'Danger! What do you mean? There's no danger.'

'You are sure there are no knobs, or handles, or coils, or anything of that sort?'

'O no; nothing of the kind; you need not be

at all afraid. I wish, though, you would alter your mind, and come back.'

I looked back, and as I did so, I saw Jane opening the shutters; I shook my head, and cried: 'No; thank you; good-bye;' and made the best of my way down the drive. I cautiously pushed the gate open with my foot, and carefully avoided touching the handle. When I got on the high-road, I breathed more freely, and hastened on to the railway station. I just managed to catch the early train; and in due time reached London and my modest lodgings. As I entered my snug little room, I said to myself: 'Thank goodness, there is no cellar full of electric batteries with wires, and shocks laid on all over the house; and as for lighting the gas, I had rather do it with the humble lucifer, than with the most convenient ivory knob that was ever invented.'

EAST COAST FISHERIES.

ONE of the most interesting Reports laid before the House of Commons during the session of 1875 was drawn up by Mr Frank Buckland, in his capacity of Inspector of Fisheries. It related to the present condition of the fisheries of Norfolk and sister counties. From it we have gathered the following notes.

Yarmouth for eight hundred years past has been celebrated for its herring-fishery. Old histories tell us that in the days of Canute its site was a mere sand-bank; in Edward the Confessor's time it was just visible at low-water. At the beginning of William the Conqueror's reign it became constantly dry ground, so that fishermen from various parts of England came annually to catch herrings. This fishery has steadily progressed, and now, not only has the number of boats and men much increased, but also the depth and length of the nets have been augmented. Many boats now fish with nets a mile and a third long; some are known to use nearly two-mile length of nets. It is calculated that during the months of September, October, and November it would be well within the mark to say that for the capture of herrings, there are in use, every favourable night in the North Sea, between five and six thousand miles of netting. Formerly, these nets were made exclusively of twine; now, cotton only is used, having been found from its softness to be much better adapted to the purpose.

The kippered herring trade at Yarmouth finds employment for large numbers of women, ten thousand barrels being now yearly required for this trade alone. The fisheries of Yarmouth and Lowestoft are truly described as of national importance; for the herrings alone supplied through these ports would give about fourteen meals in the year to every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, allowing one fish to a meal. With regard to the proper seasons for conducting these fishing operations, we find that in January no herrings are caught. Towards the end of February the fishermen begin to catch spring herrings, and continue this work during the three succeeding months. The spring herrings,

however, are nothing but skin and bone; hardly fit, indeed, for human food. They are sold in large quantities to the Dutch and French fishermen as bait for catching halibut, turbot, &c. The real 'harvest of the sea' begins in September, and lasts until Christmas.

Lowestoft in former years derived some benefit from the mackerel fisheries; but the business was never a very remunerative one, and of late the number of boats engaged in it has much decreased. The merchants have to compete with the very fine fish caught off the Irish coast near Kinsale, and with the immense quantities of mackerel imported from Norway; these are packed in ice, and find a ready market amongst the manufacturing towns, as well as in London. Ice is also an indispensable part of the stock-in-trade of every Yarmouth fisherman, for unless the boats carried large quantities of it out to sea, they could make but very short trips. Large stocks of it are brought to Yarmouth, from the numerous broads and rivers of Norfolk, in wherries holding twenty or thirty tons; in the summer season, numerous cargoes of ice are discharged from Norwegian vessels. A mild English winter seriously affects the year's profits, for every block of ice needed has then to be got from Norway.

There is no regular oyster-fishery now at Yarmouth. Some years ago, when the anchor and chain of a lightship stationed off this coast were removed, a large number of oysters were found attached to them. Dredges were then used, and a considerable bed of oysters was found about the lightship. The supply was, however, soon dredged out, and the men left off working when their work ceased to be profitable. Mr Buckland, in accounting for the presence of this single bed, gives some interesting facts about the breeding of oysters, well worth quoting. When the mother-oyster spawns, she opens her shells and blows out the 'spat' in a dense cloud; not at all unlike the steam from a railway engine on a clear frosty morning. If the water is quiet, the tide calm, and the temperature warm, these young spat swim up and down and around their mother; when the sun is very hot, they ascend to the surface, and there play about like gnats on a still evening. It frequently happens that the tide drifts immense numbers of these living spat away from among the shells of the parent oysters; these swim, and are carried by the tide, and at last sink to the bottom of the sea. If the bottom is clean and favourable for their taking hold of some suitable 'culch,' they remain, and establish a new oyster-bed; if not, they all perish. This migration of the young oysters is somewhat analogous to the swarming of bees. The young bees leave the parent hive for the reason that if they staid in the hive there would not be space for the two families, and the general stock would suffer. In the same way the oysters, by a provision of nature, may be said to 'swarm,' in order that there shall not be too many on one spot. No pains seem to be taken by the fishermen to secure the natural enemies of the oyster. These are: five-fingers, usually called star-fish, and said to make excellent field-mauure; dog-whelks or borers; broad weeds; and burrs or sea-urchins. As many

as fifty or sixty of these burrs are often brought up in one haul of the dredge; but they are carelessly returned to the water. Unless better care be taken to destroy this 'sea-vermin,' Mr Buckland despairs of any really good oyster-culture on this coast.

Cromer and the adjoining villages along the coast form the headquarters of the crab and lobster fisheries. The extent of fishing-ground here is about sixteen square miles, described as one vast forest of sea-weed, and naturally a splendid breeding and feeding place for crabs. In former times the crabs were caught by what is called the 'hoop-net.' This was sunk to the bottom of the sea and worked with the hand, after the fashion of a minnow-net; this apparatus sufficed until crab-pots were invented. These are made of a cage of thick string netting fastened across bows of iron or wood; the cage is one foot nine inches long, and one foot three inches across the bottom. The crabs enter the crab-pots through two funnel-shaped doors, which act on the principle of a mouse-trap—easy to get in, but not so easy to get out; a side-door is let down, when the crabs are to be removed. The bait used are flat-fish, locally called butts. These fisheries, forming the principal industry of the Cromer district, are sadly on the decline; and their utter extinction is feared within a few years, unless some remedy against the wholesale destruction of small crabs, which is practised by some fishers, can be devised. Mr Buckland directs public attention to the horrible cruelties perpetrated in getting the crabs ready for market. They are actually placed in cold water, a fire lighted, and gradually boiled; the reason given for this being, that if they were put into boiling water at once, they would cast their claws. The crabs and lobsters are all sent away from the Norfolk coast packed in hampers; and this process of boiling crabs alive takes place at their several destinations or markets. Such cruelties should at once be stopped. It is suggested that the crab could easily and painlessly be killed by running an awl or needle through the heart, which is situated in the centre of the body, just below the mouth. Lobsters are usually plunged into boiling water and killed at once.

Medical men consider oysters, crabs, and lobsters should form the diet of all persons engaged in business or literary pursuits, where much wear and tear of the nerve-powers take place from day to day, for no substance conveys phosphorus so readily into the human system, or assimilates so readily and quickly with the system. Care must, however, be taken that the organs of digestion are not disturbed by too large a quantity of this kind of diet.

Mr Buckland concludes his Report with a variety of recommendations regarding the better preservation and further cultivation of these fisheries; a matter, he justly considers, of the utmost importance, not only to the fishermen and inhabitants of Norfolk, but also to the public at large, for the teeming population of England is eating up the products not only of the land, but also of the ocean; and he trusts that, should legislation, based upon his labours, take place, it will result in furthering the great object of his life—the increase of food for the people.

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BIRD PROTECTION.

THE Sea-birds' Protection Act of 1869 met with general approval. Far from injuring man, sea-birds are positively beneficial to him. They act as scavengers at all sea-side villages; they fly inland and rid the farmer of noxious larvæ; at Flamborough and similar rocky coasts, they warn the mariner by their screams and clangour during fogs to give a wide berth to an iron-bound shore. Their elegant forms and lively evolutions in sea or air delight all eyes. It was high time that ignorant and brutal holiday-makers were restrained by law from wantonly massacring them in the breeding season, under colour of selling plumes for ladies' hats. But natural history journals, and the evidence collected by the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1873, disclose considerable difference of opinion with regard to protecting wild birds, the ordinary denizens of garden, field, and mountain. Some ornithologists would provide a close season for birds which others would ruthlessly destroy. A third party, again, would throw the axis of protection around all alike, believing that nature would redress any apparent inequality in the abundance or diminution of particular species. The question is further complicated by the necessity for game, inasmuch as several of our finest native birds are inimical to the undisturbed rearing of grouse, partridges, and pheasants. Considerations of political economy are urged by game preservers with irresistible effect against those who would encourage the peregrine falcon to sweep round the Highland mountains; the magpie, jay, and hooded crow to diversify the monotony of winter scenery in England by their bright plumage. From a Return furnished to the House of Lords in 1873, we find that 1,041,960 head of game were sold in the United Kingdom by the licensed game-dealers in 1872, to say nothing of 580,388 wild-fowl. Over and above these, an enormous number of pheasants, partridges, and grouse must be included, shot by sportsmen for their own use; and it will be apparent that game provides very many tons of meat for the

people annually. The claims of the game preservers, therefore, cannot be alighted, as if their hobby ministered only to their own pleasure. The farmers must next be listened to, when they tell us that certain birds, such as sparrows and stock-doves, seriously injure the food supplies of the nation. They would have protection afforded to certain of the *raptores*, which are the natural foes of these marauders, forgetting that to exterminate the smaller birds is equivalent to suffering insects to devour crops and garden produce unchecked by nature's police. These conflicting interests look down with contempt upon the sentimental claims of those who love British birds merely for their interesting form, plumage, and habits; and yet the latter have also a right to be heard, apart from all æsthetical considerations, inasmuch as many of them are skilled naturalists and ornithologists, upholding theories respecting bird preservation and encouragement not altogether inimical to the welfare of the country, and capable withal of being supported by a strong array of facts.

The ultimate question remains between two great parties—those who would extend a moderate protection to all our birds, and trust to the balance of nature maintaining itself; and those who would bestow their chief pains in preserving game, and for that end would have every eagle, falcon, crow, and other vermin, trapped or shot. Most lovers of the country, and of that feathered life which lends so great a charm to its woodlands, would object to espousing either side in all its hard and sharp exclusiveness. Is it quite impossible to rear sufficient game for all ordinary needs, and yet to suffer the owl to inhabit its hollow tree, the peregrine and sparrow-hawk to sail round the moor and delight the naturalist's eye, the jay to chatter in the plantation, the hooded crow to flap lazily across the road without an overwhelming dread of the keeper's gun? The gardener, in all ordinary cases, by a little care, can grow plenty of fruit without diminishing the songs of black-birds and exterminating those beautiful birds, the bullfinches. For ourselves, we would rather find fewer partridges in our fields than be deterred

from welcoming an occasional falcon, hawk, raven, or other winged 'vermin,' as the keeper calls them, on our rambles; though when their numbers grew excessive we would have them thinned. That good naturalist, Mr St John, was of opinion that great part of the pleasure of a country ramble consisted in being able to watch the varied flights and habits of different kinds of birds. He would have seen no special beauty in a moor tenanted only by grouse, though himself the keenest of sportsmen. Mr Knox, again, is eloquent on behalf of the wood-owl, the jay, and other of our larger birds which are ignorantly shot down by many keepers. 'One poacher,' he believes, 'will purloin a greater number of pheasants' eggs from a preserve in a couple of days than all the unhappy members of the genus *corvus* which the keeper will shoot during an entire summer.' Major Morant* at once cuts the knots over which bird preservers and game preservers wrangle. His advice is: remorselessly destroy all *raptores* and other birds which feed on game; shoot and trap also all mountain-foxes, polecats, weasels, stoats, hedgehogs, and rats. As for cats detected in the woods or preserves, they must at once be put to death. Even tame cats ought to be taxed, like dogs, and confined during the breeding season of birds. Thus, by the old Roman plan of making a solitude, peace is obtained. The maximum of game will be procured, and all the small birds will be saved from the attacks of any foe, save the universal debt all owe to nature. It is apparently a simple though a sweeping remedy; but the reader who does not care for excessive quantity of game will observe, it would exterminate a great number of the most beautiful and interesting of our native birds and quadrupeds.

Much as lovers of birds will enjoy the anecdotes and statistics of Major Morant, we cannot promise him a large following of disciples. He writes, however, almost entirely in the interests of game, and though he avows a general love for all birds, the grouse is manifestly his favourite. His remarks too are many of them only applicable to the extensive open moors of Scotland, where he tells us he has enjoyed the sole right of shooting over more than a hundred square miles of country. As for the balance of nature, which many justly maintain would be broken by the over-breeding of one kind—a theory upheld by such names as Waterton, Tristram, Gray, and Freeman—he laughs it to scorn: 'The more carefully we have read all this mass of evidence,' he writes, 'the more clear it seems to us that at the present time the game preserver is the only bird preserver, the only real friend all our birds have.'

The grouse disease is naturally a subject of investigation with him, and he rightly, we think, discredits the evidence of Dr Günther and Canon Tristram, that peregrines and hawks generally

seize, as a matter of course, the last and weakest bird in a pack of grouse, thereby aiding, where they are protected, in stamping out the disease. The bird which a falcon seizes is, Major Morant asserts, simply the hindmost grouse, which sprang from the heather some twenty yards nearer to the hawk, and is unable to regain his lost advantage. Just as the exclusive dependence upon the potato caused famine and death among the Irish, our author deems that the exclusive feeding on frost-bitten heather during winter, of great numbers of carefully protected grouse, produces the grouse disease. The remedy lies in feeding them with a more generous diet, with corn, when the weather grows severe. The disease, it seems, does not extend within ten miles of the western coast of Scotland, where, he tells us, the influence of the Gulf Stream is felt, and the frost, consequently, is less intense. Our author defends the extermination of the *raptores* and other birds obnoxious to him as a game-fancier, by the example of the wolf, which our ancestors extirpated. The analogy, however, does not hold good, for the wolf was killed, like the wild boar, because it killed, or would kill, human beings.

With a view to strengthening his extirpation theory, Major Morant puts all the creatures whom he deems hurtful to the game preserver, on their trial; but the verdict, we need hardly say, is invariably against the 'plunderer.'

Among the curious details connected with the mode in which the falcons take their prey, we learn that they often hunt in couples. A mallard was seen pursued by a pair of peregrines into a Scotch loch. The female knocked him down—probably by a blow of her wing, as he was not seriously injured—and then seizing him by the back with one foot, and a bunch of heather with the other, she held him down in spite of his struggles, and screamed loudly for her companion. He soon came up, but detecting a keeper some seventy yards off, hurrying to the fray, he gave a sharp note of alarm, and both falcons escaped, the mallard being only too glad to fly off apparently unhurt. To the true lover of nature, such a spectacle is full of interest; and—though perhaps sundry grouse remained yet to be killed by the noble pair—few in this case would be inclined to sympathise with the baffled keeper. Our author draws a frightful picture of the devastation this pair of falcons would cause. They will kill in a year at least one thousand birds! This he endeavours to prove by giving each falcon a bird a day, and adding a hundred more for each of the three young ones which they will rear from May until autumn, making in all one thousand and thirty birds. A pair of falcons have been seen, he asserts, to bring six grouse to their young ones in four hours; therefore the one thousand and thirty birds may be deemed, he thinks, even under the estimate. It must, however, be borne in mind that falcons can fast for a long period, and that their food is not exclusively game, so that

* *Game Preservers and Bird Preservers: which are our Friends?* By G. F. Morant. London: Longmans. 1876.

these arithmetical arguments fail when applied to the actual state of things.

The golden eagle, now very scarce, is arraigned for destroying lambs. A shepherd told Major Morant that in the Isle of Rum during one season he lost more than seventy lambs by eagles. His employer then bought him a gun, and in the next eleven years he killed forty golden eagles by watching under shelter near dead sheep. But as a set-off, the writer admits that eagles benefit deer-stalkers, by killing grouse and hares in a deer-forest. Buzzards are charged with snatching a gray hen from her young, or a grouse from her nest; but they will not materially reduce the number of grouse on a well-stocked moor. Sometimes they rob the falcon of its prey, 'the latter making no objection, in fact rather liking the fun of catching another bird.' The hen-harrier meets with scant favour at Major Morant's hands, though he acknowledges to finding the crop of one which was shot, full of wire-worms. Grouse are much thinned by them, he says; and on one occasion he caught with his hands partridges, which were terrified at the hen-harrier's low flight and resolute hovering over them.

The peregrine falcon still answers to its old appellation of noble, as it never condescends to eat carrion. Owing to its depending more upon loneliness of situation than inaccessibility, we are glad to hear that it is more numerous than generally supposed in the west of Scotland. Peregrines leave that part of the country from October to February, but black indeed is their character in our author's eyes, while they do remain. The Major tells us that they 'break up nearly every pair of grouse in the breeding season. We know a fine estate which has been let for the last three seasons for five hundred pounds a year, which for nine years was neither let nor shot over, though three and four keepers were kept on it all the time. The grouse never increased, and five brace was an unusual bag. Since three falcons' nests were discovered in the neighbourhood, and they were regularly prevented from breeding, from twenty to thirty brace has become quite an ordinary bag. The presence of these birds on the ground made a difference of eight hundred pounds a year to the proprietor, as the estate cost at least three hundred pounds a year to keep up, instead of bringing in a clear five hundred pounds.'

Peregrines are not much seen by day, as they feed generally just after daylight, and then retire to the most lonely rocks. Five out of six birds they take on the moors are grouse or black game, and they frequently kill birds for sport. The gulls, with their white conspicuous plumage, are often knocked down; and a kestrel has been known to be struck dead and left for mere wantonness. Major Morant would, however, have the peregrine tolerated in a deer-forest, simply because he kills grouse, which often alarm a deer just as the stalker has secured his position and is about to fire. Spite of these formidable offences, we would plead for the peregrine as a beautiful and gallant bird, a link between ourselves and our ancestors' sport of hawking. Professor Newton knew one which for several years haunted a plantation in Suffolk, and preyed entirely on

stock-doves; and this habit, at all events in a farmer's eyes, ought to be an extenuating circumstance in its favour.

Still harder measure is dealt out to the sparrow-hawk. He catches old grouse and partridges, we are told, in winter, and decimates young pheasants in summer. Canon Tristram fancies that it will live entirely on the wood-pigeon; but this, we fear, is hardly correct. We happen to inhabit an ivy-covered house much haunted by sparrows; and one morning in August, a sparrow-hawk, in attacking them, dashed through the glass of a drawing-room window, being picked up, much to our sorrow for so fine a bird, with a broken back, but doubtless greatly to the safety of ornaments and china. Even the little merlin appears to be a criminal of the deepest dye. 'We have seen one,' says the author, 'overtake in fair flight and kill an unusually fine old grouse in the month of February.' He 'is a dreadful bird-murderer.' Even his scarcity tells against him; he is only scarce 'because his real character has been found out.' For the well-known kestrel some mercy ought to be shewn. Like the owl, the staple food of kestrels is undoubtedly mice; and surely this fact should condone minor offences, when either of these birds, on an emergency, helps itself to a young pheasant. But no! that bird too must at once be destroyed! For our part, we trust that wild scenery will long possess the pretty accessory of a kestrel hovering in the foreground. He and others of his tribe are at anyrate perfectly welcome, once in a way, to one or two of our young partridges.

Halting at the *corvix*, we must protest against raven, crow, rook, Royston crow, magpie, and jay, being handed over indiscriminately to the keeper's gibbet. The raven, from his many interesting associations, claims a little protection; the good he does as a scavenger ought to tell largely in his favour. Doubtless, he is omnivorous in taste, and would respect the laird, were he to find him senseless on his moor, as little as he does the laird's young grouse. But he is a brave bird, and exterminators of the falcon tribe might do well to remember that he will, single-handed, attack the eagle and hunt him out of the country. Still, 'we have the raven and its kind to thank, if grouse are five shillings a brace instead of two, and if thousands of square miles in Scotland still afford neither sport nor rental to their owners.' Thus even the enormities of the *falconide* are forgotten when a raven is in question. Farmers acknowledge, or ought to acknowledge the beneficial services rendered by the rook in keeping down wire-worms and other destructive larvae. But our author unluckily listens to a serious charge that rooks 'eat more game-eggs than all other birds on earth.' The usual verdict follows as a matter of course. Nothing can exceed his malevolence towards the unfortunate *corvix*. No excuse is of any avail. We hesitate about the hooded crow, though he is quite cunning enough to take care of himself. That that plunderer, however, can vary his diet, is shewn by our author, who writes: 'We must own we once opened the crops of some full-fledged young hoodies, and found them full of insects, principally beetles. But then,' adds our ingenious author, 'their ancestors had eaten eggs for so many years in that country that there were no birds left to lay any within three miles of their nest.'

In the book under notice, the author distinguishes lowland from mountain foxes, in his remarks on the quadrupeds that devour birds or their eggs. Sympathy for fox-hunting naturally enough biases his judgment in favour of the former. 'Rear rabbits in abundance for the lowland fox, and protect young game and poultry as much as possible,' he says, 'with wire-fencing; then they need not be shot down.' But with the mountain-fox it is a different matter. 'A keeper of our own one morning at daylight shot a vixen returning to her den, and in her mouth were a hen-grouse, two grouse's eggs, and two frogs.' He kills hares, too, and young fawns, and, worst of all, habitually kills lambs when rearing his cubs. 'It is not unusual to count twenty and twenty-five lambs' skulls round the cairns where they feed their young.' It is curious, however, that they never kill lambs near their earth. They will pass flocks of sheep close at hand, and kill and carry lambs from a distance of miles to their earth. So great is the necessity felt for exterminating hill-foxes, that it is customary for sheep-farmers in many parts of Scotland to have a grand annual raid. Shepherds collect from all quarters, and with the assistance of their collies circumvent their wily foes, and track them to the death. We endorse the statement that the mountain-fox is a dreadful pest, and ought to be destroyed.

The same doom is relentlessly pronounced on the polecat, stoat, and weasel. The polecat is a ranger over miles of country, and can be tracked in snow high on the mountains, as well as along the sea-shore. All the *mustelide* are blood-thirsty, kill without stint, and often leave one victim, after merely sucking its blood, to do the same to another. Hence, our author condemns them, though even their services, in keeping down rats, might be taken into consideration. The poor hedgehog, from a game-fancier's point of view, must be ruthlessly destroyed. It is too true that he eats eggs. Here, however, we again bethink ourselves of his services in keeping down earth-worms and insects, and incline towards mercy. The wild cat is practically extinct in England, and so rare in Scotland that his case need not be considered; but Major Morant has a strong cause of complaint against the common cat when it has once taken to the woods. It is one of the worst enemies that game possess.

A perpetual battle is fought in the country between the friends and foes of two birds, both of which have a great tendency to increase—the wood-pigeon and the sparrow. Both are undoubtedly noxious to field and garden, and yet they possess counterbalancing virtues. Mr Cordaux gave evidence before the Select Committee that the former picks up an enormous number of noxious seeds, which would otherwise fill the ground with weeds; while the latter keeps down insects, in conjunction with our other insectivorous birds. Both birds, however, must be kept in their place, to fulfil their parts in rural economy.

Major Morant's book possesses very considerable interest, and abounds in new and striking anecdotes of our rarer birds and beasts. We devoutly trust, however, that the author will not make many converts to his theories of *annihilation*. Luckily, all men are not game preservers to the extent of extirpating all game destroyers; and many who are fond of shooting, also delight in seeing the

sweep of wing and varied flight of the feathered children of the waste. In bird preservation, as in everything else, there is room for common-sense. Ruthless extermination speedily avenges itself, to say nothing of robbing rural scenes of some of their most beautiful and interesting features. In conclusion, we have further to add that the destruction of small birds, such as finches, for the sake of selling their wings and feathers as ornaments for ladies' bonnets, is simply atrocious, and a scandal to the age. On this point, we hope soon to have something to say.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER VII.—MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

'SOME one has been to call,' observed Mrs Campden to her companion, as, driving up the carriage-sweep within an hour or so of dinner-time, her sharp eyes remarked the recent traces of wheel and hoof. 'I should not wonder if it was Lady Blanche Ealing.'

'Mr Holt and the boys were going to the sports, were they not?' returned Mrs Dalton, not, it must be confessed, with any signs of overpowering interest in the question; for the last two hours her thoughts had been at home—watching for her husband's telegram; and neither the calls, nor her companion's conversation, had been able to secure the attention which she would fain have given to them.

'My dear Edith'—she spoke with an emphasis dictated by a due sense of the fitness of things—'you don't suppose I should have sent out anything but the dogcart with that Mr Holt? There has been a pair of horses here—look at the hoof-marks. It is very annoying if it has been Lady Blanche, for that will be the second time I have missed her. Such a charming person; the Earl of Beaufampton's daughter, and, socially speaking, the lady of this part of the county.—Who has called, Marks?' asked she, of the butler, who received them at the Hall door.

'No one, ma'am—leastways, Mr Dimple came on some business about the church-sittings; but it would do just as well, I was to say, with his compliments, another day.'

'But some carriage has been here, beside the dogcart.'

'O yes, ma'am; the barouche. Master took out the young ladies in it.'

'Is there any message for me, Marks?' inquired Mrs Dalton, unable any longer to bear her suspense, though unwilling enough to interrupt the inquiries of her hostess.

'Yes, ma'am; a telegram: Miss Jenny has it.' The invalid girl had been for so many years a child-guest at Riverside, that in old Mark's eyes she was still Miss Jenny, and would probably remain so for ever. 'She is up in her own room, I think, ma'am.'

Mrs Dalton flew up-stairs to the apartment thus indicated, where she found Jenny upon her spring-

couch—the unwonted fatigues of the day having somewhat exhausted her frail frame.

‘O mamma! there is a telegram from papa.’

‘What is it, child?’ inquired her mother anxiously. Jenny put the slip of paper in her hand without speaking.

Shall come by the 6.30 train, as proposed. Nomp.

‘Why, what does he mean by Nomp?’

‘I am afraid it means he is not elected: he wished us to understand, without telling others, that he was no M.P.; at least, that is what I make it out to be.’

‘Dear, dear!’ sighed Mrs Dalton.

‘I am very sorry, upon papa’s account, mamma, because I am afraid he will be disappointed; but except for that—you know we have often agreed that he will be happier as he is.’

Mrs Dalton did not reply, but withdrew at once to her own room. There was something in the bareness of the communication that she had just received—though telegrams are not expected to be effusive—that chilled her, and seemed to give an additional seriousness to the missive of the morning. The latter had enjoined silence upon her as regarded her husband’s anticipations of the election, and even now that it was over he seemed to have a disinclination to make known the result. What did this reticence augur in one who had been wont—until of late months—to be the most frank and demonstrative of men? It was true that he had given utterance to no expression of annoyance, but the brevity of his message spoke to her in language that she alone understood, of the chagrin and bitterness that he was enduring. ‘No M.P.’ was all he had said; but no ‘Form’ with which the Telegraph Company could have supplied her would have been sufficient to contain her paraphrase of those few letters. She was consumed with vague apprehensions upon his account; for she knew not *why* her husband should be thus cast down, and that was the most bitter thought of all. She was far too wise, however, to consult upon such a matter with a third person, or to allow others to read her anxiety; and she presently descended to the drawing-room, to await her husband’s arrival, as though only dinner had been in prospect. She found the rest of the company already assembled there, and became at once conscious that something unpleasant had occurred among them. The quarter of an hour before dinner-time is proverbially an embarrassing period, but it was obvious that on this particular occasion it had been a very uncomfortable one. Her first glance, mother-like, was given to her own belongings, and so far as they were concerned, it seemed that the explosion—which had certainly taken place, for the air was still heavy with the smoke of it—had spared them, whatever harm it had wrought to others. Jenny was on the sofa with a book before her eyes, which would not have been the case—for she was bold as a lion—had she been under fire; Kate, with a flushed cheek, was looking out of the window, to avoid, as her mother guessed, gazing on the victim under punishment; Tony was standing by her with his hand fast clutched in hers, but his glowing face turned towards the scene of action; Mary Campden was smoothing her gown, an action of hers whenever ill at ease: all these, it was

evident, were non-combatants. At the mantelpiece, with her back to the ferns and flowers which filled the useless grate, stood the mistress of the house, and by her side its so-called master was twirling his whiskers as though he would have twirled them off; and at some distance stood Jeff, with a pale face and angry eyes.

‘I am sorry to say, Edith,’ said Mrs Campden, addressing the new-comer, with gravity, ‘that my husband has thought proper—if the word proper can be applied to such a proceeding in any wise—to take your daughters with his own to Bleabarrow sports.’

‘Dear me! I am afraid my girls must have worried him very much to induce him to do it,’ said Mrs Dalton good-naturedly.

‘That is just what we did, mamma,’ said Jenny, looking up for an instant from her book; ‘it was all our fault, but mine especially.’

‘If my husband means to excuse his conduct at the expense of two young ladies’—

‘There were three,’ observed Mary quickly; ‘it was I who was most to blame, because I ought to have known you would not have liked it, mamma.’

‘I am not addressing myself to you, Mary, at all,’ continued her mother with dignity; ‘be so good as not to interrupt me.—I say it was shameful to take advantage of my absence, Mr Campden, to order the barouche and take these girls on such an abominable expedition.—It is natural, Edith, being my guest, that you should endeavour to make light of it.’

‘But, indeed, Julia, I don’t think it any serious matter,’ answered Mrs Dalton; ‘and, of course, the girls would be quite safe in your husband’s charge, in case of any annoyance.’

‘Well, well; you are easily satisfied, Edith,’ returned the other lady, throwing up her hands; ‘but if you knew what I know about such places—what I can’t help knowing from my position here—the sort of people that attend them’—

‘There was Lord Riversdale,’ observed Mr Campden dryly.

‘Indeed! I am sorry to hear it. But not his wife, sir.’

‘I am sure I don’t know whether she was his wife,’ said Uncle George, still more dryly; ‘there was a youngish woman with him.’

‘Do not heighten your disgraceful conduct by disreputable talk, I beg,’ answered Mrs Campden icily. ‘I am quite sure that there was no lady at Bleabarrow, except those you took there in my barouche.’

‘I really don’t think that the girls can have taken much hurt, dear Julia,’ reiterated Mrs Dalton, the peace-maker.

‘I don’t know as to hurt, Edith; but I suppose even your good-nature would draw the line somewhere. What would you have said, for instance, if any gentleman of your acquaintance had not only gone to such a place as Bleabarrow, but taken part in the sports; entered as a competitor with drunken persons’—

‘My good lady, no drunken person can run up hills,’ remonstrated Uncle George; ‘you don’t know what you are talking about; you don’t, indeed.’

‘Oh, thank you! I am sure you are the pink of courtesy; as polite a husband as you have shewn yourself a judicious father. However, I was addressing myself to Edith. I was asking

what she would think if you, or any one of your guests here, should have taken it into their head to compete with such ruffians !'

'Well, really, I can't imagine Mr Campden doing that,' said Mrs Dalton ; 'and, of course, it would be very indecorous.'—

'The height of indecorum,' interrupted Mrs Campden, looking round triumphantly ; 'there ; were not these my very words ?—You see, Mr Geoffrey Derwent, that even those who are generally most ready to excuse you, have nothing to urge in extenuation of your conduct. Mrs Dalton quite agrees with me—that for a person in your position, an inmate of this house, and who has always been treated as one of the family, to compete with common men for gain'—

'I did not compete for gain,' said Geoffrey indignantly ; 'I gave the money—it was three pounds—to the man that came in second, and only kept the belt.'

'That is, you did not take what you had really need of—you threw away, forsooth, three gold sovereigns, like a young millionaire—and only indulged yourself by mixing with the lowest of the low'—

'It was by my advice, Mrs Campden,' said one in cold and measured tones.

At the window, close to where Kate was, Mrs Dalton perceived for the first time that Mr Holt was also standing, half concealed by the curtain-folds. 'I own it was foolish and injudicious ; but it was I who proposed that the young gentleman should enter himself for the Guide Race.'

'That had nothing to do with it,' said Jeff sturdily ; 'I always meant to run, and should have done so whether any one had proposed it or not.'

'Of course you would,' continued Mrs Campden contemptuously ; 'to mix, as I have said, with the lowest of the low, and to earn their good opinion, was your only motive.'

'What ! has Jeff been electioneering, like me ?' cried a lively and genial voice. The speaker, who stood at the open door, had a bright and buoyant look, which by contrast with the faces around him, seemed to typify good-humour and ignore all angry passion.

'O John, how glad I am to see you !' whispered Mrs Dalton, as she sprang into his arms.

'Papa !' cried Kate delightedly. Everybody in the room, including, perhaps, even Mrs Campden herself, who had shot off all her sharpest arrows, seemed pleased to see John Dalton at that moment.

Having kissed his wife, he turned at once to Jenny, to prevent her rising to receive him, and embraced Kate and Tony, and then made his salutations to the rest like one who is used to be welcomed. A more conventional man would have addressed his hostess first, and his own family afterwards, but Dalton always behaved as his instincts prompted him ; and they fortunately happened to be good. He had not a handsome face, nor even an aristocratic one, yet it was one which attracted every eye. If you had seen him in the pit of a theatre (where, however, you never would have seen him, for he was not a man to patronise the pit), or on the crowded platform of a public meeting, you would have asked straightway, 'Who is that man ?' He had passed middle-life, and his face and forehead were deeply lined ; but neither, as you would have said, by thought nor care, so genial was the smile upon his lip, so lively the sparkle of his eye. His

complexion was dark to swarthiness ; his hair, worn much longer than was customary, though he had neither moustache nor whiskers, was black as jet ; yet, so far from this producing a sombre effect, his appearance suggested gaiety. If he was not laughing, he always looked about to laugh, not at but with you ; his air and manner suggested not only the desire to please, but sympathy, and the readiest comprehension of your tastes and character. He was not conciliatory, for if you shewed antagonism—or even a slowness in reciprocating his advances—the sunshine left his face at once, and he set you down as a fool or a knave. I am bound to say, though sometimes guilty of a grave injustice in these hasty judgments, he was generally right. It was said by morose and ill-natured persons that John Dalton could be as 'nasty' in temper as anybody ; but this was not true ; he was hasty, however, and impetuous, and holding a deep-seated conviction that the man who could quarrel with so agreeable a fellow as himself must needs be a scoundrel, he behaved towards him accordingly. This conviction was a dogma of which—though more true than most dogmas—he had not been persuaded in a moment ; a long course of social success had induced it.

Dalton had had neither high birth nor much money to recommend him to the notice of the world ; yet had possessed enough of both to render a struggle for existence or position unnecessary ; he had not been compelled to set his feet on the lower rungs of the ladder, but had had them placed there by his father, who had been a man of fashion and a hanger-on of the court for a quarter of a century before his death. The sayings of 'Tom Dalton' had been considerably quoted before the reputation of his son in the same line of business had caused them to pale and fade away from the recollection of Pall Mall. Some old fogies were still found in that cynical neighbourhood who averred that John Dalton was not after all so clever a fellow as his father ; but such remarks were justly ascribed to the disposition of persons of a certain age to praise the past at the expense of the present. He did not indeed possess the biting satire for which his parent, the friend and rival of Brummell, was distinguished—though if you trod upon his tail ever so slightly, he could give an epigrammatic snap that had marked more than one heedless gentleman for life—but his ordinary talk was bright and vivacious, and he was voted 'good company' wherever he went. By profession he was a barrister, but he had never practised, or given himself the chance of practising ; he had never done anything but please himself in all his life, yet in so doing had somehow contrived to please everybody else ; not so much from his kind heart or his good-nature (though he could boast of both), as from a certain nameless charm of manner, which won over to him both man and woman. He was not a hero, nor anything at all like it ; but if he had been one, his *valet de chambre* would have been the first to acknowledge it. He was not a prophet (for he little knew what was at this moment awaiting himself) ; but if he had been one, his own people would not have denied him honour. His wife was devoted to him ; his children adored him ; and their sentiments had his fullest concurrence. 'If people are only nice to me,' he once confided to a friend, 'I am the nicest fellow people can meet.'

Unhappily, there are some people that cannot be nice, however certain may be the reciprocity, and Mr John Dalton had just been experiencing that fact during his canvass of the electors of Bampton.

'Well, Dalton, may we congratulate you as a British senator or not?' was Mr Campden's inquiry as he shook hands with his guest.

'You may congratulate me, my dear fellow, as having escaped being the representative of the most rascally constituency in England. 'It was a very narrow shave, however,' added the speaker briskly; 'another half-dozen votes would have done it.'

Mr Campden whistled mournfully, and the rest began to express their condolences after their several fashions, when Mrs Dalton broke promptly in with: 'John, dear, there is scarcely time, even as it is, for you to dress for dinner.'

'I know that, my darling, and therefore I am not going to do it,' whispered he.

'But Mrs Campden is so particular.'

'I know that too; but I'm not going to dress.—Pray, do not wait for me one minute, ladies and gentlemen,' added he aloud, and then left the room, not sorry, perhaps, notwithstanding all his presence of mind, that he had got over the declaration of his failure.

'My husband hopes you will excuse a morning-costume to-night, Julia,' said Mrs Dalton; 'nothing distresses him so much as coming in late for dinner, or keeping anybody waiting.'

'Oh, certainly,' returned Mrs Campden with a stately inclination of her head; she was pretty well aware how the case stood, and felt satisfied to get an apology out of Mr Dalton even by proxy. He was indolent, as regarded all physical exertion, and despised the small conventionalities on which his hostess set such store. She knew, or thought she knew, that all the members of 'county families' dressed for dinner every night, and was therefore resolved that her own folks should do so. So poor Uncle George—who during his early life had never worn 'black things,' as he called them, except on the rarest occasions—had every day to divest himself of his light summer clothing and don the broadcloth.

Mr Holt was always attired with the most scrupulous regard to the fitness of things; and Dalton, as her guest, ought to have been amenable to her wishes in this respect; but it was really very difficult, she complained, 'to get him to conform to the most ordinary usages of society.' She did not dare to be imperative with him, for he was one of the few people of whom she stood in dread; and when she had once attempted to—what she was pleased to call—reason with him, he had overset her with an epigram, which, if she had understood, she would have termed 'very conceited.' 'Madam, nobody minds what is one's suit so long as one is a *trump*.' Upon the whole, Mrs Campden had her reasons for not liking Mr Dalton, but she liked to have him at Riverside, from the popularity which his presence conferred upon it. She had more invitations from the county families—who, she had her suspicions, looked down upon her husband, for being a *nouveau riche*—when the Daltons were with them, and a better chance of getting a morning call from Lady Blanche Ealing; nor was it without some gratification that she found John Dalton

taking her into dinner, though his conversation flew over her head, and did not interest her half so much as the proceedings of the servants or the state of the *entrées*. On the present occasion, he was full of the topic of the election—not that he liked it, but lest he should be supposed to shrink from it as a sore subject—and very amusing in his description of his rival (and conqueror), one Mr Griggs. This gentleman, who was no great orator, had accused him of 'labouring under the advantage' of being a skilled legal debater, which was certainly a most unjust imputation, as Dalton had but once opened his lips in court in his life, and then only to move for a rule.

Griggs had also described Mr Disraeli as being 'the greatest *living* statesman of this or any other age.' And Griggs had also told a story on the platform so discursive that it had touched upon almost everything, yet had somehow not arrived at the point. During the progress of it, a voice—a somewhat thick and drunken voice, but still one with an evidently Liberal tone—had interrupted this narrative by a conversation with an imaginary friend, one 'Samuel,' supposed to be at the other end of the town-hall, which was crammed with Griggs' supporters. As the story went on and on, the voice grew more and more dolorous, and at last inquired: 'Samuel, do you like this story?'—a question answered by such a peal of laughter, even from his best friends, as to destroy Griggs' eloquence for the remainder of that evening.

It was by no means John Dalton's habit to monopolise the conversation, and it was only by public request that he now communicated these particulars; but he had never seemed in higher spirits. Only two persons at table were aware that he was acting a part, nor could one of these have detected it, but for certain exclusive information that he possessed. Mrs Dalton, on the other hand, knew that her husband was 'not himself,' although ignorant of the precise nature of what troubled him. Behind those sprightly tones, that joyous laugh, she detected that Black Care was sitting. The subtle instinct of much love had discovered it to her, else there was nothing to indicate it, except perhaps an unwonted grimness in her husband's humour.

For example, Mr Campden had inquired of him, since he had been last in London, whether town was empty.

'No, sir; there are still several toiling millions there, of our own flesh and blood.'

The tone of the Platform, the air of the would-be Representative, were admirably assumed: it was evident that the speaker was still contending with Griggs for the suffrages of the Bampton free-men.

'The club, however, had nobody in it, I suppose,' continued the laughing host, 'except Disney?'

'Disney is out of town.'

'Oh! that is impossible, Dalton; he told me himself that he had not left London for a quarter of a century, and then only to visit Brighton. Oh! Disney can't be out of town.'

'He is, however, I do assure you—since there are no intramural interments—for he is dead!'

'Oh! Mr Dalton, how shocking!' ejaculated Mrs Campden.

'Yes, indeed, madam; but the gentleman could not help it. If you had known him as well as

your husband and I did, you would feel sure of that. He had no desire for change—except in one respect: even when he dined alone on a mutton chop, he *would* always dress for dinner.’

‘And very right, too, I think, Mr Dalton.’

‘No doubt, madam; and I hope he is at this moment reaping the reward of such undeviating propriety.’

‘Well, I am sorry poor old Disnay is gone,’ sighed Mr Campden. ‘We might better have spared a better man.’

‘I can’t understand how *that* can be, George,’ observed the hostess severely.

‘When did the poor old fellow go off the hooks?’ asked Mr Campden, too affected to notice a reproof which, under other circumstances, would have reduced him to silence.

‘Well, his ghost was seen at half-past seven last Thursday.’

‘His ghost!’ echoed several voices.

‘Yes; it was seen coming into the club at what had been his usual dinner-hour.’

‘Oh, what nonsense!’ cried Mrs Campden. ‘How did they know it *was* his ghost?’

‘Well, they knew it was not himself, because he was in morning costume. Everybody said that Disnay must be dead; and what everybody says must be true.’

I don’t think Mrs Campden ‘liked that story,’ any more than friend ‘Samuel’ liked the narrative of Mr Griggs; but to the rest of the company it seemed droll enough.

When the ladies had withdrawn, John Dalton was even still more amusing; but it is my opinion that the talk of us men ‘after dinner’ should be as sacred as the conversation in the drawing-room, that takes place during the same period among the fair sex, and which has never been revealed to mortal man. The talk was mainly between John and his host, for Mr Holt said little. He was turning over in his mind what he should say presently in the smoking-room, or rather how he should say it, when he and Dalton should be left alone together.

CHAPTER VIII.—JOB’S COMFORTER.

The question of whether a ‘little music’ after dinner is socially a desirable thing or not, has been much debated: we know what a certain statesman thought of it—but then he was very bitter against every species of occupation that was not ‘improving.’ Musical people, of course, like to hear the piano going—if the performer understands her art—and there are a number of other persons who like to be thought musical, even if they are not, who hold their fingers up, and whisper ‘Hush!’ during the performance, and when it is over, exclaim: ‘Oh, *thank* you!’ as if the notes had been five-pound ones, and they had pocketed them all. Nor do the rest of the company much *mind* it, if the pieces played are not too long. Old gentlemen will go on with their gossip much as usual, and old ladies will keep time with their heads quite cleverly, until they drop asleep, to be presently awakened by the sudden silence. But if there are any present with a hidden care, it is curious how often their secret is disclosed by a few bars of music. They can no longer laugh or talk, but are left the prey of the anxiety within, and it comes out in the

expression of their face, and in their very posture. Those earnest lines—

Dear friend, whom, grave or gay, we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine,
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine—

were addressed to his piano by a true lover of it; and such persons, even when dejected, may be soothed by its sweet tones; but that is not the case with those who have no particular taste for music. It makes their sad thoughts more gloomy, while it takes away from them the opportunities of disguise. From John Dalton’s face the smile has fallen away like a dropped mask, as he leans an elbow on the mantel-piece, and listens, or seems to listen, in the drawing-room at Riverside, to his daughter’s singing. Kitty has a fine voice, which goes a great way up, and comes a long way down, and goes on without stopping for breath almost as long as a camel can go without water. Mr Holt, who is turning over her leaves, finds that post no sinecure, and being utterly ignorant of music, is never quite sure when she has reached the bottom of the page. Moreover, he cannot keep his eyes from wandering to that statue-like figure by the fireplace, that looks so cast down even now—when it has not yet heard the worst, nor even half the worst, that must needs be told to-night. Others in the room have their troubles: Jeff, pretending to be immersed in a book, is frowning over the top of it at Mr Holt, who must, he thinks, be an idiot not to see when a young lady would rather turn over her leaves for herself; and Tony, only enduring the music, as a lesser evil than going to bed, which, as he is well aware, would be the alternative. The windows are open, and he would gladly be in the open air, but the rain is falling, as it often does at Riverside, so that that avenue of escape is barred. Mr Campden has fallen asleep—which is foolish of him, as he will be all the more wakeful when the time arrives for his curtain-lecture, when all the wickedness of his afternoon’s expedition will be expatiated upon, over again; but the rest of the company are enthralled by the melody. Jenny is lying on the sofa with her eyes closed, in silent ecstasy, for the voice and the instrument are both perfection in their way; Mrs Campden and Mary give still more demonstrative signs of approval; and Mrs Dalton has yet an added bliss as the mother of the singer. Every now and then, however, she steals a glance at her husband, and then that look of maternal triumph fades away.

‘John, dear, you must be very tired,’ she says tenderly, when the little concert is over and the ladies are retreating: ‘I hope you will not have more than one cigar to-night.’

‘I had some sleep in the train, and feel dreadfully lively,’ he answers, brightening up; ‘and I have got some business to discuss with Holt; so I am afraid I shall not be very early; be sure you don’t sit up for me, darling.’

‘George,’ says Mrs Campden, ‘you hear that Mr Dalton and Mr Holt have private affairs to talk about, so that there is no excuse for you spending half the night in the smoking-room. I am astonished at your permitting Geoffrey to accompany you to such a place at all.’

‘I do it as a warning,’ answers the host; ‘that

he may remark for himself thus early the pernicious effects of tobacco.'

'It is easy to joke upon all subjects; but you are giving him a taste which is deleterious in itself, and which in after-life he will not be in a position to gratify.'

'My dear, he has got it already,' replies Mr Campden, as he troops off with the other males to the divan.

Under the apprehension of punishment, Uncle George would sometimes break into what those who did not know him would deem next kin to rebellion, but which was, in fact, only that state of wildness which prompts a man in for a penny to go in for a pound. There was still a cigar—which habit would enable him to enjoy—between him and the curtain-lecture.

The smoking-room at Riverside was a model of what such a place should be: it was on the upper floor, yet not so high up as to inconvenience those of mature age and impaired digestion who sought it after dinner; its windows commanded a glorious view of hill and river, when to look out was pleasurable; and when snugness and warmth were desirable, it possessed every element of comfort. It had lounging-chairs, rocking-chairs, conversation-chairs; and three sides of the room were lined with books, bound with great elegance, but all of small bulk, so as to be easily held in the hand. It was said by Mr Campden's detractors that his upholsterer had supplied these books with the rest of the fittings; but that was of small consequence, if he had not written them; they were, at all events, far better chosen than what we find on the bookshelves of most smoking-rooms, which are but too often the *Sporting Review*, in fifty volumes, and other kindred works. There was a sunlight in the ceiling, for use on winter-nights; but at present the apartment was lit by shaded lamps, placed on small round tables.

'Well, as these two gentlemen want to talk business, Jeff,' said Mr Campden, as they all lit their cigars, 'you and I will have a turn at billiards.'

The billiard-room and the smoking-room communicated with one another by double doors, one of which was of green baize, and through these the host and his young friend at once disappeared, leaving Holt and Dalton together. They sat down opposite to one another, at a table by the open window, with their legs stretched out before them, and their coffee by their side: to all appearance, a very cosy couple. In front of them rose the crags of Bleabarrow, just silvered by the rising moon. For a minute or two nothing broke the silence save the babble of the river, and the dull and almost noiseless click of the balls in the next room; both men's faces lay in shadow, but it could be seen that Dalton was gazing on the scene without, while Holt's elbow leaned on the table, and his eyes were shaded by his hand.

'This Bampton business is an awkward one for me, Holt.'

'Yes, indeed.'

'I fear it will have a bad effect with some of the doubtful ones. It was so important to appear to be important just at this crisis. And I spoke so confidently about the matter at the Board.'

'You had a right to feel confident.'

'Of course I had. If a score of those fellows had not turned out to be the greatest liars upon earth—Jenkins and Fuller, for example, voted dead

against me, though I had their written promise. I have got evidence against Griggs with respect to Fuller. There never was a clearer case of bribery in this world.'

'You are not thinking of a petition, however, are you?'

'Well, no; that would, under the circumstances, be sending good money after bad.'

'If you unseated Griggs, they would have a shot at you, you mean.'

'Perhaps; though I don't think they would hit me; but the fact is, I have got no money to petition with.'

'The thing stood you in, more than you expected, then?'

'My good sir, it cost me twice as much—three times. When it came to the last pinch, neither of us cared how deeply we were dipped. It was like being "pricked" at whist. I could not have imagined that there was such an excitement in the thing.'

'Many a great family has been crippled for generations, my dear Dalton, at the same game.'

'That is no sort of consolation to me.'

'Of course not; I only meant that you shewed no unsound weakness in putting the pot on; that you have nothing, in fact, to reproach yourself with.'

'Nothing? Yes, I *here*, Holt. It was not ambition, it is true, that sent me down to Bampton, but it was a piece of business of a very speculative kind. I feel that now, when the thing has gone the wrong way, I do assure you. Mind, I don't blame you, but I ought never to have risked it.'

'Indeed, my dear Dalton, you should not blame me: my ideas, as you know, by no means coincided with yours upon the matter.'

A short sharp laugh broke from Dalton's lips. 'You are not going to say that you always advised me not to go to Bampton, and prophesied what would come of it, are you?'

'Not at all, my good friend. But I protest against being considered the cause of your calamity. For my part, I thought your election a certainty, and, considering your position and prospects, well worth any reasonable sum. *Voilà tout*.'

'Let's stick to plain "English,"' answered Dalton sharply, 'which anybody can perceive is your mother-tongue.'

Mr Holt's pronunciation of the French language was imperfect, and the way he threw his hands out in deprecation of his friend's remarks was certainly not a good imitation of continental 'action'; but the reproof seemed unnecessarily severe.

'It is plain that you are out of temper, Dalton, and, therefore, unfit to discuss business matters, else I had something serious to say to you.'

'That is, you have some bad news to communicate.'

'I am sorry to say I have.'

'Well, spare me it to-night, at all events. I beg your pardon, Holt, if I said anything offensive; but the fact is, I hardly know what I say. When I think of what this abominable election will cost me—close upon four thousand pounds.'

'*What!*' exclaimed the other, in horrified accents.

'Not a penny less, upon my honour. I say, when I think of the money I have thus flung away for nothing, and *what* money, I feel as though I could blow my brains out—that is, if I have any

brains, which, after such a piece of folly, may well be doubted. I felt ashamed, when I came back to-night, to look my own wife and children in the face.

'Yet, you were doing what you thought the best you could for them.'

'No, I wasn't,' answered the other impetuously. 'I was gambling with the money I had stolen from them, in hopes to get it back again; just as the shop-boy does who robs his master's till; and then, to make restitution, goes to a betting-office and backs the loser.'

'Nay, nay; you stole nothing, and have robbed nobody, Dalton; so much, at least, you may comfort yourself with, under all circumstances. What you have done was at worst an error in judgment.'

'An error that will bring down those belonging to me, however,' went on the other vehemently, 'from competence, to what, by contrast, they will feel as poverty. What a dolt, what an idiot, I have been! To imagine that I was fitted to become a Leviathan of the City; that I could make a colossal fortune by mere wits and common honesty.'

'You have been honest enough, Dalton,' answered the other dryly; 'and that, as I say, should always be a comfort to you.'

'Comfort! How can you talk such stuff as that, when I tell you what has happened. You have no ties, no responsibility of your own, or you could not do it. I tell you, when I have paid this Bampton bill, I shall have frittered away, from first to last, three-quarters of my fortune--nay, of my children's fortune. I don't know what your bad news is, though I suppose it is more trouble about the Board; and if I lose my directorship--which, with this fiasco at Bampton, is more than likely--I have only one good horse left out of the whole string--the *Lara*. I snatched a look at the paper yesterday, and found the shares steadily rising. If that goes on, I may still recoup myself. I am bound to say, you did shew good judgment there, Holt.'

'To buy, and then to sell out; that is what I did.'

'I did not know you had sold out; but, at all events, you must have made a pretty penny.'

'Dalton,' said the other gravely, 'my bad news is about the mine.'

'The mine!' exclaimed the other, starting from his seat, and turning deadly pale. 'The *Lara*? You don't mean to tell me that anything has happened to that?'

'I got this from my clerk this morning,' replied Holt, producing one of the little notes, with the contents of which we are already acquainted, from his pocket. 'Of course, things may not be so bad as they seem.'

Dalton snatched the slip of paper from his hand, and read aloud: '*Mem.—Brooks has cabled as follows: "Sell Lara: whole concern a plant."*

'Brooks; who is Brooks?'

'He is the local agent at St José. The news is but too true, I fear. Brand is very careful.'

'Good heavens! you talk as if I had but fifteen pounds at stake, instead of fifteen thousand. A plant? That means a swindle. Did you *know* it was a swindle, sir?'

'I will not answer such a question, Dalton: I can make every allowance for your excitement, but I will not submit to insult. I believed in the

mine as much as you yourself did, up to six hours ago; and I had at one time almost as much money in it as you had. I always warned you to be content with a good premium, and to realise.'

Dalton did not appear to hear him, but kept his gaze still fixed upon the memorandum, with its few fatal words. '*Sell Lara*. What does the man mean by that? How can I sell them when I know the scrip is but blank paper?'

'Just so; and especially when everybody else knows it. But Brooks is Brazil-bred, and has a Brazilian standard of commercial life. It is too late, of course, to do anything of the sort, even if you would. There have been other telegrams beside this man's: I read in the City article of the *Times*—it lay within your reach in the drawing-room to-night, and I trembled lest you should have cast your eye upon it—that the shares had become unquotable.'

'Fifteen thousand pounds,' groaned the unhappy Dalton; 'and four thousand this week! Alas, alas! they will have nothing to live upon—my poor, poor darlings!' It was strange to see how the loss had stricken him. The lines in his face seemed to have already deepened, and of the gay *débonnaire* expression that had so characterised his features there was nothing left. Holt too was by no means unmoved. His face had paled, and if there was no pity in his eyes, that may have been through their incapacity of expression; his tones had pity in them as he replied: 'They have a friend in me, Dalton, please to remember—if I may venture to say as much. Whatever I can do'—

At this moment there was a knock at the billiard-room door, evidently administrative with the butt-end of a cue; and Mr Campden's voice was heard bidding them good-night.

'I won't disturb your confab; but I'm off,' he said, rather lugubriously; for his time was come when he must need suffer avenging fires for the transgressions of the day.

Dalton waved his hand impatiently; and Holt, understanding the gesture, answered for him: 'Good-night.' He waited a little for his companion's acknowledgment of his offer of friendly aid, but since the other did not speak, he again addressed him: 'What I wished to say to you, Dalton, is, that I am a rich man. I got "a pretty penny," as you have suggested, by selling out of the *Lara*, as I wish from my heart that you had done; and my purse was tolerably well lined before. I beg to offer it—to any reasonable extent—at your disposal; to assist you, and those dear to you—Nay, I mean no offence'—

'There is offence,' exclaimed Dalton vehemently: 'everything from you is an offence just now. One thing only you can do—this moment—for which I will thank you.'

'Consider it as already done; what is it?'

'Leave me.'

Holt rose at once. 'You will shake hands, Dalton, at least. Though things have gone wrong with you, it is not my fault.'

Dalton neither moved nor spoke; but his eyes still fixed upon the crags without, looked fierce and hard.

'You will think better of this as regards myself, to-morrow, old fellow; I make every allowance for your feeling sore with everybody at this moment, even with a true friend.'

He threw a sharp glance round the room—the tables, the mantel-piece, the very book-shelves were all swept by it. 'Thank goodness, there are no weapons about,' he murmured; then softly closed the door, and left the ruined man to his own thoughts.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

STATISTICIANS assure us, that did we know the exact number of persons who annually disappear from the view and knowledge of friends and foes alike, and of whom no traces are ever obtained, we might well stand aghast, not only at the terribly long list of lost and missing individuals, but also at the seeming futility of the best directed efforts for seeking and finding them. A glance at the 'agony' columns of our daily newspapers, or the notice-boards of police stations, will indeed shew us that the mere disappearance from home of individuals is by no means a rare occurrence; and in many of these cases, very plain reasons for the absence of the runaways may be at least guessed at or supposed. But the cases we more especially allude to are instances of the regular 'mysterious disappearance' class, in which, for the most part suddenly, and in every instance without any reasonable or sufficient cause or excuse, individuals disappear from home, from their business haunts, and from the circle of their acquaintances, and leave not the slightest trace of their whereabouts or intentions. Even what we may call the ultimate fact of their death, is in the vast majority of cases never asserted or proved; and the friends of such waifs and strays of society have not, as a rule, even the melancholy assurance or satisfaction of knowing that the further hope of finding the lost is utterly futile and vain. And thus the date of the disappearance in time becomes one which, as days, weeks, and years roll by, carries with it the ever-increasing remembrance of an event at once sad and terrible in the doubt and uncertainty which enshroud it.

To the question, 'What becomes of them?' detective science may hazard in answer some speculations and several ingenious theories, fitting more or less exactly the ascertained facts of each case. But such speculative philosophy is useful only as a guide to the inquirers, and can afford but little help in framing a decisive answer to the above query. It has happened, however, that in some few notable instances, the science of the medical jurist has aided, in the most powerful and satisfactory manner, in elucidating the history of disappearances, through its testimony to the identity of discovered remains with the presumed missing subjects. And no records of fiction could shew more interesting or startling illustrations of the tangled nature of evidence, and indeed of human affairs generally, than the records of medico-legal experience in respect of the light which science brings to bear on questions of the likeness and identity of the dead with that of the once living. We thus may find, in a somewhat roundabout manner, one

answer to the query regarding the whereabouts of missing men and women; for when death claims such, it frequently devolves on the man of science to say whether the body is or is not that of the missing person concerning whom society, as represented by the family or by the law, may have made much and anxious inquiry.

The notable case of Eugene Aram furnishes, for example, a case in point. The deceased or murdered man, named Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker of Knarborough, disappeared suddenly in the month of February 1745; and on no reasonable and satisfactory hypothesis could his absence be accounted for. Thirteen years afterwards, when the disappearance had well-nigh been forgotten, the discovery of some human bones in a cave near Knarborough, together with some suspicions which had been aroused by the words of one Houseman, Aram's accomplice, brought the occurrence again before the notice of the public. And as is well known, the discovery of a second skeleton bearing marks of violence, as indicated by Houseman's confession, resulted in the apprehension of Aram, and in his being arraigned at York, in August 1759, for the murder of Clarke.

Thus the chain of circumstantial evidence was so far strengthened, and the crime traced very near to Aram's door. And yet the most important links in the chain were supplied by the evidence of the medical jurists, as tending to prove the correspondence of the remains with those of a man of Clarke's age and appearance. Aram's defence, singularly able and lucid, did not avail him against the testimony of the anatomical data of the last century. Thus his allegation that the skeleton was that of a female, was entirely disproved by the medical evidence; and this evidence also tallied in a singularly complete manner with the account given by Houseman of the manner in which the murder was committed. So far, therefore, as testimony corroborative of the facts brought out by ordinary witnesses was required to substantiate the identity of the remains, medical science lent its powerful aid in clearing up this example of a mysterious disappearance.

Whilst the work of the man of science in this respect can never be said to vary in importance, it may nevertheless exhibit very great variations in the manner in which it is carried out, and in the points to which its attention is more specially directed. A very noteworthy case, startling to excess in some of its features, was tried in London in 1831, and rested, so far as the identity of the subject of the trial was concerned, on the presence of the *front teeth* in a very old woman. This woman, Caroline Walsh by name, consented, after much persuasion, to live with a female friend named Elizabeth Ross, and her husband, in Goodman's Fields. Walsh arrived at that place on the night of 19th August 1831; and from that date disappeared completely from public view. Inquiries immediately made by the relatives of the missing woman, resulted in their ascertaining from Elizabeth Ross that Walsh had gone from home on the day of her disappearance, and had never returned.

On the evening of 20th August, or that of the day

following the disappearance, an old woman, who gave her name as *Caroline Welsh*, an Irishwoman like the missing woman, and corresponding in most particulars to the description given of the latter, was found in a destitute and almost dying condition in the neighbourhood of Goodman's Fields. She was conveyed to the London Hospital, and it was there ascertained that she was suffering from fracture of the hip-joint. Her injuries proved too much for her reduced condition, and she died in hospital, and was duly buried therefrom.

When Ross was arrested on the charge of murdering *Caroline Welsh*, she at once said that the woman who had been conveyed to the London Hospital was her old friend; and although her statement seemed plausible enough at first sight, it was found to be decidedly inconsistent with facts, when subjected to due scrutiny and analysis. Then also, direct evidence of the murder of *Welsh* by Ross was forthcoming from Ross's son, who testified to witnessing the suffocation of *Welsh* by his mother; to seeing the body of the murdered woman lying, on the morning of the 20th August, in the cellar of the house in Goodman's Fields; and also to seeing his mother leave home on the evening of the 20th carrying a sack, which apparently contained something heavy.

The accidental presence of a *Caroline Welsh* thus complicated this case of mysterious disappearance in a most curious manner; and the complication was rendered all the more intricate, firstly, by the fact, that no body corresponding to that of the missing woman could be found in any of the London dissecting-rooms; secondly, by a similarity between the dress of the missing woman and that of the hospital-patient; and thirdly, by both women having possessed baskets (in which they hawked smallwares) exhibiting a close likeness to each other, although that of *Welsh* had no cover, whilst *Welsh's* basket had a lid. Thus, to similarity in name, in dress, in occupation, and in certain possessions. And although strict inquiries revealed differences in the habits, physical appearance, and bodily conformation of the women, and in their respective birth-places, yet obviously the case was one in which, unless additional evidence was forthcoming either to confirm or refute the doubts as to the identity of *Welsh* with *Welsh*, the prisoner Ross would clearly profit by the conflict of evidence, and the ends of justice might ultimately be defeated.

One remarkable circumstance in the history of the murdered woman at length assumed the position of a crucial test. It was conclusively proved that *Caroline Welsh* had very perfect front teeth—an admittedly unusual feature in an aged woman. *Caroline Welsh*, on the contrary, had no front teeth; and, moreover, as was proved by an examination of her body, the sockets of these teeth had obviously been obliterated—through the modifying processes which are well known to occur, especially in the aged—for a very considerable period. The scientific evidence clearly established this latter fact in the history of *Caroline Welsh*; and as the existence of the prominent front teeth in *Caroline Welsh* was as firmly established, the guilt of the prisoner Ross was brought home to her—although, indeed, the fate of her victim remained a mystery more easily guessed at than solved.

Sometimes the researches of the scientist actually in the first instance lead to the clearing up of a disappearance. Thus, the examination of a skeleton found deeply imbedded in the sand of the sea-coast at a certain Scotch watering-place, shewed that the person, when living, must have walked with a very peculiar and characteristic gait, in consequence of some deposits of rheumatic kind, which affected the lower part of the spine and pelvis. The mention of this fact induced a search through some old records of the town, and resulted in the discovery that a case of mysterious disappearance had been duly noted; the subject being a person whose mode of walking had made him an object of attention, and whose fate, but for the observant eye of the anatomist, might have remained wholly unknown.

One of the most famous cases in which medical science has aided the effects of the law in determining the identity of human remains, was that known as the *Waterloo Bridge Murder*. This case excited much interest and curiosity at the time (1857); and (as in a crime of the most recent date) the chain of circumstances which led to the discovery that a murder had been committed, shrouded the matter still more impenetrably in mystery. A carpet-bag which had been dropped over *Waterloo Bridge*, London, with the obvious intention of disposing effectually and silently of its contents in the *Thames*, landed instead, on one of the buttresses of the bridge, a few yards above the current. When examined, the bag was found to contain portions of a human body, the pieces, consisting of bones with flesh attached, numbering twenty-three in all. It formed an important object of inquiry to ascertain whether the identity of the remains could be determined, with a view to connect them firstly with any known case of mysterious disappearance; whilst their due examination might in the second instance lead to the discovery of a crime, by affording some clue as to the probable nationality, rank in life, profession, or trade, general circumstances, and mode of death of the victim.

Pieced dexterously together by medical experts, the portions contained in the bag were found to be those of one and the same body; but the head, a large portion of the spine, the hands and feet, and some parts of the chest, were wanting—these missing parts being exactly those by means of which the human subject is usually and most readily identified. But notwithstanding these serious gaps in the continuity of its structures, the mutilated frame was discerned to be that of a full-grown man, whose height must have been at least five feet nine inches. To this first conclusion the experts were led by careful measurements of the existing parts of the skeleton, together with relative measurements in place of those parts which were wanting. The body was further found to present no peculiarities, the result either of natural malformation or diseased action, whereby any clue to its more particular identity—as in our preceding example—could be obtained; but it presented evidence to shew that the remains were those of a man of very dark complexion, the hair covering the body being of a black colour. The examination detected the presence of a stab or punctured wound in the left side of the chest, between the third and fourth ribs; and what perhaps formed the most important result of the

inquiry consisted in the fact, that the experts were able to pronounce, from the characters of the wound, that it had been inflicted, in all probability, during the life of the individual. The surrounding highly suspicious circumstances of the occurrence, undoubtedly favoured this latter supposition; whilst the clumsy and unscientific manner in which the remains were mutilated—the bones being *sawn through* near the joints, instead of being disarticulated at the joints by the simple division of the ligaments—shewed that no theory of the remains having formed the subject of anatomical research, could for a moment be entertained. The probable date of death was also in some degree fixed; the examiners being led, from the appearance of the remains, to state with certainty that they had been dead for at least three weeks before the date of the examination, which was conducted on 21st October 1857.

Thus the medical evidence elucidated a number of facts, which, taken together, afforded a useful commentary and test of the value of other and purely circumstantial evidence. The articles of dress which were inclosed in the bag along with the remains, were of foreign make, and were cut and torn in numerous places. No definite clue was ever obtained which could lead to the detection of the murderer, or of the motives which prompted the crime. The remains were thought to be those of a Swedish sailor, whose disappearance might cause little or no stir even amongst his associates; whilst the mere fact of his disappearance in a foreign land, would also militate against the chances of his identity being established. A supposition which received much credence at the time of the occurrence, was that which presumed that the deceased, as a foreigner, had in all probability fallen a victim to the assault of some secret society, of which he may have proved to have been an unworthy or traitorous member.

It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to find the remains of the lower animals gravely brought under the notice of the legal authorities, in mistake for those of man; and the skill of the zoologist and microscopist may sometimes be called in to aid in the unravelling of some complicated cases; whilst, as exhibited in the Waterloo Bridge case, even the question of race or nation—only to be authoritatively determined by the ethnologist or naturalist—may involve considerations of the utmost import in accounting for or explaining some cases of identity and disappearance.

The subject before us is not without its ludicrous aspect, in respect of the mistakes which are sometimes committed, and of the excitement created by the supposed discovery of human remains under highly suspicious circumstances, when in reality the remains are those of animals, sometimes of very inferior structure and grade to man. A short time ago, a case of what was at first believed to be atrocious murder, and in which the body was believed to have been disposed of by burning, was quietly settled by the medical examination proving that certain incinerated skull-bones were those of a *sheep's head*; whilst in another case, which occurred in London in 1838, the usual amount of wild speculation was excited by the discovery of what was supposed to be a human hand in a City dust-bin. The excitement attending the discovery, however, was timeously quieted by the assurance from reliable authority, that the

supposed hand was in reality the paddle or forelimb of a *turtle*, which doubtless had perished in a manner perfectly consistent with the demands of justice and good taste.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Lords of the Treasury, with a commendable regard for economy, have appointed a Committee to look into the Meteorological Office, and inquire whether the ten thousand a year voted by parliament for that establishment is well spent or not. The chief points for inquiry are: Has the great mass of observations hitherto collected led to the discovery or confirmation of meteorological laws? Has any good come from the storm-warnings? In case these two questions are answered in the affirmative, there come up next: Are the results worth the large sum which they cost annually? and, On what system should the office be carried on? And further, would it not be possible to spare a portion of the annual ten thousand pounds for the Scottish Meteorological Society? This, translated out of official language, is to be the scope of the inquiry. It is wide enough to embrace all that can be said on the subject of government aid to meteorology, whether for or against. If the aid is to be continued, we hope the claim of Scotland will be properly considered. Readers of this *Journal* are already aware that the Scottish Meteorological Society have done and are doing excellent work.

An attempt has been made to get up a sensation about the Polar expedition by suggestion that the ships are exposed to unusual risk, that it is indispensable to communicate with them next spring, and that the crews are entitled to special rewards in addition to the double pay they are now earning. The truth of the matter is that there is no occasion for alarm. The ships are so thoroughly equipped that they may stay out three years and keep all hands in comfort.

The Royal Society opened their session with a further Report from the *Challenger*, which informs us that, in addition to discoveries on land and water, the exploration of the sea-bottom is still carried on. The science of geology and of natural history has profited largely, and when the enormous collection of specimens already sent home, with those that are to follow, shall have been examined and reported on, it will be seen that in scientific results the voyage of the *Challenger* excels all others. Another paper, on the Physiological Action of Vanadium, by Mr Priestley of Manchester, shews that the peculiar metal in question has properties which 'act upon the central system of the spinal cord and medulla oblongata,' and may thus become useful in medicine. Dr Tyndall marked the new year by reading to the same Society a paper on 'The Optical Department of the Atmosphere, with Reference to the Phenomena of Putrefaction and Infection.' He delivered it also as a lecture at the Royal Institution. The subject is interesting and of high importance; but for the present we

can only state that it proves to absolute demonstration that putrefaction cannot go on in air perfectly filtered; that is, entirely free from floating particles, or 'moteless.' In no instance did any sign of life appear in the infusions shut up in a chamber of moteless air.

The Royal Agricultural Society have just published number twenty-two of the second series of their *Journal*, full, as usual, of valuable articles, among which is one on that much-dreaded pest the Colorado Potato-beetle, by Mr H. W. Bates, F.L.S. This article is the more instructive as it has a coloured plate shewing the beetle in various stages of its existence; and it is easy to see that in each and all of those stages there can be no concealment, for the creature is conspicuous by its bright colours. Mr Bates gives a summary of its history and habits, of the natural and artificial means by which it may be destroyed, and shews reason for believing that its introduction into England is hardly probable. It is possible, he says, that a few stray specimens may arrive; but the creature's habits and transformations are such as to lead to speedy detection. In Southern and Central Europe, where the climate more nearly resembles that of the native country of the beetle, special precautions may be necessary. But, to quote Mr Bates, 'American potatoes are imported into Britain only for seed-purposes, and in remarkably clean condition. Newly arrived casks which I saw opened contained not a particle of refuse, and no pellet of soil large enough to conceal a hibernating beetle.' If, however, beetles should fly on board ship in the harbour of New York, and find a snug lodging for the voyage, they might fly off at Liverpool. Even in this case, Mr Bates thinks 'there is little probability of their propagating and spreading in this country.'

'On a Method of obtaining Motive-power from Wave-motion,' is the title of a paper published in the *Transactions* of the Institution of Naval Architects. The author, Mr Tower, has studied the action of waves, and found it to consist of two elements, a back-and-forward motion, and a rising and falling motion; and he shews theoretically that a heavy weight may be so suspended on board a ship that it shall be set in motion by the movement of the waves, and thus become the moving-power of machinery to propel the vessel. 'The quantity of power to be obtained under such conditions,' says Mr Tower, 'would be simply and directly as the distance through which the weight moves. The fact that external force would have to be used to compel the weight to move through a greater distance than it would otherwise move through if left to itself, does not in any way alter this fact; for, theoretically, no power would be lost in causing the weight to oscillate through a great or any distance. All the energy consumed in the acceleration of the weight would be completely returned during its retardation.'

A working model tried in Torbay, demonstrated the truth of the theory, and if sea-waves were always uniform in height and length, there would be but little difficulty in working it out to a satisfactory solution. But it is believed that the difficulty occasioned by irregularity of wave-motion may be overcome; and Mr Tower shews that an ordinary sailing-ship of eleven hundred tons displacement when loaded, provided with a swinging weight of one hundred tons, could be

driven through the water by a screw propeller worked by the revolutions of the weight. Suppose a ship so constructed to meet, outward-bound, a south-west gale at the mouth of the Channel, where waves roll eighteen feet high and five hundred feet long—'Instead,' says Mr Tower, 'of beating backwards and forwards under reefed top-sails and foresail, losing ground every tack, our wave-power ship would be able to put her head to the sea like a steamer, having actually in such a sea six hundred horse-power at her command, which would enable her to go ahead in the teeth of the gale, and secure a good offing.'

In the open sea, and with moderate head-winds, the ship would make nearly seven knots an hour. When winds blow fair, the revolving weight would be secured, and sails would be hoisted. In the belt of calms on the equator, about three hundred miles wide, known to seamen as 'the doldrums,' there is commonly a smooth swell of waves three feet high, which would suffice for a speed of between four and five knots an hour, whereby the belt would be crossed in less than three days.

As our readers will remember, this is not the first time that the notion of getting power out of waves, or out of the rise and fall of the tides, has been mentioned in these pages. There is something eminently gratifying in the thought of making head-winds help ships on their way, so that in a voyage to Australia or the Pacific they should be always going ahead. Mr Tower estimates that in the whole voyage the weight and the machinery would be working perhaps forty days. Competent judges think that his views admit of practical application. A trial will most likely be made. We shall gladly assist in making it known when successful.

In a recent address to the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society, the President, Mr Pattinson, stated that Körting's steam-jet apparatus is extensively applied to various purposes in chemical works and other factories in this country, on the continent, and in America. It consists of 'a jet of high-pressure steam applied somewhat like a Gifford's injector, through a series of conical tubes, for the purpose of moving or forcing gases and liquids in any required direction. It has been used to force air through the gas-producers in connection with a Siemens furnace, through the fires of ordinary steam-boilers, in the ventilation of workshops, mines, drying-rooms, and other places, as an exhauster in gas-works, and is to be applied to the carbonating and other furnaces of chemical works in the Newcastle district.' Its effect on an ordinary steam-boiler fire is a great economy of fuel; and a case was mentioned of a Root's boiler and a Cornish boiler which in two hundred and thirty hours, or twenty consecutive days, consumed (omitting fractions) seventy-eight tons of coal in raising the steam required for the works; but which, when the Körting apparatus was fitted, consumed not more than thirty-six tons in the same space of time, and did the same amount of work with the Root's boiler only.

Mr Clapham, a member of the same Society, gave an account of his visit to soda-works in France, in which he found much to praise. In England, owing to the high price of labour, the quantity produced is more regarded than the quality. 'On the other hand,' remarks Mr Clapham, 'the French, with their dear materials, their

small but many times multiplied apparatus, the constant application of the chemical laboratory to every process, the cleanliness and care of their frugal and saving workmen, are producing chemical products which, although in nearly all cases dearer than in England, are certainly of superior quality, from which the English manufacturer may take a lesson.

Manchester has a Scientific and Mechanical Society, at which descriptions are given of new inventions. A recent one is the use of sound for telegraphic purposes. In this case a steam-whistle is made to deliver long or short sounds at pleasure (as the Morse telegraph makes dots and dashes), and these being combined according to a pre-arranged code, it follows that messages may be sent from ship to ship at sea, or from a ship to the shore. In a fog, every ship would be able to make known her position to the others, and what she was doing, which would be a safeguard against collision. And it is obvious that, even in clear weather, much time would be saved by whistling a message instead of sending it by a boat, considering that the whistle can be heard at a distance of three miles. Apart from ships, it is easy to imagine many cases in which a talking telegraph would be useful; and we are told that the practicability of the invention was demonstrated by sending 'several verses of poetry' into a lecture-room from a whistle at a distance.

Another invention which should be interesting to weavers everywhere, is Bowker's patent self-acting punching-machine for repeating Jacquard cards. In the ordinary machine, a skilled workman must be employed during three weeks or a month to fit it up and get it into working-order. The new machine, which can be packed in a small box, is always ready for working, and will prepare from twelve to twenty thousand of the perforated cards in a day; while the old process will not produce more than twelve hundred. Another advantage consists in the rapidity with which changes of fashion may be followed: 'A manufacturer will bring out new designs for each season, and if any of them meet with success, he will frequently be able to take large and remunerative orders, if he can execute them with despatch. Aided by the machine, he can get cards for a large number of looms in a day or two, instead of being weeks over them, as on the old system, and can thus start his looms quickly, and send his goods into the market in time for the season.'

We learn from an address delivered to the Horological Society by Sir E. Beckett, that the great clock at Westminster is the best clock in the kingdom—that each dial has four hundred square feet of surface—that the minute hands are eleven feet long—that, although the hands are all counterpoised, the entire weight of hands, counterpoises, tubes, and wheels, having to be moved at every beat of the pendulum, is not less than a ton and a half (this, of course, includes the four dials)—that the going weight is one-and-a-half hundredweight, and the clear fall one hundred and seventy feet—and that the winding-up, which takes five hours, is done by hand. According to the annual Report of the Astronomer Royal, the time kept by Big Ben shewed an error of less than a second on eighty-three per cent. days in the year. The notion that this clock is 'always behind' is therefore erroneous.

It is a common saying that everything we eat or drink is adulterated. Watchfulness in buying is therefore highly necessary. We learn, from a statement in the *Journal of the Chemical Society*, that sham coffee is manufactured from tough dough, squeezed into little moulds, and baked until the colour becomes dark enough to deceive the eye. Real coffee-berries when small and worthless are improved in colour by rolling them about with leaden bullets in a cask. The green berries too are treated by a colouring matter. In coffee sold ready ground, the difficulty of detecting adulteration is greatly increased; beans, beet-root, carrots, and carrot-like roots, are roasted and mixed in large quantities with the genuine article. In the south of Europe, especially in the provinces of Austria, figs are roasted in enormous quantities and sold as coffee.

A ready test of ground coffee is to shake up a spoonful in cold water. If it be genuine, it will remain floating a long time; whereas chicory and some other preparations sink immediately.

A contemporary suggests that the health of sailors and the comfort of life on board ship would be promoted if the practice were introduced of eating the rats which swarm in most ships. In China and some other parts of the world, rats are part of the daily food of the people, and an instance is given of a shipmaster who eats a roasted rat every morning at breakfast. We shall be glad to receive opinions from those who have tasted this generally despised rodent. Perhaps Mr Frank Buckland could say.

Measures are in progress for a renewal of the so-called Sub-Wealden boring, by which, as some readers will remember, it is hoped that an important geological problem may be solved. The problem briefly stated is this: In France and Belgium there are certain Devonian and Carboniferous strata found in a wavy form, with prolongation towards the west, where they are covered by chalk and the sea. It is believed that they extend under the Channel and the south of England, concealed by other formations, until they reappear in the coal-bearing strata of Somersetshire. If this be true, as is maintained by some of our ablest geologists, there must be seams of coal underlying a breadth of country all the way from Namur to the Mendip Hills; and it is with a view to discover this coal, and explore the strata generally, that the deep boring was undertaken, and is now, after six months' pause, to be resumed. It has been aided by grants of money from the government, the Royal Society, and private individuals, and deserves the success which in many quarters is earnestly hoped for.

The Indian government are about to establish at Simla an observatory for the observation of physical phenomena, under the direction of Colonel Tennant, F.R.S., an able scientific officer. There are certain observations which can be made with advantage only in a tropical climate and at a high elevation; and this is especially the case with observations on the heat of the sun. There is strong reason for believing that the sun's heat varies from month to month and from year to year; and it may be that there is a periodicity in the heat as well as in other solar phenomena. The new observatory may, therefore, be inaugurated with plenty of work.

ODDLY ADDRESSED LETTERS.

A NUMBER of years ago, a post-letter arrived in Edinburgh, addressed in foreign handwriting to 'M. TOMPITS, Edinbourg.' As no special direction was given, the post-office officials were at a loss to understand who this M. Tompits could be. As far as known, there was no such person in the town. At length, by pondering over the matter, and judging from the sound of this extraordinary name, it was discovered that the letter was intended for our old and esteemed friend, Mr Thomas Potts, ordinarily and jocularly called Tom Potts—alas, now deceased, but remembered for the geniality of his character. The letter was from a foreigner to whom he had shewn some kindness, but who had understood his name to be simply Tompits.

It is mentioned that something of the same kind once took place regarding a letter which arrived by post in London, directed to 'SROMFRIDEVI, Angleterre.' There was no such person as Sromfridevi ever heard of; but on a little consideration, and judging from sound, it was obvious that the foreign writer of the letter meant Sir Humphry Davy; and this proved to be the case.

We are reminded of these amusing incidents by an article in a late number of one of the London newspapers, the *Daily Telegraph*, referring to the introduction of 'Spelling Bees,' as a means of an instructive evening amusement. A 'Bee' is an American term for an assemblage of acquaintances to execute some piece of work, such as sewing articles for a newly married couple, or for some social amusement in which the quality of amusement or mutual instruction is concerned. A 'Spelling Bee' signifies a competition in spelling words, the best spellers being rewarded with suitable prizes. Spelling Bees are, no doubt, a little childish and ridiculous, but looking to the number of badly addressed letters, and the bad spelling that one occasionally meets with, we do not think that Spelling Bees are to be at all discommended. We would simply suggest, by way of supplement, that besides a competition in spelling, there should be a competition in the art of directing post-letters in a manner that is clearly intelligible; so as, if possible, to give less trouble to letter-sorters and letter-carriers. This brings us to a circumstance mentioned by the London newspaper above referred to.

Following the example of the English General Post-office, the French Administration des Postes maintains a staff of "blind clerks"—that is to say, caligraphic experts who are supposed to be able to decipher the most illegible handwriting, and to deduce sense and meaning from the apparently hopeless chaos of orthographical blunders. Some years since there was returned to the French Dead-letter Office an epistle which had gone the round of every seaport in the Levant, and the ambiguity of whose superscription had baffled a legion of postmasters. It was addressed "J. DUBOIS, Sultan Crete." Now, what could this mean? The suzerain of the island of Crete is the Sultan of Turkey, but his majesty's name is certainly more like Abdul Aziz than J. Dubois. Five out of the six blind clerks in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau confessed their entire inability to solve the mystery of Dubois, who, on the face of the envelope at least, was proclaimed a Cretan sultan. But to the sixth among the band of experts there suddenly occurred

a happy inspiration. "Fetch me a *Navy List*," he said to a subordinate. The *Annuaire de la Marine* was brought. The expert looked up *Sultan*, but alas! there was no ship bearing that name in the French navy stationed at Crete, or anywhere else. The wary cryptographer capitulated for a time, still turning over the pages of the *Navy List*. At length he rose triumphant to the occasion. "I have it," he cried: "this letter is addressed to J. DUBOIS, sur le *Tancrède*;" and to M. Dubois, who was a quartermaster on board the good ship *Tancrède*, on the Pacific station, the letter was duly forwarded. The missive was from the quartermaster's brother, whose education, so far as regarded spelling, had seemingly been of a strictly phonetic nature, and who had written down his relative's address, not in accordance with the commonly received doctrines of orthography, but just as the words had sounded to his ear.

MY NATIVE BAY.

My native bay is calm and bright,
As e'er it was of yore,
When, in the days of hope and love,
I stood upon its shore!
The sky is glowing, soft and blue,
As once in youth it smiled,
When summer seas and summer skies
Were always bright and mild.

The sky—how oft hath darkness dwelt,
Since then, upon its breast;
The sea—how oft have tempests woken
Its billows from their rest!
So oft hath darker woe come o'er
Calm self-enjoying thought;
And passion's storm a wilder scene
Within my bosom wrought.

Now, after years of absence, passed
In wretchedness and pain,
I come, and find those seas and skies
All calm and bright again.
The darkness and the storm from both
Have trackless passed away;
And gentle as in youth, once more
Thou seem'st, my native bay!

Oh, that, like thee, when toil is o'er,
And all my griefs are past,
This ravaged bosom might subside
To peace and joy at last!
And while it lay all calm like thee,
In pure unruffled sleep,
Might then a heaven as bright as this
Be mirrored in its deep!

ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1823.

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STORY OF THE ASTORS.

A HUNDRED years ago, there dwelt in the village of Waldorf, near Heidelberg, a peasant named Astor. He was married, and along with his wife and grown-up children, he toiled for a livelihood in the neighbouring fields. Waldorf was one of those quiet German villages which never seem to undergo any sort of change, and where, from the absence of stir, you might imagine that the inhabitants are asleep in their sun-baked dwellings. They are, however, anything but asleep. At early morn, they may be seen trudging forth in family groups, to their daily labour in the fields, where, drudging till nightfall, their only food is of the humblest possible description—a lump of brown bread, or so, with at the best a little milk, or a mouthful of very poor wine. An honest, hard-working set of people they were, and still continue to be, many of them being descendants of those unhappy inhabitants of the Palatinate who suffered so greatly during the devastating wars in the seventeenth century.

Astor, the father of the family, appears to have been a man of a pious character, with correct notions of the value of thrift and diligent industry. He had four sons, each of whom was trained to early rising, and taught to devote a certain portion of time to reading the Bible and saying prayers before going forth to daily pursuits. So reared, and with encouraging advices from their mother, the boys aspired to rise above the ordinary routine of labour at Waldorf. Two of them left the old home to push their way in the world. Of these, one got employment in London as a maker of musical instruments, for which he had a taste; and the other emigrated to America. The musical instrument maker being successful in his calling, invited John Jacob, one of his younger brothers, to join him, and for the time these two carried on business together. John Jacob Astor, who was born 17th July 1763, was in his sixteenth year when he arrived in London to assist his elder brother. He resided in London for about four years, during which he acquired a facility in

speaking the English language, which contributed greatly to his success in life. The temptations of the metropolis were powerless to divert him from his duties. He rose every morning at four o'clock, never forgot his devotional exercises, and wrought hard at his business. Of an enterprising turn, and with a fancy for emigrating to the United States, then newly established, he sailed for Baltimore in 1783, being then no more than twenty years of age. He carried with him a small consignment of musical instruments—not more, we believe, than five pounds worth of flutes—which he was to try to sell on commission. A chance circumstance led him to abandon the musical instrument trade. On the voyage, he became acquainted with a person who strongly recommended him to exchange his consignment of instruments for furs, and take these to England for sale. Young Astor, on consideration, followed the advice. He sold his parcel of instruments in New York, bought furs, and brought them to London, where they met with a speedy and profitable sale.

This fortunate incident was the turning-point in his fortune. He threw himself with eagerness into the fur-trade, in which, as is pretty well known, from Washington Irving's *Astoria*, he had a remarkable career. Beginning on the narrowest scale, but bringing to his task a persevering industry, rigid economy, and strict integrity, along with a sagacity quick to grasp and convert every circumstance to his advantage, he gradually improved his position, which was at first nothing but that of an obscure citizen in New York. For a number of years he dealt in furs derived chiefly from Canada, to which they were brought by the Indians; but at length, about 1809, he succeeded in establishing an American Fur Company, principally by means acquired by his painstaking industry. The object of the Company was to establish trading-posts along the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, connecting them with inferior posts in the interior, to which peltries could be brought by trappers and Indians. From the main posts on the Columbia River the skins were to be sent by vessels round Cape Horn to New York;

or alternatively, the vessels were to take the furs across the Pacific to Canton, and thence bring Chinese goods to the United States. It was altogether a gigantic undertaking, which involved not only a large sum of money, but prodigious skill and tact as regards management and the employing of a corps of agents of various kinds.

While an expedition was fitted out to proceed by sea to the mouth of the Columbia River, another expedition was set on foot by land and river to travel across the North American continent. The command of this latter expedition was given to Mr Hunt, one of the partners, who was noted for his great ability, coolness, and courage. Mr Hunt set out on this extremely hazardous enterprise in 1810. The first thing he did was to visit Montreal, to pick up recruits, consisting of *coureurs des bois*, or rangers of the woods, and voyageurs, from the disbanded herd usually to be found loitering about the place.

'These men,' as Irving explains, 'would set out from Montreal with canoes well stocked with goods, with arms and ammunition, and would make their way up the mazy and wandering rivers that interlace the vast forests of the Canadas, coasting the most remote lakes, and creating new wants and habitudes among the natives. Sometimes they sojourned for months among them, assimilating to their tastes and habits with the happy facility of Frenchmen; adopting in some degree the Indian dress, and not unfrequently taking to themselves Indian wives. Twelve, fifteen, eighteen months would often elapse without any tidings of them, when they would come sweeping their way down the Ottawa in full glee, their canoes laden down with packs of beaver-skins; and now came their turn for revelry and extravagance.' The kindred class of voyageurs, who also sprang out of the fur-trade, still formed a fraternity who were employed as carriers and assistants in long internal expeditions of travel and traffic, proceeding by means of boats and canoes on the rivers and lakes. 'Their dress is generally half-civilised, half-savage. They wear a capot or surcoat made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trousers or leathern leggings, moccasins of deer-skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco-pouch, and other implements. Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases. The lives of the voyageurs are passed in wild and extensive roving, in the service of individuals, but more especially of the fur-traders. They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance. They inherit, too, a fund of civility and complaisance; and instead of that hardness and grossness which men in laborious life are apt to indulge towards each other, they are mutually obliging and accommodating; interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar appellations of "cousin" and "brother," when there is in fact no relationship. Their natural good-will is probably heightened by a community of adventure and hardship in their precarious and wandering life. No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardship, or more good-

humoured under privations. Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, toiling up rivers or coasting lakes; encamping at night on the borders, gossiping round their fires, and bivouacking in the open air.'

After a variety of adventures in which great hardships were endured, Mr Hunt and party reached the Columbia River, and finally arrived at Astoria, such being the name of what was to be the trading-post of departure by sea. Misfortunes had already overtaken the Company. The vessel despatched by Mr Astor was wrecked, and from fresh expeditions there ensued no practical benefit. The breaking out of the war betwixt Great Britain and the United States was the final blow given to the concern. Fort Astoria fell into the hands of the British; and the American Fur Company thereupon partially breaking up, the trade in peltries was forthwith engrossed by the Northwest Company and other associations. Although Mr Astor's plans had so far proved disastrous, he did not repine, but continued to trade in furs, and to engage in other advantageous enterprises. So realising a small fortune, he began to invest money in the purchase of land in and about New York, the rapid growth of which he foresaw must soon vastly raise the value of real estate. These calculations proved correct. The property he acquired rose in some instances to a hundred times the price originally paid for it. He also erected numerous public and private buildings in a handsome style, which he advantageously let. One way and another, he realised the largest fortune ever, till that time, accumulated in America, amounting to twenty millions of dollars, or four millions of pounds sterling.

As mere money-making is not to be highly commended, the extraordinary success of John Jacob Astor cannot merit anything like a eulogium. We give his story only as offering a remarkable instance of extraordinary shrewdness, and persevering diligence in ordinary pursuits. It is stated that he continued through life to be an early riser, to be scrupulously attentive to his business concerns, and to be noted for fair dealing. So long as he was able, he took daily exercise on horseback. He was by no means stingy in money matters, but contributed pretty largely to charities. Amidst the bosom of his family and friends, he drew out existence pleasantly, and was till the last exemplary as regards religious duties. He died at New York, 29th March 1848, at the ripe age of eighty-five years.

Not till after the death of John Jacob Astor, was the extent of his munificence known. Among the charitable provisions in his will, the first worthy of mention was a bequest of fifty thousand dollars for the benefit of the poor of Wadsworth, his native village, a sum which the Grand Duke of Baden judiciously applied for the instruction of young persons, who would otherwise have been destitute of education. There was a still grander bequest. It was the sum of four hundred thousand dollars—eighty thousand pounds sterling—to found and maintain a public library in New York, where an institution of this kind, if only for general reference, was greatly wanted. Under the management of trustees, the Astor Library, as it is called, was established in a handsome edifice erected for the purpose. The collection of books, drawn from every European country, is much esteemed for its

value in promoting literary study. For this crowning act of beneficence, the memory of John Jacob Astor is worthy of all honour. Let others who have the means, whether in America or Europe, go and do likewise.

The greater portion of the fortune of John Jacob Astor was inherited by his son, William B. Astor, who, following up his father's arrangements, continued to augment his acquired wealth, by sedulous perseverance until his decease, which took place recently, 24th November 1875. William B. Astor is reputed to have had none of his father's daring genius. His life was not devoid of generous deeds, but from the time he succeeded to his father's estate, at fifty-six years of age, accumulation was his absorbing object. The following sketch of the character and career of this second of the Astors, appears in the *Spectator* newspaper: 'He had been trained to watch his father's property, and for the rest of his life he pursued unswervingly a single purpose—that of so managing "the Astor Estate" that it should grow greater in his hands. He was not a mean man, still less a miser, any more than he was a generous one. He thought his father had not distributed quite enough among some relatives, and in a moderate, sensible way, at a cost of a few thousands, he remedied all the deficiencies he perceived. He heard that the trustees of the Astor Library, after their large expenditure on buildings, had hardly adequate funds for book-buying, and he added forty thousand pounds to his father's gift of eighty thousand. He gave, when asked, to charities, and not illiberally; but his usual cheque was one for two hundred pounds, and he is only once recorded to have made a donation of ten thousand pounds at once. He lived also liberally, with a town-house and large country place; but he lived moderately, spending on himself and his charities but a fraction of his income, secluding himself very much from the public eye, and taking no visible part in the business of the city or republic. He never became a director in any of the undertakings in which he held shares. His work for twenty-seven years was merely to manage his property, to cover his father's lands with large houses, till shortly before his death he possessed seven hundred and twenty, most of them of the first class and in the richest quarters, and to invest his yearly accumulations in the safest investments he could find. He never speculated or dealt on 'Change, or went in for grand *coups*, but steadily added house to house and share to share, working all the while as if he had still his bread to make. His office was as large as that of any great contractor, and he superintended it himself, going down every day when in town to business, and keeping all under him at work. He paid well, and he must have had some judgment in men, for he was well served, and had the art of inducing his agents to give up their whole lives to his service. He had, too, a certain fidelity to his work and to the estate, and, we believe, put a clause in his leases under which he alone should undertake all repairs—a branch of work involving excessive labour and no profit. It is probable that while he adhered steadfastly to his own plan of life, and watched his fortune accumulating, he was a weary man, who thought life had very little to give, and had something of a dislike for the wealth which had made him such a name. He seemed to be governed, possibly from habit, by a sense of duty

to the estate which he had watched so long—by a feeling that to diminish it, even for great objects, would be in some sense a moral wrong. It may even be surmised that he was conscious of this feeling, and a little ashamed of it, broader ideas flitting occasionally before his mind. There is something to our ears excusatory in his frequent remark that his wealth brought him nothing but a maintenance and a daily round of work, and the burdensome reputation of being the richest man in the Union. Nevertheless, he never intermitted his toil, but from 1860 to 1873 increased his buildings, till he was popularly described as "the Landlord of New York," and was possessed of a fortune which the *Tribune* says is variously estimated, but may reach ten millions sterling. We have heard it estimated, not by vulgar rumours, but by grave capitalists, who had an interest in knowing the truth, at a very much larger sum; but vast as the transactions of W. B. Astor were, Wall Street is shrewd, and the *Tribune's* estimate is likely to be found, when the property is valued for the succession, the terms of which are still unknown, very near the truth. John Jacob Astor certainly left four million pounds, most of it producing more than six per cent.; and allowing even forty thousand pounds a year for expenditure and management charges, the savings of twenty-seven years under such management as Mr W. B. Astor's, added to the original fortune, cannot amount to much less than ten millions, and may prove to be much more. It is to be observed, however, that the houses will be valued at a period of unusual depreciation. If the amount we have stated should be realised, Mr Astor's fortune was one of the largest ever at the disposal of a single man, unfettered by the responsibilities of a house like the Rothschilds, or by settlements such as reduce the London dukes to life-tenancies.'

As John Jacob Astor named a grandson as one of the Trustees of the Library he founded in New York, we assume that the magnificent fortune left by William B. Astor is duly inherited by this representative of the family. The third of the Astors may be ranked among those extraordinarily rich men whose wealth is reckoned by millions. It is generally stated that the late Mr Astor was the richest man in the States, but we see that this is controverted by the Californians; they aver that the richest is Mr John Mackey, who ten years ago was a working miner, and now owns gold-mines which bring him an income of ten millions of dollars, or two millions of pounds sterling, annually. Be this as it may, it seems to be understood that the representative of the late Mr Astor has inherited property to the value of ten millions sterling. There are rich men in Great Britain, but we fancy none can come up to this. What any one can rationally do with such enormous wealth, would be difficult to say. To disperse it in an extravagant style of living, would be a crime, the height of folly. To give away large sums in charitable donations might have a pauperising tendency, and do more harm than good. Much could certainly be done to public advantage in the sanitary improvement of cities, in helping educational movements, in founding libraries where they are likely to be appreciated, in measures for civilising countries still in a state of semi-barbarism, and in well-conceived scientific enterprises beyond the reach of ordinary appliances.

The very thought of ten millions being accumulated in the course of two generations creates a degree of wonder. Suppose that the sum is not to end there, but to go on accumulating at the same ratio during a third and a fourth generation, the result becomes a little overwhelming. Meanwhile, without going into speculations as to the future, we may hope that a decently good use will be made of the colossal fortune founded by John Jacob Astor, who, at the outset of life, as we have seen, was nothing more than a poor boy in the village of Waldorf.

W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER IX.—WORMWOOD.

FOR many minutes after his companion had left the room, John Dalton sat in the same posture, his hands lying idly before him, and his mind busy with the past. He had been a fortunate man all his life; so his friends said; and up to within a year or two he had had no reason to disbelieve them. He had always had enough for his needs, and for the needs of those he loved, and these had not been of a simple kind. He had never been ostentatious, but he had mingled with the best society without any outward sign of inferiority as regarded means; while in other respects he had stood high in it. His company had been always sought for, but not as that of a mere raconteur and dinner-wit, though he had the name of being such: he had been invited everywhere on equal terms. In such a circle he had had, of course, no reputation for wealth, but his circumstances had been more than easy; he had had no lack of servants and carriages; and if his home entertainments had not been upon so splendid a scale as those of most of his acquaintances, they had been sought after for their intrinsic goodness, as much as for the genial reputation of the host. Mrs Dalton possessed tact, in addition to much better qualities; and though caring nothing for such matters herself, had looked after the little dinners in Cardigan Place with her own eyes, because she saw that her husband wished them to be perfect. She had been an 'excellent manager'—but by no means in the sense used by the compilers of cheap cookery-books. She had taken care in the first place that things should be good—the best of their kind; and after that—but at a great distance—had made provision for economy. Her girls had been brought up sensibly, for the sphere in which they moved, but in a manner which by no means fitted them to endure poverty; and it was poverty—and worse than poverty, Ruin, which their father had brought upon them. Of course he had not thought such a catastrophe possible, when he had commenced his speculative career; he would not even have admitted that he was plunging into speculation; all had looked safe and smooth; nothing had seemed to be wanting but a little happy audacity to place a man of his ability and connections in the very first rank of 'business men.' He had always despised the class so termed, finding them, as he generally did, so much slower, duller, and more ignorant—except upon one or two special subjects, such as a man of quick intelligence could master in a week—than himself; and his failure would have been galling to him, had there not been a score

of other and more cogent reasons for his bitterness of spirit. As it was, the injury to his *amour propre* was not felt at all, in the agony of his deeper wounds. His pride—and John Dalton, though such 'good company,' and 'hail fellow, well met,' with all degrees of men and women, was a very proud man—was indeed humbled to the dust; but that was nothing in comparison with the humiliation he had wrought with those whom—to do him justice—he had ever loved better than himself. What would now become of his wife and children? was the question which beat importunately at the door of his brain, but which for the moment he was shutting out by reminiscences of the past, hardly less bitter. When, and how, was it, reflected he, that he had first been tempted to leave his former mode of life, and to embark upon this sea of troubles? As to who had been his tempter, he had no doubt; but where had he first encountered him? It was at a dinner to which he had been invited by a bachelor friend—a Guarlamane—at Greenwich. The company had been mostly younger than himself, as was often the case, for his wit and animal spirits recommended him to the young; and the only one present who was his senior, or rather had appeared to be so, had been Richard Holt. This man, it was evident, was not of the same class as the rest; and beyond a passing thought of what he was wanted there for, Dalton would probably not have troubled himself about him, but for a circumstance that took place after dinner. One of the guests, a young man of title, had drunk rather freely, and over an argument, in which he was clearly in the wrong, with Holt, used some contemptuous expression, reflecting upon his calling as a stock-broker.

Holt behaved very well, putting much apparent restraint upon himself, for his host's sake; and Dalton, always generous and impulsive, had taken up the cudgels for him, and silenced his assailant.

'You have made a friend of the best fellow in England to help you out of a scrape,' whispered his entertainer, when the party was breaking up; but as Dalton was not in the habit of getting into the sort of difficulties to which he knew the other alluded, he saw no reason to congratulate himself upon the alliance. However, during their drive home, on the drag, it so happened that he found himself next the stranger, and a good deal of conversation took place between them. The topic, which Dalton himself had introduced in order to put the other at his ease, was commercial affairs, with which Holt shewed himself thoroughly acquainted. He spoke of his own misfortune in having been all his life connected with them, which had produced his wealth, without the power of enjoying it in the way he desired. 'I find myself cut off from society, except that of such young gentlemen as these,' said he, 'who make use of my services without permitting me to pretend to their friendship.' He spoke with a certain mixture of pride and humility which prepossessed the other in his favour; while his references to City matters inflamed Dalton's ambition with that idea of 'growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice,' from which much better-balanced minds are not altogether free.

'With your manners and your connections, Mr Dalton, success would indeed be easy,' Holt had answered, when sounded on this point: 'such an address as yours, if you will permit me to say so'

(a favourite expression of his new friend's), 'would fetch a very high price east of Temple Bar; we are cunning enough, but without the tact that at once persuades and conquers.' The flattery was coarse, but, administered after a Greenwich dinner, on the top of a drag, it was not found fault with; their acquaintanceship thrived apace, and before they reached town, Dalton discovered—he never quite knew how—that a certain connection already existed between himself and his companion, which at once established confidential relations between them. This bond of union was that Philip Astor, Dalton's half-brother, of whom we have already spoken. That Astor was not a legitimate son of Dalton's father, was now incontestable, for it had been so settled by the law; but it was admitted even by the legitimate branch of the family that his case had been a hard one. He was by many years John Dalton's senior, and until his father's second marriage—which was in fact his first—had supposed himself to be his son and heir. Not till he was almost of age had he been made aware of his true position, and the discovery had acted fatally upon his character. He had become reckless and improvident; and though a considerable pecuniary provision had been made for him, he had squandered all his means long before his father's death, which had not taken place till John had himself arrived at man's estate. Then it was that Philip brought his lawsuit, and lost it; but so far from feeling bitter against his left-handed kinsman, John had offered to assist him from his own purse. The two brothers had met, and though the interview had been a stormy one, they had parted with less of ill-feeling than might have been expected. The one could only proffer as a gift what the other would only accept as a right; and so John's generosity came to nothing; but he had always entertained a kindly feeling for poor Philip, and had contrived, unknown to him, to procure him the means of livelihood as a merchant's clerk. This situation, however, upon discovering to whom he was indebted for it, Astor had thrown up, and down to that very night, John knew not what had become of him. To his great surprise, Holt now informed him that Philip had been employed in his office for some years.

Such had been the first introduction of the man of business to the man of fashion, and it had soon ripened into intimacy. As to Philip, he had doggedly refused, according to his present employer's account, to hold any intercourse with his half-brother; so no more was said about that matter; but Dalton and Holt did a good deal of business together, or rather in concert. Whether the latter had inoculated the former with the love of speculation, or whether he originally had it in his blood, is doubtful, though Dalton was now ready to put all the blame upon his late ally; it is more probable that Dalton was eager, and that the other did but stimulate his wishes. But they had gone into a good many 'likely things' together—doubtless by Holt's advice—and for a little time matters had gone very well with them. In return for his assistance in this way, Holt had suggested rather than stipulated that his new friend should introduce him, upon as equal terms as might be, into society; and this Dalton had done. It was no small proof of his own social influence that he had brought Mr Richard Holt into more than one

exclusive circle, and kept him there, under what were certainly disadvantageous circumstances. The Campdena, though there was nothing absolutely vulgar about them, had nothing to boast of in the way of birth or breeding, nor was their position in the county so assured that they could afford to have a man like Holt living with them almost *en famille*; he would never have found himself at Riverside but for his friend's good offices. In more than one case Dalton had had cause to lament the fate which had thus made him a sort of Siamese twin of the prosperous stock-broker; for the slights that had been inflicted upon the latter, or which he had more often brought upon himself, he had in some degree shared; but his bitterest regret was that he had permitted this man to gain a footing in his own family. The thing had been unavoidable if he was to retain his alliance, but it had been done against the grain—so grudgingly that the other had scarcely thanked him for it—and it had turned out even worse than he had anticipated. Mrs Dalton was a woman always ready to welcome her husband's friends, and make them, so far as was possible, her own; his social success owed more to her tact in this respect than perhaps he would have been ready to allow; but she could not welcome this man, who was not his friend, but only his business ally. She had disliked him before she saw him, as the person who had seduced her husband from his former pursuits—if such they could be called; had persuaded him to exchange his rôle as a charmer of society, but one who nevertheless spent much of his time at home, for, what she would have called in another, a sordid ambition. She did not want him to amass more money, and certainly not by associating with companions such as this man, whose manners and appearance were to her mind, though she did not speak her mind, by no means the worst of him. Kate did not like him, it was plain, and still less Jenny—Jenny, the invalid, who, though so fragile of frame, had so keen an eye and sharp a tongue; and yet, with all these members of his family, as it seemed to Dalton, this fellow had affected a certain intimacy.

When he had talked just now of 'those dear to him,' and had offered to be their friend, as though it were a favour on his part, he had felt inclined to knock him down. And yet, in truth, it had become necessary that somebody should befriend them. He himself was a hopelessly ruined man, while Holt was, by his own confession, rich. He could not say that he had become so at his expense; nor, indeed, had his own losses, so far as he knew, been of the least advantage to the other; but, somehow, he felt as though he had been the man's cat's-paw. As to the *Lara*, the speculation had been brought under his notice—like all the rest—by Holt, but in a more private sort of way; it was a pet investment of Holt's own, and at one time they had possessed nearly the whole mine between them. Then, as the shares rose, Holt had, it seemed, sold out—as, indeed, he had advised Dalton to do—while he had held on; and the end was that the one had come out of it all safe, and with a large sum in pocket, while the other had lost his all, and more than his all; for Dalton had not only lost his own money, but that of his wife, which, by her own wish, and from her unbounded confidence in him, had not been settled upon her at their marriage. His shame and horror were

so great, that for the moment he had not dared to look that part of the matter in the face, but had forced his thoughts, as we have said, to travel back over that fatal part of his life's journey on which Richard Holt had just become his companion. He had felt of late months that companionship growing more and more distasteful to him, but at the same time more indispensable; he distrusted him in his heart, though, as reason told him, without any justification for such a feeling: he had begun to hate the man because he thought he saw he had had the audacity to look even beyond his friendship; and though up to that night he had been able to regard his pretensions with grim contempt, he could not do so now. It was that reflection which had, in fact, made him so rude to Holt at parting an hour or so ago—for so long had he been chewing the bitter cud of memory—and which now made the man so loathsome to him. And yet his mind preferred to dwell upon him, and his relations with himself, rather than upon his own ruin, and the effects that must necessarily result from it. For what was underlying all his thoughts, and tincturing their sadness with a bitterness far beyond that of the waters of death, was the consciousness that when he left that room it must needs be to seek the presence of his wife, to tell that dear one of the blow which had hurled her and hers from wealth to poverty, and that it was his own hand that had inflicted it.

How cold and cruel, in her stately beauty, Nature looked that night; how unmoved by the agony of his soul. How peacefully slept the moonbeams on the crags, as though to the lullaby of the river's song! If he made away with himself, she would still smile on. If he shot himself! The thought recurred to him with a terrible impetuosity, before which all mere sentimental reflections vanished. Would it not be better to have done with life, the sweets of which had been squeezed out, and nothing left but the bitter rind? He could do no good to his wife and children by living on, for he could never be their bread-winner. How could he—he, who had done nothing from his youth up but fare of the best without toil of brain or muscle—he who had paid nothing but a light jest or two for his place in the world, hope to support these helpless ones, being himself so helpless! Nay, he would be a burden on them, rather, for a woman and children might find shelter which could not for very shame be accepted by a man like him. In all respects it would be better for them that he should die. As for the sin of it, and his own punishment hereafter, it did not at that moment enter into his calculations; if he thought of himself at all, it was to reflect that if he killed himself then and there, he should be spared the interview which was awaiting him below-stairs. He threw a glance round the room just as Holt had done upon leaving it, but it fell upon nothing in the way of weapon, unless a gilt paper-knife, with a tiger's tooth for handle, could be called so, with which he remembered, with strange distinctness, cutting *Blackwood* the last time he had visited Riverside in the spring. The magazine had contained some forecast of the coming general election, and amongst other places had mentioned Bampton as wavering in its allegiance, and likely, though

after many years of fidelity, to return a Liberal candidate. The vacancy in the borough had taken place through the death of its representative—the constituencies in general not having as yet been appealed to—but the apprehension expressed by the reviewer had proved groundless, to his cost. How Campden and himself had smiled over it at the time, and how confident he had been of the contrary issue—for Bampton had even then been in his eye, although vaguely—and how valueless and utterly uninteresting the whole subject had now become! If he had been a member of parliament even, instead of a rejected candidate, it would have availed him nothing, but only have made his fall the greater. It was not probable, thought he grimly, that any difference would be made in the manner of his reception in the next world, from his having been chosen by the electors of Bampton, or not. A tiger's tooth! It was not by a bite, as he had read, that the tiger killed his man, but by one blow of his mighty paw. That must be an easy death to die; but the method was exceptional, and not within his reach. He took from his pocket a little penknife; its handle was of tortoise-shell, inlaid with silver, and upon it was a date engraved. Jenny had given it to him upon his birthday, years ago, when she was quite a child, ailing in health, indeed, but before her disease had declared itself. 'It will not cut our love, dear papa,' she had said, alluding to the proverb, and her present. His hand trembled for a moment, and he felt that sting in his eyelids which is the precursor of the bitterest tears; but no tears fell. Since he loved her so much, it was the more necessary that he should do the best he could to smooth her life-path, and the best he could do was to die. That he honestly believed, for he was probably unaware how forcibly his own personal misery was impelling him to such a course. The blade was as keen as a razor, and had a sharp point. If he had been a doctor, or had had any scientific knowledge—whereas, thought he bitterly, 'I know nothing'—he would have known exactly where to strike, and all would have been over in a moment. He had read about 'the jugular vein;' but he could not work up his mind to cut his throat; he was not afraid to do so, but the idea shocked his fastidiousness. 'What a fuss that woman would make about her carpet!' was a reflection too that characteristically crossed his mind. He remembered to have seen a surgeon of his acquaintance indicate the exact spot in the left side where even the thrust of a needle would cause instant death; if that was the case, surely a knife like this—Here a circumstance occurred which disturbed him beyond measure. He heard the door behind him open and shut, and felt that he was not alone. Was it possible that his wife, alarmed by his prolonged absence, and knowing that the others had long since retired, had come up to look after him. His face grew damp, and the night-air blowing cold upon it, he began to shiver; his hand became so unsteady that he could scarcely hold the knife, with which he now pretended to be paring his nails.

'I hope I have not disturbed you, Mr Dalton?' said a cheerful voice.

'Thank Heaven! it is only Derwent,' muttered the wretched man.

'I came up for a book that I had forgotten,' continued the young fellow, 'and had no idea that

you were still here. Your cigar is out; shall I give you a light?

'No, Jeff; thank you.'

There was something of sadness in the tone, that struck the lad's keen ear.

'Can I do nothing for you? You are not ill, I hope?'

'Not I, my boy; only a little down in the mouth, from being the rejected of Bampton. If you had had a vote, you would have plumped for me, would you not?'

'Indeed, Mr Dalton, I would plump for you for everything.'

The genuineness of the young fellow's speech, and its simplicity, were such as a man like Dalton could not fail to feel, even in his present condition.

'I have no doubt of that, Jeff,' he replied kindly. 'You and I have always been good friends.'

'But the goodness was on your side,' answered the boy. 'It is to no one's advantage in this house to be a friend of mine. It is everybody's advantage to be a friend of yours.'

Dalton laughed so mockingly, that the other paused in wonder, and when he continued, his voice had a still more earnest gravity. It was evident that he saw something was very wrong.

'I am so powerless, Mr Dalton; but if the most I can do can be of the least service to you or yours, you will not forget to make use of me. I have thaws and sinews—but that is all, I am afraid.'

'And wind, Jeff—excellent wind, if what Tony was telling me to-night was true. You got into trouble about it, I hear, but you won the Guide Race.'

'Yes; I came in first, though it was almost by a fluke. If I had not gone at the brook, I should have been beaten. Here is the belt;' and the lad exhibited that token of his prowess—which vanity had caused him to buckle round his waist, a broad leathern strap with a silver clasp—with conscious pride.

'And did you get a prize in the wrestling ring also? Were you Hercules as well as Hippomenes?'

'No; Mr Holt said he thought that it would be considered "unseemly"—he meant, I suppose, caddish—and yet I almost thought that Tony would have persuaded him to try a fall himself. He will do anything for Tony, or for the girls, or for Mrs Dalton—that I will say for him.'

'What a pity he did not wrestle,' observed Dalton grimly. 'They might have given him a cropper, some of them, big as he is.'

'Yes, indeed; but he laughed it off by telling Tony that he couldn't do it because his life was not insured; though of course he never meant to. I suppose I must thank him for sticking up for me to-night, and saying that it was by his advice I entered for the Guide Race; though it was not true; and he only said it to please Kitty.'

At any other time that suggestion would have excited Dalton's wrath; but he had not heard the boy's last words. A sentence that had just before dropped from his lips quite accidentally was ringing in his ears, and made him unconscious of the rest.

'Well, well, Jeff, we must not talk any more to-night, or Mrs Campden will be accusing me of teaching you more bad habits—sitting up till the small-hours, for one thing. Good-night, my lad.'

'Good-night, Mr Dalton.' As the boy withdrew, he noticed how his companion's face fell forward on his hands, and felt that he was in sore trouble. It was so strange to see the man whom he had always known so light and gay, in this sad case, that he was loath to leave him, even at his own request. Yet he felt he had no choice. He could not cure his grief, whatever it might be, or even soothe it, being, as he had said, so powerless. He never knew that—powerless though he was—his entrance into that room had perhaps saved a fellow-creature from self-destruction. The words he had quoted from Holt's mouth, 'Because my life is not insured,' had reminded Dalton, who, in his agony of regret and shame, had clean forgotten the fact, that his own life was insured, and that the policy would be made void by his suicide.

There was no escape left for him in his wretchedness, even in death itself.

A U T O M A T A .

PASSING over many notices of exceedingly curious but questionably authentic automata (machines acting by means of concealed machinery), from an early time, we come to the devices of Vaucanson, an ingenious Frenchman who lived at the beginning of the eighteenth century. In 1730, the statue of the flute-player at the Tuileries suggested to him the idea of constructing an automaton which should actually play the flute. He accordingly set to work, and after some years produced the celebrated automaton flute-player, which was exhibited in Paris in 1738, said to be the most perfect android ever constructed. It performed many pieces on the German flute; a very remarkable fact, when we consider the complicated movements of the lips and fingers which are necessary to blow the instrument naturally.

Vaucanson also executed another celebrated android, or automaton in human form, about 1741, which played the Provençal shepherd's pipe, and beat a *tambour de busque*. One hand contained the flageolet, the other the stick for beating the tambourine. The automaton could play about twenty different airs. He also constructed an automaton duck, which closely resembled a living one. It ate with avidity and with quick motions of the throat, drank and muddled the water with its bill, quacked, and was supposed at the time to imitate by chemical means the process of digestion. Houdin, the noted conjurer, who repaired one of the wings, examined the figure, and discovered that each process was due to clever mechanism. Vaucanson is reported to have made several other automata of less note. One was a loom in which a donkey worked cloth, constructed to spite the silk-weavers of Lyon, who stoned Vaucanson because he attempted to simplify the old-fashioned loom. He also invented an endless chain, which still bears his name, and a machine to make meshes of equal size. In short, he was a most extraordinary genius, whose mechanical devices were vastly amusing.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, a father and son, named Le Droz, of La Chaux de Fonds, Neuchâtel, produced some clever automata. Le Droz the elder's principal one was a figure of a child which wrote anything dictated to it. Le Droz the younger, who was born in 1752, is best known as the inventor of musical snuff-boxes. He

went to Paris at the age of twenty-two, taking with him, it is said, a female figure which played on the harpsichord. His most celebrated automaton was the piping bull-finch, contained in a gold snuff-box, four and a half inches long, and three inches broad. The box had a partition within, the upper portion containing the bird, the lower, snuff. The lid of the box flew up with a spring, when a bird, about three-quarters of an inch long, of lovely plumage, made in enamelled gold, started up, wagged its tail, spread its wings, opened its bill, and began to pour forth a melodious song. When it ceased, it seemed to dart down into the box, the lid of which closed upon it. A similar automaton is attributed by some to Maillardet, and another was exhibited some years since in London. Le Droz the younger also constructed a drawing automaton. It had in one hand a metal style, under which a card of Dutch vellum was laid. On touching a spring, the figure began to draw, lifting the pencil at the necessary points, so as to avoid a slur, as in passing from a forehead to an eye. Having finished one drawing, the figure rested while another card was laid. It could fill five or six separate cards without being rewound. Le Droz is also stated to have produced an automaton peacock.

The celebrated Automaton Chess-player was invented by Baron Wolfgang de Kempelen, of Presburg, Hungary, Aulic Counsellor of the Royal Chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Germany. The history of the machine has often been incorrectly told. The following is, we believe, the true account of it:

In 1769, a revolt broke out in a Russo-Polish regiment at Riga, headed by a Pole named Woronski. The Poles were eventually defeated in a pitched battle, and in the rout Woronski had both his legs shattered by a cannon-ball. He contrived to throw himself into a ditch, and at night dragged himself to the neighbouring house of a surgeon named Osloff. The surgeon, moved by his sufferings, attended him and concealed him in his house. Both legs were amputated, and Woronski recovered, contrary to expectation. De Kempelen came about this time on a visit to Osloff, and to him was confided the secret, and his assistance begged to get Woronski out of the country; for had he been found in the house, the consequences would have been serious. It happened that Woronski was a fine chess-player, and the idea occurred to De Kempelen of concealing the mutilated man in a box, so that the contrivance could be passed off as a chess-playing automaton. In three months the automaton was finished. It has been so often described, that it will be sufficient to mention here that it was a life-size figure of a Turk seated at a chess-board. The machinery of the interior was attached to langing frames, which could be pushed back, so that Woronski could conceal himself in the body, notwithstanding that it appeared to be filled with wheels, cranks, pulleys, &c. While the lower cupboard was being examined, Woronski crept into the body, and passed his arms and hands into those of the figure, and his head into the mask, whence he could see the chess-board. In order to give room for the passage of his head, the neck was surrounded with a large collar, so contrived as to conceal the hollow space necessary there. The spectators having, as it appeared, thoroughly examined the

inside, the doors were closed, and the whole machine having been wheeled about the room, to shew that there was no connection from beneath, a small door in the thigh was opened, and the automaton wound up. This winding up was a mere blind; at each move, the noise of machinery in motion was heard; this noise was purposely introduced to drown the sound of the movements of the performer. On October 10, 1769, the first rehearsal was held, the figure playing a game with Osloff. A month later, Woronski was sufficiently perfect in his part. He was hid in a large box, which had to be moved very slowly, on pretence of fear of breaking the machinery, but in reality to protect the inmate. In order to avert suspicion, it was agreed to give performances on the road at all the towns passed through. The travellers got as far as Vitebsk, on the road to the Prussian frontier, without interruption, when the Empress Catharine, having heard of the singular powers of the chess-player, commanded its presence at the imperial palace, where the proscribed rebel actually played with the empress. It is said that she attempted to cheat by making a false move, when Woronski's temper getting the better of him, nearly caused the whole conspiracy to collapse. The automaton upset the pieces with a blow of his hand, and the clock-work stopped as though injured. The empress took it very good-humouredly, possibly because she was not sorry thus to save a lost game. She at once offered to purchase the automaton, and insisted on its being left in the palace library all night. Fortunately, De Kempelen managed to smuggle off Woronski in the big chest; and next day he told the empress that the figure could not perform without him, and therefore that it was no use his selling it.

Three months afterwards, the automaton was safe in England, under the management of Mr Anthon, to whom De Kempelen is stated to have sold it; but, according to some accounts, it was not sold until after De Kempelen's death in 1803. Anthon visited the whole of Europe, and made large sums by the exhibition. At his death it was bought by M. Mielzel, who took it to America. Mielzel died on his return passage; and his heirs sold the chess-player to M. Cronier of Belleville, at whose house M. Houdin saw it in 1844. Houdin was the first to give the true story of this remarkable figure, on the authority of M. Hessler, a nephew of Dr Osloff's.

De Kempelen also invented an articulating machine which pronounced words with a French accent. In most speaking-machines, the effect is produced by an assistant placed out of view, who hears and replies by means of a concealed acoustic tube; as in the case of the invisible girl of M. Charles, which heard and answered questions through trumpets, apparently suspended out of communication with any living person; or by placing the figure and the head of the assistant in the foci of two concave mirrors which are opposite to each other, a hole being made in the partition of the room, which is concealed by a thin cloth. De Kempelen's machine seems to have really articulated by means of reed pipes and bellows. The construction of it employed the inventor in 1783, and for some years after. After many investigations, he discovered that the reed of the Highland bagpipe emits sounds most nearly resembling those produced by

man, and he succeeded in obtaining the vowel-sound *a* from a reed connected with a tube. By the invention of numerous contrivances of too elaborate a character to be described here, De Kempelen finally overcame all obstacles. He obtained the sounds of nearly all the consonants, and managed to combine them so as to form words. It was the intention of De Kempelen to make the machine to resemble a child; but it is uncertain whether it was ever so completed.

M. Maillardet, a celebrated Swiss mechanic in the beginning of this century, produced a number of automata, of which the most remarkable was a lady who executed eighteen airs on the pianoforte, and actually pressed the fingers on the keys, the flats and sharps being played by means of pedals, as in an organ. In fact, the instrument, though called a pianoforte, was a kind of organ blown with bellows. The figure is said to have played in a manner so similar to a living performer, that at a distance the difference could scarcely be perceived. Maillardet also invented a drawing and writing boy. Most writing and drawing androids are worked by machinery which passes through the floor to an adjoining room, where an assistant directs the figure by means of a pantograph, a scientific instrument, one arm of which being moved, causes the other arm to trace the movement in fac-simile. The cleverest of these was a writing-hand, exhibited in London, which was apparently isolated on a plate of glass, and consequently it appeared impossible for the movements to be obtained in the manner just described. There was in reality a double sheet of glass, the lower one, through which the motion was communicated, being movable; but both sheets of glass being transparent, the motion of the lower plate was not perceptible. Maillardet's writing-boy was not dependent on such assistance, but really moved by the action of springs working on combinations of various levers, which traversed the circumference of metal plates, the edges of which were cut into different shapes, so as to produce a corresponding outline; and to make the up-and-down strokes thinner or thicker as required, in imitation of actual writing and drawing.

The same artist also invented a magician that answered questions. The figure was seated, and held a wand in one hand, a book in the other. Twenty oval brass medallions on which questions were inscribed were handed to the audience, who chose one at random. The chosen medallion was put into a drawer which shut with a spring. The figure then, after spending some time in apparent study, rose, waved the wand, and struck the wall above its head, when two folding-doors flew open, and displayed the answer. The doors then shut, and the figure re-seated itself. The *modus operandi* was simple. The medallions had holes, which did not precisely correspond, and these were brought into contact with needles, so as to produce a different result with each medallion.

Maillardet also constructed an automaton tumbler, only a few inches high, and inclosed in a glass case. When at rest, the tumbler sat on a slender steel rod, which it grasped with both hands. When in action, it descended and hung by its hands, then tumbled and adopted a variety of attitudes, and finally seated itself again on the rod, and bowed to the audience.

The principle on which figures of rope-dancers

and tumblers are made to imitate human action is, that the rod they grasp is a tube, through which levers are brought to bear on the figures. Though simple enough in the statement, their construction is very complicated, numerous small details which require great artistic skill having to be perfected.

In addition to the above, Maillardet made a humming-bird, a steel spider that ran for three minutes, a caterpillar, a lizard, a mouse, and a serpent which crawled about in every direction, opened its mouth, hissed, and darted out its tongue, remaining in action for seven minutes.

Robert Houdin, the most celebrated conjurer of his day, was a clever constructor of automata. The taste was first developed in him in consequence of his purchase from a Dutch mechanic, named Opre, of a small harlequin, which leaped out of a box, performed some evolutions, and returned to the box at the word of command. This automaton had to be repaired by Houdin, who afterwards repaired other automata—namely, Vancanson's duck, already noticed, and the Componium, a mechanical orchestra, which could play operatic overtures with precision and effect, and could improvise variations without repeating itself. It was exhibited by a Prussian, named Koppen, in Paris, about 1820, and brought him in a considerable sum, after which he sold it.

The automata made and exhibited by Houdin were four in number. One was a pastry-cook that issued from a door at the word of command, bringing various refreshments, according to the request of the spectators. At the side of the shop, assistant pastry-cooks were seen rolling paste and putting it in the oven.

Another of Houdin's automata was an imitation of the two clowns Auriol and De Bureau. The latter held out a chair at arm's length, on which his comrade performed acrobatic tricks like his namesake in the circus at the Champs-Élysées. Afterwards Auriol smoked a pipe, and accompanied with the flageolet an air played by the orchestra. Since Houdin's time, other tumbling figures have been exhibited. The earlier of these, called the Automaton Icotard, was constructed by Professor Pepper. It tumbled and postured on a swinging trapeze. It was patented, and the mechanism is fully described in the specification. A conjurer named Beaumont improved upon this by making a large doll vault upon a swinging rope, and, after holding by its hands, disengage them from the rope without assistance, and then hang by its feet.

A third mechanical contrivance of Houdin's was the mysterious orange-tree, on which flowers and fruit seemed to grow at the request of the ladies. This was also used as part of a conjuring trick, a borrowed handkerchief being discovered in one of the oranges, which opened, when two butterflies took it by the corners and unfolded it.

The electrical dial trick of Houdin's may also be classed as automatic, it being intended that the spectators should believe it to be isolated. A dial of transparent glass was hung up in the theatre, and while suspended, it would mark any hour desired by the audience, and would strike the time on a crystal bell suspended with the dial.

Sir Charles Wheatstone, the inventor of the stereoscope, devoted a great part of his life to studying the nature and laws of sound. He made a mechanical violin, which was both played and fingered by machinery. In 1835 he communicated

a paper to the British Association on the various attempts which have been made to imitate human speech by mechanical means. This paper led to the construction of his speaking machine, which imitated simple articulate sounds with considerable exactness.

In 1875, the latest wonder in the way of automata, the joint invention of Mr John Nevil Maskelyne and of Mr John Algernon Clarke, was brought out at the Egyptian Hall, London. The figure, which has received the name of Psycho, represents a man in oriental costume, twenty-two inches high, seated cross-legged on a box, and, to all appearance, perfectly isolated, on a hollow cylinder of transparent glass, without any connection with an operator at a distance. It may be freely examined by the audience, who are allowed to look and feel within the body and pedestal, to ascertain that there is no Woronski concealed there. Psycho plays at whist with persons who volunteer from the audience, itself choosing and taking up with its finger and thumb the proper card, without any one calling out the cards played by the other players. It also performs several conjuring tricks; replies to questions by striking a bell; moves fast, or slowly, or stops, at the direction of any one of the audience; works sums in arithmetic; and executes a variety of feats which demand intelligence, as well as complicated and ingenious mechanism. As yet, no positive explanation of Psycho's movements has been brought forward, though many ingenious guesses, such as that in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January 1876, have been hazarded.

WESTCHESTER TOWER.

SOME years ago, I had occasion to make a short trip from London, to visit my old college friend, Maitland, who had settled down as a clergyman in connection with the cathedral of Westchester. It was a pleasant excursion, chiefly by railway, and I was hospitably entertained. After dinner, my friend and I walked out in the dusk of the evening, to look at the antiquities of the place. In the course of our ramble, the moon rose, and threw a charm over the scene. With the moonlight streaming through the coloured windows, we sauntered through the ancient cathedral, enjoying the solemnity of the edifice.

As we approached the gates of the choir, Maitland, though accustomed to the place, became singularly silent. All at once, he called on me to notice that we were standing under the main central tower, and that in the vaulted dome overhead was a round black spot. 'You see that dark spot,' said he: 'it is a covered hole opening up into the tower. It is sometimes used for the hauling up of lead and timber for repairs on the roof. I call your attention to it now, because I am going to tell you something about it by-and-by.'

Seated once more at the fireside of my bachelor friend, I listened to what he had to say about the hole in the tower. I will try to repeat his story as he told it to me.

'I suppose it must be about five years ago, soon after I came to the cathedral, that I was engaged

one evening in this room, writing, when I had occasion to refer to a book not in my possession, but which I knew to be accessible to me in the cathedral library. To procure the work, I sallied out with a lantern; and I had not gone very far when I was assailed by a cheery shout from Symes—Geoffrey Symes—an Oxford man, who had been my junior at Oriel. Symes was a little eccentric. He had taken a fairish degree, and might have done well, but, being passionately fond of music, he took to studying the organ; and this had brought him to Westchester, as a professed pupil of the organist. As such, he was allowed to have constant access to the instrument—one of wonderful compass—in the cathedral.

'Symes would not, perhaps, have been called a scientific musician; but he had a wonderful gift of expressing thought and feeling on the organ, which he almost made to speak, so extraordinary was his power in bringing out effects. When engaged in this way, he seemed to be lost in an enthusiastic ardour. He wildly revelled in musical sounds. On this occasion, he seemed to resolve on a display of his powers. Rushing away for a few minutes, he brought little Jim Oxley, son of the verger, to blow the bellows; and, with this necessary aid, he set to work, and produced a voluntary that was altogether marvellous, and the effect of which was enhanced by the darkness. Well-known passages from great masters were skilfully welded with harmonious links into one another. One, however, a favourite of his as I knew, was complete, and alone—the "Quando Corpus," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. I could compare it to nothing but the strenuous forging together of solid bars of melody, so severe, so nervous, so weighty, was the working out of the theme. And last of all, with most ravishing sweetness, came the exquisite Duet and Chorus from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, "I waited for the Lord," and as those delicate silvery strains of patience and thankfulness streamed into one another, and melted at last with the chorus into the great tide of praise, I was unconscious of anything but the music, and could have stayed there without further thought till the morning.

'I was aroused from my ecstasy by little Jim, who had been blowing the bellows all this time, asking me if he might go home, as his father did not know where he was. I let him out; and as the door fell behind him, I heard the low, dying wail of the organ, as Symes struck one or two ineffectual notes, and exhausted its last breath. He came down and joined me; and as I was taking up my book and lantern, previous to our departure, he suddenly cried: "Hollo! that tower-hole is open. Just fancy looking down through there into the nave."

"Yes," said I; "I daresay it would be very pretty; in the meanwhile, I am going home, however."

"All right," said Symes. "Lend me your lantern, and I'll bid you good-night."

"Why, what are you going to do?" I said.

"Going up into the tower," he replied.

'In vain I tried to dissuade him, using every argument to represent to him the folly, the uselessness, the danger of such a proceeding. Good-humouredly but obstinately, he threw aside my remonstrances; and when at last I found him resolved, I made up my mind reluctantly, and not in the best of humours, to accompany him on his fool's errand. Thank God that I didn't leave him alone, as I had intended!

'I was little disposed, however, to respond to his lively sallies, as I followed him into the staircase which led to the tower. The lantern was of little use to us as we climbed the worn steps. A cold strip of moonlight came through an open slit in the wall now and then, but otherwise we were in the dark. After some few minutes' ascent, we came to a doorway that led over the top of the transept arch under the leads of the roof. Begging Symes to look about him and to tread carefully, I passed after him through the darkness into the main tower. From where we stood, the upper side of the dome-like ceiling of the centre of the nave, between the two transepts, rose like an inverted cup before us; and at the apex of the dome, through the opening which had suggested this wayward undertaking, the moonlight streamed dimly up into the darkness of the tower. To carry out his purpose, Symes now proceeded to crawl up the dome, in order to look down through the orifice. I knew it was of no avail to say anything, so I stood and watched him with anxiety, as he leaned over the verge of the chasm.

'As I gazed, I became aware that immediately above the opening a stout rope was swinging, to which was attached a large hook. I remembered that some repairs had been going on for a few days on the roof of the cathedral, and that I had seen one or two rolls of lead wound up through the hole on the previous day. These thoughts were passing through my mind, when Symes, catching hold of the rope, jerked it, to ascertain that it was fastened above, and leaned forward with his weight upon it, as he looked downwards with exclamations of delight. "Come up, sir, and see; do!" he cried. "It's worth all the trouble of a climb."

'I was just about to creep up, that I might share his gratification, when a sudden whirring, grating sound of wheels above—a gasping exclamation—a scuffling snatch with his feet, at the edge of the hole, and before I could move, I saw the poor fellow disappear rapidly through the opening, as the rope uncoiled itself with increasing velocity from the winch overhead. It flashed across me in a moment. The handle of the winch had been imperfectly secured; the jerk and the subsequent weight had overcome the resistance, and trusting wholly to the rope, he had slipped from his footing. The hope occurred to me, that the evident resistance which still restrained the free revolutions of the winch might prevent the descent being so rapid as to endanger life or limb; so that he would possibly land in safety with only a severe fright and shaking. These thoughts crowded pell-mell upon my mind, at the first shock of surprise. But, conceive my horror, when, with a loud jar, the noise of the wheels ceased, and the rope no longer descended.

'How I started! He has let go, thought I, and listened breathlessly, in sickening expectation of the crash which I conceived must follow. But all was still; and mechanically I crawled up to

the edge of the hole and leaned over, thinking to see his crushed body in a ghastly heap below me.

'No! About five-and-twenty feet down, vibrating in sheer space, was suspended my poor friend, at a height of at least fifty feet above the stone flooring of the nave. He was in the very midst of the stream of light that poured through the clerestory windows. In some way or another, he had relieved the strain upon his hands, by getting his leg over the hook at the end of the rope. I called to him to hold fast for a while, and to keep up his courage; but I never shall forget his despairing eyes, nor the hoarse agonising whisper that replied: "I can't hold on! I'm numbed. Loose the winch! Be quick, for God's sake!"

'Waiting for no further suggestion, I rushed back again to the staircase, and found in the darkness, almost by intuition, the steps which led still upwards, and hastened to mount them. Once or twice, as I panted in the ascent, I remember that I came to the edge of a sheer depth, and drew back, scarcely conscious of the danger. I listened intently for any sound from below, but heard nothing; and at length, in what must have been an incredibly short space of time, breathless and gasping, I emerged on the rough uneven flooring of the higher story of the tower. Trembling, I crept carefully forward to the centre of the space, and found the winch standing over an opening corresponding to the one below. I eagerly looked down, and could just see that something was still suspended in the now partially obscured light. I shouted again and again words of encouragement and hope; but there was no reply. With a sickening thrill, I set to work to examine the winch, and found, as I supposed, that the handle had been entangled in the coils of a rope, from which I had some difficulty, in the darkness, in extricating it. But once released, I allowed it to revolve slowly, until I felt that there was no further strain upon it. Scarcely, however, had the assurance of Symes's security dawned upon me as a possibility, when a deadly faintness crept over me, and I think for a minute or two I lost consciousness.

'How I succeeded in getting down without disaster through that perilous labyrinth, I can form no idea, nor have I any recollection. I remember devoutly thanking God, as I stepped out from the door of the transept on to the floor of the nave.

"Here I am, old fellow!" I cried aloud to Symes, and sprang forward into the open space.

'There was no reply. My heart beat violently! Could he have gone home, and left me there? The moonbeams had sloped farther up the building, leaving the centre aisle in deep gloom. Creeping forward in vague terror, I almost stumbled over the body of my friend, apparently lifeless, but still clinging to the rope. With trembling haste, I disentangled his limbs, and drew him on to the mat beside the verger's bench, where I left him for a moment, while I rushed to fetch assistance. But conceive again my blank despair, when I found the door, which shut with a spring, locked, and the key—I couldn't tell where! I had probably laid it down in some forgetful moment, and I was locked in, with a man dying or dead under my charge.

'I shouted; I beat; I kicked upon the door, in the vain hope of being heard by some stray passenger; but there was no house within fifty yards, and

I had heard the clock strike ten some time before. Wild with desperation, I ran back to my inanimate companion. By this time I had become so used to the obscurity as to be able to discern that while I had been away he had lifted his arm on to the bench, although there was still no further sign of consciousness. Such moments, my dear fellow, make one religious, if nothing else does. I do not know whether you have ever experienced the wave of relief that succeeds the unexpected deliverance from extreme peril; but I assure you that the conviction that poor Symes was not dead, brought me upon my knees, in thankfulness for the mercy that had protected us in such an awful crisis.

'I was overcome with weariness and weakness holding the hand of my unconscious friend, and I almost think that I was dozing, when I heard the sound of an opening door and friendly voices. I cried aloud, and we were at once surrounded with lights, and eager, frightened, inquiring faces, besieging me with questions, which for the time I was altogether unable to answer. Symes, still insensible, was carried to his lodgings on the other side of the green, whither I followed him, and waited for more than half-an-hour, until the doctor came and told me that he was partly conscious, but must not on any account be disturbed or excited by seeing anybody. He said he would remain with him through the night; and I returned with anxious thoughts and an exhausted frame, but with a grateful heart, to my own home.

'It turned out that little Jemmy Oxley had been the means of bringing us the help that we had despaired of. My old housekeeper had come into my room here two or three times during my absence, and could not understand my leaving the light burning, if I had intended to be away so long. She went over to Oxley's, and mentioned the circumstance, on which the verger said: "Why, my boy left them in the cathedral an hour ago. And you may depend upon it," added he, "that they've agone and locked themselves in, and that 'ere young fellow has been and lost the key, and they can't get out!" Which turned out to be pretty nearly the truth.—And now, let us have some tea.'

'Well,' said I, 'that's an adventure, certainly, and not badly told either. It made me feel very shaky about the knees, when that poor fellow went down the hole. I suppose he got all right again?'

'No; poor man,' said Maitland, with a sigh; 'that is the saddest part of the history. He was dreadfully knocked down for some days, and then apparently recovered his general health, except that he had lost all his buoyant spirits, looked like an old man, and always seemed to avoid me. He has since gradually sunk into a state little better than idiocy, which the doctors attribute to the shock to a highly excitable brain, and declare to be quite hopeless.'

'Poor young fellow,' said I. 'I wonder how far he remembers the circumstances of that night.'

'Very little, you may be sure,' said Maitland.

And so we gradually floated away into the stream of friendly talk upon general subjects, until at a late hour we parted for the night.

I awoke in the morning from an eerie and weary sleep-journey, and soon gathered what had been the mischievous spirit presiding at my dreams! A bath set me to rights. And after breakfast, Maitland drove me briskly out of the

old city through the frosty morning air, to the station.

'May I make use of your story?' said I to him, as we parted.

'With all my heart,' he replied. 'And if you like, I'll send you up my memoranda. Good-bye.' And this is the use I have made of it.

JACK TAR.

THERE is no character who has kept his place so long in the heart of the British public as Jack Tar. When he was pressed on board tenders, and served in three-deckers contrary to his will, the country loved him still, if the feeling was not always reciprocal; when he wore a pigtail, and called every landsman a 'swab' or a lubber, we still felt him to be a part of ourselves; and now, when he lives in a turret-ship as much under water as above it, is more stoker than sailor, and swings no longer upon the giddy mast, he is as dear to us as ever. The whole nation rises in its wrath when it hears that his life is traded upon by heartless shipowners, and shakes the strongest ministry that is supposed to permit such things, to its basis. When the author of the *Episodes of an Obscure Life*—the man that drew the water-cress girl, and touched all hearts by his description of the London poor—undertakes to tell us of Jack and his doings, one expects to be a good deal interested; and if his performance has somewhat stopped short of expectation, we are still pleased with the photograph he has presented to us. *Jack Afloat and Ashore** is a good book, and perhaps none the worse for not quite falling in with our preconceived notions of what it should be. It has no touch of Dibdin about it, and very little of the stage-sentiment with which the subject has been so long invested. Jack is shewn to be by no means perfect; and though careless, unhappily quite as careless about the interests of other people as his own. If he is 'more sinned against than sinning,' he must be a good deal sinned against; for he is shewn to be a sad sinner. He is perhaps at his best when he is telling yarns about himself, and our author has caught his style to a nicety.

'Rees is my name, sir. I'm a Welshman, from Aberdowey, Merionethshire. I didn't go to sea till I was seventeen. I was never apprenticed. I thought a sailor's was a fine life, you see. Shouldn't, if I was a boy again, and knew what I know now. No, no. At first I sailed out of Bristol, mostly coasting-trade; carried coal and iron and grain, and such. Then I went foreign. Three times I've been wrecked. . . . Once was eight hundred miles west of Scilly, in the *Elizabeth of Exmouth*; she was a brig, timber-loaded; yes, and water-logged. Nine or ten days we were at the pumps. We got every now and then a bit of bread, or cheese, or raw ham, and the ham burnt us up with thirst. We'd to take to the maintop at

* *Jack Afloat and Ashore*. By Richard Rowe, author of *Episodes of an Obscure Life*. Smith and Elder.

last, and there we were, without eating anything. We'd got nine or ten pounds of bread up with us, but could not eat it, because we'd got no water. *Every day we sighted sails, and they saw us, but would not come nigh us. There was an American liner had to brace up her yards to run clear of us. At last a brig from Odessa to Dundee took us off.* Thus, it appears that some sailors, instead of being 'Hearts of Oak,' are 'Hearts of Stone;' and Mr Rees' account is unhappily corroborated by recent incidents. The Priest and the Levite were merciless enough to leave the wayfarer to perish on the roadside, but to refuse to hold out a hand to one's fellow-creatures drowning seems a still baser act. The captain of a vessel thus misbehaving himself may alone be answerable for the crime, but how the spectacle of it must demoralise those who obey him! Drowning, however, is not the worst of perils that beset the sailor. 'And now I can tell you something. In 1871, I was aboard a ship that was on fire all the way from India to the docks—the *Colombo*—laden with cotton, jute, and linseed. That was a fire that was caused by water: the cargo was wet. She was an iron ship, and felt so hot, we were sure something was wrong. A gale caught her, and over she went on her beam-ends. . . . Next day, when the weather had moderated, we opened the fore-hatch for ten minutes at a time, and dug into the cargo as far aft as we could. There were no flames, but the cargo was burning. We got as much out of the burning stuff as we could, and batted down to keep the air out; but when we got near Ascension, she began to cut her capers again. There was a kind of jury on her there, and the government folk clean swept her, and choked every hole, and we volunteered to take her home. But when she got into the Channel, she was at her old tricks. She was all of a smoke in the docks, and tons of her cargo were good for nothing.'

Next to having a clock-work machine in connection with dynamite on board, we can scarcely imagine a more unpleasant voyage.

Again: 'Whaling I've been, sperming and Greenland, and I've been in the slave-trade, Chinese slave-trade. Well, what are coolies but slaves? Ours mutinied twice. Put a hundred of them in irons. All died. One hundred and fifty died altogether. Got to Callao just before the bombardment. Going back, we stuck on a reef not down in the charts, near the Philippine Islands; but there were three hundred empty water-casks, well-bunged, in the hold, and they floated her.'

If these utterances, so sprightly, if not gay, and treating of such enormous disasters, remind us not a little in their spasmodic style of the personal narratives of Mr Alfred Jingle in *Pickwick*, we must remember who are the speakers. They are old 'salts,' whose acquaintance our author has made in his numerous visits to Ratcliff Highway and other marine haunts, as well as in his voyages. There is no reason to doubt that many, at least, of the adventures thus related are true enough,

and too true. Moreover, it was so contrived that one gentleman's yarn was liable to be set right—or, at all events, contradicted—on certain points. For example, a very old 'salt' will, of course, praise the ancient days.

'Where I've been, and what I've seen? Well, then, you'd better wake me early some Monday morning, and stick by me till the clock strikes twelve on Saturday night, and then, maybe, I could begin to tell you a little bit. Yes, sir, I'm a Norfolk man—Great Yarmouth. . . . I went to sea when I was about as high as the table. . . . Things were harder then. No small stores, no fire allowed; no oilskin clothes; we'd be wet for a week together. A mate's wages were two pounds fifteen shillings to three pounds a month; and now a man before the mast can get his four pounds ten shillings. But men were well made then; there were better sailors than there are now. The ships were well found; no stinting; good food, and plenty of it. You can't well have weevily biscuits in the coasting-trade, the voyages are so short. We'd corned-beef, pudding with molasses, butter, cheese, vegetables, and such-like. And no one ever laid a hand upon me, man or boy.'

Comment, by a Hy-lander—'Things were hard enough in my time. First voyage I went—it was from Liverpool—the mate chased me up the rigging, wetting me, because I was sea-sick.'

In this way, by taking many opinions, though all from the fountain-head, our author has been able to 'fry' them, as the Americans say, and to give us what is no doubt an accurate idea of a sailor's life. 'The sea,' as a profession, is not one of rose-water; but it is a great mistake to suppose that the disagreeables—and much less the dangers—are unavoidable. We are sorry to say that many of them are directly due to Jack himself. Throughout the volume it seems to be the praiseworthy endeavour of our author to hold the scales between the ship-owner and the sailor, and to apportion to each his share of blame; and in the chapter headed 'How ships are lost,' we read some sad revelations about 'Jack.' 'Many—I think I may say most of the accidents at sea,' says one who may be considered an authority in such matters, 'are due to liquor.' In this respect it seems well known that a Liverpool vessel runs more risk than one sailing from the London Docks. The crews of both have been hunted out of dens of vice, and bundled on board drunk; but the London ship gives her crew at least a chance of sleeping off their drinking, by bringing up at Gravesend; whereas, the Liverpool ship has at once to face the stormy Irish Sea, dashing in upon the dangerous Welsh coast. Here is an instance which our author quotes as 'by no means an extreme one.' A ship left Liverpool for Calcutta in tow of a tug, and in charge of lumpers. The crew were put on board as she passed the dock-gates, all more or less drunk. The master was as bad as his men, and the mate the only sober member of the ship's company. 'The lumpers

having set the sails double-reefed, cleared the deck, and made everything as snug as they could, left the ship when she had got fairly out to sea, and returned to Liverpool in the tug with the pilot. The wind veering and freshening, the mate turned all hands up to close-reef the topsails. They managed to do so; but owing to bad steering, the ship made a good deal more leeway than headway, and drifted back towards the Mersey. Alarmed by the lights he saw on shore, the mate went down into the cabin to rouse the captain. "Let me alone," was the response: "it's no use; we'll all be done for in a couple of hours." In the end, there being breakers ahead, the mate let go both anchors, and paid out both cables, and, to give the ship a chance of holding on, cut away the masts. Even then she would have probably gone to the bottom, had not a tug appeared, and towed her back to Liverpool a wreck; the useless captain 'coming on deck for the first time as she repassed the dock-gates, stern inwards.'

It is sometimes necessary to qualify the assertions of teetotalers, but one of the best friends Jack ever had, the Rev. R. Boyer of Bristol, or rather the Bristol Channel, declares that 'all the winds that blow upon the sea, and all the rotten ships that have ever floated on its waters, have not been so destructive to the seaman as his mad love for drink.' This is a painful statement; but it is even more distressing to read that 'it is a noteworthy fact that a very large proportion of ships insured for total loss are lost.' As the law of insurance stands at present, there is a temptation to the shipowner to lose his vessel out and out, because he can not only indemnify himself for its loss, but make a profit on the transaction: if owner of the cargo also, he can insure the freight and ten per cent. profit on that. Moreover, from the day his ship goes down—whatever account may be kept against him elsewhere—he has to bear no more charges. Again, a fruitful cause of accidents at sea is 'cracking on'—the crowding sail to gain an individual reputation for speed, or to please an owner by a quick passage. The fastest clipper brings the first tea to market; the 'liner' famed for short runs has her berths always full. Our author states, we know not on what authority, that if the steamers to America would allow but a day or two more for the passage, the risk from icebergs would be almost nothing. Ships' lights are often defective, whence happen many 'running-do-n' cases; and the charts that others carry are often so antiquated that they are next kin to worthless. The very novelties and improvements in ship-building, such as double-bottoms, water for ballast and sea-cocks, are sources of danger. The vessels themselves, though of course they can be of greater length when built of iron than of wood, are often built too long. 'They have to drive through the billows like a ploughshare, instead of bounding over them like a bung. They get strained, the water rushes in, and down they go like tilted teaspoons. If the *Atlantic* had been set upright on her stern, her bow would have towered fifty feet above the cross of St Paul's Cathedral.' That the powers given in 1873 to the Board of Trade, to detain and survey ships, were imperatively necessitated, is certain from the following fact. During the first nine months, out of two hundred and eighty-six thus detained, two hundred and fifty-six were found to be unsea-

worthy! Loss by fire, let us hope, can never be ascribed to owners. It is too often caused by the worst description of Jack Tar, who, breaking into the hold with naked lights, to plunder passengers' boxes, and get at the spirit-bottles, brings on the most terrific catastrophe that can happen on the ocean.

The chapter on 'Rescue' is a fine one, and treats of deeds that may be truly termed 'heroic.' The average price of a lifeboat, it may be mentioned (for the benefit of those who have large hearts and long purses), is eight hundred pounds, and the cost of its maintenance *per annum*, seventy pounds. Every time she goes out to save life, every man on board receives ten shillings by day, and twenty shillings by night; for exercise-pulls, the pay is four shillings. Twenty thousand lives have been saved by this gallant fleet. It is as well to mention that there is an institution called the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society, which relieves all wrecked sailors, and that the tramps who go about the country in tattered blue jackets pretending to have met with such a disaster, are impostors. The history of our Sailors' Homes, though very interesting, is too long to be here narrated; but we may say that during the forty years' existence of one of them—hard by the London Docks—it has accommodated more than a quarter of a million of boarders, of whom a third have constantly revisited it. More than two millions sterling have been deposited in its bank, and seven hundred thousand pounds been remitted by depositors to their families and friends. The Destitute Sailors' Asylum also does an immensity of good in an excellent fashion. Further east is the Strangers' Home, mostly occupied by sailors, which in addition to its other advantages, offers the most complete study for the ethnologist and the artist to be found on the earth's surface. Even when clad in European garments, 'the Aryan, Mongolian, Malay, Papuan, and Ethiopic' types are unmistakable in their aspects under that roof, which has for its appropriate motto, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers.'

The Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich, the Belvedere—a small but admirable institution—and the various Training-ships for boys, are all described in the present volume in interesting detail; but it is, as might be expected, in his picturesque descriptions of Jack's life at sea and on shore, at his brightest and gayest, that our author most excels. The chapters entitled 'Homeward Bound' and 'Ratcliff Highway' are well worth any reader's attention. In the former, there is an unconsciously pathetic account of a marine auction, that reminds one of the *Episodes*, and may rank on the same level with them. The boatswain has been knocked over by a block, and swept overboard by a shipped sea, so, when the calm weather comes, 'his awabbed, battered, rope-handled box and its contents are sold for the benefit of his widow. Two of the cabin passengers appoint themselves auctioneer and auctioneer's clerk, and make more indifferent jokes than good, as they puff article after article produced—things that have suffered a sea-change into nothing rich, but something occasionally very strange. There is no weeping over the jolly, plucky boatswain's effects; but in spite of the poor jokes cracked over them—a very little wit goes a long way at sea—and recognised with far richer laughter, the men respect

the memory of their dead comrade, and intermediate and chief-cabin passengers vie in running up the items to fancy prices. The battered silver whistle fetches more than a brand-new one costs on shore, and is presented, with a most high-flown address, to the grinning boatswain's mate. If sailors were as sentimental as some of those who extol them for virtues they do not possess, Jack Tar would have a hard life of it indeed. Our author presents us with no rose-coloured picture of him; but he has written a breezy book, which blows away some foolish fancies, and leaves the sober truth for our consideration.

TRUFFLE-GATHERING.

THAT curious fungus the truffle—which unlike other fungi grows under ground—has been known, and has been in demand, from early times; yet there are many points connected with its nature and development which are still wrapped in much obscurity, and are a puzzle to the botanist. Among early speculations about the truffle we find the most varied notions, some of them of a very wild nature. It is now, however, sufficiently disproved, and the true fungus character of this delicious esculent has been established.

The life process of truffles, as already hinted, has not been fully traced; but it seems likely that it contains two terms—the formation, first, of a mycelium from a spore; and then, the formation of the body of the odorous truffle from a grain produced and nourished on this mycelium. The close connection between truffles and the roots of trees, especially oaks, has long been observed; and coming to actual practice in their artificial cultivation, we find that the best way to obtain them is to sow acorns. The real originator of the practice (dating from about 1810) seems to have been a simple truffle-gatherer, Joseph Talon, in the commune of Roussillon-les-Apt, in France, who was in the habit of putting acorns in the holes from which he extracted truffles. This happy thought was 'the making of him,' as we say; and he used afterwards to shew, with evident satisfaction, the little field where his first oaks had yielded him a recompense. His direct descendants are rich through the truffle; they send, on an average, in the season, about fifteen to twenty kilogrammes every week to the market of Apt; and numerous hectares of the stony land in the neighbourhood of Cragne are employed as truffle-ground. This artificial cultivation has rapidly extended in France, and has proved an important means of utilising sterile land, where even thyme will not grow. A good crop of truffles is secured some eight or ten years after sowing the oaks, and this will increase for a considerable time, year after year, until the tree growth becomes too dense, causing insufficient aëration and too deep shade; but this can be remedied to some extent by thinning the trees; and even when the yield of truffles has declined and ceased, the district derives benefit in the form of an improved climate and a supply of wood. It appears that the production in

the French departments of the south-east, especially the valleys of the Rhone and the Var, is greatly superior to that of the western departments; in the central departments, there is but little truffle cultivation.

We have now to say a little about the gathering of truffles in France, the information being chiefly derived from a recent paper by M. Planchon. It would seem that the black truffle, or *melanospora*, with which we have chiefly to do, was almost wholly unknown to the ancients, as also the method of searching for truffles in compact ground; they were mostly contented with the *terfez*, or false truffle of Mauritania, which is easily obtained from sandy ground; or the summer truffle, which often appears on the surface. The employment of the pig in searching for truffles probably originated in Italy in the fifteenth century; and his services are now highly valued in this connection. But it is a kind of pig quite different from the obese animal which is the pride of breeders. Meagre and brisk, he trots along before his master. On reaching the place of search, he smells over the ground, and at length stops at the point where a truffle has attracted him by its aroma. A curious scene then ensues. The pig begins vigorously to dig his snout into the ground, throwing up the earth and stones, sometimes kneeling on his short fore-legs, so as to obtain a better purchase. When he has reached the truffle, however, the gatherer steps in, and with an iron prong disengages it from the soil. He generally manages to save it from the hungry jaws of his agile auxiliary; but sometimes the pig will seize it and run off, the gatherer pursuing. After much grunting and resistance, however, the animal is intimidated into giving up his prey, and the grotesque struggle ends. The gatherer is careful not to beat the pig, in case the latter might refuse his future services, or become too distrustful. The dog is also employed as an assistant in truffle-gathering, the *barboni* or barbet dogs of the Milanese and Piedmont being regarded as the best. Their use in this way also originated in Italy. At one time, in the German courts, 'truffle-hunting' with dogs was quite a fashion. But where the truffle is largely cultivated as a lucrative product, the pig is generally preferred, on various accounts. He has greater force of snout, and can dig up hard ground better, doing three-fourths of the work of excavation. The dog is sooner fatigued, is less steady at his work, and often wounds his paws in scraping out the stony or compact ground; besides, he leaves his master more to do. Still, the dog is found a valuable aid by the poachers of truffles. These men, living by fraud, and obliged to extend pretty widely the field of their operations, train the dogs just to mark with their paws the place where truffles are to be found. The men profit by the hasty index, and afterwards dig out the hidden treasures. Sometimes the *bona-fide* truffle-gatherers employ the dog along with the pig, and the process is then somewhat amusing; the pig first discovers the truffle, and does the work of digging; then, when the object is reached, the dog interposes, and carries it off in his mouth, faithfully depositing it in the hand of his master, who gives him in exchange a piece of bread.

Besides the barbets, several other races of dogs

have been trained for truffle-hunting, especially spaniels, wolf-dogs, and shepherd-dogs. The common process of training is to put a truffle in a shoe or a small box pierced with holes (the truffle being sometimes alone, sometimes a piece of lard being added), burying this arrangement in the ground, setting the dog to find it out, then giving him some dainty morsel in reward. In other cases, the dog is educated by giving him bread impregnated with oil in which a truffle has been boiled. The training forms quite a special profession. In Haute-Marne, where the search for truffles is less lucrative than in Provence, a truffle-dog will sell for a hundred francs.

Strongly impregnated by a peculiar odour, this fungus is easily detected by the olfactory powers of the dog and pig; and it is remarkable that even the sense of smell in man has sometimes served the same use. A poor weakly boy in the neighbourhood of Würzburg, it is said, was able to detect by smell, though at some distance off, the whereabouts of truffles better than trained dogs, and he came to make his living by it. The fact, however, is very exceptional. The professional truffle-gatherers sometimes smell handfuls of earth which they dig up from the truffle-ground, and are able to recognise the characteristic perfume of the fungus; but before reaching this supplementary proof, they have got to know the probable presence of truffles by exterior signs. The other means by which the presence of truffles is detected, are termed *à la marque*, *à la sonde*, and *à la mouche*. In the first, the *marque*, or slit or cleft, is a natural effect in the ground, produced by rapid growth of the truffle. The appearance is but rare, and only where the truffle is near the surface. The *sonde* is a thin probing-rod, which is thrust cautiously into the ground where a truffle may be supposed to be: the rod meets an obstacle; the man digs, and may find, perhaps a truffle, perhaps a stone. The *mouches* or flies which frequent the neighbourhood of truffles often prove a sure guide to the truffle-gatherer.

Among the features of truffle-ground is one which has been long known, but the value of which is impaired by its not being very constant. This is the yellowing, and general ill condition, or even disappearance, of herbaceous plants and small shrubs from the ground occupied by truffles. Some authors have said that the strong and peculiar odour of the truffle is the cause of this; but it is more probably due, in some measure at least, to the fact that a large proportion of nitrogen is consumed by the fungus in its rapid growth; this is at the expense of the fertility of the ground, and neighbouring plants consequently suffer injury.

REAPPEARANCE OF A FLOWER AT THE END OF TWENTY CENTURIES.

The effect of light, regarded as the revival of life in the vegetable world, has just been illustrated by the observations near Athens of Professor Henschke, under very curious circumstances. The mines at Laurium, concerning which of late years there have been such active diplomatic procedures, consist for the most part of the scorin produced by the workings of the ancient Greeks. These still contain a great deal of silver, which can be extracted by the superior appliances of modern times. Beneath these scorin have lain in a dormant state

for at least one thousand five hundred years the seeds of a kind of poppy of the genus *Glaucium*. But since the scorin have been removed to the furnaces, this plant has sprung up with its pretty yellow petals over the whole space which they covered. Unknown in modern times, it was described by Pliny and Dioscorides, and had disappeared from the face of the globe for fifteen or twenty centuries.—*Union Médicale*, July 6, 1875.

H O M E.

The following beautiful lines were written by James Montgomery, the well-known Ayrshire poet. The poet, whose smaller pieces are considered nearly equal to those of Moore, was born at Irvine, in 1771.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serenest light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A clearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pagantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

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LOCHVIEW.

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

HAVE you ever been in debt? If you have, you will fully understand the nature of the bugbear that scared me, the wet-blanket that hung like a cloud over my early life. From my very cradle, debts and liabilities, mortgages and bewilderments, loomed round our house, and it was not very long before I began to understand what made my father so anxious at times, my mother so pensive and—if I may use the word—fretful.

And yet Lochview was as fair a place as one would wish to see. The house was large and handsome, the rooms were lofty and spacious. There were stately avenues and extensive grounds, vast stables and coach-houses; all telling that the Allens were among the great people of the county. A keen observer would no doubt soon detect how straggling the trees of the shrubberies had grown; that repairs were needed here, there, and everywhere over the place; and that a general air of dilapidation clung with lichen-like tenacity to wall, and roof, and parapet.

I have been told the cloud began to gather in my grandfather Sir Murdoc Allen's time, and he must have been a desperately wild and reckless man, for he squandered his money, cut down trees, and I believe would have sold every stick on the place, had it been in his power to do so. How he spent his income, or what sort of a life he led, is not, however, any part of my story now. The record of his deeds is well preserved through all the country-side, and not an old woman there but will shake her head with a reproachful sigh, whenever Sir Murdoc's name is mentioned. After this worthy grandfather of mine came Sir Hans Allen, his eldest son, who died unmarried, and, I fancy, must have trod rather closely in his father's steps, for the people about Lochview playfully designate him 'Mad Hans' to this day. Then came my father, the youngest of all Sir Murdoc's sons. A whole race of brothers had at one time stood between him and the title, and he had

gone into the army, to win his spurs as best he might. But after a time, these brothers, one after another, died off, and then my father was recalled to take possession of Lochview, with all its honours and—*debts*. He did not come there alone, for some years previously he had married the pretty but portionless daughter of an earl; and I, his only son, was already born when he entered into the family dignities.

My father looked upon his heritage of debt as an unavoidable mischance—it hung like an incubus on his lot; but it never seemed to strike him that an effort might be made to get rid of the crushing encumbrance. He led an easy sort of life, accepting his position as one that admitted of no remedy; keeping up our hereditary dignity by still maintaining a retinue of servants, and hunters, and hounds; and keeping up our far-famed hospitality by gathering many friends round the bountifully spread table, or at the spirited 'meet.' He was passionately fond of my mother, and would fain have sheltered her from every rough blast of adversity, and everything that could vex or annoy. The old, romantic experience of how the handsome officer won the daughter of an earl, still lived in his heart as a recollection that could never grow old or pass away.

As time rolled on, and I became fully aware of all the heavy shadows that brooded over our fair inheritance, I vexed and worried myself beyond endurance; it became the one wish of my life to pay off all the debts, clear away the mortgages, and to see our beautiful Lochview in deed and truth our own. Oh, how I longed to enjoy its loveliness without those hideous encumbrances that were ever increasing, and growing broader and deeper! I panted to go out into the world, and make a fortune, heap up money in untold quantities, and then devote it to the family good. It was clearly not to be done in the quiet shades of Lochview; there, I might conjure up wonderful schemes, and plan out deeds of untiring energy in my imagination, but it must be away in some more active sphere that my skill and talents could be

turned to account. When I dreamed of all this in the solitudes of our leafy woods, or pondered it over when stretched at full length on the sward of our park, the idea seemed feasible enough; but I was hardly prepared for the surprise and amusement my projected plans created, when I ventured to unfold them to others.

The first time I made my views on the subject known was on the day I reached my majority, and my first confidante was my cousin, Jessie Duncan. I recollect the scene well, for the event was celebrated with all the honours. Friends and neighbours for miles round were assembled at the Hall, and there were tents erected, and a feast spread for the tenantry on the lawn. What a wretched mood I was in! The very congratulations, and feasting and hilarity, seemed but a mockery—a series of mockeries, in fact—and I rushed away down a laurel walk, to crush out some of the bitterness from my heart, and smooth down some of the wrinkles from my brow. Turning sharp round a corner, with hands carelessly thrust in my pockets, and my eyes bent on the ground, I came suddenly upon Jessie, and was brought to my senses by her ringing laugh.

'Found at last! Here have I been hunting for you all over the place this last half-hour.'

'Why do you want me?' asked I, not in the least returning her merriment.

'Oh, I don't want you, in the least, Sir Knight of the rueful countenance, but it's just possible other people may. The tenants are waiting to drink your health—and here I find you, the heir, howling all by yourself in the wilderness.'

'Do be rational, Jessie, and just tell me what I'm heir to? The family debts, the family dishonour! It drives me almost wild when I think of it all.'

'Hush, hush, Alec; don't begin that theme to-day. It isn't worse for you than it has been for others; don't make yourself miserable now.'

'But it is worse for me, because I haven't the placid temperament of the "others" to whom you allude; and I've made up my mind to find a remedy. I shall go away from Lochview, and never return till I've made money enough to free the place from debt and disgrace.'

Jessie made a funny little mouth, and then tried to look very grave. She knew as well as I did the scheme my mother had planned for us both, and she knew my opinion as well as I did hers on the subject. Jessie would one day be mistress of Ormsley, the broad acres of which estate touched the very boundaries of Lochview. If we were married, the encumbrance on our estate would vanish like dew in sunshine; but I had no wish to better our fortunes by marrying a rich wife; and I am sure Jessie in her heart honoured me for my independence of spirit. Our very knowledge of this pet project of my mother's had put us on our guard, perhaps; and though we had been companions and playfellows from childhood, we were still 'only friends,' not lovers. Tease and torment each other we certainly did, but I verily believe either of us would have made any sacrifice to help or please the other. Jessie tried to look grave when she heard of my intended flight from Lochview.

'Going away, Alec! Oh, whatever shall I do? I wanted you so much to go to Crabtree on some nutting picnics this autumn; I'd quite set my

heart on it, I assure you; and I really think it's most fortunate Harry Western has promised to come and stay with us all September.'

'Is Harry Western coming here again?' asked I, somewhat stiffly.

'O yes; and I'm glad of it, for he's better at pulling down the hazel bushes than you are. He's so much taller, you know.'

'That's all you girls think about; if you can only get a man six or seven feet high to help you to pick nuts, and fetch and carry for you, you don't care for anything else. Real-life sorrows and anxieties are nothing to you.'

'Ain't they, though? That's all you know about it, Sir Knight of the doleful visage. But now come back to the lawn, or the "brave peasantry, the country's pride," will be growing impatient. And, Alec, put on a brighter look, or people will think you've seen a ghost.'

I tried to obey my blue-eyed, merry cousin; but more than once that evening I moralised on the fickleness of the world in general, and of women in particular. No sooner should I have withdrawn myself from Lochview, than Harry Western would be at hand to take my place—to ramble about with Jessie, and do her bidding. She would hardly miss me, perhaps. But is not this ever the case! Seldom after a little while are we really missed from our scene of action; some one or other is always ready to step into our shoes, to take up the reins, and to handle them, better, no doubt, than we have done! Thus I moralised.

The next day I unfolded my plans to my father. I recollect we were riding round the brow of a hill, and a turn of the road gave us a full view of Lochview Hall and the broad lands round it. My father drew up his horse and paused, looking down for a minute or so on the fair scene; then he turned away with a half-sigh, and I exclaimed: 'It's a pretty place, father; and I will never rest till every inch of it is our own—no more mortgages for me.' He looked round at me inquiringly; perhaps he thought I was going to carry out my mother's idea, and marry Jessie.

'This life of illiness doesn't suit me, father; I want to get away into some sphere of action where work and energy will win success. I want to get into some business where money can be made. Will you help me?'

'A fine enough idea in theory, Alec, but you could never carry it out. If, however, you could make all things fit in according to your views, and plan just as you propose, the achievement would indeed be a noble one.'

'But I hope to make the attempt. You would wish Lochview to be out of debt, wouldn't you, father?'

He turned round with a quick flash in his eye. 'Would a man, lost in a dark jungle, wish for the open country and the bright sunlight? Ay, my boy, next to the health and happiness of your mother and yourself, that is my dearest earthly wish,' exclaimed he eagerly.

'Then I'll do my best to rid our name of the dishonour that rests on it. You won't thwart me; will you, father?'

'No, Alec; but remember I did not bring this dishonour on our heads.'

My father spoke as if deeply pained, and I was sorry I had used the word 'dishonour,' though I did consider it dishonour of a deep tint. After

this we rode home in silence, and for some days no further word was spoken on the subject. But I knew my father had mentioned it to my mother, and that they held long consultations about it. I could see it by her wan and wearied look, by the long earnest glances she cast at me, and by the deep sigh with which she turned away when I caught her eyes.

By-and-by the mystic, noiseless whisper of rumour, that rises no one knows how, and spreads no one can tell where, had made it patent that I was going away. Everybody in the house knew it, and all sorts of reports were current. The project began to be shaped into form, and this was the guise it had taken. My father wrote to Mr Alexander Forbes, a man who had once been an agent of my uncle, Sir Hans Allen, but who was now a flourishing stock-broker in Liverpool. He had made a fine fortune there, people said; and to his teaching I was to be consigned, that I might learn the secrets of business and follow his example. I was to board in his house for the present, 'till,' as my father said, 'I had gained all the knowledge I required, or had grown tired of my whim.'

Well I remember my last dinner at Lochview. The scene flashes before me at this moment. Our dining-room was a large, lofty apartment, the walls panelled with oak, nearly black with age. Round these panelled walls were portraits of my ancestors, who seemed on this occasion to glare down at me with reproachful eyes. Our coat-of-arms figured in many a nook and corner of the place. It stared at me from the high-backed chairs, it shone out on every ornament on the table. At one end of the apartment was a large decorated window, with graceful mouldings and geometrical tracery, and from thence our family shield sparkled down at us in rich stained-glass. I recollect the sun was just setting as we lingered there, talking; and the rays slanted in through the leaves of the acacia and cyprus trees that stood outside the window, and reflected the colours of the stained-glass on the white table-cloth in flecks and flashes of light, that trembled and flickered like a broken-up rainbow. The two tall, sleek footmen arranged the viands that we had no appetite to eat, and the still sleeker butler brought in the wines that we never tasted. All the more for the servants' hall, no doubt, by-and-by. As soon as the dessert was placed on the table, and the servants were gone, my mother gave a sigh.

'I can't bear to think of your leaving home, Alec. It seems as if we were casting you adrift on the world.'

'But I'm not going adrift, mother; I hope to steer my course well, and to return home with a good cargo before long.'

'Our son means to work, Effie, to work hard, so you must not discourage him.'

'It's the "work" I complain of. I never thought to see my only son departing from his proper position, and going out to work among the common people.'

'Don't let that stand in the way, Effie. If Alec can make his fortune by honourable industry, let him do it, by all means, and build up our falling house—it sorely wants propping.'

'Not one of my family ever went into business before; none of them had to earn their money in that way.'

'I daresay not, my love. Your ancestors, as well as my own, understood the art of *spending* far better than that of *earning*. Alec may possibly become a millionaire some day; and if he does not, let us honour him for trying to help, and wish him God speed.'

My mother was silent, but she shook her head sadly. A splendid pine-apple was on the table before her: it might have tempted any one with its perfume and lusciousness; but she only turned over the dainty sections, not caring even to taste them. I think I see before me now that 'ladye of high degree' with her slight fragile figure, her aristocratic features, and light-gray, well-set eyes. Sir Dugald, my father, was some years older than his wife; even now there were traces that told what a handsome man he must have been in his youth. His fine upright figure and military bearing often put me to the blush, and made me wish for those extra inches that made him tower above my head; for I was not tall like my father, nor handsome like him either. My old Scotch nurse, Janet, who had been part and parcel of our establishment ever since I was born, and was proud of our lineage, sometimes openly lamented my looks.

'Indeed, Maister Alec, you've no great cause for vanity. You've neither your mother's bonnie face nor your father's stately figure.'

'How can I help that, Janet?' I would exclaim.

'You maybe canna' help it, sir; but mind ye, them that's neither braw nor winsome should be all the prouder in mind.'

'In one way I shall never be that either, so you must just put up with me as I am, Janet.'

The old woman had a word of advice for me on this last evening, for when I had turned the clumsy footman out of my dressing-room, with a reproof for crushing up my shirts, and folding my coats into creases, she came hobbling in, and with the air of a privileged retainer, began watching me.

'These lazy fellows know naught of packing; and as for folding and cutting, I'll warrant you could do it better yourself, Maister Alec.'

'I daresay I shall, with your help, Janet.'

'Deed, I canna' do much in that way, sir, but though a silly body mysel', I can still gie ye a bit of advice.'

'Say on then,' said I, trying to shut the cover of my portmanteau.

'Sandy Forbes is a great man now, they say.'

'Indeed, nurse?'

'Ay. And I remember when he was lowly enough here, in your Uncle Hans' time. But he made money in Liverpool, and married his employer's widow.'

'Like the industrious apprentice in the story,' replied I, giving another plunge at my portmanteau.

'Not quite that—the apprentice married the daughter, but Sandy married the widow, and a rare, showy, managing woman she is. It's of her I would warn you, dear Maister Alec.'

'But what harm can she do to me?' I exclaimed, laughing.

'She has two daughters, laddie—her first husband's children—Alice and Carrie Merritt, they're called; and they tell me these young misses are very fine ladies indeed, with their silks, and feathers, and gewgaws. Beware of them.'

I laughed outright at the earnest old soul, and

said: 'You must be getting into your dotage, Janet; surely, you don't think I need a warning about fine young ladies at my age! I've attained my majority, and gone past all that!'

'Ay, don't ye be too boastful, Maister Alec. Ye know but little of the world yet, and *they* know ye'll be Sir Alexander some day; so don't be above taking the advice of an old woman like me.'

When my packing was over, I went out to my favourite retreat on the hill-side, and there, pacing to and fro among the heather, with my two dogs at my heels, I took my adieu of the place in my own dreamy way. I looked down on the clear calm waters of the loch from whence our house took its name. The tops of the opposite hills that shut in the loch almost like an inland sea, were still rose-tinted and lilac, from the last rays of sunset. Here and there were patches of mossy turf, and glimpses of shady undulations mysterious and deep. Down the sides of the hills were clusters of cottages, that nestled amidst sheltering woods. Lower down yet were bright yellow sands, on which fishermen were lounging about among their boats, and children were shouting and romping with each other. The hum of voices floated up to me mingled with the musical ripple of the waters. How calm, how beautiful it all seemed! Never had it appeared more so than now, when I was on the point of bidding it all farewell. Yet, who knows but this very calmness had been jarring on my spirit through all those by-gone years. The very repose may have been the secret talismanic influence that set all my nerves tingling and panting for a more active life. No pent-up, caged bird longed more than I did to be out abroad in the world, and to take its true place among fellow-workers. Be this as it may, I was now all eagerness to set forth on my mission, and as I looked down on the placid scenes of Lochview, a wish and prayer rose to my heart that I might be the one who should yet wrest that fair heritage from the grasp of debt and dishonour.

Ere long I found myself hurrying along as fast as express train could carry me, to that town that was to prove an El Dorado, and where all my golden dreams were to be realised. Bright visions rose in my mind as the train sped along. This money-getting theory of mine had taken such strong hold of me that I had determined to devote all my energies to working it out. Business seemed to me a noble science, and speculations were doubtless a series of triumphs. It was evening when I reached Liverpool, and as Mr—or as we more generally called him, Sandy Forbes had not come to meet me as I expected, I drove on to his house alone. When I looked out, and saw the afternoon stream of busy passers-by, and watched the stir of traffic, my spirits rose high; now, I had reached the scene of action, and brain and body were ready for the conflict. Sandy Forbes lived in an old-fashioned square, some distance from the heart of the town. When the cab stopped at the door, and I got out, I was conscious of a hope that I might escape at once to my room, to rest, and prepare myself for my coming duties on the morrow. But I soon found I had reckoned without my host, for Mr Forbes met me at the door, and after the first welcome, told me, with a bland smile, dinner was nearly ready. There was a general look of careful getting-up in Sandy's

appearance; his coat was of the glossiest black, his tie was of the most irreproachable white. I was rather provoked at having to turn out my valise and hastily dress myself for dinner, instead of being allowed to retire to my room, and enjoy my first evening in solitude. I was still more provoked when I found a whole drawing-room full of company assembled to greet me. At least the room seemed crowded at the first glance, but on a nearer inspection I found only about a dozen people were there. Mrs Forbes came forward at once with outstretched hand. I saw she was a very fine lady indeed, all glowing in satin, and lace, and gold ornaments—a much finer lady than ever my mother pretended to be, for *she* was always simply and quietly dressed, never decked out with many hues and tints, as Mrs Forbes was. Then I was introduced to the others; and ere long I found myself going down to dinner with Alice Merritt, the eldest daughter of the house, leaning on my arm. But little interest had the Forbes family to me then; I even smiled to myself as I remembered old Janet's warning about the young 'misses'; and then I took a full view of the one sitting beside me at the table. She was undoubtedly a showy girl, with plenty of colouring about her. Blue eyes, sunny hair, pink cheeks, and white teeth. And I saw her sister Carrie faintly resembled her, with a paler, washed-out kind of resemblance. Dick Merritt, the only son, was overdressed and foppish. I took a cordial dislike to him at the moment, which increased tenfold as time went on. The other people in the room were invited guests. Mr Cornish, the rich cotton broker, led Mrs Forbes down-stairs, and poor Sandy walked humbly with the broker's better-half.

I soon discovered that, as son and heir of Sir Dugald Allen, I was expected to prove a great attraction to the party—was, in fact, the chief star of the evening. What they had been saying about me, or what they looked for in me, I know not, but I could not hide from myself that I was honoured with great attention. Alice Merritt was most patronising, as girls will be to men who are four or five years their junior. She talked about Lochview as though she had been a native of the place.

'I was not aware my home was so familiar to you, Miss Merritt.'

'Oh, I don't know it personally,' she replied; 'but Papa Forbes'—and she nodded towards Sandy—'Papa Forbes spent his early youth there, and I have been asking him dozens of questions since I heard you were coming amongst us.'

'Very kind of you to take such a lively interest in me, I'm sure.'

'Lochview must be like a beautiful picture, with its hills and woods, and lights and shades. Is it not like a picture, Mr Allen?'

'Yes; and a very varying one. I wish you could have seen it as I did last evening, Miss Merritt. Then in the calm twilight it looked the very emblem of repose and calm happiness.'

'And yet you gave it up to come into this matter-of-fact, work-a-day sort of place! How I long to get away from it sometimes! A season at Lochview must be delightful, charming! Mamma always will take us to Boulogne in the season, and that is almost as crowded and over-done as Liverpool.'

'I suspect you would soon grow tired of our quiet north country. You would never see the new fashions there; we are quite half a century behind other people.'

'You like Lochview, don't you?'

'O yes; my whole life, so far, has been spent there, and there are thousands of associations that make the place very dear to me.'

Just then, I happened to look across the table, and saw a pair of deep, soft brown eyes watching me with fixed intentness; but they were averted the moment they met my gaze. A second glance shewed that the owner of these wondrous eyes was a pale girl, with a face like a sweet pathetic legend—a lily-like girl, with delicately cut features, and glossy bands of dark hair turned back in a full roll from her forehead. She wore a high black dress, unrelieved by the magic sparkle of ornaments, or by those delicate bits of colour of which girls of her age so aptly know the charm. Alice rattled away after this, but I did not give much heed to her affected liveliness; I was mainly intent on trying to meet those haunting eyes again. They attracted me with a mysterious power, they fascinated me, they tormented me marvellously; I could not account for it. It seemed like some inexplicable affinity of soul to soul. At last the ladies rose from the table; the flutter of ribbons and rustling of silks were heard as they passed out of the room and left us to our own resources. When we joined them in the drawing-room, my first thought was to get a nearer view of the little girl in black; but in vain I glanced into every corner of the room; the eyes were not there, nor the owner of them either. By-and-by, impatience got the better of me, and I began to question Alice Merritt.

'Who was that lady who sat opposite us at dinner? I don't see her here now.'

'Oh, you mean Mrs Wilkins! She is the wife of an awfully rich old ship-owner.'

'Indeed! A very young wife, I should think.'

'Not so very young either, but very well preserved. See; that is her husband talking with Papa Forbes—we always call him "Papa Forbes,"' added she, laughing.

I looked over, and saw a very stout old gentleman, with a bald shining head and short-cropped white beard. He held 'Papa Forbes' by the button-hole, while he propounded in his ears some intensely interesting subject, no doubt.

'Is that Mrs Wilkins' husband? Where is she now?'

'The carriage came for her just after dinner. Her married daughter gives a children's party to-night, and she is gone to help to entertain the little ones; poor Mrs Sotherby, her daughter, is so delicate.'

'I think we must be playing at cross-purposes. The young lady I mean never could be a grandmother. She wore a high black dress, and had deep, dark eyes.'

'Perhaps you mean Hester Carew. Mamma would have her in to dinner to-day, because we were thirteen—a mystic number. She lives with us, and has gone to bed now, I daresay, poor child! Do you like music, Mr Allen?'

'Yes; very much,' replied I, noting much the change in Miss Merritt's manner when she spoke of Hester. We walked side by side over to the piano, and there, with her gauzy blue dress spread

round like a gigantic hyacinth, sat Carrie, a group of gentlemen beside her, for other friends had dropped in to the evening-party.

'What shall I sing?' Carrie was asking. Two or three songs were named; and Carrie exclaimed quickly: 'As none of you agree, I'll sing my last new song, my special favourite just now.'

That song I am doomed to remember, for I have many a time since heard it sung by dearer lips than Carrie Merritt's.

AIDS OF SCIENCE IN THE DETECTION OF CRIME.

As cannot but be generally known, the photographic art has been largely employed to insure the detection of crime. Our principal police-offices have photographs of habitual evil-doers, who by this means can be easily tracked out and pounced upon when wanted. A man may change his name, and almost as easily change his dress, but he cannot well change the shape of his nose, his eyebrows, and other features. Wherever he settles down, he runs a chance of being found out. This we consider a great triumph. Photography becomes an important aid to the general system of police.

Going into a more minute consideration of the subject, we come to cases in which the nefarious use of poisons may be detected and brought to light. Here, chemical science plays an important part. The marvellous delicacy of tests, and the perfection to which the process of analysis has been carried in the case of the poisons more easily accessible to the public at large, have together left the poisoner no loophole of escape, so far as the detection of the noxious substance is concerned. Of course, the circumstantial or other evidence of poisoning may fail, and the criminal may thus escape; but the art of the chemist rarely, if ever, falls short of its due work in proving the presence of the substance in question. The entire range of poisons, however, has not yet been overtaken by chemical science. Year by year the poisoner has been driven to narrower and narrower limits in the choice of substances for his nefarious purpose; and so far as the mere detection of poisons is concerned, it may be said that the criminals of the future will have to seek in the class of poisons derived from the organic world, the aids to their crime. By organic poisons we mean those prepared from plant or animal substances; and confessedly, chemistry as well as medical science has yet much to learn, not only respecting the action of such substances, but regarding their detection and characters also. It is fortunate, however, that such subtle poisons as strychnia and its compounds, the forms of digitalis (obtained from foxglove) or atropia (obtained from the deadly nightshade), represent the very substances which are either difficult or absolutely impossible to be procured by ordinary or non-scientific persons. And to this latter fact, society in great measure owes its immunity from crimes committed by agencies the detection of which, in some cases, has baffled the most advanced chemical science of our day.

Entering the domain of the microscopist, we naturally find the objects therein presented of less technical character than those which concern the chemist. A crime, let us suppose, has been committed, and in the course of the evidence

appertaining thereto, certain suspicious marks or stains resembling blood are observed, say on the dress of the accused person. The establishment of the entire case for or against the accused, may perchance depend upon the answer which the microscope gives to the question regarding the nature of these stains; and it can well be estimated how important a matter, in the hands of the man of science, the work of this instrument becomes. For example—as in a case which actually occurred in the practice of the great German medical jurist, the late Professor Casper of Berlin—it became a matter of great importance to distinguish the blood of man from that of birds—a task to the performance of which the microscope is quite equal, as will be presently explained. Or upon a knife or other weapon, as has occasionally happened, some hairs have been found. It may go very far to prove, or disprove, a most serious crime, if the exact nature and characters of these hairs can be ascertained; for, in an actual case of murder tried in England, the question, whether or not certain hairs found upon a hammer were human hairs, had the most vital bearings upon the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. The identity of shreds of cotton, of fibres of silk, or of other materials, with fibres taken from the dress of the accused person, or from the victim of his crime, may similarly possess important relations to the great question at issue; and these relations can only be determined by the patience and skill of the microscopist.

Although the importance of microscopic work in the detection of crime may be fairly and generally admitted, it is yet a matter of fact that very gross misconceptions prevail in the popular mind regarding the extent or limitation of the microscopist's powers. By some, for example, these powers may be deemed of very limited kind; whilst by others their nature may be maintained to be illimitable. The truth is, that microscopic science, like every other branch of inquiry, is progressive in its character; and whilst great advances have been made upon the science of the past, it may fairly be expected that the future improvements of our microscopes will enable research to proceed to an extent wholly unattainable at present. And it must also be noted, that the knowledge of anatomy and physiology necessary to the understanding of the objects which the microscope reveals, together with the improvement of that knowledge, form considerations of equal importance with the perfection of the mere mechanical details of the instrument.

The distinctions between the *hairs* of man and those of lower animals, have been ascertained with tolerable exactitude. The want of such knowledge may sometimes lead to grave mistakes; a fact exemplified by one instance in which a person was arrested on suspicion of having murdered another; a hatchet having blood and hairs adherent to it being found in his possession. Microscopical examination of the hairs, however, shewed that they were not those of man, but of some animal; and this fact, together with subsequent testimony, obtained in consequence of the microscopic evidence, tended to acquit the accused. Certain woollen fibres, exhibiting a dark dye of peculiar kind, on another occasion were found mingled with blood which had dried upon a knife used to commit a murder. The identity of these fibres with those of a coat worn by the accused person, formed a strong

fact of circumstantial nature against him. We can thus readily distinguish and separate silk, linen, and cotton fibres respectively. Those of linen exhibit a rectilinear or straight and tapering appearance, whilst these fibres are also jointed at irregular or unequal intervals. Silk fibres are recognised by their simple cylindrical form, and by their want of characteristic markings; whilst the woollen fibre is of irregular symmetry and of unequal thickness, and exhibits on its surface markings of a twisted form. It is equally interesting to observe, that fibres taken from very ancient garments present the characteristic appearances of modern fabrics. The linen fibres from a mummy-cloth, and the woollen ones from the shroud of a person burned in the fourteenth century, were found on examination to present the same recognisable characters as their modern representative fabrics.

The characters of human hair are very distinct and characteristic; those of the eyelashes being of thicker structure and coarser texture than those of the head. The microscope may even shew us if a hair has been bruised or otherwise maltreated; since, in such cases, the delicate sheath of the hair will be seen to be torn or frayed. The hairs of such animals as the horse and cow can, even by aid of an ordinary magnifying-glass, be distinguished from human hairs; although notably in some dogs, such as the spaniels, the hair may sometimes approach very closely to the human type. The hairs of the rabbit and hare exhibit, when microscopically examined, a crossed appearance, produced by numerous little cells or divisions running across each hair; and it is notable that animals (such as the squirrel and rat) belonging to the same order of mammals as the rabbit, exhibit a similar pattern in their hairs.

The detection of blood-stains, and more especially the determination of the animal from which they have most probably been derived, forms a subject obviously of greater importance than that of the microscopic examination of hairs. The physician or microscopist, on being shewn a stain of reddish colour, has in the first instance to assure himself that it is really blood, and not simply iron-mould, or other substances which may more or less closely resemble the vital fluid. Certain chemical tests will most satisfactorily determine this first point; but under certain circumstances, the microscope is the only available and satisfactory means of answering both questions at once.

When a very thin film of human blood is pressed between two plates of glass, as in ordinary microscopic work, and examined under a tolerably high power of the instrument, the well-known red fluid is seen in reality to consist of a perfectly colourless liquid known as the *serum*, and of an immense number of minute solid particles floating in this liquid. These latter particles are the *blood-corpuscles*; the vast majority of these bodies appearing of a reddish-yellow hue, whilst a few are seen to be of white colour. The white blood-globules measure each about $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of an inch in diameter; that of the more numerous red globules averaging $\frac{1}{2000}$ th of an inch. The red colour of the blood is thus seen to be entirely due to the presence of these little globules, which exist in such numbers, that the fluid presents to the unassisted sight a uniformly red appearance. The blood of

all animals contains corpuscles or globules of one kind or another; and it is from the different characters presented by the blood-globules of different animals, that the microscopist is enabled to distinguish the vital fluid of one form from that of another.

Confining our remarks to the case of the higher or vertebrated animals, which begin with the fishes as their lowest representatives, and pass through reptiles and birds, and quadrupeds or mammals, up to man himself, we find that the microscopist is at once enabled, through peculiarities of structure, to distinguish the blood of *mammals*—including man, of course—from that of the fishes, reptiles, and birds. Thus, when we examine the blood-globules of the three latter groups, and lay aside variations in size, we find them to be invariably oval or elliptical in shape; whilst those of mammals are circular in form—save, curiously enough, in the camel tribe, in which the blood-globules are oval. Thus, no one may, even in respect of shape, mistake the blood of man or of any quadruped, except the camels and llamas, for that of any lower animal. But a more important distinction may readily be found between the blood of the lower vertebrata, and that of man and mammalia. Within each blood-globule of fish, reptile, or bird, a little central particle, known as the *nucleus*, is found. The red blood-globules of all mammalia, including the camels, never contain any such central particle; and it is from the invariable absence of this nucleus or ‘central spot,’ that the microscopist can decisively pronounce his verdict that such blood-globules must belong to man or some other mammal, and to no other group of animals. A patient, feigning spitting of blood, was thus detected in her imposture, by the physician seeing, on microscopic examination, that the blood contained oval nucleated globules, presenting the characters of those of birds. The patient’s surprise on being informed that her stratagem was discovered, may be readily imagined. And, similarly, the defence in a case of murder was partly broken down by its being shewn that blood alleged by the prisoner to be that of a fish was in reality that of a mammal.

But it may be urged, that whilst the microscopic test holds good in separating the blood of the mammals from that of birds and still lower forms, there still remain the possibility and probability of confusing the blood of one mammal with that of another. It may thus be asked if the microscope can shew us any essential distinctions between the blood of man and that of the animals to which he is most nearly related? Here, however, we begin to approach the limitation of the microscopist’s powers; for—excepting, of course, the case of the camels and their allies—we have now to trust to the test of the *relative sizes* of the blood-globules of different mammals, to enable us to distinguish those of the human being from those of the quadruped. And confessedly, the test of size is one which, besides being in all cases of doubtful application, can hardly be applied or extended to very practical or decisive ends. The blood-globules may further vary in size in the same animal; and this latter fact, of itself, almost entirely vitiates the efficacy of the test. Then also, the size of the blood-globules of quadrupeds bears no relation whatever to the size of their respective bodies; and in this respect, the blood-

globules of a horse and a mouse are of nearly similar size; whilst those of man, the dog, and the rabbit, are all nearly identical in dimensions. Nor does the age of any given animal seem to affect the size of its blood-globules; for in the embryo or young form, they are as large as those of the adult.

Thus, practically, no microscopist would venture to state positively, when shewn two specimens of blood—taken from the dog and man respectively—which was the human, and which the canine blood. In the musk-deer, the blood-corpuscles are the smallest that are known in any living animal, being each, on an average, about $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in diameter; and in this and other exceptional cases, the test of size might prove to be of practical utility; but whether or not the science of the future may reveal to us other modes of discerning differences between the blood-globules of mammals, this latter test will always be regarded as subject to error and dispute.

In cases, therefore, in which blood may have been proved to be at least that of some mammal, the microscopist must avow his inability to proceed a step farther with certainty. Not unfrequently the straining of scientific evidence in our courts of law on this very point, has met with severe and just rebuke; and such instances are clearly to be taken as merely the expressions either of ignorance or credulity, since they can in no sense be held to represent the opinions of the earnest and practised microscopist, who knows too well the limitations of his powers.

With all these limitations, however, microscopic science can boast of many important advances in aiding the law-administrator in his protection of human life and interests; and it should form no unimportant test of the value of such knowledge, that, whilst serving as a means of culture, and of interesting us in the structure of the lower forms of life, it should also be capable of being extended to the preservation of the best interests of society at large.

THE INDIAN JACKAL.

THE Indian jackal in general appearance much resembles the Indian wolf, though in size considerably smaller. I have often mistaken a female wolf, when some distance off, for a jackal, and *vice versa*. The fur, which is seldom smooth or glossy, but more often coarse, ill-conditioned, and mangy, varies much in shade, some specimens having much darker coats than others. The general colour of the upper part of the body is rusty brown, intermixed with hair of a darker tint, and grizzled with gray. Below, the fur is lighter in colour. Extreme length, from point of nose to tip of tail, about three feet. The tail, of a deep brown colour, and darker at the tip, is not nearly so long in proportion to the body as that of the fox, nor is the hair covering it so dense or soft, but shorter and more bristly, and hardly worthy the name of ‘a brush.’ The animal is gregarious, though seldom more than five or six are seen together. Nocturnal in habits, it sallies forth at sunset in search of food, feeding chiefly on the carcasses of cattle, offal, bones, and, in fact, acts the part of a general scavenger. Occasionally, a jackal will pull down a goat or sheep, and the young of these animals are often carried off in broad daylight. I have known puppies stolen, and

geedhur (as the jackal is called by the natives) often commits fearful havoc among poultry, by forcing an entrance into a hen-roost, even when door and window have been carefully closed and secured. Generally speaking, when successful in getting in, the animal is not content with making a meal off a single turkey, duck, or fowl, but likely enough will slay six or eight before taking his departure. He is also most destructive to game; the young of deer and antelope, hares, peafowl, partridges and quail, one and all fall a prey. Hares are generally surprised in their seats; though I have known a full-grown hare regularly coursed and run down on open ground by a single jackal; this, however, was an exceptional occurrence, and the more general plan adopted by the animal is to stealthily approach and spring upon puss unawares when seated in her form, or while engaged in feeding. Peafowl are often caught in a similar manner, more especially in the neighbourhood of pools of water: these birds almost invariably make use of the same path when passing to and fro from the jungle to water; and jackals, aware of this practice, lie in wait for them towards sunset in the vicinity of drinking-fountains, well knowing that, after a hot day, the peafowl, parched with thirst, will be certain to put in an early appearance.

Though generally nocturnal in habits, at certain times of the year, more especially in the rainy season, it is nothing unusual to come across a jackal in broad daylight. At the hottest period of the year, the animals may not unfrequently be seen lying panting under the shade of a patch of bushes, or behind a tussock of grass. The traveller by rail, if an observer, can hardly omit noticing this circumstance from the carriage-window, as he is whirled along through the dried-up plains of Bengal. In large towns, such as Calcutta or Bombay, these animals are exceedingly numerous, and make most useful scavengers. At night, in the streets of Calcutta, dozens of jackals may be seen skulking about in a single alley, though never collected together in a pack. During the day they retire into the drains and sewers of the city, or seek shelter in small archways under bridges, and there remain hidden till nightfall, when again they issue forth, and spread themselves over the town in every direction.

Jackals generally breed in burrows in the ground, sometimes in drains or in hollows under piles of rocks and boulders; the female usually has four or five cubs at a birth, born blind, but the young things are soon able to move about and follow the dam.

Although the females bring forth their young in such spots as just described, yet the jackal does not, like the fox, habitually live in holes excavated in the ground, but prefers rather a thick patch of sugar-cane or clump of high grass as a place of concealment during the day. It often frequents thick matted reeds and rushes bordering on ponds and swamps, especially during the hot-weather months.

The cry of the jackal is a series of loud and most disagreeable yelps and shrieks, nowhere heard to greater perfection than after nightfall in the streets and lanes of large towns. A pair of the animals can raise such an unearthly outcry, and with such a variation of sounds, that any one unacquainted with the vocal powers of the brutes would be led to imagine that at least a dozen,

instead of only two or three, were assisting in the chorus. A single animal usually commences the concert with a long-drawn doleful wail; this appears to act as the signal and key-note for every following *geedhur* within hearing to 'strike up,' and take his part in the melody; and immediately the air resounds with the yells and cries of half-a-score of jackals. The harmony continues, each moment increasing in vehemence, for perhaps a minute or two, and then gradually dies away, much to the relief of the inhabitants of houses anywhere near. Then dead silence reigns for perhaps half an hour or more, till some wretched brute afar off commences again with the prolonged opening howl, the prelude to another odious clamour. To add to this hideous din, dogs of all kinds, especially village pariahs, join in the nocturnal music, so that to any one newly arrived in the country the noise becomes unbearable, and sleep impossible.

Like the wolf, the jackal is a difficult animal to render altogether tame, even when reared and kindly treated from a cub till full grown. It is naturally of a suspicious and distrustful disposition, and seldom, like the dog, displays any genuine affection for or attachment to its master. European soldiers in India frequently have their barracks filled with various pets, such as monkeys, mungoes, badgers, dogs; sometimes, but rarely, wolves and jackals; and I have seen hyenas, besides antelopes, deer, and perhaps a regimental bear, chained up outside. I remember constantly meeting with a private soldier belonging to the 106th, at Jhansi, accompanied by a full-grown and exceptionally tame jackal trotting at his heels; this animal was unusually docile and confiding, permitting any one to pat and caress him, though careful to keep close to his protector on the approach of one of the numerous barrack dogs.

The sense of smell is exceedingly acute in the jackal, enabling the animal to detect its natural food from afar; and it is extraordinary how speedily the carcass of a bullock or carrion of any kind is discovered, and with what rapidity the body disappears. Many a murder never comes to light in Eastern countries from this cause: the perpetrators of the crime have only to place the corpse of their victim in some out-of-the-way though exposed position, and speedily keen-eyed vultures, hungry hyenas and jackals, will assemble, and in the space of a few hours or less remove every proof of the deed, leaving little trace to mark the spot. Like the hyena, the jackal is a regular attendant on, and profits by the leavings of the tiger, panther, and other carnivora, and readily makes a meal off the remains of dead bullocks, deer, &c.

Not only does perfection in the power of smell enable the thieftous jackal to discover where the carcass is, but it also assists him in hunting down such victims as wounded antelope and deer. The little tyrant, when going his nightly rounds, aided by the power of his olfactory organs, becomes aware of a not far distant prey; makes diligent search for and speedily discovers the stricken animal, even when herded with its comrades (though, generally speaking, a wounded antelope separates from its companions), and so persistently follows it, that the unfortunate creature, stiff from its wounds, and weakened by loss of blood, soon becomes exhausted, and nearly

always eventually succumb to the perseverance of its ravenous pursuer. Many years ago, when stationed at Agra, a pair of jackals in broad daylight joined in the chase of a crippled ravine-buck which I had severely wounded with a bullet, and greatly assisted me in retrieving the quarry. It happened thus: the gazelle, an animal remarkable for extraordinary tenacity of life, had dropped apparently dead to my shot, but while reloading, it suddenly regained its legs, and, to my surprise, though evidently mortally wounded, made off at speed. I pursued, and did my utmost to keep the creature in sight, but in vain, for I soon lost sight of it among a maze of ravines bordering the river Jumna close by. Presently, while following the tracks, I was surprised to observe a pair of jackals in front of me with their noses to the ground, evidently hunting, and probably engaged in the same chase as myself; and a few minutes later, on rounding a turn in the nullah (dried water-course), I came right upon the blood-stained pair busy worrying at the buck, which they had already killed and much torn. At first they actually seemed loath to surrender the prize; but a stone sent at them drove them away. Possibly, it was the smell or the sight of blood that had attracted the jackals, and induced them to hunt this particular antelope; instinct telling them that the creature was injured, and that, therefore, they might succeed in running it down. Though, had the gazelle been uninjured, and in full vigour, they never would have attempted pursuing so swift an animal, knowing full well how easily the nimble little creature can, under ordinary circumstances, escape from their clutches, and with hardly an effort leave them far behind.

The natives of India believe in 'a solitary jackal,' which, from its singular harsh cry, they call the *phéall*, and which they declare invariably accompanies, or is accompanied by a tiger or other wild beast; and it has been stated by some writers that this extraordinary call of the *phéall* is never heard but in parts of the country infested by the larger carnivora. This statement, however, is somewhat at variance with my own personal experience, for not once or twice, but repeatedly when quartered at Jhansi, I have heard this peculiar yell or call within the precincts of the cantonment, once in my own garden close to the house; and I need hardly say that no tiger or wild beast of any kind (except now and then a skulking hyena) dared to venture so near to the dwellings of man. On the other hand, I must confess that I never once remember hearing the cry of the *phéall* in Calcutta, or in the vicinity of any other large town where jackals abound; a fact which would seem to favour the 'solitary' theory. There can be no doubt, however, as to the animal which utters this particular call, for I have heard the cry, and immediately afterwards shot the animal, which proved to be a veritable jackal.

Some animals, such as the panther, for instance, during the pairing season, give out a peculiar cry at that particular period; and we know that during the rutting season stags bellow. Possibly this peculiar call of the jackal, which has attracted so much attention, may be attributed to some such signal or call between the sexes. I have noticed that dogs become intensely excited on hearing the cry of the *phéall* (the unearthly yell of the

hyena has a similar effect); and my English setter, who, beyond a low growl, would take little or no notice of a whole pack of shrieking jackals close to the house, would immediately, on the very first cry of the 'solitary' jackal, even when far away, spring to his feet, with the hair on his back bristling erect, and rush out of the house barking furiously.

Jackals often suffer from hydrophobia, and at such times become dangerous, for, instead of avoiding human beings, as is their ordinary wont, they will sometimes viciously attack wayfarers. Many years ago, when a wing of my regiment was stationed at Cachar, one of our sepoy sentries broke his musket while endeavouring to despatch a mad jackal that approached his post during the night; and it is nothing unusual to hear of natives dying a miserable death from the effects of a bite.

That the jackal can at times be bold and mischievous, the following anecdote will illustrate. I kept half-a-dozen milch-goats when quartered at Jhansi, which were allowed to graze unrestrained in the compound, or on the banks of a stream near the back of my residence, where one would have imagined that, during the daytime at anyrate, they could come to no harm. Early one afternoon in the month of August, I was seated in the verandah of my bungalow busily engaged preparing a despatch for the English mail, when my bearer and dhobie (washerman) came running up full of excitement, and informed me that only a few minutes previously, an animal, which they believed to be a wolf, had seized one of the goats; and that, when compelled to quit his hold by the approach of human beings, he had taken refuge under a narrow archway beneath a bridge close to the spot, from whence probably he had just before emerged. On further inquiry, it appeared that my washerman, while busily employed at his usual vocation (namely, hanging his master's shirts by way of cleansing them, and much to the detriment of the buttons, against a flat stone in the water), presently had his attention arrested by piteous cries of distress from the direction of the heel of goats; and on looking over his shoulder, to his astonishment beheld an animal which he declared to have been a wolf grappling with one of the flock, and dragging it down the bank of the stream. He ran forward, shouting; and the brute, on his near approach, relinquished his prey, and, as already stated, sought shelter under the low archway of a bridge hard by.

On examination, with the exception of a slight tear on the neck, the goat, in spite of the rough treatment she had undergone, appeared to have escaped serious injury. The next thing was to punish so bold a marauder. I loaded a double rifle, and in company with a number of natives, directed the dhobie to shew the way. We reached the bridge in a few minutes, and as it was impossible to see down the dark narrow tunnel beneath, half choked up as it was with weeds and sand, I directed one of my followers to procure a long stick with which to stir up our friend, and compel him to shew himself and leave his hiding-place. Presently the man returned with a bamboo, and almost immediately after forcing the pole up the one entrance of the arch, out bolted, not a wolf, but a very large jackal, from the other. A gun loaded with a charge of shot would have been a better weapon than the rifle I held in my hand.

However, after missing him clean with the right barrel, as he scudded off, I made rather a neat shot with the left, and bowled him over. On a closer inspection, the animal proved to be a male jackal of the common type, but of such unwonted size, that on viewing its thick muscular body and long gaunt limbs, I wondered little at the blunder committed by my servant in mistaking it for a wolf; and indeed, the formidable set of teeth which garnished the jaws would have done credit to even that animal.

I may mention in conclusion, that many classes of the natives of India (who are a superstitious race in general) dread hearing the cry of a single jackal when uttered in close proximity to a dwelling, asserting that it denotes 'a death' before long in that particular abode. And in former times, prior to Thuggee being put down by the English government, a fox crossing the path of a gang of Thugs about to start on an expedition, and on the look-out for propitious signs, or the contrary, was regarded as the very worst token of all for success, and a certain warning, should the enterprise be persisted in, of failure and disaster.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER X.—A TRUE WIFE.

WHEN we poor sons of men are miserable, we are prone to think that we have reached a depth of distress beyond that which the experience of others has sounded, and are approaching the very limit—and even exceeding it, since in despair we often seek refuge in the grave—which human nature can bear. The gentleman who has just been black-balled at the long-desired club; the lady to whom the Lord Chamberlain has refused permission to present herself at Her Majesty's Drawing-room; the business man who finds himself unable to meet his engagements on the morrow; the wife who has just discovered the unfaithfulness of her husband: all these, although suffering such different degrees of woe, imagine that not in the condemned cell of Newgate itself is to be found a mortal so utterly forsaken by the gods as they. It is the poor privilege of the wretched to exaggerate their calamities, and perhaps John Dalton indulged himself in this way like the rest. Yet it is difficult to imagine that that autumn morning dawned upon a human creature more wholly miserable than he, as he crept down the thick carpeted stairs and along the painted corridors of Riverside to his own room. Everything about him breathed of wealth and luxury, while every thought within him pictured ruin. Hour after hour, he had sat alone till the cold gray light had broken over the crags of Bleabarrow, but not one ray of comfort had fallen upon him; he had racked his brain for a single gleam of hope wherewith to mitigate the gloom of that confession, which he must now needs make to his unsuspecting wife, and had found none. He had prayed, and his prayer had come back to him, as it seemed, rejected. There are agonies in which the impatient soul demands some visible sign of God's good providence, and being denied it, it dares to question His existence. There was no help for him, he cried in his exceeding bitterness, in God or man. As for himself, he was ready to own that he did not deserve such help; and if he had stood alone in the world, he would have taken his

punishment, doggedly perhaps, but without repining or complaint. He was no coward, though in that dark hour (as generally happens) his very vivacity of spirits, quickened by long years of prosperity and success, shewed its seamy side, and made him proportionably prone to despondency; but his apprehensions for the fate of those he loved, and whom his folly had dragged down to the dust, were overwhelming.

His delicate and devoted wife; Kitty, with her beauty and expectations; Jenny, prostrated by her illness, and for whom until now everything had been done to prevent even the winds of heaven from visiting her too roughly; little Tony, with his education but just begun, and looking forward to being an Eton boy: each of these pictures, to gaze on which had hitherto been the pride of his life, was now become to him terrible to look upon; and yet, alas, they were living realities. The prospect was not to be evaded or shut out; not one of these beloved portraits could he turn with its face to the wall.

As he drew near his dressing-room, his step fell more lightly on the carpet, and he turned the handle of the door very softly, lest his wife, who slept in the next apartment, should be disturbed. His intention was on no account to waken her, but to suffer her to sleep on until near her usual hour for being called, when he must needs tell her his ill news. It would be the last sleep free from care that she would ever have; and as for him, there was small chance of his losing consciousness of his woes even for a moment. To his surprise, however, on entering his dressing-room, the window-curtains of which were of course closed, excluding the dawn, he perceived a strong light under the door that communicated with the next apartment. At the same moment he heard his name called in those dear accents the sound of which had hitherto been ever as music to his ear. Now, they only evoked a shudder. Without trusting himself to answer, for he was sensible that he had lost control over his own tones, he summoned up a smile, and opened the door. To his great distress, he found Mrs Dalton had not retired to her couch, but was sitting in her dressing-gown, awaiting him—as she had doubtless been for the last six hours.

'My dearest love, how can you be so imprudent?'

He was careful for her health at all times, and there was an especial reason for her taking care of it for the next few months to come; for the moment, he only thought of that, and not of the sad burden of woe which he had come to share with her.

'I could not sleep, dear,' said she tenderly, 'until I had seen you, and heard from your own lips what it was that has troubled you so.'

Here, as it might seem, was his opportunity of gently breaking to her his terrible news; but no sooner did it present itself than his courage failed him. What hurry was there, after all, to introduce this innocent and unsuspecting creature to irreparable calamity? He had made up his mind, indeed, to do so that very morning, but it now struck him that there was no need for such great haste as that. The blow, indeed, must fall, but it would not do so immediately, and it was his duty to prepare her for it by gradations. Any sudden shock to one in her delicate situation might have a serious effect, and was to be avoided. Though death was sweet to himself, because of the evil that he had wrought

her, he shrank from contemplating it—miserable though her life might be—in connection with her.

‘My darling, you alarm me beyond measure: to lose your natural rest, is to do yourself, just now, a serious injury. My news, whatever it be, might surely wait for the morning.’

‘I must know what it is, John, I must indeed,’ pleaded she; and she rose from her chair, and placing a thin white hand upon each of his shoulders, looked straight into his eyes. ‘Do not tell me it was the election only. Have I known and loved you all these years not to know better than that? Thank God, you are well!—in health at least—and the children are well. If I had not had them under my own eye to-night, I should have thought, when I looked upon your face, that there was something amiss with them. What else, John, can have happened to so change you?’

‘To change me, Edith? I flattered myself my manner was much the same to-night as usual. But it is quite true that something has happened to trouble me.’

‘Then it is a mere money trouble?’

‘It is a money trouble, but a very severe one.’

‘Thank God, thank God, it is no worse!’ said Mrs Dalton fervently. ‘That nothing of blame or shame could be laid to your door, I knew; but I was apprehensive—I always have been—that your connection with Mr Holt might lead you into some painful position. Your reference to him in your letter of this morning made me uneasy. None of us like the man: we are only women, moved by instinct, and not by reason; but since such a feeling was common to all three of us’—

‘There seemed something in it, eh, my darling?’ observed Dalton, finishing the uncompleted sentence. He found his task much easier now than he could have hoped for. What his wife had said was strangely consonant with his own recent thoughts. He knew that Holt was no favourite with her or with the girls, but he had no idea that they entertained any such suspicions of him—unreasonable, as she herself had said, yet suspicions which he shared. In her case, however, he did not wish that they should be corroborated; it was better she should feel he had been ruined by his own folly than another’s fraud, even if there had been fraud.

‘I know nothing against Holt’s honesty, my dear,’ continued he gravely. ‘But I did not wish you to speak to him about the election, lest you should have heard something from his lips, which should be told only by my own. It was most essential to me, as I thought when I wrote that note, to succeed at Bampton; my credit—by which I mean my commercial importance—would be seriously affected by the result; but now all that has sunk into insignificance, in the presence of an overwhelming calamity.’

‘You have lost your fortune, John!’ Her tone was grave, but very soft and gentle, and there was a smile of content upon her face, very strange to see at such a time.

‘Yes, dear, I have; God help me: every farthing of it.’

‘But you have not lost us, John; I am still with you’—her voice trembled a little, but she went bravely on—‘and the dear children.’

‘Yes, darling; it is on your account and theirs—not on mine, God knows—that this has un-

nerved me; that the burden seems more heavy than I can bear.’

‘Then let us help you to carry it; what is heavy for one is light for four. The girls are old enough, and wise enough, to bear their part. What is the loss of money when love is left!’

‘Edith, Edith! you know not what you say; you have not pictured to yourself what ruin is. Did you not hear me say that I have lost my all?—and, Heaven forgive me, your all also!’

She sank down in the chair, for her limbs had failed her, still retaining his hand within her own. ‘I did not understand,’ said she in a faint voice; ‘God help us!’

‘Even she, devoted as she is, cannot image to herself,’ thought he, ‘my fatal folly, and forgive it; such a baseness as I have committed is inconceivable to her innocent and unselfish nature; I am condemned by the sole judge to whom I could have looked for mercy.’ How wrong he was, how little he knew her, notwithstanding that he loved her so! When we stand before the judgment-seat of Heaven itself, we may know—I trust we shall—a diviner pity, but here on earth there is no such unstinting fount of ruth and forgiveness as the heart of woman.

‘Pardon me, dear John,’ were her first broken words; ‘the weakness has passed now; and I feel as befits your wife. Yes; and I would not change my place to-night, this moment, taking his head within her hands, for he had cast himself upon his knees at her feet, and hidden his face in an agony of remorse and shame, ‘with that of any woman in this world, no matter how rich—how prosperous! And I love you, John, better in your poverty and your ruin, than I have ever loved you yet; and I will be true to you, and be your help—as help may be in me—and so will Kate and Jenny.’

Then she broke down. She could have borne all herself, but the thought of her children, and what they would have to bear, was too much for her mother’s heart. Husband and wife mingled their tears together—bitter tears of self-condemnation in the one case, and of tenderness and pity in the other. ‘Hush!’ said she, for the grief of a man who has not shed a tear since childhood is always loud; ‘Jenny is a light sleeper; and she pointed to the door that led into the room of the invalid. ‘Now, tell me all about it, John; I can bear to hear it much better than I can bear to wait. I know the worst; how can it hurt me, then, to know the shape in which it has come! Nay, it’s idle to talk of rest, of sleep; I pray you, tell me.’

So, sitting hand in hand, John Dalton told her all, omitting only his suspicions concerning Holt.

She listened attentively—asking a question calmly here and there, when she required some matter of business to be explained—to the bitter end.

‘Then if the bad news about the mine should not be confirmed,’ said she, ‘our affairs would not be so desperate!’

‘They are already confirmed, Edith: do not, I beseech you, indulge in any hope on that head. The mine was a swindle from the beginning.’

‘Yet Mr Holt persuaded you to invest in it?’

‘Certainly: he thought it a genuine thing and a very good thing; he purchased largely in it himself; that I know of my own personal knowledge.’

‘And yet he sold his shares afterwards?’

'Yes; but at a high premium. If I had followed his advice, I am bound to say I should have made money by it. I had taken—I don't know why, unless it was from what he had originally told me—a fatal fancy to the investment.'

'And to whom did Mr Holt sell his shares?'

'I don't know; it was doubtless done through a broker, and he may not even know himself. Why do you ask that question?'

'From ignorance, my dear. I understand no more of such matters than our little Tony.'

'Poor boy!' sighed Dalton despondently. The mention of his son brought keenly to his mind that sense of ruin which this discussion about the *Lara* had for the moment diverted from it.

'Well, darling, we must look about us,' said Mrs Dalton cheerfully, 'and plan what is to be done. A man of your talents, who has got so many influential friends, need not surely long remain without some lucrative employment.'

John Dalton had had some experience of place-hunting, though not upon his own account, and he knew that in that description of sport the 'blank days' were many, and that those even of the most skilful huntsmen who 'find' at all are few. The humiliation of beggary would be terrible to him, and how often would he have to beg and be refused.

'There are the Skiptons, you know, darling; they have always been such friends of ours, and Sir William, who is in the ministry, would surely exert himself for your sake.'

Her husband shook his head, as though he did not entertain much hope of assistance from that quarter. Sir William, although he was the Attorney-general, was a dull man, and Dalton had more than once expressed his opinion to that effect—of course in the politest possible manner—when they chanced to differ. Their families were very intimate, but the men themselves were as opposite as the poles, and had no very high opinion of one another. Twenty-four hours ago, it would have seemed as impossible to Dalton to have asked a favour of Sir William Skipton, as to pick his pocket; he would not have done it, had he been starving. But the question now was whether he could bring himself to do it, to provide bread for his children.

'Then there is Cousin Tatham, John; I am sure he has always expressed the highest admiration of your talents.'

Poor Dalton winced at this. Lord Tatham, a distant relative of his wife, was a venerable nobleman who enjoyed a certain insignificant appointment about the court; and though, from his appearance of wisdom and gravity, he might have sat upon the woolstack to represent the Lord Chancellor in his absence, he was, in fact, a nonentity; a mere stuffed personage with a bagwig and sword. He was, it is true, always talking about his patronage, but it was only the appointment of the royal footmen that lay within his gift.

While Mrs Dalton thus imagined to herself that the court and the ministry would both be interested in her husband's favour, he himself was rapidly reviewing in his own mind all the really possible chances that were open to him, and they seemed few indeed. He had friends, it is true, upon whom he could rely for sympathy, and even, perhaps, for material aid—though in a

shape which, even now, he could not conceive himself capable of accepting—but they were men of his own style and character, genial, agreeable fellows, but who had, with few exceptions, never sought to burden themselves with the duties, and therefore the privileges of office. He felt that they could have nothing to give him in the way of employment. He had a slight acquaintance, indeed, with a minister or two beside Sir William, but he had always attached himself to the other faction in politics, and it was unreasonable to expect that his late attempt upon the virtue of the borough of Bampton, though it had failed, would recommend him to their good offices.

Nothing very practical, indeed, came out of the long discussion that took place that weary morning, concerning future ways and means, between husband and wife, yet Dalton found an unexpected solace in it.

He had never before taken Edith into his confidence upon the state of his affairs; and her sagacity and common-sense, wherever her knowledge of the grounds upon which to build was equal to his own, surprised him. We do not give the angels such credit for aptitude for worldly wisdom, as perhaps they deserve. Mrs Dalton's views were doubtless sanguine; she had much more confidence not only in her husband's friends, but in his own abilities, than he had himself; but if sympathy is not help, it is next akin to it, and hope begets hope; and before their talk was over, Dalton was certainly in a less despairing mood than he had been some hours ago.

Though his wife had suggested much, she had stipulated but one thing—namely, that their misfortune should, if possible, be kept from the knowledge of their children until their return to their own home. 'Let them enjoy themselves for the few days that remain of our visit here, John; it will be easier to break this news when we are all together under our own roof; nor do I wish, unless you see any good reason to the contrary, that our host and hostess should learn what has befallen us, while we remain their guests.'

It was out of the true mother's heart, we may be sure, that the first advice was given; but of the source of the second, I am not so certain—perhaps it was a little womanly pride. Her connection with the Campdens had always been on equal terms, and she shrank, though the change must needs come sooner or later, from its being placed on another footing. Or, perhaps, she thought that Julia would not prove the most sympathising of friends at such a crisis.

To both conditions, Dalton would have willingly assented, but he feigned objections in order to gain compliance, by giving way, with a stipulation of his own—namely, that Edith should retire to rest for the little time that now intervened before her usual hour for being called. To this, she was with difficulty persuaded, and presently, worn out by watching, and weariness and woe, she fell asleep.

As the daylight struggled in, and lit up her delicate wan face, as it lay beside his own, a new fear crept into his aching heart, and mingled with its other tenants. Suppose that his faithful and beloved companion should perish in her coming trial, and leave him *alone* in the dark days to come! The thought was agonising, but only in consonance with those which already beset him. That worst, at which, when we have arrived,

it is said that 'things must mend,' he felt was limitless in evil. There are times when poor humanity rejects the smooth prophecy, 'Heaven will never desert me so utterly as to suffer this to happen or that;' but, with sickening fear, expects the utmost cruelty of Fate.

EAST END AND WEST END.

AMONG the 'working clergy' of London, there are few who are better known than the Rev. Harry Jones, late rector of St Luke's, St James', and at present incumbent of St George's in the East. He has known very literally 'St Giles' and St James', and is well qualified to speak of both; and his transition from West to East of the great metropolis has given him the opportunity of drawing a most interesting comparison between them.* When he came to dwell in East London, he found many curious contrasts with the district which he had left. He was now among ships, just arrived from long voyages, with numerous foreigners speaking a strange language. This contrast of faces and apparel, 'this mixture of land and water, of homely trucks and foreign traders, of horse-vans and steam-vessels; the tier of huge ocean-going ships, brought so close to the shore that you can touch their long black sides with your stick or umbrella,' as you walk by them, produces a sense of proximity to the ends of the earth, and adds to the above-mentioned sense of space. Our author is convinced that this affects the thinking powers of the inhabitants, and renders them more catholic, and less prejudiced. And yet the poor folk in the East are very hardly worked, so that they have less time for thought than most of us. With the exception of the coarse enjoyments of the sailors, there are few pleasures to be found there, and none of an ambitious sort. No one dreams of a carriage-riding, nor indeed of a carriage. 'Here have I never seen a coachman in a wig, or a footman in powder. I have never met a lady on horseback or a "Victoria;" and though we go so much about on foot, such a luxury as a crossing-sweeper is unknown.' There is no 'London season' in the East, but only summer and winter. Town is never full or empty, but always the same. What is very curious is, that the exception to this uniformity is on the annual race-day between Oxford and Cambridge, 'when the loneliest and dullest street breaks out in blue ribbons, and the van-horses toiling up Old Gravel Lane from the Docks wear their colour.' We fancy this does not arise so much from sympathy with our University institutions on the part of the East-enders, as from their association with the River, by which many of them, in two senses, live. The Thames—no 'silent highway' in this locality—brings with it their occupation. Their livelihood, in very many cases, although they live on shore, depends upon the winds and tides. When the wind brings the ships, every one has his hands

full of work; but when it blows against them, the dock-labourers stand idle at the gates. The wealth that lies in the huge, ugly storehouses in this region, or hidden among 'the square plantations of bare masts,' is inconceivable, while the wares themselves are of the most poetic and sumptuous kind. Without, is Wapping; within, is the Arabian Nights. 'Here are stores of ebony and ivory. Here are the choicest cigars, the richest drugs, the brightest dyes, the sweetest perfumes, and the finest wines. . . . Pinea from the West Indies, oranges from Seville, teas from China, masses of ice from Norway, marbles from Carrara, and spices from Ceylon.' All the products of the world are to be found within a few square feet of one another. Walk round the little dock of St Catharine, and here you shall see ten thousand bags of coffee, and here seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds worth of indigo, and here thousands of fagots of cinnamon scenting the air. Sometimes you may come upon things that do not exactly scent the air, such as half-a-dozen wagon-loads of asafetida, which, it seems, is used as a condiment in Persia, and thought capital with beefsteaks. At other times, you may stumble upon a quantity of 'old-fashioned trunks, with the hair outside,' which are cow-skin packages full of quinine bark, sewn up with thongs. Then there are the wine-vaults at the Docks, where most of us have gone when we were middle-aged and foolish, with a 'tasting order,' and repented of it. For one thing, there are no less than 'six acres of port, sherry, and madeira, and, under one roof, sixty thousand huge casks of brandy, worth, on the average, seventy pounds apiece.' In the Docks is maintained a standing army of three hundred cats to kill the rats which swarm there, besides many human auxiliaries who get their living by clearing the freshly unladen ships of these vermin. The charge for 'ratting a ship' is a pound; but the rats are caught alive and sold for twopence apiece to 'sporting gents;' so that the calling is remunerative.

In the longest vault of the London Docks, the iron rails on which the casks are rolled reach altogether twenty-two miles! The alleys, however, are narrow. All along the track, the ceiling is black with fungus. But there are worse things than that to look at and think about. 'The sugar, molasses, and treacle-stores in the Docks are anything but appetising. One day,' says our author, 'I was walking along the huge sheds on the ground floor, where all this sweet stuff is lodged, and saw a parcel of men scraping the floor with hoes, much in the same way as the scavengers do the streets. And the mud they scraped up was very black. On my asking what they did with it, one of the superintendents told me it was going to be made into lollipops.' It is fortunate that *East and West London* is not a book likely to be very popular in juvenile circles, else this disclosure would be alarming indeed.

The East of London, while in the very van of the time in many respects, retains some of our oldest institutions. The curfew, for example, is still tolled at St George's, and in fulfilment of its original design. When the clock strikes eight, the bell 'goes' for a quarter of an hour, and gives the signal for turning off the gas in various work-shops. At a quarter before six in the morning, too, it begins a designedly irregular clang—very

* *East and West London*. By the Rev. Harry Jones. Smith and Elder.

pleasant for the poor rector who lives under the shadow of the belfry—to awaken the East-end workers. 'The tower is so close that I can hear the rattle of the rope and the groan of the wheel before each metallic "boom." And when the last stroke of six has been struck in a storm of accompanying clangour from the heavy alarm-bell, the air long remains filled with an angry hum, as though the emperor of all the hornets was flying about the room.' Such is one of the pleasures of shepherding a 'working population.' But Mr Harry Jones does not mind work, or any of its associations. Indeed, he likes it so much, that he is easily angered against the drones. He informs us rather grudgingly that fifteen of the City churches—which an inquisitive but accurate friend of his attended for the purpose of taking a census of their congregations—have for the sum-total of their attendants (barring the charity-schools) two hundred and ninety-one individuals, or less than twenty apiece. 'Their priests frequently live away, perhaps in the pleasant places of the country, and on Sunday come up to their cures with two sermons in a little black bag.' Some of the livings are of considerable value, but the main sum is out of sight, consisting, as it usually does, of the proceeds of their 'parsonage,' let at a very high rent for business purposes. 'It has been estimated that the parochial charities of the City could, without serious inconvenience to any one, produce two million pounds—enough, according to an estimate of Sir Sidney Waterlow, to provide sufficient sites for as many improved dwellings for working-people as are needed in the metropolis.'

Of the newspaper literature of the inhabitants of the East, our author gives a very humorous account. No print over a penny in price is in circulation there. 'We file the *Times* in the vestry, but it is too dear for local use. I take it in, but, unless I ordered it, I could not get a copy at any of our local newspaper shops. I fancied, however, that I had found a neighbour with a special literary or political interest in the leading journal. My copy of the *Times* goes on the second day to a worthy butcher hard by, to whom it thus comes cheap. On one or two occasions, however, when I wanted to refer to something in the copy of the previous day, and sent to beg the loan of it, I found that it had been torn up. The truth gradually revealed itself to me, that my practical neighbour preferred the *Times* because of the toughness of its paper. He desires to have the news, but is content to get it rather late if printed on material tenacious enough to hold small parcels of meat without bursting.' The East, indeed, is not very 'cultivated' as respects literature, or very 'æsthetic' as respects religion, but, as a rule, it is neither graceless nor godless; 'a district is not necessarily degraded because it has no opera-house, polo club, or footman in powder,' and, it may be added, only one *Times* newspaper. 'It is distinguished,' boasts its chief pastor, 'by a steady and laborious discharge of duty, which before God is of great price.' We are afraid that, in our author's eyes, 'the Eastern Position,' about which such a fuss is being made by people who don't know what real parochial work—not to say real religion—means, is of small importance compared with such an Eastern fact as this. Moreover, despite the poverty of his new parishioners in St George's in the East, they beg much less than do

the poor in St George's Hanover Square. Their manners on the whole are good; there is not much courtesying or touching of hats, but a certain frankness and pleasantness of address, which a right-thinking man calls wholesome. There are not many actual 'roughs' in the district, though many of the population are 'conspicuously the reverse of smooth;' and our author is a judge of roughs. He has been in some queer places in his time, and seen queer people, for he is the sort of priest that shrinks from going nowhere if upon his Master's errand, and as such he has come to the conclusion that even in the 'ugliest corners' people are inclined to be civil to you if you are civil to them.

There are a good many things, indeed, in this book, both about 'East' and 'West,' that are calculated to astonish even moderately strong minds. Herein may be read in brief the whole history of the working-man, including his club, which some good folks thought could be carried on by the subscriptions of the aristocracy. The one which Mr Harry Jones started was self-supporting from the first, bought its own liquors, its own billiard-table (it has now two), and had its own servants. 'It was for some time found cheaper to send to an eating-house than keep a cook; but now the cooking is done as at the Athenæum or Reform Clubs, though we have not had a Francatelli or a Soyer. . . . Once or twice I was asked to dinner there, and had a very good meal and a kindly welcome.' This is a writer who knows the working-man well; and one of the causes to which he attributes the growing vice of drunkenness is very curious, and we have no doubt worth notice. It is the monotony of trade, the universal division of labour. Work is now so subdivided that a man gets tied down to the ceaseless repetition of a particular process. A bootmaker does not make boots, he only fastens the 'upper' to the 'sole;' a 'closer' does the stitching. This is the same with all trades. Human nature abhors the tedium of it, and 'breaks out.' Then there is want of air, want of amusement, and above all things, the degrading influence of a crowded lodging. It is hopeless to expect the light of education, morality, religion, or whatever else is best, to keep alive in that tainted air. The wholesome dwelling-house is his great remedy for much that is amiss; and when one reads what he has to plead in behalf of it, how idle are all the questions that convulse the so-called 'religious world' beside this simple need, which can mainly be met by the pocket. However, these matters are only touched upon in the book before us, though, as it seems to us, with a master-hand.

We should like to be with the rector when he presides over the annual drawing of the lots of the six marriageable maidens from 'Raine's Charity,' the lucky one of whom gets a hundred pounds as a dowry. Mr Raine left his money away from his nephews, well convinced, as he sets forth in his will, that if they had seen, as he had, the innocent maid who got the prize burst out into tears of joy, they would have been quite content with that disposition of his property! But 'how about the five poor innocent maids,' inquires our author, 'who don't get it?' and who have all provided themselves with suitors, some of whom may cry 'off' when they have drawn

blanks. Sentiment, to suit Mr Jones' taste, must be of a nature to stand 'frying,' and we wish there were more folks of his opinion.

Space forbids us to speak further of this excellent book, save to quote one singular fact. If Mr Harry Jones is not a lion, he is very near one. 'I suppose that there is no other place in the world where a domesticated parson could ring his bell and send his servant round the corner to buy a lion. I could indulge this whim at five minutes' notice.' The fact is, he is neighbour to Mr Jamrach, the great wild-beast collector. At present, in the East of London the market is high for tigers, which cannot be bought under two hundred pounds; whereas a lion fetches but seventy pounds, and a lioness even less. You may buy orang-outangs for twenty pounds apiece; and even these are not the most remarkable inhabitants of East London.

A RAILWAY RUN.

ONE day in August of last year I travelled from Paddington to Exeter by the eleven forty-five train on the Great Western Railway. By the courtesy of the management, I was permitted to travel in any portion of the train at pleasure, and to ask any questions respecting the working of the line, the signals, &c., of any of the officials. The eleven forty-five A.M. express is the fastest train in the world; and when I saw the huge and powerful engine on which my journey had to be performed, a slight feeling of nervousness came over me, because I then realised that, like it or not, having once started, there was no help for it but to remain where I was for seventy-seven miles. One glance, however, at the face of the polite engine-driver, Mr Price, was quite sufficient to reassure me, for there I saw clearly written, not only courage, but skill. The guard's whistle sounds, and I take my place on the foot-plate of the engine. We go slowly until we clear the outskirts of the station, and notwithstanding the great weight of the engine (28 tons), we have a few bumps over the points; when, however, we are clear of these little obstructions, it becomes quite evident that our iron monster means business. With a jaunty shake of his funnel, as much as to say, 'Look out, I'm coming!' he increases his speed; the telegraph posts begin to fly past; the whirl, tear, and crash of the engine get louder, so that with difficulty I can hear myself speak, and the speed becomes so great that I am fain to hold on, for very fear that I shall be shot off like a stone from a catapult. Onward still faster, for we are in the open country, with miles of straight road before us; and now, were it not that we have profound confidence in the skill of those who laid down the rails, we should feel convinced that the said rails must be torn up—that nothing can keep them secure against the great speed and power of the monster engine. All this time the engineer, with placid face, keeps a sharp look-out with his hand on the controlling lever, ready at any moment for action, should any obstacle occur; whilst the cheery-faced stoker (a veritable Mr Toodles in

appearance) every few minutes heaps great shovelfuls of coal into the jaws of the furnace. Just as we are going at a high speed, something appears to require adjustment near the funnel of the engine. With as much coolness as you or I would cross Hungerford Bridge, our engineer walks over the side of the monster, and gives two or three turns to a screw—just as we are approaching a sharp curve on an embankment twenty feet high. I look upon his destruction as inevitable; hold on doubly tightly myself, under the certain impression that he, and most likely all of us, will be shot over. But no; he quickly returns, as if the speed were of no importance to him, and as if all such things were mere matters of course.

Presently, when we have accomplished about half our distance, the speed seems to flag a little, whereupon our engineer turns a couple of small screws at his feet: the effect is immediate and startling: fast as we were going before, the speed now is something terrific, and it requires an occasional glance at Mr Price's placid face to reassure me that all is right.

People riding in railway trains, and seated comfortably in their carriages, have but a faint notion of the great speed at which they actually go when travelling by express. You must be on the engine, with nothing before you but a couple of small and apparently fragile iron rails, which it seems must be torn up, before you can have the least idea of what railway travelling actually is. On the broad gauge, owing to the great size and weight of the engine, there is comparatively little jolting and vibration; for when going at the greatest speed, I am able to pour out a glass of wine without spilling a drop. At length, we slacken speed, and Swindon Station comes in view, which we reach, having performed the run of 77½ miles from Paddington, without stopping, in a little more than an hour and a quarter. Here, I take leave of my engine friends, having ascertained that the engine is called the 'Estafette'; that it was born in September 1850, and renewed June 1870; that it is one of the, if not the best and most powerful on the line; that it weighs 38 tons 8 cwt.; and that during its lifetime it has travelled 666,605 miles—or considerably more than half a million!

Pursuing my plan, I next enter the quarters of Mr Jones, the guard, who tells me he has conducted the express for twenty years; and 'I've never, sir,' says he, 'had any accident, not even to take the skin off my finger!' I learn some useful facts from Mr Jones, and get some interesting anecdotes. He too seems to have eyes in every side of his head, so constantly is he on the look-out. 'Don't you think, guard,' say I, 'that the trains ought to keep better time? They are frequently very much behind.' 'Well, sir,' he replies, 'it's pretty nearly entirely the fault of the public. Passengers are greatly offended if we don't wait for them when we see them running to catch the train. It only keeps you a minute, they say; but just consider, sir—now, there's a parliamentary train to-night leaving Cornwall which will have to stop at eighty stations; and suppose we are only a minute, or even half a minute, behind at each station—see how that tells up—and, of course, you know that we must wait the advertised time before we start.

Depend upon it, it's the people's own fault; because passengers won't keep their time.' Knowing how often I have only allowed a minute to catch a train, I feel that what Mr Jones says is true, and am rebuked accordingly.

'Another cause of want of punctuality,' says the guard, 'is the fluctuating nature of the passenger traffic. The very train in which we are travelling affords a remarkable instance of this. For some weeks the passengers leaving Paddington have been counted, and the fluctuation is really remarkable. On the first week of counting—on Monday, 90 passengers travelled; Tuesday, 116; Wednesday, 91; Thursday, 131; Friday, 56; Saturday, 172. And the variations are not affected, as you might suppose, by the days of the week. Without a sufficient knowledge of the subject, one would naturally say: "Oh, everybody knows that more people travel on a Saturday, and the railways ought to make preparation accordingly." But mark the actual truth. One week, 173 passengers travel on a Saturday; the next, 188; and the third, only 125; whilst on one Friday, 56; on the next, 200; and on the third, only 60. And when we consider that not five minutes before the starting of the train do the railway officials know how many passengers they have to provide carriages for, we must admit that it is wonderful that trains start with even an approach to punctuality—as increased numbers mean not only a crush at the booking-place, and additional carriages to the train, but also an increase in the luggage to be labelled, and a heavy tax upon the energies of all the employés.'

I learn a good deal more from my friend the guard; and amongst other matters, he tells me that passengers are in error when they imagine that the latter part of the train is the best to travel in. 'People make a mistake, sir,' he says, 'when they try to get as far from the engine as they can—the first three or four carriages are the safest.'

I obtained much valuable experience from my trip; and after a most exciting but pleasant run of four hours and a quarter, reached Exeter, where I horrified an hotel waiter by presenting myself with a face like a coal-heaver's.

I should like to conclude with a few remarks of a practical nature. Railway managers often get more blame than they are entitled to, and are made responsible for accidents over which they really have not the slightest control. Captain Tyler, whose experience is very great, remarks, 'that whatever the amount of care taken, the item of human fallibility will always remain, and will always be the cause of a certain number of accidents.' Yet, taking into consideration the enormous number of travellers who go by rail, one must admit that accidents are comparatively few.

It will be interesting to glance at the amount of traffic on one or two of the lines.

The average number of trains running on each week-day over the Metropolitan extension of the Chatham and Dover line (twelve miles) is 546; and the number of passengers conveyed over those twelve miles during six months is over seven millions. The Metropolitan Railway conveyed on Whit-Monday last over 244,000 persons. During the Whitsun week, over 1,088,000 passengers travelled on that underground line. One-sixteenth of the entire population of London made use of

this railway in one day, without an accident. In the busiest time of an ordinary day—that is to say, between nine and ten in the morning—a train passes over the line every forty-three seconds, or seven trains in five minutes. In the course of the day, 768 trains have to run backwards and forwards. Safety is secured by insuring not an interval of time but of space between the several trains, which is arranged by the operation of what is known as the Spagnioletti system of signals. During twelve years, 294,258,535 persons have travelled by 'underground.'

During a single twelvemonth, the Great Western Railway ran 255,986 trains; some of them contained seven hundred passengers; and it is not an uncommon thing for an excursion-train in three parts—each part containing six or seven hundred passengers—to arrive within a short time of each other at the terminus. Every train has its record—the time it starts, the time it arrives and departs from each station on its way, the time it passes every signal-post. Thus, the manager, if you ask him, will turn to a book, and tell you that of the 255,986 trains just alluded to, 138,646 arrived at their destination punctually to the minute; 48,785 not more than five minutes late; and so on. There is no room in the present paper to allude to signalling, a system daily improving in its working, and gradually becoming more and more perfect.

MOON SHT.

I love the sunset's glowing ray,
The 'sober evening's twilight gray.'
But yet more beautiful to me
The calm moon setting in the sea.
Unlike the sun, who fills alone
His grand but solitary throne,
The tranquil empress of the deep,
While Nature sleeps a dreamless sleep,
Not unattended seeks her rest
Upon old Ocean's heaving breast.
Her starry courtiers placed on high,
A shining cortege, through the sky,
In stately, slow procession glide,
Reflected by the dimpling tide.
While, as she glides her downward way,
Silence assumes a stiller sway,
And broods like the Eternal Love
O'er all below, around, above.

Soon crossing the horizon's verge,
Her disk, half-hidden by the surge,
Reflects a still decreasing light,
Then dips, and disappears from sight.
The stars, whose paling rays are seen
Nearest in order to their queen,
Ere in her wake they plunge below,
Pause, as if half-afraid to go,
Suspended in a transient rest
Upon the billows' snowy crest;
Until the perfumed breeze of night
Breaks the reflection of their light,
When lo! they vanish, one by one,
Like torches when a feast is done.

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LESSEPS AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

GREAT and unforeseen events often spring from what appear to be very insignificant circumstances. Such has been the case with the Suez Canal, about which everybody has been lately talking, and the execution of which is undoubtedly the most momentous engineering feat of our time. To know precisely how there should have been such a grand undertaking projected, we have to carry the mind back to the early years of the present century, when the French endeavoured to effect the conquest of Egypt. Ruffled in the attempt, Bonaparte, as First Consul, still retained an interest in Egyptian affairs, with a view, possibly, to some advantageous political movement. Assisted by Talleyrand, his minister of foreign relations, he appointed a M. de Lesseps to act as French agent at Cairo. For the world at large it was a fortunate appointment. Lesseps was an able man, as discreet as he was intelligent. He did good service to France by contributing to the elevation of Mehemet Ali Pacha to the viceroyship of Egypt. Mehemet Ali, as is well known, had arrived in the country a poor man, unable to read or write, but he was naturally acute, and resolute as a soldier, he rose to power by the destruction of the Mamelukes. They were slain at Cairo, to the number of sixteen hundred—only one of them escaping, by leaping over the ramparts on horseback—on the 1st of March 1811.

We do not know how long M. de Lesseps remained in Egypt. He certainly did not relinquish his connection with France, for there, at Versailles, he had a son born to him, November 19, 1805. To this son, Ferdinand de Lesseps, we have now to call attention. Well educated, and with tastes for diplomacy and engineering, he, from the very dawn of intelligence, heard Egypt spoken of, and felt interested in that country, to which in due time he proceeded as French agent. In this capacity, on account of the memory of his father, he received many marks of attention from Mehemet Ali, who, with all his imperfections, may be called the regenerator of Egypt. Ali, at

his decease, was succeeded by his adopted son, Ibrahim Pacha, who was chiefly noted for his military exploits. Ibrahim was succeeded by Abbas Pacha, who promoted the railway from Alexandria to Cairo, which gave Egypt a fresh impetus. Next comes the son of Mehemet Ali, Saïd Pacha, also an improver, who succeeded to power in 1854. It is not unnecessary to give these particulars, for they materially bear on the subject.

By a happy conjuncture of circumstances, M. de Lesseps was brought into acquaintanceship with a succession of viceroys, and acquired an intimate knowledge of Egypt, its language and manners—we might add its capacity for physical and commercial improvement. During his residence in the country, he pondered on the practicability of making a ship-canal to connect the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. The idea was not quite new. In ancient times, under the regime of the Pharaohs, a canal was constructed between the Nile and the Red Sea, the remains of which, dry and blocked up with sand, are still here and there visible. The project of Lesseps was on a vastly grander scale. It was nothing less than to form a canal without locks or other interruptions, straight along from sea to sea, capable of bearing the large ships which usually sail or steam to and from India. The water for the canal was not to be derived from lakes or rivers, but to be the water of the two seas. The ocean was to be let in at each end, so as to meet and form a salt-water channel, such as might have been formed by nature. It was a fine conception, but only applicable to a district unobstructed by rocks or mountains. There was reason to believe that part of the desert to be traversed, and more particularly that adjoining the Red Sea, had at one time been a salt-water lagoon, of which there were evidences in certain hollows, which, though dried up, were still covered with an incrustation of salt.

Why a ship-canal from sea to sea had not been long since effected, was to be explained by the political condition of Egypt, and the jealousy of rival powers, but still more by the prevalent belief that there was a difference of level between the

Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Lesseps felt satisfied that there was no difference in the levels, and that with the aids offered by steam and the electric telegraph, there would be no difficulty in conducting the traffic on a wide and well-constructed canal. The only serious obstruction was of a political and financial, not a physical nature.

It will be understood that the object of the canal was to accommodate and develop the traffic between Europe and India. In the course of ages, that traffic had undergone some remarkable changes. For several centuries, the commerce with the East had been overland through Asia, thence by sea to Venice, and so onward by land to the Netherlands and north of Europe. The discovery of a passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope in 1486 put an end to this tedious and costly traffic. Ships now sailed direct for India, and in effect the commerce of the world was revolutionised. Venice, Nuremberg, Antwerp, Bruges, and other marts of eastern commerce, sunk into comparative obscurity. There, matters have remained until our own times. The heavy traffic of Europe with India has been chiefly by sea, round the Cape of Good Hope, while the transit of passengers has only of later years been facilitated by the railway from Alexandria to Cairo and Suez. The project of Lesseps was designed to effect a fresh revolution in the traffic with the East. It was intended to do away with the long sea-passage by the Cape, and by the construction of a canal for ships, make Africa into an island. The design was magnificent and worthy of English engineers, but they left it to the more lively conceptions of a Frenchman. Let us see how Lesseps went to work.

Released from diplomatic duties, and returning to Europe, he devoted himself to the study of oriental questions, his mind naturally turning to the possibility of piercing the Isthmus of Suez. In his frankly characteristic lecture at Paris in 1870, translated by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, M.P., and lately published,* he says: 'From 1849 to 1854, I studied everything connected with the trade between the West and the East. I discovered that the traffic doubled every ten years, and that the time had arrived at which the formation of a company for the construction of the Suez Canal could develop that traffic in a marvellous manner.' Impressed with the importance of his design, he went to Egypt on the accession of Mehemet Saïd in 1854. Having in various ways been serviceable to Saïd, with whom he had established a warm friendship, hopes were entertained that the project might at length be sanctioned. Visiting Saïd when on a military excursion across the Libyan Desert, he broached the subject, and spoke of what could be done by financial associations. It was further essential to conciliate the good-will of the viceroy's intimate associates, 'who were more skilful in the exercise of the horse than of the

brain.' An opportunity having occurred, 'I presented myself,' says Lesseps, 'at the tent of the viceroy, placed on an eminence surrounded by a wall of rough stones, forming a little fortification with embrasures for cannon. I had remarked that there was a place where one could leap a horse over the parapet, there being a terrace outside, on which the horse had the chance of a footing. The viceroy welcomed my project, and requested me to go to my tent to prepare a report for him, which he permitted me to bring him. His councillors and generals were around him. I vaulted on my horse, which leaped the parapet, galloped down the slope, and then brought me back to the inclosure when I had taken the time necessary to draw up the Report, which had been ready for several years. The whole question was clearly set forth in a page and a half; and when the Prince himself had read it to his followers, accompanying it with a translation in Turkish, and had asked their advice, he received the unanimous answer that the proposal of the guest, whose friendship for the family of Mehemet Ali was known, could not be otherwise than favourable, and that it was desirable to accept it.' As a result of this auspicious interview, the concession to make the canal was granted on the 30th November 1854. Now came a regular exploration of the isthmus, to settle upon the proper route. Besides M. de Lesseps, the party of explorers were three French engineers; the party of four requiring at least sixty camels to carry water and provisions, and conducted by a suitable body of attendants. Among the stores taken were live sheep and fowls.

Speaking of the route that was traversed, M. de Lesseps says that, beyond the live animals taken, 'there was not even a fly in this hideous desert.' He adds, by way of illustration: 'At night we opened the cages of our fowls, full of confidence, for we were sure that next morning all our beasts would come round us, not to be abandoned in these desolate places where solitude is death. When we struck our camp of a morning, if at the moment of departure a hen had lurked behind, pecking at the foot of a tamarisk shrub, quick she would jump up frightened on the back of a camel to regain her cage.' The journey of exploration lasted two months. After all, it was found desirable to submit the question of route to a Commission of skilled engineers of different countries, who, after due investigation, met along with Lesseps at Alexandria, where they were received at the gates of his palace by the viceroy. A touching scene ensued. When Saïd learned that the Commission considered the canal was possible by channeling the isthmus from sea to sea, without having recourse to the water of the Nile, 'he threw himself,' says Lesseps, 'into my arms, and shewed the liveliest satisfaction.' Furnished with a definite act of concession in his favour, that received the sanction of the Sultan, and which empowered him to form a company to execute the canal, this heroic Frenchman returned to Europe,

* *History of the Suez Canal.* Blackwood and Sons, 1876.

to stir up the public mind, and induce capitalists to take shares in the undertaking.

The difficulties he encountered in his mission were enough to have discouraged a man of less spirit and determination. Some of the more influential English engineers were of opinion that the operations for dredging, to keep the canal and its access from the Mediterranean clear of mud, would be so enormous as to render the project financially valueless. Then, there arose objections, jealousies, and hesitations, on the ground, that to aid the undertaking would be to play into the hands of a French Company—or, more probably, the French government. It is painful to look back to the speeches in parliament on the subject. On the 7th July 1857, Lord Palmerston said: 'The obvious political tendency of the undertaking is to render more easy the separation of Egypt from Turkey. It is founded also on remote speculations with regard to easier access to our Indian possessions, which I need not more distinctly shadow forth, because they will be obvious to anybody who pays any attention to the subject. I can only express my surprise that M. Ferdinand de Lesseps should have reckoned so much on the credulity of English capitalists as to think that by his progress through the different commercial towns in this country he should succeed in obtaining English money for the promotion of a scheme which is every way so adverse and hostile to British interests.' Ten days later, his lordship characterised the project as 'one of the bubble schemes which are often set on foot to induce English capitalists to embark their money in enterprises which in the end will only leave them poorer, whoever else they make richer.' These severe and unworthy remarks did not meet general approval, but their effect was discouraging. The susceptibilities of Lesseps were grievously wounded. With a degree of bitterness, he observes in his lecture: 'Lord Palmerston represented me as a species of pickpocket, wishing to take the shareholders' money out of their pockets.' It appears to us surprising that Lord Palmerston did not perceive and appreciate the immense facilities that the canal would offer to British intercourse with the East. Advantages of this kind were at once recognised by various Chambers of Commerce, and also by the Press. The cynical conduct of the government, however, could not be got over. In short, it substantially threw the undertaking into the hands of the French, to whom, along with the viceregal administration of Egypt, belongs the glory of making the Suez Canal. A little more generous consideration would have given a share in its accomplishment to the people of Great Britain.

From the very first, it was the wish of M. de Lesseps to give the undertaking an international character. The Company formed was entitled the *Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez*. It was stipulated in the articles that the canal was 'to be open always as a neutral passage to every commercial vessel crossing from one sea to the other, without any distinction, exclusion, or preference of persons or nationalities.' Further, 'that the Company cannot, in any case, grant to any ship, company, or person, any advantages or power not granted to other ships.' According to the stipulations of the concession, a stripe of land on each side of the canal should belong to the Company, for canal purposes, for ninety-nine

years. The Company being formed, and money provided by twenty-five thousand French subscribers, and by the Egyptian government, the works commenced in April 1859, and were prosecuted with great vigour. These works embraced a vast variety of accessories to the undertaking—piers, harbours, light-houses, dwellings for thousands of labourers—in fact, all the appliances of modern civilisation in a district which was an utter wilderness, without a blade of grass or a drop of fresh water. The thing could not have been done at all without the prompt and liberal assistance of Saïd, and afterwards of Ismail, who succeeded to power in 1863. A subsidiary undertaking, but one which became imperative in the circumstances, was the forming a canal fifty miles in length to bring fresh-water from the Nile to a central spot where was built the Company's town of Ismailia. For the excavating of this fresh-water canal, there were for a time employed as many as eighty thousand men, furnished by the Paclia. On the great salt-water canal, the works were on a stupendous scale. For one thing, two hundred and eighty-five dredging-machines were working with a steam force of eighteen thousand horses, consuming twelve thousand tons of coal per month. It is difficult for any one to realise the magnitude of the effort to excavate a track across the wild sandy desert from sea to sea, ninety-nine miles in length, and sufficiently broad and deep to float the larger class of ships. The quantity of stuff lifted and carried off amounted to about two millions seven hundred and sixty-three thousand cubic yards monthly—as much, M. de Lesseps said to his Parisian audience, 'as would cover the whole of the Boulevard from the Madeleine to the Bastille as high as the first-floor of the houses.' He added: 'Let us do justice to the men of science and of courage who executed this immense labour. They have deserved well of their country and of civilisation.'

The excavation and works of the canal generally occupied ten and a half years, during which M. de Lesseps was constantly at hand to give advice and tide over difficulties. At length, all was ready for the day of inauguration, which took place ceremoniously in presence of numerous invited guests, including Eugénie, Empress of the French, in November 1869. It is unnecessary to speak of the rejoicings on the occasion. Such was the excellence of the arrangements, that vessels of large size sailed across the desert from sea to sea. The triumph of art was complete. Ships for India, China, and Australia did not any longer require to spend time in rounding the Cape of Good Hope. By a short-cut, they could reach the Southern Ocean, and much time and expense could be saved. On the day of the formal opening, what a proud man must have been M. de Lesseps. Despite every obstacle, his dreams, pronounced visionary, had at length been realised.

Let us say a few words concerning the nature of this extraordinary canal. It crosses the desert to the east of Alexandria, at a place now called Port Saïd, where vessels sailing into properly prepared basins get into the appointed channel, and where there are steam-tugs to help them if required. The course pursued in a southerly direction is for about thirty-one miles perfectly straight, the width at the surface of the water being three hundred and twenty-seven feet, and seventy-two feet at the

bottom, with a depth of twenty-six feet. This measurement prevails over nearly three-fourths of the canal. Passing the forty-first mile, the canal makes a bend to Lake Timsah; the bending being due to the practicability of cutting through some sand-hills. Lake Timsah—only a lake by the sea having been let in—may be called the central station. Here, on the west side, we come to Ismailia, with the fresh-water canal and railway from Cairo, both of which continue at no great distance all the way to Suez. At the fifty-third mile, we reach the Great Bitter Lake, which is connected with the Little Bitter Lake, the two together measuring about twenty miles in length. Like Lake Timsah, they are nothing more than natural depressions in the sand filled with sea-water to the ordinary depth of the canal, the fair-way being cleared by dredging. At the seventy-third mile, we get on the canal, which now pursues a straight line to Suez—not that it touches the town, but makes a curve eastward, and ends at Port Ibrahim, in the Gulf of Suez, a portion of the Red Sea. Along the whole route there are defined stations, houses of officials, and the electric telegraph, with mooring-posts, and other accommodations. To avoid a congestion of traffic, the transit is placed under strict regulations, and usually occupies sixteen hours. Apprehensions as to the difference of levels of the two seas have proved entirely groundless. At each end the tides exert an appropriate influence. If anything, there is a current from the Red Sea; but as it meets a wind from the north, it does not affect the navigation. Fears as to the drifting of sand into the canal have likewise been greatly exaggerated. Along the sides of the fresh-water canal, trees have been planted; these, when grown, will serve to condense the clouds and draw rain; wherefore, we may expect that at no distant date the desert will assume the character of a green and fertile region.*

Since the inauguration of the canal in 1869, no instance has occurred of any stoppage of traffic. Daily, vessels of different kinds have safely made the passage, the steamers making their own way, and sailing-vessels being drawn by tugs. Anticipations concerning the traffic have been more than realised. Merchants and ship-owners have quite appreciated the advantage of a rapid voyage to and from India, not only as regards less tear and wear, and less expenses, but the saving of insurance. Against such advantages there are the demands made by the Company, in the shape of dues levied on the tonnage of vessels, and other charges. But, although these form a heavy outlay, they seem to have no serious effect in diminishing the traffic. The truth is, the traffic is already trenching on the capacity of the canal, and it may soon be a serious question whether the channel should not be enlarged. In approaching Port Said by sea, we observe strings of vessels standing their turn, as it were, to get into the harbour and canal, and in all cases they have to abide by rules as to following slowly one after the other, and at certain places stopping to let vessels pass which come in a contrary direction. According to a recent Report of the traffic, thirty-

three vessels have been in the passage in one day. On the 27th of last July there were four hundred and thirty-two vessels on their way to the canal in one direction or other. By far the larger number of vessels using the canal are British—the actual proportion being eighteen British out of every twenty-five vessels; that is to say, the people whose government pooh-poohed the whole concern are its best customers.

In 1873, the number of British vessels using the canal was eight hundred and ten, while of French there were only eighty-three, and of Austrian seventy; the number for other nationalities being comparatively small. The great advantage to owners of British vessels trading to and from India is pointedly stated by M. de Lesseps. 'A vessel sailing from Bombay passes through the canal, and leaves its cargo of cotton on the quays of Liverpool. The cotton, immediately sent to Manchester, is manufactured; and, nine days later, the ship, with its former cargo in a manufactured state, again sets sail, and returns to India by the canal. Thus, it has been found possible, in seventy days, to bring the raw cotton from India, to unload in England, and to send it back manufactured to India.' He might also have instanced the rapidity with which British government transports, each carrying a whole regiment, can now make the passage by the canal to Bombay, instead of by the tedious voyage round the Cape, or the cumbrous transshipment by the overland route.

The original estimated expense of the canal was four millions sterling; but the outlay has been nearly double that amount, exclusive of a very heavy expenditure by Egypt on Port Said, graving-docks at Suez, and other things of a less or more remunerative character. It is believed that as much as nineteen millions have been altogether expended in connection with the undertaking. In becoming aware of this fact, one would be disposed to admire the enterprise and generosity of the Egyptian government, in contributing almost four-fifths of the expense, without an immediate prospect of adequate remuneration. Unfortunately, most of the money was borrowed at a high rate of interest, and it seems not unlikely that the Khedive, from financial exigencies, will find it desirable to dispose of much, if not the whole, of his interest in the concern, including the reversion of the property at a prescribed period.

It has been stated, as indicative of the revenue, that the canal dues for the first ten days of January 1876 amounted to £32,000. But whether the traffic will be sufficient to remunerate the Company, is not easily seen. Besides the original capital raised by shares, and by loans at interest, there is a continual and onerous expenditure for dredging and for facing the banks with stone or concrete. Perhaps the heaviest outlay of all is caused by operations in keeping clear the entrance at Port Said, for the sea in this quarter is constantly receiving accessions of mud brought down by the Nile, and driven ashore by northerly breezes. But for the operations of an enormous dredging-machine, which is constantly ploughing a track in the sea half a mile long and two hundred yards broad, the entrance to the canal would soon be silted up, and alluvial land added to the coast of Egypt. From these and other

* A remarkably good chart of the Suez Canal, from Admiralty and French surveys, along with a descriptive account, has been published by George Philip and Son, 32 Fleet Street, London.

circumstances, the Suez Canal is evidently more to be esteemed as a maritime highway valuable to the world at large, and to Great Britain in particular, than as a commercial speculation. M. de Lesseps deserves the thanks of the nationalities—of all friends to human progress—more than the members of the Company of which he is the head. Latterly, he has spoken with gratification of the purchase by the British government from the Khedive of shares to the value of four millions; and it must have been little less soothing to his feelings to know that the canal was used by the *Serapis* in conveying the Prince of Wales to India. In both particulars, the opposition so unhappily offered by Lord Palmerston, may be said to be atoned for.

w. c.

LOCHVIEW.

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

THE next morning found me true to my purpose of beginning work in earnest, and I rose early, that no time might be lost. I had visions of spending the long hours of the day in bending over columns of figures and adding up vast sums and totals. I longed to herd with rich merchants in the Exchange, and hear them talk of stocks and dividends, of speculations and profits, and all the yet unknown mysteries of vigorous, heart-stirring business. No racehorse, kept back by rider and barrier, ever panted more eagerly to set forth on its course than I did. I longed to run side by side with those who were trying for high prizes.

So it was rather a disappointment to find the breakfast-room empty when I entered it. I believe I expected to find Mr Forbes and his son Dick there, snatching at an early breakfast, ere they set off for the office, hardly giving themselves time to swallow a decent meal. But nothing was to be seen of either of them. The table-cloth was laid, however, and there seemed some signs of preparation, so I stepped out of the low window into the garden, to pass away the time till all was ready. Like most other town gardens, this one was prim and formal in the extreme. A square grass-plot filled up the middle—smooth and well kept—and croquet wires at even distances, shewed that the game was sometimes played there. Round the sides were standard rose-trees, and here and there white statues held up their burdens of terra-cotta vases, filled with blue lobelia and scarlet geraniums. At the lower end of the garden, a vigorous attempt had evidently been made to form a fruit inclosure. Some pear-trees of a pyramidal training put forth puny branches, with a scanty display of unlovely looking fruit, and a few espalier apple and plum trees gave promise of a meagre future harvest. I examined all this in my ramble, and contrasted it mentally with the rich, over-abundant crop that was even then ripening in the sunshine in our Lochview gardens. The flowers and fruit there seemed altogether of a different nature to this puny growth in a town garden. When I grew tired of rambling about, I walked up round by the side-path to the low window, and looked in to see if

breakfast was ready. Hester Carew was in the room; I recognised her *petite*, slender figure at once, with the well-shaped head and graceful outline. Her side-face was towards me, and she was bending over the table, putting some finishing touches to its arrangements. Perhaps it was wrong of me thus to gaze unobserved through the rose-branches, but the girl had strangely attracted me as I have said before, and I wished to see if daylight confirmed my first impressions. Even while I was making up my mind on the subject, Mr Forbes entered the room, and Hester met him with a 'good-morning' kiss. I walked into the room then.

'Ah! Mr Alec, you are an early riser, I see. I wish I could say as much for the rest of my household; they are still finishing their morning naps, I daresay. You know Hester already, don't you?'

'I have not been introduced, though I saw Miss Carew at the dinner-table last evening,' said I, bowing.

'Now, Hester, pour out the coffee.—You'll take breakfast with us, won't you, Mr Alec? I suppose you will give yourself a holiday this week, and look about the town a bit before you settle down to work?'

'O no; I wish to put on harness at once. I long to take up the pen and handle the ledger,' I said laughingly.

'I daresay work will have charms for you at first, as any other novelty would; but you'll soon tire of it, my dear sir—tire of it, mind and body.'

Mr Forbes sipped his coffee with a sigh, as though he meant what he said; and I have since found out he had good reason for the assertion as far as *he* was concerned.

I would fain linger on the recollections of that pleasant meal. Hester handled the breakfast things with a grace peculiar to herself, and handed me my cup with such a pleasant smile, that I turned to her again and again for a fresh supply. She did not smile often; her face in repose was rather a sad one, with a kept-down, thoughtful expression, a patient look, as though the full brightness of her nature was held in check. Nor did she talk much. From the very first she was a little timid, a little shy, but her words came out pleasantly and wisely, gaining infinite expression from the sympathising glance of her eyes and the magic tones of her voice. All was in harmony; when she spoke, her whole nature seemed to respond to her words; they were not mere empty, rapid forms of speech with her. The simplest thing she did seemed gilded by the glamour of boyish romance. Mr Forbes talked a good deal at breakfast. He had many memories of my Uncle Hans to recount that I would much sooner he had kept to himself, and he finished up by saying, as he rose from the table: 'A tall, handsome man Sir Hans was, and no mistake. A man who cared for nothing, and stopped at nothing: it was all spend, spend, scatter, scatter with him. Mr Alec, you don't resemble him a bit.'

'No; and I am thankful for it. Where he spent, I hope to save, and where he scattered, I hope to gather together again. I will never rest till our glorious Lochview is free from the hideous load of debts he heaped up over it. I mean to be a great business man some day.'

'Sir Hans would have scouted the very idea of business, Mr Alec.'

'But I, his descendant, don't follow his example. I hope to win my way into the very heart of the world's traffic.—Won't you wish me success, Miss Carew?'

'O yes; I wish you success, indeed I do; and I think you will win it.'

'Thank you for that encouragement. I shall begin with fresh hope now,' replied I, returning her smile, and trying hard for one more glance of her eyes, which I did not get.

Mr Forbes was prolix enough as we walked along the streets, and I listened with patience while he unfolded various anecdotes of my venerable ancestors—still not much to their credit; but all the while I was longing to ask some questions about Hester Carew.

At the first pause I ventured: 'Is Miss Carew a relative of yours?'

'Well, yes, a distant one. Poor child! hers is a sad history.'

'Sad? She looks very young to know much sadness.'

'She was cradled in sadness, Mr Alec. Her father, Captain Carew, was a cousin of mine; he was sent out to India just after his marriage, and died there of sun-stroke. He never set eyes on poor Hester.'

'Is her mother living?'

'No; poor Fanny died ten years ago, just after I married Mrs Merritt, and Hester has lived with us ever since.'

'That must be very pleasant for her.'

'I don't know about that. Mrs Forbes and Hester don't seem to get on well together, and the girls are a bit jealous. I'm afraid they're rather hard on Hester sometimes; but there, I've stood out to it from the first, that while I have a roof over my head, poor Tom Carew's daughter shall be welcome to share it.'

I looked round at Mr Forbes with more respect, and with a greater regard than I ever expected to feel for him. He went on musingly:

'Her mother, poor Fanny Stewart, was once quite a belle among the county folk—she used even to visit at Lochview sometimes—so it was a great surprise when she married Tom, who had nothing but a handsome face and a good heart to recommend him. Her friends gave her the cold-shoulder in consequence; and when her father died, her name was never mentioned in his will.—But stop; I want to call at this bank: will you come in, or wait for a minute outside?'

I waited for many minutes outside the bank; and when Sandy Forbes came out again, I saw he was rather more flushed in the face, and rather more depressed in his spirits, than when he went in.

I was soon installed in the office, and placed in rather a responsible position at once—somewhat to the envy of several of the clerks; but they had their revenge by seeing how little I knew about my duties. I had grand though hazy theories of business in my mind, and ambitious plans and purposes enough for any one; but with regard to the detail, or the practical working, I was utterly at fault. However, I gave myself no airs, but set myself humbly to learn all I could; and with timely help, had already begun to master some of my duties,

when Dick Merritt lounged in. He was foppishly dressed still; his face was haggard, his eyes blood-shot, and there was an air of out-of-sortishness about him that did not add to his attractiveness.

'I'm rather done up to-day, for I never got to bed till three o'clock this morning,' drawled he.

'What kept you up so late? I'm sure everybody went away before eleven,' said I.

'I went to a supper-party after that. We had some capital play too, and I lost no end of money. Wouldn't the gov'nor open his eyes if he knew how much! Ah, well; I'll have my revenge to-night, I hope, and win it all back again. I say, Allen, some of the fellows were angry with me because I didn't ask you to join us—will you come to-night?'

'Thank you; I'd much rather not.'

'You'd better: there'll be some fun, a jolly good supper, and lots of play'—

'I detest suppers, and I detest gambling still more. Now, Merritt, if these are your kind of invitations, I shan't be in the least offended if you leave me altogether out of them in future—I shall always refuse them.'

'Everybody to his taste, I say; but what's the good of life if one doesn't enjoy it?' sneered Dick, with a kind of contemptuous laugh, as he drew off his delicate lavender gloves.

He thought me very narrow-minded, strait-laced, and prejudiced, I daresay, but I didn't much care for his opinion.

My time soon became fully occupied, for I spent all the day at the office, and in the evenings Alice Merritt was good enough to cater for my amusement. Once we went to a stylish dinner at the Cornishes, a costly set-out indeed, that, in its piled-up profusion and gaudy display, would have made our sleek footmen at Lochview turn up their noses, and pronounce the affair 'overdone,' 'plebeian,' 'bourgeois.'

Alice, in a rich apple-green dress and lace flounces, sat beside me at the table, devoting herself to my especial entertainment, and keeping up a strain of lively badinage which must have impressed the company with the idea that we were very good friends indeed. Again, we went to a Philharmonic concert. But ere long I discovered the custom of the house was, in all these amusements, decidedly to ignore the very existence of Hester Carew. Now and then she came into the drawing-room in the evenings, when Miss Merritt was thundering out some brilliant piece on the piano, all execution and sound, but with no more real feeling in her touch than an automaton would have had; or Hester would walk quietly in and seat herself away in some far-off nook, while Carrie was gushing out some of her sentimental songs. But I seldom had the chance of speaking to her; some impediment was sure to come in the way. Though no look or word of hers was unobserved by me, I did not venture to make either her or myself conspicuous. The only times when my restraint nearly exploded were when Dick Merritt would flutter round the pensive little figure, and overwhelm her with attentions, evidently unwelcome. Then I had more than once felt inclined to thrust him out of the room, as he deserved.

As time passed on, my grand theories about business were gradually fading away. No man could work harder at figures and accounts than I

did, but they seemed to lead up to no result. I knew there were mysteries and speculations, and bargainings and calculations going on, of which I was kept in complete darkness; else why all those secret conferences in Sandy Forbes's private room? Who were these men with whom he seemed to hold such deep consultations? Were they 'bears,' or 'bulls,' or 'stags,' or whatever other name they go by? I wanted to understand all the transactions by which the House of Forbes courted Fortune's smiles. I was not contented with the harmonious working of the machine and its sum-total, but I wanted to dive down to the deeper mysteries, to see the wheels and screws, the axles and cranks, the bolts and nails. Understand me fairly. I only sought to know what I then believed to be legitimate. I would have scorned to soil my fingers in any concern that had not strict moral integrity for its basis, or that was not perfectly straightforward and in good faith. When I pressed Mr Forbes to give me a clearer insight into the matter, he would draw into his shell like a timid snail, and grow inscrutable and dark like the oracles of old: the more I pleaded with him, the more reticent he became.

'Keep you on the safe side, Mr Alec, and don't dive too deep. Not one of your race was ever good at bargains; and many a man with as good intentions as you have has been drawn into a vortex that has swallowed up all his gains and his character to boot. Keep you clear of speculations, as you value your peace of mind.' And then Sandy would hurry off to the Exchange, leaving me to my own meditations in the office.

I soon found out Mr Forbes was not a happy man. At home, he was a mere cipher, for his ambitious wife—his late employer's widow—hardly took the trouble to conceal her contempt for the little man. She snubbed him on every possible occasion, and her daughters caught the tone from their mother, and snubbed him also.

Mrs Cornish had taken a seaside house somewhere beyond New Brighton, and one day she invited us all to join a garden-party down there. I made sundry excuses at breakfast, for I did not wish to give up a whole day to pleasure—such indulgence formed no part of my code—but Miss Merritt took me in hand.

'Do come, Mr Allen; the party won't be complete without you, and every one will be so disappointed.'

'I have some writing I must finish,' urged I.

'Pray, don't let that keep you at home, Mr Alec; I'll see to that, and some of the correspondence can stand over,' said Mr Forbes. So at last I made a compromise, and promised to join the party in the afternoon.

Just at the last minute, when I was on the point of starting from the office to keep my engagement, I remembered I had left a letter for my father locked up in my desk at home; so I made a detour round by the old square to fetch it. The streets looked half asleep in that blazing August afternoon; people had their blinds drawn down to keep out the glare; and I began to think an hour or two with the cool sea-breeze would not be such an unpleasant change after all.

'Everybody must be gone—even Hester Carew,' thought I, as I made a dart up-stairs in the quiet house. But no; a soft prelude on the piano

made me pause at the drawing-room door, and presently a full rich voice burst out with its youthful freshness:

Wake, North wind, waken from thy sleep,
And now, with dark sails all outspread,
Along the twilight sea we'll sweep,
To regions lonely as the dead—

It was the song I heard Carrie Merritt sing the first evening I spent in Liverpool, and I listened till the very last note died away like a breath; then I opened the door, and found, as I expected, the voice was Hester's.

She gave a little start, rose from the piano, and began gathering up the music.

'Do sing that again, Miss Carew.'

'I will, if you wish,' replied she, seating herself shyly at the piano. As she went on, she regained her self-possession, and I listened wondering and charmed. Never had I heard such singing before.

'Thank you very much. What a lovely voice you have. Why do you hide it, Miss Carew? You ought to sing for us sometimes in the evenings,' exclaimed I, hardly able to conceal my intense satisfaction.

'No one ever asks me to sing in the evenings, and besides, I should hardly have courage to do so, for I've never learned singing.'

'Then how do you manage to get on so well?'

'I've taught myself; and I don't think Carrie would call it "well" if she heard me stumbling over her songs,' she replied quickly.

'Carrie ought to give you some lessons.'

Hester shook her head.

'Carrie wouldn't have time; indeed, I don't think she would much like my even meddling with her songs. But it's a great treat to get everybody away, and then give myself lessons. I'm glad you don't think I get on so badly.'

'Badly! You get on beautifully. I never thought that song could be so pretty. Will you try another?'

The sweet girl did not argue the point—a kind of timidity prevented her doing so—and she went through song after song as I laid them before her on the piano, her tones gaining in expression, her voice in courage, as she went on. I turned over the leaves for her, and when a passage was not quite perfect, she went over it again, and we sang the words together. How well I remember that afternoon! The sunlight came slanting through the trees, and fell on her as she sat there, and the golden and crimson clouds of sunset appeared in the western sky, and were reflected on the mirror opposite the piano while I still stood there, bound by the spell of Hester's voice. As for Mrs Cornish's garden-party, the very recollection of it had vanished; and I might have stood there for hours longer, had not most uncongenial sounds recalled me to my senses. I heard Dick Merritt rushing up the stairs, three or four steps at a time; he threw open the drawing-room door with a puzzled and comical look in his eyes.

'Upon my word—duets going on! Is this the way you usually spend your time in our absence, Mr Allen? I really admire your taste very much.—Go on, Hester; sing for me now.' But Miss Carew had already gathered up the music, and was putting it aside. 'Won't you give me one verse?' exclaimed he petulantly.

'I'm very tired now, and you must excuse me,

she said, slipping out of the room as quickly as possible.

'It's a pity I disturbed you and Hester. Shall I go back and tell them at New Brighton you were spell-bound here by a siren, and could not get away?'

'Tell them what you choose. I suppose the party is nearly over now?'

'Not at all; they're going to have a hop in the evening. Alice made me drive back in the dog-cart to hunt you up. She said she was sure something dreadful had happened to you, as you didn't keep your word.'

Dick's sneer was hard to bear, but I controlled myself.

'I'm ready now, Merritt. Where's your dog-cart?'

'Come along, then; we shall just catch the steamer. The trap's on the Birkenhead side.'

I am bound to say Dick Merritt was a very surly companion as we drove along that evening. He watched me narrowly, with a keen distrust in his glance, and more than once seemed inclined to quarrel. Evidently he fancied my being with Hester was a planned and concerted affair between us, and he was jealous. Mrs Cornish's country place was called Rocky Mount. When we arrived, outdoor sports were over, and the guests were trooping in to tea. Only a few were still lingering out of doors in the soft moonlight, and amongst them were Alice Merritt and two or three other girls.

'Go and fetch them in, Mr Allen. You'll be sure to find them soon; for our whole place—gardens, grounds, and walks—do not cover an acre of land,' cried Mrs Cornish.

Nothing loath to get a ramble in the cool fresh air, I darted off, and soon found myself on the top of a sloping mound, on which some ambitious person had erected a small tower and planted a flag-staff. From this was a capital view of the sea, which the full moon had silvered and flooded with her silver light. The soft breeze came in over the waters laden with freshness, and I flung myself down on the soft turf beside the flag-staff, and watched the scene with a quiet happiness altogether new to me. Need I say I had forgotten my mission out there, and had begun to dream sweet, foolish, waking dreams about Hester. What they were, I need not recount; most people have had such dreams some time in their lives. Ere long, I heard voices on the other side of the tower, and some words fell distinctly on my ear. My name was mentioned, and Alice Merritt was the one who spoke.

'No, no; I am not yet engaged to Alec Allen, but we quite understand each other.'

'His father is a baronet, isn't he?' said another voice.

'O yes; Alec will have the title some day, for he is the son and heir.'

'So you will be Lady Allen. Oh, Alice, won't that be nice? How I envy you!'

I daresay I ought to have warned the young ladies to defer their confidences, as I was within hearing; but I was spell-bound at being disposed of so summarily, and with a muttered, 'Will she be Lady Allen?—Not if I know it,' I heard the next question:

'Is Alec handsome? You know I haven't seen him yet. Carrie says he's quite the reverse.'

'Carrie's a goose. I like his style of face—it's refined and classical; and he's quite a gentleman.' 'Is he clever?'

'Well, I never noticed any deficiency, but Dick says he isn't; and he can gauge mental calibre better than I can.'

(I muttered something else just then, not complimentary to Dick.)

'But what about Willy Dykes, Alice? Poor fellow! he won't like to be jilted?' asked the voice.

'I must break it to him by degrees. He won't be back from New York for six months yet, so there will be plenty of time.'

'I don't think you'll ever love Alec as you did poor Willy.'

'Perhaps not, if it comes to that. But, there, my days of romance are over, and I can't wait for ever for Willy; I must take a good chance when I get it.'

There was a pause for a moment or two, and then Alice said in a subdued voice, and with a little sigh: 'Come, Maud, let's go in. I feel so cold and shivery, you can't think; just as if some one was standing on my grave.'

'Thinking of poor Willy perhaps?' suggested her friend.

Then the voices grew fainter and fainter, as the girls went slowly down the winding path from the tower. I did not follow them; but pondered on what I had heard. So Alice had willed to be my wife, had she? Old Janet's warnings were turning out a true prophecy after all, and Miss Merritt was going to marry me for the sake of the title that might be mine some day! My eyes were open at last, and I became painfully conscious that all along I had been giving Alice some ground for her expectations. I shuddered to remember that many a one might have been misled by the tacit acquiescence I had given to all her plans for me. Often and often her name had been coupled with mine, and I never cared. At concerts, and dinners, and parties, we had always been set down together, and people had looked on smilingly, thinking, no doubt, our engagement was a settled thing. My cheeks flushed with indignation as I thought of it all. Alice had wound her web so skilfully, that the unthinking fly was nearly entangled. Perhaps, had I been thinking less of Hester Carew, I might have been more alive to the danger. I pictured Janet shaking her wise head at me, and exclaiming: 'Ye would not heed me, Maister Alec, but I told ye these misses, with their fine ways, and their feathers and gewgaws, would be wanting ye for your title. Ah! ye know but little of the wicked world.' Then I thought of Jessie Duncan. How her merry blue eyes would sparkle, as, with one of her silvery peals of laughter, she would torment and tease me in her mocking way: 'Poor Cousin Alec! I always told you, you never could be trusted all alone, to take care of yourself.' After long ruminations, I decided the wisest plan was to back out of my dilemma as speedily as possible, and, as a first step, I made myself anything but congenial that evening. Mrs Cornish came to meet me as I went in.

'Here's Mr Allen at last! We are waiting for you to get up a set of Lancers; and Alice wants you to sing a duet with her.'

But I would neither sing nor dance—I am ashamed to say how disagreeable I was—I plunged

myself at once into the midst of a conversation Mr Cornish and Sandy were holding together—a long dreary conversation, that made me for the first time understand how thoroughly heavy and dull the interchange of words can be made. How wonderfully people are gifted with the power of boring one another! I stood it all patiently, knowing I deserved such a Nemesis, and felt truly relieved, when, in a most subdued state of mind, I took my seat beside Sandy in the dogcart, and drove homeward in the bright moonlight. Dick did not come with us; and I think I heard his footstep on the stairs about three o'clock in the morning, as he crept cautiously up to his room.

THE RUDE STONE MONUMENTS OF BRITTANY.

By far the larger number of tourists who visit Brittany are attracted to it by its widely famed rude stone structures. It is obvious, however, that the traveller who visits the country for the first time may miss the best examples, unless he has some previous knowledge of what is most worth seeing, and that without some plan of systematic observation he may fail to notice the special features which impart an interest and value to the personal inspection of these ancient monuments. It is therefore of some importance for the intending tourist to know that with the lately published *Guide to Barrows and other Prehistoric Monuments in Brittany*, by Mr W. C. Lukis, for his pocket-companion, to point out to him the readiest mode of access to the localities where good examples of typical monuments occur, he may now familiarise his mind and eye with the archaeological characteristics of the prehistoric remains of Brittany, on the easiest terms.

There is no reason, however, for going out of the beaten track to look at a stone monument, unless with the view of becoming acquainted with its aspect as a work of human art. The only interest it can have for us is that it was made by men who lived very long ago. Contemplating the number and magnitude of the prehistoric remains with which the face of the country is everywhere studded, the conviction grows upon the mind that they were the work of a large and settled population, in permanent possession of the soil—a race actuated by deep feelings of respect and reverence for the memory of the dead, and possessed of a social organisation which enabled them to express these feelings in massive and enduring monuments.

The groups of lines or avenues of pillar-stones so frequently met with in Brittany are among the most stupendous and inexplicable monuments of the unrecorded ages. It seems as if in this circumscribed area we had the concentrated expression of a Titanic energy and intensity of purpose, unparalleled in the history of the early races. They consist usually of a definite number of lines or avenues, marked by huge unshapen blocks set on end at irregular distances. The lines thus formed are roughly parallel, but they converge slightly towards one end, and they also exhibit a gradation in the size of the stones, which are higher towards the wider end of the group. As a rule, the wider ends of the groups are placed towards the west, and in several instances there is at this end a terminating circle

of smaller, thinner slabs than those composing the lines. The Erleven group, of tall, bulky, granite blocks arranged in ten lines, is about seven thousand feet in length, 220 feet in width at the west end, and 190 feet at the east end. The Kermario group, consisting of about one thousand stones arranged in ten lines, extends 1250 yards in length, its breadth at the west end being 323 feet, and at the east end 180 feet. The Menec group consists of eleven lines with a terminating circle. It extends to upwards of eleven hundred yards in length, the terminating circle being about three hundred feet in diameter. The Kerlesant group consists of thirteen lines, about one thousand feet in length. The largest stones in the Kermario group are about twenty feet high, twelve feet broad, and six or eight feet thick.

These monuments are so mysterious and impressive by their vast proportions, and so deficient in their indications of intention or destination, that archaeologists have been puzzled to assign to them any definite or probable purpose, utilitarian or monumental. The middle age notion was that they were the tombstones of the eleven thousand virgins. The most recent theory is that they are military monuments—representations of troops in battle-array. But the fact that they are constructed on a plan which is nearly uniform, with a direction or orientation which corresponds in some measure with that of 'dolmens' or chambered tombs, appears to indicate a purpose more analogous to sepulchral than to military monuments. Plans of the principal groups, drawn to scale by Sir Henry Dryden, have been published in the Proceedings of the Ethnological Society, of 10th January 1871. On referring to these, the reader who wishes to satisfy himself on this subject will see at a glance the relative magnitude and orientation of the several groups, as well as their general uniformity of design. It is not generally known that we have in Scotland a corresponding class of monuments, though on a very much smaller scale, which are also associated with structures purely sepulchral.

Isolated circles of pillar-stones are not common in Brittany, and where they do exist they are much destroyed. Mr Lukis describes a curious double circle on the isle of El Lanic, which has been encroached on by the sea. When the tide is low, the prostrate stones of a great part of one of the circles may be seen on the beach, as well as a fallen stone still farther from the shore. In one of these circles, explored by Dr De Cloinadeuc, a large number of flint and other stone implements were found, consisting of polished axes of fibrolite, knives and scrapers of flint, hammer-stones, &c., along with large quantities of animal bones, and innumerable fragments of broken pottery. This is precisely the kind of deposit which might be looked for if the circle had been a place of interment of the later period of the Stone Age. In Britain, where the results of systematic explorations are more carefully recorded than has been the case in Brittany, the Stone Circles have been found in most cases to be places of interment of the same relative period, or of the succeeding period of the Bronze Age. In Northern Scandinavia again, though they are popularly known as *Dom-rings* or *Thing-places*, Nicolaysen states that archaeologically they are known as

burial-places of the Iron Age. This seems to indicate that the custom of constructing stone-circles appeared earlier in Brittany than in North Britain, and earlier there than in Northern Scandinavia, if we are warranted in assuming that the Iron Age of Scandinavia was later than the Bronze Age of North Britain, and this later than the closing period of the Stone Age in Northern France. It may be well to state, however, that these are all 'open questions,' to which definite answers are only to be obtained by the accumulation of evidence bearing on the comparative advancement of the populations of these countries at similar epochs. This indeed, is one of the most difficult and complicated problems of archaeology, only capable of being worked out by extending the field of observation and induction, and in effect creating a new branch of the science, embracing all the details of comparative archaeology.

The third class of monument mentioned by Mr Lukis, consisting of groups of pillar-stones arranged in a square or rectangular form, is almost exclusively confined to Brittany, and little or nothing is known with certainty of its original design.

The fourth class, of single pillar-stones (menhirs), is numerous and well known. In Brittany, however, these menhirs are often remarkable for their enormous size. The largest, at Locmariaker, now prostrate and broken, is upwards of sixty-seven feet in length. There is not a great difference between this prehistoric menhir and the most celebrated monoliths of the historic period. The shaft of Pompey's Pillar, and the standing obelisk of Thothmes III., known as Cleopatra's Needle, are not more than half-a-dozen feet longer. Single pillar-stones are probably, in most cases, sepulchral monuments. Jacob set up a pillar-stone as a memorial over Rachel's grave, 'which is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day.' They are common in Britain, and still more common in Scandinavia, where they are monuments of the later Iron Age.

The fifth class, termed *dolmens* in France, are better known in this country as 'chambered cairns'—huge mounds of earth or stones covering a chamber or chambers of sepulture, constructed of great blocks of stone. These are more numerous in Brittany than any other class of prehistoric structures.

As the application of different terms—*dolmen*, *cromlech*, and *chambered cairn*—to the same class of monument, naturally leads to confusion, it may be well to explain how this confusion is to be avoided. Mr Lukis holds very decided views on a question which has given rise to some difference of opinion in regard to the classification of prehistoric sepulchral structures. The term '*cromlech*' has been applied in this country to a structure consisting of an immense block of stone supported on three or more long stones set underneath it. Mr Lukis holds that there is no sufficient ground for regarding this as a distinct species of monument. When the covering mass of stones and earth has been removed by the improving agriculturist, the great blocks which form the monolithic skeleton of the mound and its chamber usually defy the resources at his command. As the skeleton implies the previous existence of the organised body of which it formed the framework, so, upon this theory, the existence of a '*cromlech*' implies the previous existence of the chambered tumulus of which it had formed

the internal framework. In our own country, Kite Coty House is an example of what is now considered to have been a chambered tumulus. The skeleton alone remains.

Sepulchral tumuli were formerly classified according to their external configuration or internal construction; but more extended and critical observation has shewn that mere variations of form afford no clue to the relative antiquity of the structures. But as it has always been the custom of the prehistoric races to bury with their dead objects in common use at the time of the interment, such as implements, weapons, and personal ornaments, we have in these the means of assigning the period of the deposit relatively to the Stone, Bronze, or Iron Age. Thus, when the great tumulus of Mane-Lud (two hundred and sixty feet in length, and one hundred and sixty feet in width) was explored in 1864 by the members of the Société Polymathique du Morbihan, a small sepulchral chamber was found in the centre of the mound, containing the bones of two individuals, one burnt, the other unburnt. Along with these burials there had been deposited an axe of polished fibrolite (a whitish mineral streaked with various colours), flint flakes, and fragments of coarse pottery. This deposit therefore belonged to the Stone Age, but to the latter part of it, when finely polished axes of these hard and rare stones were common, and burning the dead was in use, together with burial unburnt. This chamber was composed of dry masonry, and roofed by a rudely constructed vaulting, formed by bringing each successive stone a little further over the inner face of the wall than the stone immediately below it. The vaulted roof, formed of overlapping stones, is also a feature of the tumuli of Britain, but it is unknown in Scandinavia, where the chambers are always roofed by immense flat slabs.

Sometimes no traces whatever of human remains are found in the chamber. This was the case in the tumulus of Mane-cr-Hroek, in the earthen floor of which no fewer than one hundred and four axes of polished diorite were found, the largest of which was eighteen and a quarter inches in length. Besides these, there were an oval ring of jadeite stones three and a quarter inches diameter, nine large pendants of green turquoise, a necklace of forty-one beads of the same stone, a few fragments of pottery, and some flint flakes. As there is nothing so indestructible as burnt bone, the supposition is that the interments here had been unburnt, and had so completely decayed as to leave no noticeable traces of their former presence.

One of the most remarkable tumuli in Brittany is St Michael's Mount, now crowned by a church forming a conspicuous feature in the landscape around Carnac. It was explored in 1864, and found to cover a chamber of an irregularly four-sided figure, about six feet long by four and a half feet wide. The east end of the chamber which had formed the entrance was closed by two slabs. The other three sides were built of dry walling, and the roof covered by one large slab, which had been split throughout its length by the pressure of the superincumbent mound. The floor of the chamber was covered to the depth of some inches with a bed of dry soft dust, described as being like wheaten flour in fineness, though not in colour. This impalpable dust may have been in part due to the cremation of the bodies; but as the

mound was largely composed of sand, the infiltration of the finer particles in the course of ages had probably much to do with its production. The sharp edges of two stone celts were noticed sticking up through this layer of dust, and on a complete search being made, thirty-nine celts of jade, tremolite, and other hard stone, varying in size from fifteen inches to two inches and a half in length, were found. One had been broken into three parts, two of which lay at one extremity of the chamber, and the third at the other. Nine pendants and one hundred and one small beads, mostly of jasper, were also found; and under a small flat stone in the north-west corner, a necklace of 'bugles' or cylindrical beads of ivory. All the celts were set with their small ends downwards, and were grouped more thickly towards the western end of the chamber, leaving an open space in the centre. Underneath the bed of dust was an irregular pavement, beneath which there were ashes, charcoal, and burnt bones; while a small recess on one side of the chamber contained a mass of cinders, earth, and fragments of human bones. On the east side of this tumulus at its base lie two broken pillar-stones, one thirty-one feet, and the other twenty-five feet long.

The most imposing monument of this description in Brittany is the Butte de Tumiac, near Arzon. It is a mound nearly three hundred feet in diameter at the base, and fifty feet high. When explored in 1853, it was found to cover a small chamber not more than eight feet square, roofed by a single slab, which had been split by the pressure of the superincumbent mass. In it were found unburnt fragments of wood, thirty polished axes of fibrolite and jadeite, and three necklaces of beads made of green turquoise.

One of the most remarkable features of these chambered cairns is the occurrence on the great stones of rude sculpturings of wavy, curved, or zigzag lines and spirals, sometimes arranged as patterns, and covering almost the whole surface of the stones, as in the chamber of Gavrilis; at other times irregularly grouped, as at Mane Lud. Occasionally these designs are varied by rude representations of axe-heads, and axes in handles decorated with plume-like ornaments, as at Mane-hrook. The chambers of the great tumulus of New Grange, and of the great cemetery of Cairns at Lough Crew in Ireland, are covered with somewhat similar sculpturings. Axe-like markings have also been found on the stones of a chambered tumulus in Argyllshire. Such sculpturings on the stones of chambered tumuli do not occur in England, but they are found in Scotland and in Scandinavia, along with a peculiar development of this custom of sculpturing on exposed rock-faces and boulders. The objects represented in the Scandinavian rock-sculptures are mostly galleys with their rowers, sometimes a man and oxen ploughing; wheeled vehicles, swords, animals, and human figures are also rudely represented.

There is another class of sculpturings known to the archaeologists as 'cups' or 'cups and circles,' first made generally known in Scotland by the exhaustive treatise of the late Sir James Y. Simpson. These 'cups' are common on the stones of the Brittany monuments, usually as simple rounded hollows, often occurring in groups, of irregular arrangement, but sometimes so grouped as to suggest a resemblance to some of the con-

stellations. Nothing is definitely known of their meaning or object. In Scandinavia, where they are very common, they are still associated with superstitious notions among the people.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XL.—MR HOLT'S ADVICE.

WHEN we lose one very dear to us, by death, the agony culminates at once; there is nothing more dreadful to be felt than it; it will break out again and again with intense severity, but always with a less violence than in the black hour of bereavement, and a day comes, sooner or later, when our friends—the best of whom do not know us half so well as we know ourselves—remark to one another: 'He has got over it.' The effect of a great stroke of ill-luck—of a very heavy pecuniary misfortune, for example—is generally quite different. The blow prostrates us for the moment, but almost directly afterwards vitality asserts itself; we are revived by a host of hopes, each insignificant in itself, and which, since they cannot coalesce, have really no practical value; but they inspire courage. A drowning man is said to catch at a straw, and ten thousand straws floating about him would doubtless proportionably excite his hope, though they would be of no more help than one, unless they could be formed into a straw rick. And thus it was with John Dalton, when he woke—for 'merciful nature' had given him nearly an hour's forgetfulness—to find himself, for the first time, a ruined man. We say 'for the first time,' because many respectable persons are ruined many times, and to them the picture I have painted of this man's wretchedness will doubtless have appeared too highly coloured. Nay, they will assert, 'Not even at first did we give way in such a miserable manner.' Very likely, my friends. Are you quite sure that you really lost anything? Had you anything of your own to begin with? And did you not go into that particular line of business which proved so unfortunate, with this catastrophe already more or less before your eyes? Now, John Dalton could scarcely have been more astonished at what had befallen him had he suddenly found himself changed into a bird or a beast.

He had left his own line in life, and entered into 'commercial enterprise,' it is true, with no higher aim than his own butler, who would doubtless now take a public-house with the money saved in his own service, namely, 'to better himself;' but he had had no idea of risking his all upon the result; and the shock—now he found that he had lost his all—was by consequence the greater. Still, as we have said, the clouds seemed to lift a little that morning; he was able to put in a cheerful appearance at the breakfast-table; nor throughout that day, except that he at times appeared preoccupied, could you have guessed the load of care he bore upon his shoulders. The *Pall Mall* confirmed the news of the previous morning, however: another commercial collapse, though, fortunately, it was

understood to affect only a limited circle, had taken place in the case of the *Lara* mine; it had been egregiously pulled, but had now gone the way of most mines; the expert sent out by the committee of English shareholders had 'cabled' news that the speculation was next door to worthless; that the proceeds of the mine would not even pay for its working. The shares, which, but the other day, had been at a high premium, were now unquotable. The fifteen thousand pounds which Dalton had invested in it, and which represented about half the value of the English shares, were irrevocably gone.

Convinced of this, he did not lose a post in privately communicating with such friends as he thought might have the power to serve him. He was frank with them, and yet concise: 'I have lost all my money, and urgently require some employment—the more lucrative the better,' was the burden of each note. After despatching them, he felt relieved, as a man will do who has done his best to help himself.

'From so large a principal of good-will,' thought he, 'I shall surely get a sufficient return of interest for my needs.' Nor did he in this calculation overestimate his popularity; almost everybody liked John Dalton, and would have done him a good turn if they could.

At dinner he was exceedingly amusing, and excited Mrs Campden's indignation by a spirited defence of the Indian system of suttee. The chief objection to death, in the case of comparatively young persons, he argued, was that no dear ones have preceded them into the dark and silent land; whereas the old may flatter themselves with the idea of rejoining their kinsfolk and acquaintances. Thus, although it might be a little selfish in His Highness, nothing was more natural than that an Indian prince, finding himself on the point of departure from this world, should require his favourite wives and servants to accompany him upon his journey to the other, where it was only too probable that he would not find persons to understand his little ways, and make him comfortable.

'I call it most abominably wicked,' said Mrs Campden.

'Doubtless it is, my dear madam; I only said it was natural, which, indeed, corroborates the view of the Church of England upon original sin.'

Mrs Campden did not quite understand this logic, but she had a strong suspicion that her guest was joking—a thing which in itself she detested—and, what was worse, that he was joking at her own expense. She shewed considerable annoyance; nor could Mrs Dalton avoid casting a reproachful glance at her husband. 'Is this a time,' it seemed to say, 'to give offence to friends, when it is so necessary to rally them round us?' But the fact was that it was the very consciousness of that necessity which tempted Dalton to shew his independence, by carrying to some extremity that guerrilla warfare which had always existed between his hostess and himself.

Mrs Campden had her revenge, if she had only known it; for she was very loquacious about certain plans for the future, in which Mrs Dalton and her daughters had their share, with respect to her next visit to London. Mary, as had been arranged, was to stay with the girls in Cardigan Place for some weeks, during which all sorts of

gaeties were to be enjoyed; and then Mr and Mrs Campden were themselves to come up to town, and exchange their present position as host and hostess for that of guests. In all these projects the wherewithal was, of course, taken for granted and as a matter of course; and it cut Dalton to the heart to hear the eagerness with which his daughters entered into them. In a few weeks' time, as he bitterly reflected, there would be no home, even for themselves, far less to offer to others.

His position during this unhappy day was, however, a less painful one than that of his wife; for she could not escape without attracting notice from the society of those dear ones whose unconscious gaiety inflicted upon her a thousand stabs, while her husband could seek solitude or the companionship of those comparatively indifferent to him, under pretence of transacting business. Indeed, he found some relief from his pressing anxieties in conversation with Holt himself, notwithstanding the unfavourable light in which he had begun to regard him. The man had a clear head for affairs, and was able to place his position and obligations before him with a greater definiteness than lay in his own power.

It is something to know where you are, however uncomfortable may be your predicament, and with this information Dalton was by this means supplied. If he was 'sold up to-morrow,' there would be three thousand pounds left for the support of his wife and family! a sum which had hitherto about represented his annual income.

'So you can live a whole year, my good fellow, as you have been accustomed to do,' said Holt cheerfully; 'and in the meantime it will be strange indeed if, with such influential friends as you possess, some post is not offered you.'

There were three things in this speech that annoyed Dalton excessively.

In the first place, he did not like the familiarity of it; the phrase 'my good fellow' had not often been in Holt's mouth, even if he had ever before used it; it seemed to him that the man was taking liberties with him because of his downfall. Secondly, he thought he detected a sneer in the tone in which his 'influential friends' were mentioned. It had been the object of Holt's ambition to be introduced to these friends, but their acquaintance could scarcely have been satisfactory to him, and it seemed probable that he meant to imply that they were broken reeds to lean upon, taking it for granted that they would be no more sympathetic with Dalton than they had been to himself. Thirdly, and most of all, he was irritated at the man's supposing he could be so unadvisedly selfish as to continue the same course of life, under his changed circumstances, as he had hitherto done. Nevertheless, he restrained his passion.

'You must take me for a very phlegmatic fellow, Holt—not to say a knave and a fool—to suppose I could enjoy such a year of prosperity as you suggest.'

'Indeed, I meant no offence. I have known many a man in a worse pickle than you go on precisely the same way as though he had not lost a shilling; and in the end, none but myself and one or two more ever knew that he had lost one. With a year to turn about in'—

'Don't talk such sheer nonsense!' interrupted Dalton impatiently. 'Such a phrase may mean something with your City friends, who have

always got some scheme or another of enriching themselves at the expense of the public; but as addressed to me, you must know it is mere moonshine.'

'Live on fifteen hundred, then, for double the time. Surely in two years'—

'No!' broke in the other. 'I am not likely to act a lie any more, I hope, than to tell one. I shall make no secret to any one, after I have left this house, of the ruin that has befallen me.'

'You will do as you please, Dalton, of course; but I see no reason why you should cry stinking fish. Nobody likes a man the better, or feels more inclined to help him, because he is poor; and then there is your family to be considered.'

'Sir!' cried Dalton sternly, 'I beg you will confine your observations to those affairs in which I have asked your advice. My wife and children will be guided by my own judgment in this matter, and by it alone.'

Mr Holt shrugged his shoulders, and threw his hands up (in the style that he believed to be continental) with an air so peculiarly vulgar, that it would have aroused Dalton's disgust under any circumstances; as it was, he felt his contempt for this man fast changing into a consuming hate. 'It is impossible to discuss this question, Dalton, if, in every suggestion of mine, you are determined to find some ground of quarrel. In my humble opinion, to inform the world of your ruin is to make that ruin certain. Men put water into a pump to make it draw; but if they know there is nothing in the well, they spare their labour. Except in the way of charity, no moneyed man will help you, if you begin by acknowledging yourself bankrupt.'

'And who told you, sir, that I was going to ask any man for his money?' The tone and manner of Dalton were so threatening, that Holt, who had recommenced his continental shrug, desisted from it half-way; his shoulders went up, but did not come down again, so that he remained like the famous jumping frog, who could not start by reason of the small-shot in his inside.

'I did not mean that you were going to beg, of course; but money or credit may certainly be very necessary for you, and that at once, supposing there is bad news from Brazil.'

'Bad news from Brazil! Do you mean as respects the *Lara*? Why, we have had such bad news already, that I don't see how it can be worse. I take it for granted that the shares must be paid up in full, and are worthless, and that all my fifteen thousand pounds are gone.'

'That is certain. But is it possible you have forgotten the fact that the liability is unlimited?'

The conversation we have been describing took place in the library at Riverside—a magnificent room, so contrived that to those within it there appeared no door at all, all the walls being lined from floor to ceiling with splendidly bound books. These gorgeous volumes, all gilt and colour, as well as the three large windows on which the afternoon sun was shining, now began to revolve before the unhappy Dalton's eyes; the world spun round with him, and that so fast, that it seemed he had no breath to reply to his companion's words.

'You *did* know that they were unlimited, of course?' continued the other after a long pause.

'I did; but you told me—you yourself—that they were only nominally so; that the operations

of the mine were on a comparatively small scale, and that we should never be required to pay up the shares in full, much less to become liable for more.'

'I daresay I did, my good fellow; but then I was deceived, like yourself. How could I know that the speculation would turn out to be so disastrous?'

'You mean that you did not know it was a swindle?'

'Well, a swindle is a harsh term.'

'It is the name, you have read, which the expert sent out by the committee has given to the whole concern: he says there is no gold worth speaking of, and that an attempt was made to "salt" the mine, in order to deceive him. In my opinion, to call men rogues, who are capable of such a plot as that, is to pay them a compliment. They are unmitigated cheats and scoundrels, who deserve to be laid by their heels in jail, and would be likely to contaminate those they found there.'

'My good friend, one must take matters as one finds them. If I could have foreseen that the promoters of the enterprise were such as you describe, you may be sure I should not have invested my own money in it, even for a day. It is no use crying over spilt milk; let us look at the matter like practical men. It is quite possible that the paid-up shares may cover all expenses; but, on the other hand, they may not; in which case it will be necessary that your friends should stand by you. I beg, my dear Dalton, that you will consider me as one of them, and certainly not the least interested in your welfare. I will myself be responsible for any liability you may incur in the *Lara*, over and above the amount of the shares. If you doubt the genuineness of my offer, let me put it on paper.'

'You are very good, I am sure,' returned Dalton, keeping his eyes fixed upon the carpet, and speaking as if every word was dragged from him by force. 'Your word is quite a sufficient guarantee of your wish to serve me.'

Whatever happened, he was resolutely determined that he would never lay himself under an obligation to this man.

'Good? Not at all, my dear fellow,' replied the other cheerfully; 'it is in such circumstances as the present that a friend should shew himself friendly. There is many a one who will lend you money, I don't doubt; but come to me first, I beg of you. As to security, be sure I shall never look for it; and as to interest, I hope I may be allowed to say, that another sort of interest, which I feel in the well-being of you and yours, will more than repay me for either risk or loss.'

'You are very good,' repeated Dalton mechanically.

It was not a hearty acknowledgment, far less an eager acceptance of his offer; but Holt seemed well content with it; perhaps he felt that it was something that he had been allowed to say 'you and yours' without awakening the passionate

* Unprincipled speculators who wish to make a worthless mine appear really a valuable one, sometimes surreptitiously sprinkle the ground with ore or precious stones brought from elsewhere. The unsuspecting public then rushes in and buys up the shares at greatly enhanced prices, on the faith of dazzling reports spread by the sprinklers. This process of strewing the mine with the tempting bait is called 'salting.'

resentment that he had aroused the previous night. If the gain was a small one, it had at least been made in a short time.

'We shall not know about this precious mine, I suppose, for certain, until next mail!' inquired Dalton after a pause.

'Nor even then, perhaps, as to the liability. They are sure of you, you see, confound them! or think themselves so; though, in such a case, considering how you have been imposed upon, there would be ample justification for your washing your hands of the whole matter. I know many a man that would do so, nor would the world blame him.'

'I don't understand you. How could I wash my hands of it?'

'Well, of course, it's a matter of feeling; I am not recommending you, mind, to take any steps of the kind; but it would only be acting in self-defence, if you were to say: "I have paid enough, and more than enough, for what was always worthless, and I will pay no more." You might realise what you could, and take yourself "out of the jurisdiction of the court," as the phrase is—to Sweden, for example.'

'What! and leave the rest of the shareholders to bear the brunt of it?'

'That, of course, sounds like injustice; but the question is, who *are* the other shareholders? There is not one of them who has lost fifteen thousand or five thousand, I will answer for it, beside yourself. Perhaps you are the only solvent man—I don't know, mind, but it is as likely as not—of the whole lot. If you were out of the way, it might not be worth their while to have a shot at anybody else.'

'Then you think I should abscond to Sweden with my wife and family?'

'I confess I think small blame would be imputed to you, if you withdrew yourself till matters were settled, either to that country or elsewhere; but as to your taking Mrs Dalton and the young ladies, that seems to me quite out of the question.'

'It is not more out of the question than that I should go myself, Holt,' answered Dalton coldly. 'Pray, understand that I am not yet a scoundrel, although I find myself connected with schemers, such as started the *Lara*; it will save you a great deal of pains in making any future suggestions, if you keep that in mind.' As he said this, Dalton rose from his chair, and pushing open the 'lummy' door, formed of the backs of books, walked out of the room, leaving his companion to his meditations.

Mr Richard Holt, however, was not a man to easily take offence (unless it was to his advantage—as it sometimes was—to do so); he doubtless made allowance for the soreness of one in whom the sense of ruin was so recent; and when he met his friend an hour or so afterwards in the drawing-room, it was with his usual air and manner. Dalton, on his part, also soon recovered himself; he could not but reflect that he had heard Holt give utterance to the like lax opinions and advice with respect to others, and had not rebuked him; so that it was not surprising he should have suggested such a course in his own case, without apprehension of giving offence. In spite of his dislike of the man, his company for the present was almost necessary to him; he was the only person—save his wife, who did not under-

stand them—to whom he would speak unreservedly respecting his affairs.

Holt might be useful to him yet; he had a keen practical mind, and if his advice had been at one time fatal to him, it could be no longer harmful, since he had nothing to lose. So much of assistance it seemed to him he had a right to claim. But as to accepting from him any such help as had been suggested, that was not to be thought of. He had never been indebted to him for any favour—his instincts had warned him against that from the first; and now least of all, in his wretchedness and ruin, did he feel inclined to accept assistance at his hands.

CANINE SAGACITY.

A CORRESPONDENT hands us the following anecdotes, illustrative of the remarkable reasoning powers of dogs.

The first case is one which occurred at a fashionable watering-place on the east coast of Ireland, some twenty years ago, and exhibits the remarkable sagacity displayed by a dog in carrying out the dictates of the animal passion for revenge. The jetty which stretched along the small harbour was at that time used as a promenade by the élite among the sojourners on the coast, where, after the heat of the long summer days, they regaled themselves with the fresh evening breezes wafted in from the sea. Among the frequenters of this fashionable resort was a gentleman of some position, who was the owner of a fine Newfoundland dog, which inherited the time-honoured possessions of that noble breed—very great power and facility in swimming; and at the period of the evening when the jetty was most crowded with promenaders, his master delighted to put this animal through a series of aquatic performances for the entertainment of the assembled spectators. Amusement being at a premium on the coast, these nightly performances grew into something like an 'institution,' and the brave 'Captain'—for such was his name—speedily became a universal favourite on the jetty. It happened, however, that among the new arrivals on the coast there came a certain major in Her Majesty's army, accompanied by two bull-dogs of unusual size and strength, and of very great value; but value in a bull-dog being inversely proportionate to its beauty, the appearance of the major and his dogs excited no very enthusiastic pleasure amongst the æsthetic strollers on the jetty. On the first night on which the major presented himself, nothing unusual occurred; and Captain dived and swam as before. But on the second evening, the brave old favourite was walking quietly behind his master down the jetty, when, as they were passing by the major and his dogs, one of these ugly brutes flew at Captain, and caught him by the neck in such a way as to render his great size utterly useless for his defence. A violent struggle ensued, but the bull-dog came off the victor, for he stuck to his foe like a leech, and could only be forced to release his hold by the insertion of a bar of iron between his teeth. The

indignation of the by-standers against the major was, of course, very great; and its fervour was not a little increased, when they saw the poor Captain wending his way homeward, bleeding, and bearing all the marks of defeat. Some two or three evenings after this occurrence, when Captain again made his appearance on the jetty, he looked quite crestfallen, bore his tail between his legs, and stuck closely to the heels of his master. That evening passed away quietly, and the next, and the next; and so on for about a week—Captain still bearing the aspect of mourning. But one evening about eight or ten days after the above encounter, as the major was marching in his usual pompous manner along the jetty accompanied by his dogs, something attracted his attention in the water, and walking to the very edge of the jetty, he stood for a moment looking down into the sea. Scarcely had the two bulldogs taken up their stand beside their master, when Captain seizing the opportunity for which he had so long looked, rushed at his former conqueror, and catching him by the back of the neck, jumped off the jetty with his foe in his mouth, down some twenty feet or more, into the sea. Once in the water, the power of his enemy was crippled, while Captain was altogether in his own element; and easily overcoming all efforts at resistance, he succeeded in resolutely keeping the bull-dog's head under water. The excitement on the shore was of course intense. The major shouted, and called out: 'My dog! my beautiful dog! Will no one save him?' But no one seemed at all inclined to interfere, or to risk their lives for the ugly dog. At length the major called out: 'I'll give fifty pounds to any one who will save my dog;' and soon afterwards a boat which lay at some little distance pulled up to the rescue. Even then, however, it was only by striking Captain on the head with the oars that he could be forced to release his victim, which was taken into the boat quite senseless from exhaustion and suffocation, and was with difficulty brought to itself again. Captain, on the other hand, swam in triumph to the shore, amid the plaudits of the spectators, who shared, in sympathy at least, his well-earned honours of revenge.

More remarkable than the sagacity in carrying out the desire for revenge displayed by the Newfoundland dog in the above case, is that which the following narrative illustrates. A gentleman of wealth and position in London had, some years ago, a country-house and farm about sixty miles from the metropolis. At this country residence he kept a number of dogs, and amongst them a very large mastiff and a Scotch terrier; and at the close of one of his summer residences in the country, he resolved to bring this terrier with him to London for the winter season. There being no railway to that particular part of the country, the dog travelled with the servants in a post-carriage, and on his arrival at the town-house was brought out to the stable, where a large Newfoundland dog was kept as a watch-dog. This latter individual looked with anything but pleasure on the arrival of the little intruder from the country; and consequently the Scotch terrier had not been very long in his new home when this canine master of the stable attacked him, and, in the language of human beings, gave him a sound thrashing. The little animal could, of course, never hope by himself to

chastise his host for this inhospitable welcome, but he determined that by some agency chastisement should come. Accordingly, he lay very quiet that night in a remote corner of the stable, but when morning had fully shone forth, he was nowhere to be found. Search was made for him, as the phrase says, high and low, but without success; and the conclusion reluctantly arrived at was, that he had been stolen. On the third morning after his disappearance, however, he again shewed himself in London, but this time not alone; for, to the amazement of every one, he entered the stable attended by the big mastiff from Kent. This great brute had no sooner arrived than he flew at the Newfoundland dog, who had so badly treated his little terrier friend, and a severe contest ensued, which the little terrier himself, seated at a short distance, viewed with the utmost dignity and satisfaction. The result of the battle was, that the mastiff came off the conqueror, and gave his opponent a tremendous beating. When he had quite satisfied himself as to the result, this great avenger from Kent scarcely waited to receive the recognition of his master, who had been sent for immediately on the dog's arrival, but at once marched out of the stable, to the door of which the little terrier accompanied him, and was seen no more. Some few days afterwards, however, the gentleman received a letter from his steward in the country informing him of the sudden appearance of the terrier there, and his as sudden disappearance along with the large mastiff; and stating that the latter had remained away three or four days, during which they had searched in vain for him, but had just then returned home again. It then, of course, became quite clear that the little dog, finding himself unable to punish the town bully, had thought of his 'big brother' in the country, had travelled over the sixty miles which separated them, in order to gain his assistance, and had recounted to him his grievance; it was plain also that the mastiff had consented to come and avenge his old friend, had travelled with him to London, and having fulfilled his promise, had returned home, leaving the little fellow free from annoyance for the future.

The following well-known story is a strong example of the great intelligence which may be developed in a dog by careful training. A fashionably dressed English gentleman was one day crossing one of the bridges over the Seine at Paris, when he felt something knock against his legs, and looking down, he found that a small poodle dog had rubbed against him, and covered his boots with mud. He was, of course, much annoyed, and execrated the little brute pretty freely; but when he got to the other side of the bridge, he had the boots cleaned at a stand for the purpose, and thought no more about the matter. Some days after this occurrence, however, he had occasion again to cross that bridge, and the same little incident occurred. Thinking this somewhat odd, he resolved to watch where the little dog went to; and leaning against the side of the bridge, he followed with his eye the movements of his dirty little friend. He saw him rub against the feet of one gentleman after another, till he had exhausted all the mud off his once white skin, then rush off down the bank of the river, and there roll himself in the mud collected at the side. Having thus got

a new supply of dirt, the little animal ran up to the bridge again, and proceeded to transfer it to the boots of the passers-by, as before. Having watched his movements for some time, the gentleman noticed that on one occasion, instead of running down to the river, he went off to the proprietor of the stand for cleaning boots, at the other end of the bridge, who received him very cordially. The truth then for the first time dawned on him, that the little animal belonged to the man who cleaned the boots, and was trained by him to perform these mischievous deeds, for the purpose of bringing in custom. Being very fond of dogs, the Englishman resolved to purchase this clever little fellow, and bring him back to England with him. When, however, he went to the dog's master, that person at first denied any connection with him, and only admitted the ownership when he was perfectly satisfied that his interrogator had no connection with the police. For some time also he refused to part with the little poodle, saying that no money could pay him for the loss of his dog, who really made his living for him. Tempted, however, by a very high price, he at last consented to sell the dog; and the gentleman, a few days afterwards, brought him over to England, travelling *via* Boulogne to Folkstone. His residence in England was some thirty or forty miles from Folkstone, and to this place he brought his little purchase. He had not been many days in his new home, however, when the little French poodle suddenly disappeared. Search was made for him everywhere, but to no effect. His new master offered a reward for him, but with the same result; and he had at last made up his mind that the little fellow had been either poisoned or stolen, when one morning, about six weeks after his mysterious disappearance, the gentleman received a letter from a friend in Paris telling him that his dog was back again there, and at his old trade of soiling boots in the interest of his former master. The little fellow not liking the dullness of a country life, had resolved to return to his former home, and had made his way to Folkstone; there, as the gentleman afterwards ascertained, he had got on board a steamer going to Boulogne, and from Boulogne had found his way back to Paris.

Of the foregoing three stories, the first two are probably even more remarkable than the last. The last (except as to the dog's finding its way back to Paris) illustrates only the possibility of developing in a dog, by the training of its natural intelligence, an almost human ingenuity. But it is by instilling into the dog the intelligence of a higher being that this skill is engendered. The spring of the intelligence is in the trainer, and it is to attain an object which the higher being, and not the lower, has in view. But in the first two cases, the whole process is the dog's: the object to be secured, namely, revenge, is what the dog himself seeks, and the means by which that object is to be attained are devised and carried out by the instinct of the dog. That a dog should harbour revenge is, of course, not a very wonderful fact; but there is a calm reflection and a cool calculation displayed in the first two cases above given, which make them somewhat peculiar. If what we call instinct in these animals embraces powers so very like reason; if they are swayed by the same passions and affections which move us, and they are able to communicate to their fellows the feelings which

stir them, and the external circumstances which bring those feelings into play, the border-line between man's mental territory and theirs becomes a little bit indefinite.

MEMORIES.

When the gray twilight softly spreads
Her robe o'er earth and sky;
When the far mountains' shaggy heads
Are lost to human eye;
When the tired bird at eve hath sought
Sleep in the tuneless bower;
When the last bee wings homeward, fraught
With forage from the flower;
When the dark pinewood dimly shows
Its deepening tints of green;
When in the west with crimson glows
The sunset's closing scene—
I watch the glimmering shadows kiss
The threshold of the night,
And o'er my heart a soothing bliss
Falls in the waning light;
And grosser thoughts that sternly cling
To Life's dull sober day,
Leave me, as swallows on the wing
Flit from our sight away.
And soft as ripple on the lake,
Within my bosom rise
Half-whispered yearnings, that awake
A thousand memories—
Sweet memories, that only come
To woo my waking dreams,
When twilight shrouds the woodlands dumb,
And slumbers on the streams—
Of faces that I loved of yore,
And songs the loved ones sang,
And children's voices—heard no more—
That through the greenwood rang.
O spirit treasures, ye are mine,
And to my heart belong,
Yet linger not till I repine,
Or sing a sadder song;
But leave me while I still have power
To catch the sunny glow
Wafted from Memory's blissful bower—
The shrine of Long Ago.

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OUR FEATHERED NEIGHBOURS.

ROOKS.

THOUGH I was born and bred in the country, I passed a quarter of a century in an important provincial city, during which time I was pretty actively engaged in business. Throughout that term of years I constantly cherished the hope of being able to retire from the bustle of commerce, to spend the closing days of my life in a rural home of my own. This desire has also been gratified. My place is known as 'The Holly Bush,' though it was none of my naming; but that is nothing to the purpose. The house is very pleasant, being surrounded by a garden and orchard, with about twenty acres of good pasture-land. We have a couple of cows, a pony—or I should say a col—several pigs, and a well-stocked poultry-yard. It is quite necessary that I should enter into these matters at the outset, in order that the reader may understand that the particulars I am about to state concerning my neighbours are the result of observation, and not a mere compilation of other men's experience.

The neighbours concerning whom I am about to speak are the Rooks. Their colony, a very extensive one, is about a hundred yards from the gates of my dwelling, and, indeed, it forms the boundary of my property, though, to speak correctly, it stretches far beyond the limits of my modest domain. Having abundance of leisure, I amuse myself by watching their proceedings, and as my observations have been spread over three consecutive years, I believe I have gained some special knowledge of their habits and customs.

Our attention was first attracted to these birds on a bright sunny morning in the month of February, when they came by hundreds, and set up such an outbreak of 'caws,' that the most indifferent persons could not be unaware of their presence. The severe weather of winter had prevailed but a few days before, and I considered it was somewhat strange at the time that these birds could be looking for the spring season on so short a notice, so I watched their doings very

attentively. It certainly appeared to me, after a while, that there was much more noise than work amongst our neighbours. Indeed, I could not discover that they did any work at all. Each rook shouted as loud as it could, and every shout awoke a hundred reverberations. Sometimes a large number would simultaneously set out on the wing, and make a flight of considerable circuit, and then return, and set up as loud a cawing as ever. Though, of course, I knew that rooks are gregarious, I observed that there existed a statute of limitation amongst them. If some of the nests were built very near to each other, I saw, in other instances, that the sanctity of home was strictly guarded, and that only the proprietors themselves were allowed to come within what I judged to be a restricted number of feet. It struck me that all the hubbub that was made had reference to a settlement of old sites and new ones; some stood in their nests, and proclaimed as from so many rostrums, probably the continuous rights of property. It might be to save themselves the labour of building, that they pleaded the necessity of the first-comers being first served, though others who had no nests were equally uproarious. Be that as it may, such a maxim was not favoured by the republican law of rooks, for if ever a bold and rebellious young couple sought to take possession of a nest by force—it might be the one in which they themselves were reared, and therefore the property of their own parents—they were invariably overpowered by numbers, and ignominiously expelled. Neither are any of the community allowed to become separatists, for if, in a sulky mood, these youngsters shewed signs of such intention, punishment would follow. It may therefore be readily imagined that the building stances are regulated by fixed principles.

We all know that bright February days are generally followed by north-easterly blasts, of which there is an old adage that 'they are good for neither man nor beast,' and, most certainly, they are not calculated to excite any merriment in the rookery. The birds sit in silence on the branches, swayed by the force of the wind, and

have the appearance of being uncomfortable to the last degree. I have occasionally thought that they felt ashamed of being deceived by the treachery of the weather. In a few hours they look as if they had grown prematurely old, and could never again take any interest in sublunary affairs.

About the first of March, however, if the weather be dry, and the wind not too boisterous, the work of building begins in earnest. The older birds have only to effect a few repairs, but the young ones have to begin from the foundation. On the 6th of that month, I observed a couple just making a start, and though there was a great deal of noise, the tone and manner of the birds were different. They did not appear to be shouting one to another, as before, but seemed to caw for their own delectation and encouragement. At the end of the first day but little progress was made. No form of a nest was indicated by the few sticks that might have been carelessly thrown together. On the two following days the wind blew very hard, and all hands struck work. None was so adventurous as to attempt to carry on business. The day following, however, the storm subsided; and though the weather continued cold, the colony once more became the scene of noise and activity.

In the first stage of building, and even until the nest begins to assume a finished form, it is found necessary that one bird should remain on guard, whilst the other goes forth in search of building materials. From very careful watching I have come to the conclusion that this is not done alternately by the male and female birds. The former does the work, not only of bringing home the sticks, twigs, and other requisites, but also of arranging them in order; whilst the lady's duty is to take care of the property already acquired. Occasionally, as if to assert her independence and equality with her husband, she will take to flight, either for food or exercise, or perhaps in her anxiety to hasten the progress of the building. It is during her absence that most of the depredations are committed. Such pilferings are managed in the most stealthy manner possible; the thief, which is generally a near neighbour, pretends to be very busy, and when she imagines that no one is looking on, will nip up a twig and apply it, as well as any other portion of the unprotected property, to her own purposes. I have never seen a theft committed openly, probably from the fear of exciting popular indignation.

The breaking off of twigs and sticks from the branches of trees must be very hard work. A rook may be often seen tugging away for half an hour before its purpose can be accomplished. During the two days' storm to which I alluded just now, a great quantity of what might appear, at first sight, to be useful material, was strewn on the ground, but the rooks never attempted to make any use of it. Probably they knew by instinct that what they gathered, themselves, from

off the living trees was more sound and durable than such as was brought down by the wind. When carrying home the larger sticks, the birds often appear to be much exhausted with the labour, and in attempting to wend a somewhat intricate way amongst the branches, they not unfrequently lose their prize when within a few yards, or even feet, of their destination; still I could not make out that under such circumstances a rook ever descended for the purpose of recovering what it had lost. They seemed to bear their misfortunes in a philosophical manner, and set to forage again without delay. At the end of a week's work the nest I was especially watching began to assume its veritable form, the female was able to sit in it, but would hop out on the return of her partner, in order that he might the more conveniently continue the building or lining process. At a certain point the nest is supposed to have attained a legal settlement, after which both birds may leave home with impunity. In about a fortnight the dwelling is complete.

Up to this time, the entire colony leave the building-places at night and proceed to their roosting-quarters in a body, which are frequently some miles away, generally in an extensive wood, which affords shelter from the wind. It is interesting to observe that in their course the number of the flock is frequently increased, being joined by parties coming from different quarters, and falling in amicably together. A short time since I witnessed quite a different movement. A large company was flying in one direction, when suddenly they wheeled round, and went through what reminded me of a series of military evolutions. Presently, they divided into two bodies, and set off in different directions, the stragglers on both sides making all speed to join their own relatives. Had this happened at break of day, I could have accounted for the circumstance, seeing that the rooks—which of all birds are amongst the earliest stir—quit their night-quarters in large flocks, some of which diverge at certain points for the purpose of repairing to their several building-stations. As it took place in the evening, I looked upon it as somewhat peculiar, but I have since frequently seen the same thing.

As soon as the period of building is over, and the time for laying their eggs has come, the rooks take up their permanent quarters beside their nests. And now the female begins to display all the blandishments of coquetry, ruffling her feathers on her partner's approach, cawing at him fondly with outstretched neck, then striking him playfully with the tips of her extended wings. All this is followed by what many have mistaken for a battle-royal, when in reality it is quite the reverse. Though rooks do quarrel and fight occasionally, their general disposition is more peaceful and amiable than they receive credit for. Their fighting propensities have been grossly exaggerated.

In a week or ten days they usually have four or five eggs in the nest, and then the process of

incubation begins. During this time the male bird is most assiduous in the discharge of his domestic duties. He brings home abundant food for the use of his sitting mate, and occasionally takes her place in the nest, whilst she goes abroad, it may be for an airing. About the middle of April, the young birds may be heard giving utterance to a squeaking note, whilst the parents send forth a gobbling kind of sound. Their labours in bringing food for their young are unwearied, commencing with the first streak of dawn for the 'early worm,' and finishing only at nightfall. Sometimes they return from the fields singly, sometimes together, to their clamorous brood. And so the daily round of labour goes on until the young birds are 'branchers,' and the branchers have flown.

Rooks have their partiality and their aversion to certain classes of other birds. Jackdaws and starlings are free to visit the colony without fear of molestation, but not to build there. If a magpie, however, should put in an appearance, a great commotion would be the immediate consequence. I have seen the latter bird compelled to beat a retreat when followed by several black gentry, who assumed a very threatening attitude. On such occasions the pie is wont to give vent to what I interpreted to be very much like a torrent of abuse rebutted in a decidedly cursory manner. On one occasion in particular, my attention was attracted by this kind of controversy, so much so that my curiosity was aroused to discover, if possible, the cause. I soon found that an unfledged rook had accidentally, as I suppose, dropped from its nest, and was lying dead on the ground. This the magpie desired to remove, but however good its intention might be in a sanitary point of view, the strong prejudice of its opponents would not permit the thing to be done.

Rooks have frequently taken up their quarters amidst the bustle and constant traffic of public thoroughfares, apparently unconcerned about the passing and repassing of the crowd; but when their abode is situated in a remote district, they are extremely susceptible of the approach of strangers. Even the appearance of a strange dog or cat is, in some cases, a sufficient cause for exciting a great noise and commotion; whilst those which belong to the place would attract no attention whatever.

In common with other kinds of birds, rooks will sometimes help themselves to fruit, newly sown corn, and the young tubers of potatoes; still, the incalculable good they do in clearing the earth of grubs, so destructive to crops, is surely more than a compensation for such depredations.

The second or third week in May is usually considered the season for rook-shooting. At the first discharge of a gun, the old birds make off, or soar so high as to be beyond the reach of the shot. The young birds only remain, and aim should never be taken at them except when they are on the wing. It is not considered fair to bring down branchers, unless it be imperatively necessary to greatly thin their numbers; but the practice sometimes resorted to of killing them in the nest is one that deserves the utmost reprobation.

It is a mistake to suppose, as some have asserted, that when the young broods are reared, and are able to take care of themselves, the nests and rookery are deserted until the following year. It is true the whole company of birds do not constantly remain there, and some days, or even a

week or two, may elapse without any such visitors being observed. At the same time, they may be seen in the neighbouring fields plying their beaks in the soil in comparative silence, or following the plough at a later period, for the purpose of picking up the grubs which have been turned up from their subterranean hiding-places. This desertion is not continued for a long period. A sudden visitation may take place at any time, and, judging from the noise that is often made, the rooks on such occasions transact important business. At other times, and especially in the winter season, about a dozen birds may be seen busily occupied in the work of inspection; and I have been led to imagine they were a deputation of surveyors, authorised to look after and report on the condition of the general property. That they have any extraordinary prescience concerning the decay of trees, there is considerable reason for doubt; and that they have been so far affected by the removal of a family as to desert the locality, must be traced to the lively imagination of the poet.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XII.—SYMPATHETIC INK.

THE days at Riverside went on as of old: there were croquet-parties, riding-parties, water-parties, during the daytime; and in the evening there were dinner-parties, dancing-parties, and charades. The house was neither gayer nor less gay than it was wont to be, and in all these entertainments John Dalton bore his part—which was always the chief part. He possessed the reputation of being the 'life and soul' of every social gathering, and he had to sustain it; just as a great nobleman must 'keep up' his vast estate, although he is in reality as poor as his meanest tenant. It was not so difficult a task as many would imagine. The high spirits which had hitherto carried him so bravely and buoyantly on the very top of the wave, it is true, had vanished; but the light manner and the sparkling wit remained; they had become as natural to him as pomposity or melancholy to another; and it needed a keen observer to note that paste had taken the place of the diamond. It was only remarked of him that he was growing cynical, a condition at which most men of wit and pleasure arrive long before his time of life.

Jenny indeed had gravely asked: 'Mamma, what is the matter with dear papa?' And when her mother had answered: 'Nothing, darling,' she came to the conclusion there was something very bad indeed. But Jenny, as we have heard her observe, was a looker-on at the game of life, and saw more of it than the players.

On the third day, the answers to John Dalton's applications to his friends began to arrive; each of them a page of human nature, complete and characteristic in itself, yet differing from all the rest only in degree. He was a man too popular with the crowd—for the 'crowd' is a term that suits with the highest fashion and the most cultured minds, as fitly as with the lowest and the most ignorant—to have secured the best sort of friends: he had 'dulled his palm' too much with welcoming mere comrades, to have grappled to himself true men with hooks of steel; that kind, perhaps, did not exist in the society among which he had

moved, and where *camaraderie* rather than friendship was cultivated; but such hearts as there had been to win, he had really won. He did not receive one letter such as satirists have described as the reply of a rich man to a ruined one. No man absolutely turned his back upon him, or offered him a five-pound note in compromise and farewell.

His knowledge of the world had doubtless prevented him from applying to the intrinsically base. Yet these letters were very various; there were some that brought the blood into his cheek for very shame, and some the tears into his eyes, with their outspoken tenderness and generosity. There were apprehensive letters—or what, perhaps, his soreness only took for such; letters in which he thought he read a fear lest the writer should be called upon to put his hand into his pocket; and there were letters in which such offers as the following were to be found, couched in more or less delicate phrase: 'As to money, my dear fellow, though you do not mention it, and I am afraid would be backward in doing so, pray, remember, if you should want a banker, to apply to me.'

Three letters in which that suggestion was made came from very wealthy men, who had never in their lives known what it was to want a shilling, or a thousand pounds. If they had made their money, their readiness to appreciate the want of it in another would have been less surprising. As it was, their generosity overwhelmed him; while it pricked his pride only a very little, for he had not the smallest intention of taking advantage of their offers. These last two classes were, of course, at the opposite ends of the scale of his correspondents. Between them, came a number of replies representing less marked varieties of character. What was most displeasing to him were the conventional condolences which were expressed, and especially the confident expectations the writers affected to entertain that all things would be well with him by-and-by. 'A man with ready wit like yours,' some said, 'cannot long be without some profitable employment'; and one even wrote that 'he could hardly help congratulating a man of such abilities that he would be now compelled, though the compulsion for the moment might seem irksome' ('Confound his impudence!' exclaimed Dalton in a fury), 'to apply them to the benefit of the state; for, as to his getting some high post under government, there could not be the smallest doubt.'

As to this last, almost all his friends were agreed in the same view; they had not 'the smallest doubt' that he would get something—and at once, added the more sanguine—'which would relieve him from his anxieties, and perhaps place him in a more agreeable groove of existence than he had hitherto occupied.' Only a few honest friends allowed that he was 'in a hole,' and hoped, evidently against hope, that he would be soon out of it. He noticed, with a bitter smile, that these last persons had themselves been place-hunters in their time, and understood the difficulties of the pursuit.

For the rest, the answer to the main question which he had addressed to each was in every case the same, and identical with that given to all beggars: 'I am very sorry, my good man, but I have nothing for you.'

Dalton felt that they had spoken the truth; but the truth was only less bitter than if they had replied: 'We have something, but we will not give it to you.' Such would in effect be the answer of Sir William Skipton, he knew, no matter in what terms it was conveyed, and he was not going to put himself in the way of such a rebuff. He had already exhausted every channel to which he might reasonably look for aid, and it was idle indeed to make application in less likely quarters.

A day or two more passed by, and the last of the replies had reached him. They all told the same tale. There was nothing for him but to wait and not hope: there was no ground, in truth, to build ever so small a hope upon. He had laid all the letters before his wife, and she had perused them with infinite care; not glancing through them with a sort of scornful impatience, as he had done, and then throwing them aside, but well weighing every word, and from some extracting here and there a grain of comfort. But her great consolation and hope of help lay elsewhere altogether.

'John, dear, God will never forsake us; however we may have deserved His wrath, He will never leave our innocent children to starve.'

'You have deserved nothing but good of Him,' cried Dalton passionately. 'That is what makes it so bitter to me.'

'O John, how can you talk so!' pleaded she earnestly. 'We have little—at least I am sure that I have fallen very, very far short of my duty, and many times; and even if it had not been so, if I had been what your blind love supposes, does not St Paul himself call himself the chief of sinners?'

'Yes; but he did not believe it; or if he did, he had his reasons: you never went about persecuting people, for example, to persuade them to be Pharisees.'

'O John, John! I beseech you, whatever happens, do not give up your faith. It is certain we are all sinners.'

'I am quite willing to own as much in my own case,' answered her husband. 'I don't say I have not deserved even such a blow as this: but as for you and the children—you will not tell me, I suppose, that Jenny, whom nothing but a miracle could have healed from the first, and who will now perish from sheer lack of means to save her—has deserved it?—There, darling; I am sorry: don't give way like that. I was wrong, very wrong, to talk so, but I feel at times so desperate. It is over now. You shall never hear me question the decrees of Fate again.'

He kept his word to her from that hour; but in his heart he did still question them, and resented them; for bright, and even brilliant, though it was, John Dalton had a very undisciplined mind. Moreover, he had been all his life a favourite of Fortune, and now that she had turned her back upon him, he was as furious as a lover who has just been jilted. The world was not only out of joint with him, because this *Lara* mine had turned out an ill success, but both worlds. The whole system of the universe seemed to him either to be thrown out of gear, or to be wrong *ab ovo*; a state of mind which will appear not only intensely wicked, but absurdly unreasonable—to all persons who have not experienced a like misfortune. In sober fact, the three thousand pounds or so which

still remained to him, and which some would no doubt regard as a small fortune, seemed to one of his habits a mere stop-gap—a halting-place upon the road to ruin; and in his place, it would probably have so appeared to most of us. He felt himself 'going under'—not, indeed, at one plunge, but quite as surely as though it had been so, and that he was dragging with him those he loved into the depths of poverty—a condition which they were utterly unfitted to endure. Escape for himself there was none; he no longer looked, or wished for any such; but how to rescue his wife and children was a problem that was never absent from his mind. And at last a plan occurred to him. He had had it, fitfully, in his mind before, but had always discarded it for a certain reason; but now it was suggested to him anew by his host, of course unwittingly, since he had not been let into the secret of his misfortune.

Mr Campden was a man who, though not exactly what is called 'self-made,' had risen from comparatively small beginnings; his father had had a moderately good business, which enabled him to send his son to college, where he had first become acquainted with Dalton; and this business—it was type-founding—the younger Campden had greatly extended. But the mass of his fortune had arisen from the eligible investment of his savings. It was a maxim of his never to sell what he had once bought; he held on to it through good report and evil report, and in almost all cases—even when the stock was depreciated—had found his account in doing so. He contended that in this consisted the great advantage which a rich man possesses over a poor one in the matter of speculation—that he can afford to hold on.

He had shares in every description of property: in banks, in railways, and in ships; and taking them all round, his investments had been very fortunate. He was the last man to boast of his wealth—purse-pride was a sentiment utterly beneath and foreign to his wholesome nature; but he did plume himself a little upon those transactions which had done credit to his judgment.

Some ten days after the misfortune that had befallen his guest, a certain dividend came to him by the morning post which afforded him unusual satisfaction.

He threw it across the table with a chuckle, and bade Dalton look at it. How little he knew that he was behaving like the cruel school-boy to his hungry class-fellow: 'Do you like cake? Then see me eat it.' He would rather have cut his hand off, or at all events a finger, than have insulted the ruined man with the display of his good fortune.

Dalton ran his eye over the sum-total, which was in four figures.

'You must have a heap of money in the concern said he carelessly, 'to produce such a dividend as this?'
 'As to this?' replied the other gleefully; 'but it for ~~our~~ paid less than ten per cent. since the go on to my advice in a certain matter. It's in the *Palm Branch Insurance Society*.
 themselves died Dalton as coldly as before; but while their ~~our~~ rush to his cheeks, and then ebb almost infallibly *Branch* was the company in of the folk-lore 'as was insured for five thousand Inlander is rejoy was it you raised the dividend, as a poor

'Well, it was the simplest thing in the world. I had long noticed that the insurance companies that were most popular with the public are those which cover every description of loss, and which do not haggles about exceptional risks. A man don't want to go to the Cannibal Islands—and as a matter of fact doesn't go—but he also does not like to be told that he may not do so if he chooses. Well, I, as their chairman, persuaded my brother-directors to sweep all these restrictions away, and the results have been surprisingly satisfactory. Our applications for policies have almost doubled, and yet we are not a penny the worse. A man may even join the *Palm Branch* and cut his throat the next morning if he pleases, and yet his widow will get her money.'

'And nobody has ever done it?'

It seemed to Dalton, as he put this question, that every one was looking at him, though for his part he looked at none, but toying with his tea-spoon, stared at the bottom of his cup. His wife, he felt certain, had her eye upon him, and Holt also.

'Of course nobody has done it,' returned his host contemptuously; 'and it is ten thousand to one that nobody ever will. If he does, so much the better for us. We should pay his policy in a month by the increase of our clients. "The *Palm Branch* for our money," they will say, "for it makes no objections to anything." Other companies are already copying us so far as to allow their people to put an end to themselves after six months; but that is a half-measure which will do neither good nor harm. It is the most satisfactory suggestion in the way of business that ever I made.'

'I think it a very horrid one,' remarked Mrs Campden sententially.

'Then you mustn't drive your new pair of ponies any more, my dear,' was her husband's quiet reply, 'for the price of them came out of it.'

'Well, I suppose it is not so bad as it looks,' returned the hostess, in a more mitigated tone; 'but on the first blush of it, it appears almost like a premium upon suicide.'

'No, my dear; the suicide pays the premium, not we; though, perhaps, he may only do it once.'

'I do not see anything to joke about, Mr Campden, on so shocking a subject,' observed the lady austere, as she rose with the rest of her sex from the now finished repast.

'I assure you, my dear, I only wished to remove your scruples about those ponies. They are really not the price of blood, because nobody has yet reaped any advantage from our new arrangement. There is, perhaps, a little temptation to some of our clients, when they shave; but as to using their razors for—'

'Ugh!' interrupted the lady, as she swept out of the room in the rear of the retreating force. 'Don't talk of such things, I beg. If that is what you call humour, I am glad I don't understand it.'

'Now, my wife would drive those ponies, Dalton, —and with just as great satisfaction if half our board of directors should cut their throats to-morrow,' observed Mr Campden, as the door closed behind her.

'But not if the chairman did it, I hope?' said Dalton, smiling.

'Well, I think in that case she'd wait—perhaps a week,' answered the host with a cheerful laugh. His dividend had put him in great good-humour.

For the moment, nothing more was said, but when Dalton and his host were presently smoking their cigars together in the garden, the former resumed the subject.

'I suppose,' said he, 'this obliging permission of yours, to all whom it may concern to make away with themselves, is not retrospective? You don't allow people to do it who have insured with you under the old system?'

'Well, no; because there is nothing attractive about that to new clients. But at the same time there is some doubt—at least so our secretary thinks, who is a lawyer—whether they might not take advantage of the concession if they would. It seems deuced hard that a man who has insured with us for twenty years, for example, may not blow his brains out if he pleases, while any fellow who joined us yesterday enjoys the privilege. For my part, however, I think the law would be upon our side; and—setting aside that the thing is a crime—the Gospel too. We have agreed with the old set for a penny a day, and if we choose to give the new ones twopence, the former have no right to complain.'

'You mean no legal right?' observed Dalton, to whom a parable from the Scriptures had just now no overwhelming force of conviction.

'Well, yes. Of course there would be something to be said morally—if the subject admitted of morals—upon the other side. The man who had insured with us for twenty years, for example, would certainly not be as guilty of fraud, if he were to commit suicide and to conceal it, as he would have been had our new system never been inaugurated. There would, at all events, be more excuse for him, since his case would—by comparison—be a hard one.'

'And yet I suppose you would not pay a policy thus forfeited?'

'Yes; I should recommend it to be paid, because I think it would be *our* policy to pay it. It would be a most splendid advertisement, and would not cost more than the usual method of advertising. You have no idea what a lot of money is spent in that way even by an insurance company.'

And Mr Campden went off into statistics upon that subject, and the topic of life insurance was dropped.

Mr Campden was a man of large ideas in business transactions, and hated details unless they were of real importance; he had never had the curiosity to peruse the list of policy-holders in the *Palm Branch*, and was quite ignorant that his guest—who, on his part, never troubled his friends with his own affairs—was insured in it.

Mrs Dalton, whose parents had died while she was little more than a child, had come of age shortly before her marriage, and, as we have said, had refused to have her fortune of ten thousand pounds settled upon her in the usual way, but had given the absolute disposal of it to her husband; and he in his turn—though at that time he had thought the money as safe from any act of his, as though it had been tied up by the most stringent of deeds—had insured his life for half that sum—namely, five thousand pounds. He had not dreamed, although the thing had thus been done in the way of a 'set off,' that this provision for his family would ever be a matter of great moment; but its importance, if 'anything should

happen to him,' had now become paramount. This sum added to the three thousand pounds which he still possessed, would secure them a competency. On the other hand, if he should continue to live on, the three thousand pounds would be spent all the quicker; for, instead of being the bread-winner of his family, he would only be the largest consumer of their bread; while the insurance itself would be a millstone about their necks, by reason of the yearly premiums, one of which, as it happened, was due in a month's time.

TRADITIONS OF THE ESKIMO.

AMONG the remarkable people with whose existence under the name of Esquimaux we have all been familiar from childhood, there exists a tradition that a small tribe in one of their long summer wanderings became separated from their brethren, and winter coming upon them, the possibility of retreat was cut off; that, accepting their fate, they established themselves on land situated immediately at the north pole; so that the happy man who ultimately succeeds in planting the flag of his nation there, is to find he has been preceded by a handful of people, who have contrived to exist for ages in a state of complete isolation from the rest of the world. In all probability, the events of the next few months will prove the basis on which this myth rests to be a very hollow and insufficient one. But meanwhile, it is certain that when Kane first visited Smith's Sound he discovered a small tribe of Eskimo living there, who were astonished to find they were not the only people on the face of the earth. The learned author of a little book which is now before us (*Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo*, by Dr Henry Rink), spent sixteen winters and twenty-two summers among this people, first as scientific explorer, and afterwards as royal inspector or governor of the southern Danish establishments in Greenland. Dr Rink's acquaintance with the language of the Eskimo enabled him to appreciate, and to take down for our benefit, the oral traditions; some of which, from very ancient times, had been handed down from father to son, and got themselves repeated in the long and dreary arctic night. Taken in the lump, and read by the uninitiated, these stories might only too easily be regarded as a mass of rubbish. But the practised eye detects the thread of gold that may be hidden in the lump of clay; and so in these wild, often apparently meaningless tales, our author has discovered relics of an early social (he uses the term spiritual) life, which, as he says, are surely as important when studying the history of a people's progress, as the ornaments, weapons, &c. which are so eagerly searched for in the very bones of the earth, as indications of material progress. The Eskimo are essentially a people of the back. They are seldom to be met with more than 800 miles or at farthest eighty miles from the sea. If we trace the extent of country, as they had turned line occupied by them, we find not more than a few thousand miles between those of the north and either the shores of Behring's Strait and the Gulf of St. Lawrence: a state of the extreme east of Labrador. Only intensely it is easy to believe how, so circumscribed a space, to all persons physically, they have become a source of misfortune. In tribes, some of which are not more than a few hundred or so which

existence of the rest. Dr Rink divides these tribes into a few principal sections.

1. *The East Greenlanders*, along the whole of the east coast of Greenland down to Cape Farewell, the southernmost of whom every year make bartering excursions to the Danish settlement nearest the Cape, and have intercourse with the next section. 2. *The West Greenlanders*, or inhabitants of the Danish trading districts from the Cape upwards to seventy-four degrees north latitude. 3. *The Northernmost Greenlanders*, or inhabitants of the west coast to the north of Melville Bay, or what Sir John Ross called the 'Arctic Highlanders.' 4. *The Labrador Eskimo*. 5. *The Eskimo of the Middle Regions*, occupying all the coasts from Baffin and Hudson Bays to Barter Island, near Mackenzie River. 6. *The Western Eskimo*, who are the nearest akin to the Aleutians and the inland Eskimo, and shew traces of intermingled Indian blood. And lastly, the *Asiatic Eskimo*, with whom we are not at the present moment concerned, since it is of the people settled principally on the coast of Greenland that Dr Rink writes. It has been usual, until very lately—that is, till after the introduction of Christianity amongst them—to speak of these people as savages, without law, order, or religion. A superficial way of regarding them, very possible, as Dr Rink observes, to those who only went ashore for a few hours, and proceeded in some vague way to question a people with whose very language they were unfamiliar, and then returned home full of the results of their investigations. It would be curious to know what a nineteenth-century Eskimo, suddenly landed at Wapping or Glasgow, might report of us after an hour's scrutiny!

But this superficial mode of obtaining information is in the course of giving place to more accurate and painstaking inquiry. We no longer believe in communities existing without some binding laws, or in any considerable bodies of people uninfluenced by a religion or by some superstition which bears its name. But the first inquiry concerning the Eskimo which is of real interest to us is, Where did they come from? Their origin is extremely obscure, but it is evident on the surface of things that the inhabitants of these polar regions must have migrated from more southern latitudes, and have gradually accommodated themselves to the changed circumstances in which they found themselves placed. Dr Rink, after careful study of the subject, believes that the Eskimo were not originally a coast-people at all, but far more probably emerged from some interior country, and followed the river-banks towards the shores of the Polar Sea. The result of his investigations and those of Lewis, Morgan, and others, would point to the primitive hunting nations of North America having obtained their principal subsistence from the rivers, especially by salmon-fishery. As these primitive people expanded, they of necessity drove out one another in the struggle for subsistence, and those so driven out would go on to the sea-shore. Here, says Dr Rink, in the polar seas the new settlers would find themselves rich in the means of sustenance, while their attitude towards the Inlanders would almost infallibly be hostile; and so we find in most of the folk-lore which originated at this time, the Inlander is represented as an enemy to be dreaded, as a power for evil, as capable of almost

any amount of villainy, accused of cannibalism, witchcraft, &c. By a careful comparison of the tales with existing geographical conditions, Dr Rink considers they all point to an American rather than an Asiatic origin; but he admits the possibility of early intercourse and subsequent mutual influence existing at some remote period between the northernmost nations of the two continents. The Eskimo appear even in remote ages to have been familiar with trade, and to have undertaken some of their longest expeditions in order to barter soap-stone, whalebone, walrus' teeth, skins, lamps, and even *kayaks*, or boats. The articles regarded by them as most precious for purposes of exchange were those made of metal or other materials possessed exclusively by foreign nations. Their mode of life necessitated from a very early period the development of considerable ingenuity; for being very much dependent for their means of sustenance upon the capture of seals, which afforded them skins for clothing, and blubber for oil and food, their hunting contrivances were at once clever and peculiar. Dr Rink's description of some of the implements used by them is interesting, as furnishing evidence of the progress in the arts of life which must, in very early times, have been made by this people. For instance, their kayaks, or shuttle-shaped boats, made of a framework of wood covered with skins impenetrable to the water; the manner in which the kayak was covered, so as to provide entire shelter for the kayaker, or seal-hunter; the adaptation of a bladder filled with air to the harpoons or javelins, to prevent the harpoon sinking should the hunter miss his aim; and the sledges with their trained dogs—all point to something other than mere savage life.

With the dwellings and dress of the Greenlanders, most of the readers of any history of arctic discovery are sufficiently familiar; but there are a few facts concerning their mode of life which are noticeable here. They may, our author says, be considered, broadly speaking, as possessing no regular property. 'They only possess the most necessary utensils and furniture, with a stock of provisions for less than one year; and their belongings never exceed certain limits fixed by tradition or custom.' The owner of a boat or tent is considered as the head or chief of the family, and his small possessions lay upon him a considerable responsibility, since upon such head or chief devolves the duty of providing not only for his wife and children, but for the unmarried women, widows, or unfortunate relatives who may be immediately connected with him. After the tie of family comes that of house-mate, it being very general for two or more families to dwell under one roof; then that of place-fellows, or inhabitants of the same wintering-place, who were all expected to render each other help, and to share with each other all surplus gains in food and clothing. No one was allowed the chief place, or to usurp authority over his fellows. There is abundant evidence in the folk-lore that any one seeking such pre-eminence was speedily killed, and his death regarded as a public benefit. Every grown man was bound to become a sea-hunter, and earn a living for himself and those for whom he was the acknowledged provider. Even the most ancient of these unwritten laws seem founded on a strong sense of justice; and

the way they were enforced simply by public opinion strikes us as quaint, and not without a sense of humour, affording evidence of intelligent sensitiveness, such as we should hardly have looked for amongst a people so situated. The evil deeds of the transgressors of these unwritten laws were recounted in public in satirical songs, and this punishment seems to have been as effective a deterrent as more modern inventions. The necessity for a friendly mode of speaking among people so dependent upon each other, made quarrelling to be considered as unlawful; and Dr Rink asserts that the Eskimo language is devoid of any real words for scolding.

The ancient religion of the Eskimo is a more difficult matter to determine. The last pagan among them died only a few years since, and many of their ancient superstitions have become mixed up with the faith they have learned from Danish and Moravian missionaries. But with the help of the tales, traditions, and folk-lore which the people still treasure, and which men living among them, as Dr Rink did, are able to study, much may be gathered concerning their old superstitious notions.

The tales, from which it is possible to extract many of the ancient customs we have thus briefly outlined, contain also indications of the first attempts at culture in the effort to provide tools or weapons from the rough material which lay at hand. Thus, we have a needle of reindeer bone, spoken of as a precious treasure, in a story valueless but for that sentence. And in another, the taming of animals for the purpose of sleighing is alluded to. Or we find a man at work at a boat with no tools but only a heap of shells to work with: in this story the *Inlanders* are represented as having knives and being rich; and Kumagdlat, the hero, goes off in search of the rich people, and returns laden with knives with 'beautiful hafts.' A few of the stories allude to the ancient Scandinavian settlers in the country, but for the most part they deal simply with the marvellous; with crude variations of ideas which in some form are to be found in all folk-lore; occasionally, with elves, whose adventures rival those of *Alice in Wonderland*; and in at least one instance—but that must be a story of modern date—we have allusions, but too well understood in every Greenlanders' assembly, to acts of violence committed by European visitors; and an extremely satirical description by the kidnapped Eskimo, on his return home, of the European town to which he is taken. But perhaps we could hardly give a better illustration of the general crudeness, and love of the merely marvellous, displayed in these stories, than by repeating one of the shortest, which has the advantage of connecting itself in our minds with a spot on which, just now, so many eyes are fixed. The story is told by the Greenlander thus: 'Of the southernmost part of Greenland, an island was situated, which some of the inhabitants of the mainland took a dislike to, because it cut them off from the open seas. Two old men got the idea of removing it by help of some magic lay. Their names were Nevingasilernak and Nivfigfarsuk; but another oldster, called Kiviarutajak, rather inclined to retain the island. The first two went in their kayaks to fasten a hair from the head of a little child to the outside, while the last from shore tried to keep it back by means of a thong of seal-

skin made fast to it. The two old kayakers then pushed off, chanting their spells, and tugging the hair. At length the thong burst, and the island got afloat; and continually singing, they pulled away to the north, and placed it in front of Kulissat. It is now Disco Island. The translation caused the bottom of the sea to rise all along where they travelled.' A glance at the map will shew the humour as well as the absurdity of this legend.

LOCHVIEW.

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

AFTER the evening of the garden-party, things, somehow, did not go on smoothly in Mrs Forbes's house, and I daresay I was a little to blame in the matter. In the first place, I withdrew myself from the conspicuous position I had too often taken beside Alice, and she withdrew her smiles accordingly. Many and broad were the hints that ere long fell from the maternal lips about the state of her daughter's health and spirits.

'Something,' said she, 'preys on dear Alice's mind, Mr Allen, for I'm sure her ailment is a mental one, she pines away in such a hopeless kind of manner. Will you try and find out what is the cause of her depression? I'm sure she always makes quite a confidant of you, and she would be certain to tell you.'

But I did not accept Mrs Forbes's permission to pry into her daughter's secrets; rather, I kept as much as possible out of the way. Early at office, and late in returning, never had Mr Forbes found such a willing helper before; and the deeper I went into the work, the more I was puzzled at the number of things Sandy had in hand. I heard of shares in joint-stock companies—of companies that had collapsed, or which were about to be floated—of financial agencies, of commercial panics, and so many other terms, that I marvelled much at the multitude of irons Mr Forbes had in the fire; but I did not then suspect how too many irons are very apt to exhaust the vitality of the coals, and put the fire out altogether. I admired the versatility of his genius, and was amazed at the wide range of his ambitions, that spread far away out of the usual well-trodden but safer path.

One evening there was to be a musical party at the square—not a large one, for Mrs Forbes said: 'Dear Alice could not bear the fatigue of a crowd, while her health was so shaken.'

I felt this was a thrust at me, and had a flush of consciousness on my cheek as I turned away from the lady, and retreated to the library, where I hoped to have a little quiet reading before the company arrived. But it was not my good fortune to read a single page that evening, for, ere I had seated myself, I heard the door softly open, then a rustle of silk and a faint sigh. Turning round, I saw Miss Merritt had come in, and that she was dressed for the party.

'Oh, I only want an almanac from the shelf, Mr Allen; pray, don't let me disturb you.'

She was stretching up to a shelf rather above her reach, so I started over to assist her.

'There, now; I am disturbing you. How stupid of me! and your time is so very precious now, Mr Allen.'

'Yes; I don't find much time to spare. This is the almanac, I think.'

'Thank you very much. But do tell me what I have done to offend you, Mr Allen? What has changed you so?'

'Am I changed?'

'You are indeed; I would give the world to regain your friendship. What have I done? what have I done to you?'

A mist, very like tears, had risen in her eyes—at least there was something in her emotion that resembled crying; and I hate to see a woman cry; it quite irritates me. Looking at her straight in the face, I suddenly hazarded: 'I don't think Willy Dykes would approve of your setting such an intense value on my friendship as to wish to give the world to regain it. Ask him if he would, when next you write to New York.'

I never saw such a change in any one as came over Alice then. The sentimental expression fled from her face, and she turned on me the full force of a pair of passionate, flashing eyes.

'Who told you about Willy Dykes? That viper, Hester Carew, has been trying to prejudice you against me.'

'Miss Carew has done nothing of the sort. I never heard her mention Mr Dykes's name.'

'Then somebody has been acting spy, and if I only knew who it was, I'd—I'd—'

'Be calm, Miss Merritt. I am not angry at your having a lover in New York—indeed I am glad, and I hope you will both be very happy together some day.—I hear some of the guests arriving. Will you allow me to lead you up-stairs?'

Alice looked at me for a few moments, as if undecided what to do; then, with a haughty bow, she took my arm, and we walked up the broad stairs, and reached the drawing-room. There I discovered Hester, as usual apart from the others. Seating myself beside her, I asked: 'Have you been singing any of your songs lately?'

'Not once, Mr Allen.'

'What a pity! Why haven't you been practising?'

'Because—oh, because the piano is always locked now.'

'What a horrid shame! I'll speak to Mr Forbes about that.'

'Please, don't, Mr Allen; promise me not to mention it to him. He's away so often, and he could not possibly help it.'

'Perhaps not. I'm very sorry you can't practise, though, music seems such a pleasure to you.'

'Oh, it is a pleasure—the greatest I know, almost: I never feel tired or unhappy when I'm playing or singing.'

We were beginning to enjoy our little conversation, commonplace though it was; but I saw Alice

Merritt was intently watching us, and presently she whispered something to her mother. So I was not surprised that little Hester was called out of the room soon after, on some pretence or other, to be seen no more that night.

Not long after this, Mr Forbes called me one day into his private office.

'Sit down, Master Alec; I want to have a little talk with you. You recollect you have often urged me to give you a deeper insight into our business; are you still of the same mind?'

'I certainly am. All the time I have been with you my experience has been most superficial. The merest tyro could have done as much as I have done.'

'It was needful to give you a trial first, Master Alec. Gentlemen like you don't often settle down to business. When the novelty is over, they throw it up. Now, I have a proposal to make.'

He bent over his papers for some time, and then hesitatingly it came out that he wanted me to enter into partnership with him, to share the profits, and likewise—the risks.

'I have not much money to bring into the concern,' said I.

'No, Master Alec; I know that; but your name will have some weight, and we shall be able to extend our connection and influence.'

'I must consult my father about it before I give an answer,' I replied.

'You are of age, Master Alec.'

'Yes; but all the same I shan't do anything without my father's advice. Yours is a paying business, I presume.'

Sandy looked up from his papers, and his eyes met mine for the first time since our interview. What a hungry, haunted look they had! His face was ghastly, with a strange unnatural whiteness. What in the world had come over the man?

'Are you ill, Mr Forbes?'

'No; it's just that spasm at my heart again; 'twill be gone presently.' He sat quiet for a minute, then he turned over his papers nervously. 'There, I'm all right now. Of course ours is a paying concern. You surely cannot doubt it?'

I did not doubt it, and so I told him; and for an hour or more I sat there while he talked of his monetary transactions, and partially enlightened me about his mode of action.

My letter went off to Sir Dugald; and I determined, as soon as the answer came, I would change my residence. Now that some of the hidden workings of the family tactics were revealed to me, I had grown quite uncomfortable, and I wished to be away from Alice and her mother and all their machinations. The next morning, when I was rambling about the garden as usual, waiting for breakfast, I saw a little hooded figure dart down the side-path, and half hide itself behind a tree. It was Hester Carew.

'Is it true,' she anxiously inquired, 'that Mr Forbes has asked you to be his partner?'

'Yes; and I have written to my father for his consent.'

'Have nothing to do with it till you have inquired into his affairs. The night before last I overheard him tell Mrs Forbes he was on the brink of ruin; and she urged him to draw you into it. She said your name might keep off the blow a little longer; that it was his only chance.'

'Are you quite certain of that?'

'Yes; and I thought it such a pity. You could not save poor Mr Forbes from misfortune, and would only bring ruin and disgrace on yourself.'

'That I should, and on my father too. Instead of helping him, I should have heaped up misery on his head. I am so glad you have told me this, Miss Carew.'

'I could not help it. It seemed such a terrible wrong to you; so unkind, so wicked!'

'My dear girl, I shall never forget the service you have done me—never!—I would have said much more; but Hester did not wait for thanks, she was already drawing her hood over her head, and with a quick glance of her liquid brown eyes, so tender, so truthful, she darted away over the grass, the faded leaves rustling as she went.'

The next day, the expected letter from my father came, and he, in his own trustful manner, told me to use my own judgment; and if going into partnership with Mr Forbes would aid my interest, he gave his full consent to the step. But for Hester's timely whisper, I should have hailed this letter with satisfaction, and gone blindly on to my doom. Now, I was rejoiced it was not too late to withdraw from the proposed arrangements, which I accordingly did. As I was endeavouring to cut out some new and less hazardous business connection, an invitation reached me that I resolved to accept. It came from Mrs Stephen Grey, and was inclosed in a letter from my cousin Jessie. I have not mentioned the latter lately, but she had found Harry Western a more than sufficient substitute for me, and they had been married about three months. They were now on a visit to Mrs Stephen Grey's hospitable mansion, a few miles from Chester, and they wanted me to join them, and spend the Christmas there; so I set off at once, hoping to recover from my disappointment and annoyance and everything else. Jessie was as merry as ever, and ten times as happy. It was a treat to see her with her husband. Big fellow as Harry Western was, she led him about at her will.

It was while I was staying at this house, the grand crash fell on poor Sandy Forbes. The crisis had come, and he fled to escape the irate creditors. Many people were astonished at his failure, for he was supposed to be very rich; and no doubt at one time he had made a tolerable fortune. But a mania for reckless speculation had haunted him as fatally as a gambler's infatuation. He had gone on from bad to worse, forsaking the true, honest path, and plunging into wild and shady courses. I heard Mrs Forbes and her family had gone to Boulogne. She had a good settlement from her former husband; so poor Sandy's fall did not drag her and the girls down to misery also. I concluded Hester Carew had gone with them; and though there seemed but little chance of our meeting again, I did not forget her; I never could do that.

Shortly after my visit to Mrs Grey had terminated, I found myself once more in Liverpool, and rallying forth to have a look at the house, still dear to me for Hester's sake. It was shut up. I expected that; but I lingered about, looking up at the windows, and thinking already the touch of misfortune had made a great change in its appearance. Presently, to my surprise, the door opened,

and Mrs Wills, the old housekeeper, came out with her shawl and bonnet on.

'Oh, Mr Allen, sir, I'm so glad you've come. Do come in, sir, please.'

'I thought everybody was gone away, Mrs Wills?'

'No; poor Miss Carew is still here, and she's just breaking her heart, poor thing!'

'Left behind! Why?'

'Well, sir, the master went off to the country all of a sudden, and then the mistress and the young ladies went, and then the servants; and poor Miss Carew was left behind.'

'Is she alone in that great house?'

'No, sir; I stop with her. I wouldn't leave the poor dear. And—and—the bailiffs is there in possession.'

'May I go in and see Miss Carew?'

'I'm sure she'll be right glad to see a face she knows, sir. It was cruel hard to go away and leave her like that. Come in, sir, do.'

Mrs Wills opened the door a little bit, and we went in together. How dismal the place looked! The hall was littered with remains of packing, as though Mrs Forbes had taken away her boxes in a hurry; doors were locked, windows closed, cupboards and closets sealed up, and a couple of ill-looking men were stalking about. They eyed me with suspicion, and seemed about to order me out again; but when I said I had called to see Miss Carew, they sulkily pointed up-stairs.

'She's in the back drawing-room, sir,' quietly said Mrs Wills.

'Ay, and she'll have to clear out of it to-morrow, and so will you too,' muttered one of the men.

The large room looked chill and deserted, with its bare, fireless grate, and its tables and walls stripped of every picture and ornament. Hester was sitting beside a little table near the window, and before her were several letters. She started up with surprise when she saw me, and held out her hands.

'I'm sorry to see you here under such circumstances, Miss Carew.'

'Yes; isn't it all very sad? I am trying to get a situation as nursery governess at Mrs West's,' said she, looking at the letters.

Her lip quivered as she spoke. Going out to seek her way in the world must have seemed a bitter trial to one of her timid nature.

'Did Mrs Forbes purposely leave you like this?'

'Yes; she went away a week ago, and told me I must earn my own living now. Oh, that I were well educated and clever; but I can do so little.'

'It was very cruel of Mrs Forbes,' said I bitterly.

'And yet I think she would have taken me; but Alice would not hear of it. I can't think why Alice was so bitter against me.'

I could, though, but I did not say so then.

'Was Carrie averse to your going with them?'

'I don't think she cared one way or another. Carrie was kind even—she came back, and kissed me, and wished me "good-bye," and gave me some money out of her purse.'

'I am glad of that; I always thought there was some good-nature in Carrie. And so you've been here ever since?'

'A whole week now; and I've been trying so much to get a situation. I feel I'm only here on

sufferance, and it's dreadful to see those two men about the house.'

'I hope they have been civil to you?'

'I keep out of their sight, and Mrs Wills hardly ever goes out, or leaves me.'

Fain would I have pressed the poor trembling, lonely girl to my heart, and there and then have poured out the whole tale of my long-hidden affection for her; but with an effort, I restrained myself. Not for worlds would I have startled her with such demonstrativeness then, as she thus told her sorrows as to a brother.

I was on the point of saying: 'Come with me, Miss Carew, and I'll take you to my cousin Jessie; she will take care of you, for my sake;' but I recollected there were reasons why that could not be done, till I had first consulted Jessie herself on the subject.

'Will you remain here till you see me to-morrow morning?' I at length said.

'Yes, if you wish me to do so; I need not go to Mrs West's till the afternoon. I hope she will like me, and take me in, for I have nowhere else in the wide world to go.' The eyes were full of quick tears now, and she turned away to hide them. The situation was exceedingly trying, but I still strove hard to retain my self-possession.

'Do not be discouraged,' I implored; 'try and keep up your spirits for another day, Miss Carew. Remember you did me a great service once, and it is my turn to serve you now. Will you trust to me?'

'O yes; I will trust you.'

I resolved to consult Jessie without delay. So, after bidding a temporary adieu to Hester, I reached Mrs Grey's house, and told my cousin the whole tale; and, as I expected, her womanly heart was deeply interested. She came to the rescue in her own prompt way.

'Poor little creature! Only think of her deserted in such a way. Of course she shall come here. I'll tell Mrs Stephen Grey the whole story, and I am sure she will send her an invitation at once.'

'I knew I could reckon on you, Jessie,' I said, deeply touched.

'Of course, silly boy, you could. But Alec, what do you propose for Miss Carew's future? I know lots of people who have troops of children. Shall I try and get her a more profitable situation than nursery-governess to the little Wests?'

Jessie looked straight into my eyes, and what she saw there I can't say, but she pressed my hand, and whispered gravely: 'Conquered at last; poor boy! so you really care about her, do you? Then your Hester shall not take any situation at all, but shall come and stay with me as long as ever she likes.'

'How kind of you, Jessie! you overwhelm me with obligations,' I exclaimed, in a voice that I think was rather husky, for I was moved—despite my once boasted stoicism.

'Obligations! Indeed, they are all on my side, Alec,' retorted my cousin, with one of her bright smiles.

'How can that be?' I asked.

'Didn't you leave all the nut-picking for Harry Western last autumn? And wasn't it during those very picnics that I first found out how much he cared for me? When you and Hester are married, you and I shall be quits, but not till then.'

'I can never expect so great a happiness as marriage with Miss Carew,' I said, feeling half-dizzy with Jessie's rapid glance at such a possible future for me—for, in truth, the sketch seemed rather visionary, considering I had never yet spoken one word of love to the young lady.

The next morning—bearing Mrs Stephen Grey's invitation to Miss Carew—we all three drove to Liverpool—Jessie, Harry, and myself; and poor Hester looked pale and half-frightened as we all stood before her. But Jessie, with her usual impetuosity, soon banished restraint. She caught the poor girl in her arms, and embraced her as she would a long-lost sister. Then Hester brightened up, warmed by the influence of my cousin's manner; and it was a happy face, not a frightened one, that was presently turned towards me.

'How good you all are to me!' said the dear girl; 'what have I done to deserve such kindness?'

'If it is a burden to you, you can easily return it, Miss Carew.' I spoke softly, bending down to her, for just then Jessie had called her husband into the front drawing-room, where they were making a critical examination of a portrait of Sandy Forbes. Jessie was perhaps admiring this painting, or perhaps she was giving me the chance of being for a moment alone with Hester. So I drew nearer to her, as I whispered again: 'You can return the kindness a thousand-fold, Miss Carew.'

'How can I do that, Mr Allen? I am poor, and—and—'

But I had caught her hand in mine, and was passionately pleading my cause—pleading it in a low, rapid whisper. 'You can return my love. You can promise that some day you will be my wife. You will learn to love me—won't you, Hester?' The little hand was not withdrawn; the soft eyes were for a moment lifted to mine, and then instantly cast down, as a quick glow rose to her cheeks; but that one glance was enough; it told me all I wished to know, for I saw my pleading had not been in vain.

Jessie and Harry returned to the back drawing-room. The invitation was given, and joyfully accepted. A polite declinature was penned to Mrs West—the last letter ever written by Hester in the hated house.

Then she gathered up her few scanty belongings, and we prepared to go. The bailiffs had grown wonderfully respectful, for the sight of a carriage like Mrs Stephen Grey's will impress even bailiffs sometimes.

Hester and I both looked back at the old house as long as it was in sight. What her thoughts were I cannot tell; but when the carriage drove out of the square, she glanced up shyly and wonderingly at me. No doubt it was difficult for her to realise the present state of things; so I whispered softly in her ear: 'The old life has ended now, Hester, and a brighter and happier one has begun, I hope. Can you trust me fully?'

'O yes. I have never doubted you.'

I lay down my pen for a while, and leaning back in my arm-chair, look out on the grounds of Lochview, and see a picture calm and beautiful, and dear above all earthly things to me. I note the gambols of a youngster, with soft brown eyes, and curly locks, who flits about among the flower-beds like a butterfly. He is my son Murdoc; and the lady in white near him is my wife—once

Hester Carew. A letter has just been received with the news of Sandy's death and Alice's marriage to Willie Dykes. I pity the latter.

Our beautiful house, Lochview, is no longer under a cloud. It is free from all debt. Improvements on a large scale are going on; dilapidations are all cleared away; there is a stir of life and action about the place, and there is not a brighter, better kept domain in the county. 'But how was all this brought about?' asks one. All in a very simple way, my friend. When I returned home from Liverpool, no better in fortune than I was when I went away, my parents did not reproach or twit me, or say they knew it would be so—so I was not discouraged. And when I told them I was betrothed to a girl no richer than myself, they did not storm and rage, as some people would have done. My father recollected Fanny Stewart, Hester's mother.

'A sweet, pretty creature she was; I only hope the daughter will resemble her,' he said.

And when I brought home my bride from Jessie Western's house, where at my cousin's urgent request we had been married, she was received with open arms; and my father and mother took the darling to their hearts.

Ere long, Sir Dugald gave me up most of the management of the place, and told me to steer the bark out of the shallows if I could. I have tried my best ever since. Though I made no mark in the world of business, yet I brought home with me some business habits, that served me a good turn in after-days. I looked into the accounts of Lochview myself, and soon found the steward had been cheating my father frightfully for years past: the man was dismissed. Then the hounds and hunters were disposed of; and a splendid price they made. Also, the large staff of lazy, over-fed, rapacious servants were paid off; creatures who lounged about the place, turned up their noses at economy, and thought only of doing as little as they could for their wages. The tradition in our family had ever been that we must keep 'open house,' where all sorts of extravagance might go on unchecked and unrestrained. With our new set of domestics, this tradition vanished. Janet ruled the nursery, and Mrs Wills was the housekeeper under our new régime. My wife, my own Hester, was neither too lofty nor too silly to help me in my efforts. She regulates the household expenditure, and thus untold sums of money have been saved.

Acres of pasture-land we did not require have been ploughed up, and rich harvests of oats, wheat, and barley are now waving in the summer breeze in our fertile fields. Large portions of waste ground have been let out to good tenants, and two or three capital farms have thereby sprung up on the confines of the Lochview estate. But I should weary you were I to tell of all the draining and reclaiming of land that has been going on. With all this retrenchment, not one whit of our comfort is lessened. Our wants are amply supplied, thanks to a good Providence, and we are far happier than we were in those wasteful, riotous, scrambling days of old.

This, then, is the only magic that has been used. We have studied frugality, industry, watchfulness, and care, and a blessing has rested on our efforts. We have not lost one atom of true dignity, nor abated one particle of real nobility, nor sacrificed one fraction of self-respect. Happiness and peace

reign in our household like a perpetual sunshine. The hateful shadows of debt and dishonour are driven away from Lochview for ever; it is now ours in deed and truth, and can no longer be called an encumbered estate.

BOOK ABOUT THRIFT.

OUR old and ingenious friend, the indefatigable Samuel Smiles, known for his *Lives of George and Robert Stephenson, Self-Help*, and other works, has just added another to his list of useful productions in the form of a small handy volume under the title of *Thrift*. We are not going to attempt a review of the book, further than to say that it is a painstaking assemblage of hints, advices, and remarks on the subject of domestic and individual frugality, seasoned with pithy anecdotes collected from a variety of sources. The book, of course, is addressed chiefly to the manual-labouring classes, but the conduct of those in a higher social sphere does not escape criticism, and for all there is something which may be laid to heart. As an addition to village and town libraries, *Thrift* may be recommended as eminently suitable. We subjoin a few extracts.

Remarking in his plain way, that 'if a man does not know how to save his pennies or his pounds, his nose will always be kept to the grindstone,' Mr Smiles observes how very greatly good resolutions may be strengthened by the quiet and gentle encouragement of a thoughtful wife. That brings on a story told by a clergyman—a friend and adviser of working-people—relative to a man, a calico-printer, at Manchester, who was led to make an agreement with his wife on their wedding-day. The man was to allow 'her two half-pints of ale a day as her share. He rather winced at the bargain, for, though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly abstemious wife. They both worked hard; and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public-house as soon as the factory was closed.

'She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts, and neither interfered with the other; except that, at odd times, she succeeded, by dint of one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night; and now and then, to spend an entire evening in his own house. They had been married a year, and on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person, with some shade of remorse, as he said: "Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed; and, only that I have not a penny in the world, we'd take a jaunt down to the village, to see thee mother."

"Wouldst like to go, John?" said she softly, between a smile and a tear, so glad to hear him speak so kindly—so like old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat."

"Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer: "Has't got a fortin, wench?"

"Nay," said she, "but I've gotten the pint o' ale."

"Gotten what?" said he.

"The pint o' ale!" said she.

'John still didn't understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counted out her daily pint of ale in the shape of three hundred and sixty-five threepences—that is, four

pounds four shillings and sixpence, and put them into his hand, exclaiming: "Thou shalt have thee holiday, John!"

"John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-stricken, charmed, and wouldn't touch it. "Hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll ha' no more!" he said. He kept his word. They kept their wedding-day with mother; and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of frugal investments, that ultimately swelled out into a shop, a factory, warehouses, a country-seat, carriage, and, perhaps, a Liverpool Mayor."

Speaking of men who have raised themselves to distinction by thrift, our author mentions the case of Joseph Baxendale, who was largely concerned in getting up the great goods-carrying concern of Pickford & Co. Baxendale was a man of strong common-sense, and might have been styled the Franklin of Business. He was full of proverbial wisdom, and also full of practical help. He was constantly urging his servants to lay by something for a rainy day, or for their support in old age. As to Pickford, who began as a carrier, Baxendale helped him with capital, organised his agencies, established relays of horses, went about night and day seeing after the vans, and keeping everything in working order. Then, when all had been put in fine condition, came the railway system, which knocked all the organisation on the head. Baxendale had more sense than to repine. He saw that railways were inevitable, and would soon drive him off the road. Like a wise man, he went over to the enemy. The business was transformed into a wide-spread system of collecting and sending on goods by railways.

"He," says Mr Smiles, "relieved the Liverpool and Manchester Company of a great deal of trouble, by undertaking to manage their goods-traffic, and by collecting and delivering it at both towns. Then, when the railways from Warrington to Birmingham, and from Birmingham to London, were projected, he gave evidence before the Committees of parliament in proof of the estimated traffic. And when the lines were made, he transferred the goods from his carrying vans to the railway. He thus became a great railway carrier, collecting and delivering goods in all the cities and towns served by the railways which had by that time become established. He also became a large shareholder in railways. His status in the South-eastern line was so great, that he was invited to become chairman of the company. He was instrumental, in conjunction with the late Sir William Cubitt, in pushing on the line to Dover. But the Dover Harbour Board being found too stingy in giving accommodation to the traffic, and too grasping in their charges for harbour dues, Mr Baxendale at once proceeded, on his own responsibility, to purchase Folkestone Harbour as the port of the South-eastern Company. He next proceeded to get up the Boulogne and Amiens Railway, which was for the most part constructed with English capital; and the direct line from London to Paris was thus completed." Ultimately, he was helped by his sons, but continued to the close of his life to take an interest in everything that was going on. Baxendale, in fact, was never weary in well-doing, and in offering good advice, the result of his experience, to all in his employment.

Some interesting notices are given of manufacturers who have risen to eminence through

frugality and good business-management, and who are noted for a generous attention to the interests of those they employ. Sir Titus Salt of Saltaire, who might be called the Prince of Manufacturers, is the son of a Yorkshire wool-stapler, and worked his way up by thrift, ingenuity, and enterprise. To this category of distinguished manufacturers belong the Ashworths at Egerton and New-Engley, the Struts of Derby, the Marshalls of Leeds, the Crossleys, and the Akroyds of Halifax, the Brooks of Huddersfield, and many others. "All these benefactors were originally men of moderate means. Sir Joseph Whitworth was a journeyman engineer. Sir Josiah Mason was by turns a costermonger, journeyman baker, shoemaker, carpet-weaver, jeweller, split-ring maker, copper-smelter, and electro-plater, in which last trade he made his fortune." We might specify the Tennants of St Rollox, as offering a remarkable instance of a stupendous concern springing up from small beginnings within two generations, all through painstaking professional skill and persevering industry. Nor might we omit the Brassies. But the enumeration of such cases would be endless.

A number of instances are given of improvidence keeping pace with increase of wages. We quote a few sentences. "In a large iron-work near Newcastle, where the men were paid the highest wages for rolling plates and rails - and where they were earning between three and four hundred pounds a year—the proprietors observe: "Except in a few instances, we are afraid that workmen and their families spend most of their earnings." Another employer in South Staffordshire says: "In the majority of cases, the men employed in the iron-works spend the whole of their wages before the end of the following week. There are, of course, some exceptions; but they are, unhappily, very few." Another, in South Wales, says: "As to the thrifty habits of the men, a small minority are careful and saving; they generally invest their money in cottage property. But the great majority of the men spend their money often before they earn it, and that in the most reckless way. Large sums are spent in drink: this leads to idleness; and, owing to drinking and idling, the works are kept short of men until about Wednesday in each week, when the greater part of the most idly disposed have become sobered down. Of course, when wages are low, the men work more regularly. There is less drinking, and altogether the condition of the place is healthier in every respect, both in a moral and physical sense." Another observer remarks, that the miners of Bilston are about six thousand in number, and they spend more than fifty thousand pounds annually in the purchase of ale and liquors."

The following is a curious case in illustration. "A clerk at Blackburn took a house for twenty pounds a year, and sublet the cellars underneath to a factory operative at a rental of five pounds a year. The clerk had a wife, four children, and a servant; the operative had a wife and five children. The clerk and his family were well dressed, their children went to school, and all went to church on Sundays. The operative's family went, some to the factory, others to the gutter, but none to school; they were ill-dressed, excepting on Sundays, when they obtained their clothes from the pawnshop. As the Saturdays came round, the frying-pan in the cellar was

almost constantly at work until Monday night; and as regularly as Thursday arrived, the bundle of clothes was sent to the pawnshop. Yet the income of the upper-class family in the higher part of the house was a hundred a year; and the income of the lower-class family in the cellar was fifty pounds more—that is, a hundred and fifty pounds a year! An employer in the same neighbourhood used to say, "I cannot afford lamb, salmon, young ducks and green peas, new potatoes, strawberries, and such-like, until after my hands have been consuming these delicacies of the season for some three or four weeks."

Mr Smiles emphatically adds: 'It is most disheartening to find that so many of the highest-paid workmen in the kingdom should spend so large a portion of their earnings in their own personal and sensual gratification. Many spend a third, and others half their entire earnings, in drink. It would be considered monstrous, on the part of any man whose lot has been cast among the educated classes, to exhibit such a degree of selfish indulgence; and to spend even one-fourth of his income upon objects in which his wife and children have no share.'

Should *Thrift* reach a second edition, as we hope it will, the author will have an opportunity of drawing some pointed examples of misspent time and money, from the late Report of the United States consuls to their government, concerning the labouring-classes in England. Comparing the social condition of English with American workmen, a superiority is assigned to the latter in consequence of their better education and more temperate habits. What the consuls say on this seriously important subject, may bear quotation.

'The English workman,' they say, 'requires a day or two to get over his Saturday night and Sunday drinking sprees. The extent to which the English labouring-class drink up their wages appears in a melancholy form in this Report. The consul at Sheffield reports that great numbers of workmen stop work on Saturday noon, and do not commence again till the following Wednesday. This is, in part, because they need Monday and Tuesday to enable them to recover from the effects of Sunday's drinking. "Increase of pay," says the consul at Birmingham, "means increase of drink." In Manchester, our consul reports that many sober working-women complained that increased wages and shortened hours of labour were a curse to the families, as the men were only the more tempted to drink. In Liverpool, there seems a wide-spread and fearful demoralisation of the labouring-class from their intemperate habits. And thus from almost all the manufacturing centres, our officials report a wretched condition of working-men's families, and reduced efficiency of labour from the habits of intemperance prevalent. A curious fact also appears in these researches—namely, that a rise of wages does not always produce more work. Thus, in the collieries of Leeds the product for each person in 1864 was 327½ tons for 313 working days, or 21½ cwt. for each person per diem. In 1868, it fell to 317 tons, or 20 cwt. per diem; in 1873, to 17½ cwt. for each person per diem. That is a reduction of production in ten years of 19 per cent., while wages have risen 30 per cent. and upward. In Manchester, the average earnings of a certain mine were 4s. 7d. per day in 1871; in 1872,

the wages had more than doubled, and yet the earnings were 2d. less per week for each man. The workmen averaged less than four working days per week, while many only worked three days.' The statement thus presented by the United States consuls regarding the terrible loss and degradation to the English labouring-classes produced by their thriftless drinking habits, will not be one of the least of the good results accomplished by this able Report.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SINCE our last notice of the subject, Mr Crookes has made further progress with his radiometer, and has communicated the results of his investigation to the Royal Society, of which he is a Fellow. His instrument, as our readers will remember, is a wheel made of straw, or pith, or some material equally light, which, in a vacuum, rotates by the mere action of light or heat. It is very surprising to see the little wheel begin to move round when the glass under which it is confined is touched with a warm hand, or on the approach of a candle. If two candles are brought, the rotation is twice as fast as with one, and so on with a larger number; and in full sunshine, the speed is almost incredible. 'Nothing can be seen,' says Mr Crookes, 'but an undefined nebulous ring, which becomes at times almost invisible. The number of revolutions per second cannot be counted, but it must be several hundreds, for one candle will make the radiometer spin round forty times a second.'

It is an evidence of progress in the inquiry, that radiometers of different forms can now be made, and their movements exhibited to a large audience, while others keep a telegraphic account of their rotations on a self-recording instrument.

This seems curious; but is it of any use? The answer is, that Mr Crookes has already discovered two practical applications which promise to bring the radiometer into general use as a philosophical instrument: one is a photometer, or light measurer, for artificial light; the other, for sunlight, or daylight. In the former case, the amount of deflection of the radiometer by a single candle, at a given distance, can be ascertained. The distance of a gas-burner that would produce the same amount of deflection, can also be ascertained. Mr Crookes found the correspondence took place when the candle was forty-eight inches distant, and the gas-flame one hundred and thirteen inches. This shewed that the burner was equal to five and a half candles; and here at once a standard is established. For, if at any time a burner of known power did not deflect the radiometer to the proper amount, it would be a proof that the gas was not of standard quality. Gas-consumers ought to rejoice in the thought of having so simple and effectual a check on gas-manufacturers. Another practical application is, a method by which light may be weighed. This, if Mr Crookes is not mistaken, will prove of high importance in science.

The sunlight measurer may become of service as a meteorological instrument, for experience has shown that it is important to keep a record of the amount of light that falls on the earth, as it is to note the rise and fall of the barometer, or changes of the wind. Professor Roscoe, F.R.S., of Owens College, Manchester, published at the beginning of last year a description of a 'self-recording method of measuring the intensity of the chemical action of total daylight,' being the outcome of an investigation commenced ten years previously; from which we may infer that the want of something of the kind had long been felt in the laboratory and the observatory. It is well for observers that they have now the alternative offered by Mr Crookes' radiometer.

Dr Tyndall's researches, which we noticed very briefly last month, may be regarded as a repetition in brilliant style of a demonstration made and established long ago. He, so to speak, proved a fact over again; but the advocates of spontaneous generation still maintain their argument, and contend that they can produce life from lifeless matter. While the controversy is going on, the attention of thoughtful minds will be directed to the subject, and beneficial results can hardly fail to follow. Dr Tyndall, in his latest experiments, approaches the question of infection. He shows that sewer-gas, though very offensive to the sense of smell, is harmless in itself, and is hurtful only when floating germs are mingled with it. The subject is most interesting, but we shall not say more about it here, as we understand it will be treated in a separate article in the present work a week or two hence.

Mr Lagot, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, has invented what he calls a 'patent safety indicator.' It might with equal truth have been called a danger indicator, for placed in a mine, a ship, a warehouse, hotel, or private dwelling, it makes known to any required distance any extraordinary pressure of the atmosphere from the presence of noxious gas or any unusual increase of temperature. For example, if an indicator were placed at the bottom of a mine, it would, when a rush of fire-damp took place, ring a bell in the office above ground; and in like manner, if buried amid the cargo of a ship, it would, if the cargo grew too hot, ring a bell in the captain's cabin. These two cases may suffice to suggest a great variety of applications of this useful invention. It resembles the aneroid barometer, and is made in pairs—the one to indicate pressure, the other temperature—and when in use, is connected by wires, which may be of any length, with an electrical battery. Thus, by ingenious contrivance, warning is given of every increase of pressure or of heat; and simultaneously with the ringing of the bell, an indicator falls, and tells the exact place of danger. Any one desiring to have further particulars of this praiseworthy instrument, should apply to Mr Apps, 433 Strand, London.

This does in another way what was done by Mr Siemens some time ago in detecting the heat in a coil of telegraph cable when stowed on board ship. We described his process at the time. Mr Siemens has now invented an instrument for telling the depth of the sea without the use of a sounding-line.

At a recent meeting of the Odontological Society,

a discussion arose on the tendency of certain teeth, especially the incisors, to elongate, and fall out. Such cases were said to be very common; and the chairman, Mr Coleman, mentioned that the occasion of the elongation was the want of 'antagonistic' teeth, which, by pressure in mastication, would keep the upper ones in their place. 'But,' he remarked, 'in the present state of society, when the food was presented to them in a softened state, and the knife and fork usurped the true office of these teeth, their early loss by falling out was very common. That it was greatly on the increase, there could be no doubt. When patients would not bear any mechanical appliances, he had recommended pressure by the finger or thumb; for example, that while employed in reading or any similar occupation, they should press the thumb gently, but steadily and continuously, upon the tooth. If that were persevered in, he thought they would find that after a time a considerable improvement would take place.'

That the sun has an atmosphere as well as a photosphere has long been known; and that the surface is less bright at the edges than in the centre has been taken as a proof that the atmosphere is an absorbing atmosphere. Calculations on the amount of absorption, and its effect on our earth, were made by Laplace and other astronomers; and of late years the spectrum has been used in investigating the question. Mr Langley of the Allegheny Observatory, United States, has just published the result of his steady observation of the phenomenon, and he states that the sun's atmosphere is a thin stratum, which cuts off one-half of the heat which otherwise would reach us. Any diminution or increase in the absorption would affect us to an important extent. For example, if there were an increase of twenty-five per cent. only, it would lower the mean surface temperature of our globe by one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The existence of living things on the earth thus appears to be dependent on the steadiness of the sun's atmosphere: let it become thicker or thinner, and we must be frozen to death or scorched to death. We know what arctic temperature is, and geologists as well as physicists are agreed that our earth has passed through at least one glacial epoch, and may we not assume that the sun's atmosphere has been the agent by which fluctuations of temperature were brought about in the past, and that similar fluctuations may await us in some far remote future? It is a subject for earnest consideration.

Professor Loomis, United States, says that the average velocity of storms on the Atlantic Ocean is nineteen miles an hour; but that over the American continent the rate is twenty-six miles an hour. He has in the ten years 1864-74 traced ten storms all across the Atlantic from America to Europe, and he believes there would be more if the means of tracing were more complete than they are at present. The average path of the storms in crossing from west to east has a tendency to bend northwards.

In the Report of the Geological Survey of North Carolina, published by authority of the legislature of that state, a fresh instance is given of the influence of the rotation of the earth on geology. The fact is brought out that on the *south* side of certain rivers there are usually bluffs and high banks, and on the *north*, swamps and low flats; and that the

miocene shell-beds are found only on the south side. The cause of these phenomena, says Mr Kerr, author of the Report, is doubtless the rotation of the earth co-acting with the river-current; and he brings forward the demonstration that 'in whatever direction a body moves on the surface of the earth, there is a force arising from the earth's rotation which deflects it to the right in the northern hemisphere, and to the left in the southern.'

The inhabitants of some parts of our eastern coasts know well what is meant by drifting sands. The coasts of the Mediterranean furnish examples on a prodigious scale, and it appears that the city of Beyrout is in danger of being swallowed up by drifting sands. A remedy is wanted, and General Cotton has drawn up *Notes on the Works of Sowing and Consolidation of the Dunes or Coast Sand-hills of Gascony*, and these having been published by the Royal Agricultural Society, are at the service of all enterprising land-reclaimers. The Gascony sands stretched 120 miles along the shores of the gulf from the Garonne to the Adour, with a width of three miles, and were always advancing towards the interior. The work of fixing was commenced about thirty years ago by sowing pine-seeds mixed with seeds of the broom plant. The places sown were covered with brushwood, which was taken away when the broom grew strong. The broom protected the young pines till they also grew strong, and then were cut and used as brushwood to protect other plots. The pine is a sea-pine well adapted to the climate, yielding large quantities of resin as well as timber; and by steady perseverance in the way here briefly sketched, there are now two hundred thousand acres of magnificent forest, which, in a few years, will be worth more than three millions sterling. The cost was forty-seven shillings an acre; and for this moderate sum a wild desert has been converted into fruitfulness, all danger of drifting sands is at an end, and the lands behind the belt of forest are protected from the furious gales that blow from the sea. Similar endeavours on the opposite side of the Mediterranean should produce similar results.

In a communication to the Philosophical Society of Liverpool, further evidence of change of climate through destruction of trees and other causes, is presented, and the existence of the great desert of Atacama may be adduced in its support. 'The Andes thereabout,' remarks the writer, 'appear to have risen considerably during the last few centuries, and, of course, every foot of extra height decreases the moisture of the winds from the east. Then, again, the Chilians have burned every tree and bush in the mines, and so altered the scanty rainfall to nearly nothing. . . . When Pedro de Valdivia marched from Peru to Chili, in 1540, he found this region well populated, and had to fight hard in order to pass to the south. Now, no people could grow enough to eat, from want of water.'

Professor Koch of Berlin has rectified a long standing error by shewing that the two willows classed as forms of the weeping willow, are not natives of Persia or Assyria, but of China and Japan, much farther east. Popular writers have described the willows growing by the rivers of Babylon; but the willows there are not larger than shrubs; and the trees on which the harps were hung were 'most likely poplars.'

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, in Calcutta, a piece of telegraph cable was exhibited, shewing that the india-rubber covering had been pierced by grass. The piercing was so complete, and the contact of the grass with the copper core was so perfect, that 'dead earth,' as it is technically called, was produced, and the efficiency of the cable destroyed. Is this an indication that submarine cables will have to be protected from vegetable as well as animal enemies? It was suggested as a probable explanation, 'that the seeds had become attached to the core when under water, and had afterwards germinated when the core was stored.' Owing to the dried-up condition of the grass, the species could not be determined.

At a subsequent meeting, a four-horned sheep was exhibited which had been brought from Afghanistan. It is described as 'of large size and beautiful form,' with 'beautiful wool.'

India produces what may be termed wild silks, of which that made from the tussar moth is a well-known example. Measures have been taken under the sanction of the India Office for collecting these silks, working them up, and trying experiments on them with various dyes. Should the attempt succeed, a large addition would eventually be made to the commercial resources of India.

An account of a remarkable whirlwind is published in the *Proceedings* of the same Society. This whirlwind was two hundred and fifty yards in diameter, travelled a distance of two miles in less than twenty minutes, in the neighbourhood of Nagarpur. It began about an hour after sunset, in the middle of the great river Jamuná, which was an exceptional commencement, for a whirlwind usually breaks out in a sun-scorched plain in broad daylight. The river is about a mile in width. The whirlwind first struck eighteen large barges, overturned, and drove them on shore; and one was lifted bodily into the air, carried over the bank (fifteen feet in height), and dashed to pieces in a field some thirty yards inland. Next, a village was struck, and a pathway of devastation two hundred and fifty yards in width was made through it in an instant; not a house was left standing; all the plantain trees were wrenched off or uprooted; twelve large mango trees were torn up by the roots; the bamboo clumps were twisted round and laid flat, and a dead cow was found among the broken branches of a mango tree, some thirty feet above the ground. On each side of the line of havoc everything remained tranquil, and many fields over which the storm passed were entirely uninjured. After rushing through three villages, the whirl struck the river, and there ceased as suddenly as it began. The villagers, when questioned afterwards, said: 'We suddenly heard a booming, whirling sound as loud as the firing of cannon. All became dark, but with a sort of fiery glare in it; there was a sense of suffocation from the tremendous whirling of the air, and in a moment everything was swept off and whirled away in all directions.' The glare was in all probability an electrical phenomenon rendered visible by the darkness.

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THE GERM THEORY.

WHEN one finds himself afflicted with an ailment which does not readily yield to the counsels of a medical attendant, he falls back on some sort of watering-place with a curative reputation—the springs of Buxton or Bath for rheumatism, and so forth. Art has failed, and, pretty much at a loss what to do, we try Nature. It is a good resolution, for, as we reason, it surely has not been for nothing that hot mineral springs have been welling up from the centre of the earth, never changing an atom of their temperature or their constituent elements since the dawn of history thousands of years back. A fair inference this. If these springs have any rational meaning, try them, by all means. Drink as many tumblers before breakfast as it is possible to swallow, and, as a forenoon's recreation, soak in baths for the benefit of the constitution. Take two months of it. That would be only giving the water a fair chance.

Such were the recommendations offered to us four years ago, when afflicted with not a very serious, though a troublesome complaint—a matter of eczema, manifesting itself by certain inflammatory symptoms on the hands. In performing a round of the German baths—hot, tepid, sulphurous, and so on—one of the local doctors (on being pressed to give his views on the subject) learnedly gave it as his deliberate opinion, that the system had been affected by germs.

'The germs! please to explain,' said we; 'what do you mean by germs?' The answer, in wonderfully good English, was as follows: 'The whole atmosphere, sir, is full of germs. They fly about everywhere. They are in clouds. We eat them, we drink them, we swallow them in every breath we draw. It is impossible to avoid taking them into our system. They are so small you cannot see them. If the body is in good health, they do no harm. They have no proper ground to fasten upon, and so they disappear. You are as well as ever. But, if there be anything bad in the system—ha! that is quite a different matter. The germs take root. They find good

places to lodge, and thrive and live upon. They make themselves comfortable in the tissues of your body, causing much irritation. You are, in fact, preyed upon by them, and that makes you ill. Their activity is shewn by an inflammation of the skin. They like to settle on any sore or feeble part of the body. There they live at their ease, give immense trouble, and sometimes make the healing of wounds very difficult. These germs are a great perplexity to doctors. Medical men are not yet thoroughly alive to their operations.'

A little startling to be told, as an explanation of a petty ailment, that you have somehow swallowed a cloud of germs, and that they are now revelling like so many demons in the palms of your hands; that being the situation in which they have preferred to take up their quarters. 'What is to be done?' we inquire; 'how is the enemy to be dislodged?'

'Ah, sir,' answered the doctor, patting one of our hands in profound admiration, as if he had lighted on a treasure, 'it is a very beautiful case. But you leave it to me. I will give you hot sulphur-baths three times a week, and also some medicines to help to kill the germs. In good time, I will make you well. I assure you, it is a pretty case, and I am pleased to shew you how it will be cured. You will go home quite recovered.'

And so, following the advice of this learned authority, we go through a course of hot sulphur-baths, and, as directed, swallow tumblers of water of a certain spring, and take the prescribed medicines. Weeks pass on, and we begin to lose patience. We allow, there was a certain improvement; but the enemy, if there was any enemy at all, was not expelled. He was only less virulent in his attacks; but whether this modification might not have been as much due to change of air and constant rambling about, as to the doctor's prescriptions, it would be difficult to say. We returned home by no means cured. Only now, at the end of four years, by prodigious care as to diet, is the ailment dying out. Whether the germs are satisfied, and preparing to take their flight, we are unable to determine. In point of

fact, we have throughout been somewhat incredulous as to these said germs. The doctor's diagnosis was very fine, but we did not quite believe in it. Without disputing the Germ theory, we thought he had not, in the present case, hit on the right explanation, and that his mode of treatment was accordingly less or more insufficient. As far as we have been able to judge, the ailment was due to some derangement of the digestive functions, and never has had anything to do with germs of one kind or other.

Far be it from us to throw discredit on the Germ theory, which is now beginning to attract attention among British physiologists, and has already been made the subject of voluminous disquisitions. All we contend for is, caution in the way of practical application. To push a theory to extremes on all occasions is only to make it ridiculous. Until we listened to the oration of the German physician, we had never given serious attention to the Germ theory. It was almost new to us, as it will be to many whom we are addressing. Having now looked into it a little, we propose to say something on the subject.

The notion that the air is full of germs of the lowest forms of animal and vegetable life—or the germs of what may be half-animal half-vegetable—was brought prominently into notice by Pasteur, an eminent French chemist, about thirteen years ago, in a work on animalcules and the process of fermentation. By means of his writings, and other works, along with discussions in various learned societies, new and interesting views of Nature were introduced; the medical world, in particular, becoming quite alive to the importance of the discoveries. It had long been known that infinitesimally small creatures soon made their appearance in certain liquids, such as infusions of sugar, when exposed to the air. But the great and difficult question was, whence did these animalcules come? More pointedly—were these creatures of spontaneous production, or did they derive their life from previous living creatures? The idea of spontaneous generation was of old date, and seems never to have been questioned till the seventeenth century. The more exact methods of observation which then began to be followed led to the abandonment of the theory by men of science, until the experiments of Bastian and others seemed to revive it. The opinion of the scientific world, as a whole, is still against the notion of spontaneous generation—that is to say, against the doctrine that life in any case can be the result of a concurrence of conditions, but springs from the germs of living creatures of a like character. Here, then, stand two classes of inquirers, as it were face to face, in distinct opposition to each other. The numerous careful experiments that the controversy has led to, have certainly widened our knowledge of the circumstances under which the lower forms of life are developed.

For convenience, we have spoken of these small demonstrations of life as animalcules. They are,

however, known by different scientific names. Two kinds are almost universal in certain solutions. They are minute, transparent, oval bodies, slightly enlarged at each end, called *bacteria*; and very small rods, generally of two joints, called *vibriones*, from having a peculiar vibratile motion. However originating, these and other creatures in their germ form appear to hover about in the atmosphere. If a brilliant ray of sunlight pass through a chink, and traverse a dark room, its path is made evident as a long gray line of motes, dancing in the air. These motes settle down as dust; and if a little of this be magnified, it is found to be mainly broken particles of wool and grains of starch; but it contains germs as well; for if a little of the dust be shaken into an infusion, we have a crop both of animals and plants at once. According to this view of the matter, germs of animalcular existence abounding in the atmosphere, only need some appropriate field whereon to alight and come actively into life. Yet, it is not alleged that these small animals are a product of the atmosphere. They have possibly had their origin in the ground, or in decaying substances, and only float about in the air, like the seeds of thistle-down, till circumstances offer them the means of settling and increasing in numbers. These are points not yet clearly defined. Anyway, what a stupendous conception this, of Creative and Providential energy! The Earth enveloped in an atmospheric sea of life germs, invisible to the naked eye, designed to fulfil a beneficent purpose, and at the very least calculated to warn us of conditions detrimental to health, if not life itself!

As may be observable from newspaper reports, Professor Tyndall lately gave a series of discourses at the Royal Institution, London, on the Germ theory. His observations, which we abbreviate, afford a tolerably lucid explanation of this interesting topic. 'The basis of his experiments is that, in the course of searching for means of obtaining air free from floating motes, he found that if air is allowed to remain in a closed airtight vessel covered inside with glycerine, in the course of three or four days it deposits all its motes which adhere to the glycerine, and it thus becomes quite free from them. The test of its perfect freedom is to pass a powerful beam of light through the case, when, if any motes are still floating, they make known their presence by reflecting the light. With air thus freed from motes, Professor Tyndall has made a long series of experiments bearing on the question of spontaneous generation and on disease germs. He has placed test-tubes in cases like those referred to, and has arranged to fill the tubes with infusions containing organic matter, by means of a *pipette* so arranged that it can reach the tubes without admitting external air. The method is to allow the air to settle and purify itself, and then to pour in the infusion down the pipette. At the same time a portion of the infusion is placed in tubes exposed to the ordinary

air. The usual precautions and preparations laid down by those who believe in spontaneous generation are carefully observed. Thus, one sample of an infusion is exposed to the influence of notes, and another sample is protected from them. Over and over again with different kinds of infusions the experiments have been tried. The protected tubes shew no change, while the exposed tubes soon become putrid, and shew signs of low forms of life. In various ways, with sealed flasks, with calcined air, with filtered air, and in a vacuum, experiments all tending to the same results were exhibited.

The professor proceeded to shew how, for want of minute attention, a person is liable to be misled in accepting apparent proofs of spontaneous production; for a single drop of liquid from one of the putrefying tubes, on being transferred to the others, would set up a series of changes at once. From this, he argued that sewer-gas of itself is harmless; it is the germs 'floating in the sewer-gas' that sow disease. If there are no disease germs present, the gas does no harm. Another set of experiments on the horizontal and vertical distribution of motes led to the conclusion, that life germs float in little clouds, since an immense number of tubes exposed in different parts and at different heights in the laboratory, shewed that some were affected many days before others. Clouds of disease germs may explain a puzzle to surgeons—why a wound, going on well for a while, should suddenly, and without apparent reason, become putrid. It may be, that it is being dressed just at a time when a "germ cloud" is passing. In his concluding remarks, Professor Tyndall referred to the fact, that it has remained for modern science to discover that, more than by battle, or accident, or famine, humanity suffers from disease germs conveyed in air and water.

While our friend, the German physician, had perhaps carried his Germ theory a little too far, it will be seen from these observations of Tyndall that he was possibly right in the main. Evidently, the Germ theory is about to give a new character to medical and surgical practice. The object aimed at is to exclude the possibility of germ contagion. And that may be no easy matter, for the means of transmitting a species of germ-poisoning by clothing and otherwise are subtle beyond imagination. As is well known, there are particular cases in which a physician must change the whole of his dress, to avoid bringing the seeds of a deadly disease to his patient, and sometimes even that precaution will not suffice. Aware of the chance of injury to wounds by exposure to the atmosphere, some surgeons have begun to employ what is called the Antiseptic or anti-putrefying treatment, which consists of causing a spray of antiseptic liquid to play all around the wound during an operation, such as the amputating of a limb, or when the limb is dressed. The spray in these cases is supposed to destroy or neutralise the action of the germs that may be hovering about. This, we believe, is now a common practice at university hospitals in Germany, and it has been employed by Professor Lister with remarkable success in the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh.

On the generally putrefactive powers of the air, along with warmth and moisture, little need be said. Every cook knows that, subject to these

conditions, meat very speedily becomes unfit for human food. The air germs have done their work. In short, air, which is so necessary to our existence, is also a destroyer. Its damaging tendencies, however, may be circumvented. By sundry devices, we can exclude it from articles of food; and as cold is an antiseptic, it is now found to be practicable to import quantities of fresh meat from the United States by simply keeping it under a stream of dry ice-cold air. A consideration of the Germ theory leads to endless suggestions regarding cleanliness in dwellings, ventilation, and other sanitary appliances. We are to keep in mind that we are environed by an invisible foe, ever ready to take advantage of any neglect on the score of health. Pure air, or air as free from destructive germs as can be procured, is now felt to be one of the first considerations in choosing a dwelling, and in getting out of the way of noxious impurities. Lately, it has been asserted that the common house-fly acts as a kind of domestic scavenger, in clearing the air of germs, but this would require to be experimentally proved, as flies are not usually esteemed to be such agreeable companions in a dwelling as to become objects of cultivation. w. c.

MY FIRST TIGER.

'JAPES, we're in luck this morning. Our little two months' holiday hasn't commenced so badly.' And as he speaks, Patsy Belton glances gleefully at a slip of paper he is jealously holding.

'My dear fellow,' I leisurely reply, 'I haven't the faintest idea to what you allude. Perhaps, if you let me know the contents of that letter, the fog might disappear. By-the-by, Patsy,' I continue, 'apropos of ideas, that is not a bad one my self-comforting butler has got hold of. He says that a suit of warm clothing is absolutely necessary in these cold regions, and that if I don't provide him with one'—

'Oh!' said my companion; 'listen to this, dated from DROOG BUNGALOW, Thursday, 7 A.M. —DEAR BELTON—Put on a pair of wings, and fly to me at once. If possible, bring with you one or two more men; and if I don't bring you and them in close proximity with a tiger, my name is not what I believe it to be—H. THOMSON.

Now, what do you think of that?' he exclaims, looking up triumphantly, and without giving me time to put my opinion into words, he springs from his chair, and the next moment is gone. Soon I hear him pouring forth numerous questions and various orders, all hurriedly spoken, and consequently, to an Indian servant, intensely bewildering. Some snatches of sentences and a few words, such as gun, cartridges, leggings, fool, not cleaned, &c., float through the chinks of the door, and reach my hearing.

'I wonder how much of all that has gone in at one ear, and *not* gone out at the other,' is my thought, and I chuckle over it. Under the soothing influence of my cigar, and a soft breath of cool air that just glides into the room, I tumble into a pleasant meditative mood, and think how delicious and enjoyable everything

is up here, after the miseries and tortures we have gone through down below.

'Down below' means the scorching plains, which Belton and I have just left for a two months' stay on the 'up here,' which means the beautiful, grand, and, once visited, never-to-be-forgotten Neilgherry Hills, where hedges are made of heliotrope, and one's abode (locally termed *bungalow*) is netted by roses. At length my musings veer round to more immediate matters, and I say half aloud: 'The house is very quiet, so Patsy can't be indoors. I suppose he has made tracks for the tiger-ground.'

'Upon my word, Japes'—a voice known to me breaks in here—'you are positively too bad. You know there is no time to be lost, and yet here you are, muttering to yourself in a cloud of smoke, instead of getting your guns ready, and your lazy person fitly harnessed.'

(I may mention here that 'Japes' is not the name my parents chose for me. It is my inharmonious nickname, the origin of which the reader shall not be troubled with.)

'What!' I exclaim, raising myself up, and looking at him in surprise; 'you surely don't want me with you? Bah!'—relapsing into my former comfortable attitude—'the idea is too ridiculous. I should only ruin all the sport. Why, man, do you know that I never in my life shot anything bigger than a pheasant?'

'Well,' he says, determinedly, 'if you don't come, then I shall stop at home also.' And forthwith he proceeds to place his gun in a corner.

'Nonsense,' I mutter.

'I tell you I shan't go without you,' says Patsy, subsiding into an arm-chair, and beginning to whistle.

'But why,' say I, still holding out, 'do you wish to have me, of all people, with you, considering that I shall of a certainty spoil the fun some way or other, and make a fool of myself, more than once, into the bargain?'

'That is just where you are wrong,' replies Patsy; 'instead of spoiling the fun, you will add to it. Besides,' he adds impatiently, 'I know perfectly well that you really would like to come; and come you must; so there's an end of the matter.' And thus it is settled.

Belton has been gone about half an hour, when I catch sight of him opening the garden-gate. He looks more radiant than he was even before, for he has in tow two more men, as eager for the coming fray as himself. They find me quite ready; so, without further delay, we make a start for that ground, where, for the first time in my life, I may in all probability be brought face to face with—a tiger.

No power of describing, either with the pen or the brush, could possibly be great enough to enable any one to give a good or just idea of the grand and imposing scenery that greets us at every step, and which our eyes feast on as we progress onward. Forests, ravines, waterfalls, lie at our feet; and there is grandeur all around. As the gusts

of wind pass over the forests, the tree tops bend before their force, and I almost fancy I am looking on a miniature ocean with its successive undulating wavelets. I am completely overcome by the picturesque; so, carried away by what I see, I stop and exclaim: 'Wait awhile. It is not often one hits upon such a scene as this. Let us take it in.'

'Posh!' is an unromantic rejoinder; 'who ever thought of taking in bits of scenery, when on the road to a tiger cover!'

'And when time is short and precious, and not a jot of it to spare!' adds another voice.

I perceive the force of these remarks; so, contenting myself with growling something, I follow on. To hold my tongue, but to keep my eyes wide open, is my mental reservation, and by so doing I hope to be able to pass muster. Having come to this understanding with myself, I jog on with less apprehension, and therefore, as is natural, with considerably more comfort. We reach the planter's (did I not say the invitation was sent by a planter?) snug-looking, but by no means palatial establishment, just as the sun begins to shew itself from out a rather dismal, gloomy-looking sky.

The planter greets us all very cordially. 'We have plenty of time in store,' he says; 'and as thirst must be upon you all after your long walk, come inside and quench it.'

I glance at Patsy with an aggrieved expression, which very plainly tells him that, in my opinion, there would have been no harm done if he had allowed me to finish my after-breakfast cigar in peace. He takes no notice of my speaking look, and says 'Thank you' in a manner as if he thought it nothing less than sacrilege to lose time, even so much as would be given to the tossing off of a glass of wine.

'We are only thirsty for blood,' he laughingly adds, at the same time, however, leading the way to where the liquor awaits us. So, with renewed strength we soon set out on the prime errand of the day.

'Who, in the name of Fortune, are all these fellows?' I exclaim, as we come to a spot where about a hundred niggers are congregated.

'Those,' answers our host, seemingly astonished at the question—'those are the beaters.'—I hear Belton laughing behind me.

'My very dear Japes, you surely did not expect the tiger to come and shake hands with us of his own accord—did you?'

'Their appearance,' reply I, smiling, and trying to speak jocularly, 'is certainly ugly enough to scare anything.'

It had been unanimously carried that everything was to be under the complete guidance of the planter. He is to choose which *sholah* (thicket) is first to be opened by the 'beaters'; in his hands is left the choice of each separate position for each individual 'gun'; in him our whole confidence is placed; and that we have put our trust in the right man we are certain.

'Before placing you,' he observes, 'shall I shew you the spot where the brute killed the bullock, and also the mark of the dragging, which is very distinct?' A general assent; whereupon he leads the way, and we all follow in Indian file. We have proceeded thus along the jungle-path for about ten minutes, when suddenly our guide halts, which necessitates our doing likewise.

'It would be better'—speaking in a very low and subdued voice—'to talk as little as possible, now and then only in a whisper, for we are approaching the ground.'

'All right!' each one answers in an undertone. Then comes an admonition chorus of 'Hush!' after which we again jog on in the same fashion, but in the most profound silence, making as little noise as possible in thrusting aside the twigs, and treading like cats. Again we are suddenly brought to a stand-still, for our guide has stopped at the margin of a small patch of grass-land, and is, with an uplifted arm, pointing towards something to which he wishes to draw our attention. Tigers were and are uppermost in my thoughts—fanciful encounters with tigers did and do run through my brain helter-skelter—in fact my whole soul is steeped in tigers, so what more natural than that I should think that at last I was face to face with one! At the planter's gesture I am at once on the alert, and bringing my gun to a more favourable position, am prepared for any emergency. My excitement thaws rather when he breathes the explanation: 'There is the place where he dragged down the carcase.'

Suppressed laughter is within hearing, and I am painfully aware that I have again made a fool of myself. The others having recovered themselves from being amused at my expense, and I having lapsed into a less warlike position, we then cross the patch of grass-land to obtain a nearer view of the spot indicated. There, plain enough, a large gap in the undergrowth is to be seen, and there, as plain, are the marks where some heavy animal has been dragged along the ground.

'I thought it was perhaps a tiger you were pointing at,' say I playfully and aloud, totally forgetting, in my sudden revulsion of feeling, the previous solemn warning we had all received.

A bomb-shell might have fallen amongst us, to judge by the expression of horror that shows itself in each countenance at my utter disregard of caution. Each forefinger of each right hand is held up at me menacingly, and each tongue hisses forth the solemn and warning 'Hush!' Four withering glances are thrown at me, and we then proceed onwards as before in the same softly treading, North American Indian sort of fashion. Patsy is just in front of me.

And now we reach the spot whence we are to be sent off, in different directions, to our 'posts.' The planter places one hand on the shoulder of No. 1, while he points with the other. We all gather round anxiously.

'There is a large stone over there—do you see it?' he whispers.

'Yes,' replies No. 1.

'That is your post. It is in a first-rate position; for if the tiger moves down the hill by that far ledge, he will, without doubt, come near enough to enable you to do good execution.'

'Good,' says No. 1, shouldering his rifle, and disappearing into the jungle.

'Yonder is yours,' says our guide, addressing the next. 'If the brute becomes alarmed by the beaters overlapping on the right, he is bound to turn; and when he does that, he will make tracks for that *sholah*, thus passing you within easy shot.' And off goes No. 2.

'And now for yours, Belton. Let me see,' medi-

tatively, and stroking his beard. 'I shall give you the position of honour, if honour is reckoned by the best chance of a bag; and in my opinion, you have got it, when I place you alongside that clump of undergrowth. The beaters will act more on the right than on the left, as a pivot, and so befriend you; besides, stationed there, you will have two *sholaks* to defend.'

Patsy's eyes beam with expectancy and delight.

It flashes across my mind that, on an occasion like the present, it would be much pleasanter for me, who know as much about tiger-shooting as an elephant of dancing a hornpipe, to accompany my brother-officer, who has had much experience in the art. The suggestion is put mildly.

'I must withhold my consent,' says our captain; 'that would be very bad management, for you would certainly quarrel somehow over the quarry; besides, there is a large *sholah* in this direction' (pointing to the left), 'which must be guarded by one gun at least.'

'Well, good-bye, Japes,' says Patsy soothingly; 'and, next to myself, best luck to you, old man.' And off he goes.

'By that small tree to the left,' says my now solitary companion, 'is the best ground for you to take up.'

'Where do you mean?' groan I mechanically.

'There,' indicating; 'look along my finger, and you will make it out at once—a small tree. There is a mound about five yards beyond it.'

I put my head close to his, and do as requested. 'All right,' I say in an attempted cheerful manner—'all right; I see it.'

'Upon my word,' he commences; then looking round mysteriously, as if to make sure no jealous ear is listening, he speaks on: 'After all, I think your position is the most likely one to see fun, for if the brute knows that far *sholah*—and I have reason to believe that he has actually been in it—he will assuredly try to reach it; and if he does, he must turn his nose straight for your tree.'

'Good gracious!' I exclaim in rather too loud a tone for the vicinity; then, rapidly recovering myself, add: 'Ah! how jolly! first-rate!' The reader can imagine the awful smile that accompanies these words. 'But,' I continue, 'as you are experienced in this sort of outing, and as I am only a beginner, would it not be better that you should take up so good a position?'

'O no,' he answers carelessly. 'I am well satisfied with the one I have left for myself, which is about a hundred yards to the other side of that small hillock to the right.'

One question has been hovering on my lips during the previous half-hour; and it is no other motive, but a laudable desire not to be foolhardy, or to court any unnecessary risk, that causes me to put that question now.

'Am I to climb into the tree, or am I to stand beside it at the bottom?'

'There is no need to climb into it,' he says, smiling as he gives his answer.

'I asked only to avoid doing wrongly,' I explain. 'Good-bye,' I add in a tone, as if we were fated never to meet again. And off I go.

As I saunter along, the reflection, that no one else was present when my last question was put, is very consoling.

No matter of how stout a heart the neophyte may be, he must, during his first venture—especially

if it smacks of excitement, on account of mishap being possible—feel far less at his ease than when usage gives him the knowledge of how much less risk there really is than his fluttered imagination entertained. The recruit who faces the enemy for the first time does not take events with the same comfortable indifference as the medal-adorned veteran. The sailor in his first storm is more apprehensive of danger than when he has ridden safely through a hundred. And in like manner I, on this occasion, do not feel that keen appreciation of the sport in hand that, no doubt, I should have felt; in short, I was then decidedly not *quite* so comfortable as I have been on similar and subsequent outings.

I am startled out of a reverie, to things around, by hearing a distant and curious muffled sound. What can it be? It is the beaters, who have gained the top of the hill, and are descending and beating towards the spot where I stand. Only a few more seconds, and it will be decided whether it is for me to have the first shot! My intense excitement overcomes everything. I am completely carried away by it. At this moment what care I if twenty tigers were to leap from the jungle! Down come the beaters, and then I know that, for the present, the tiger is free from any hurt or harm at my hands. He and I are not to meet—not just yet, at any rate. What a din! Of a certainty all the demons in Pandemonium have broken loose. Surely nothing human could be the authors of such hideous sounds! Every man of them is assisting with some sort of noise. Some yell like fiends as they beat the bushes with sticks provided for the purpose; others indulge in shrill whistling; while others, again, clash their gongs and 'tom-toms' together in a manner that fails not in doing sonorous duty: the whole forming as neat a piece of discord as one could wish—or rather not wish—to hear. In fifteen more minutes the entire thicket has been 'beaten,' and not an animal of any sort has made its appearance. The tiger is not there. The next question is, Where, then, is he? For the second time we find ourselves grouped around our captain, each one anxious for further information.

'That is unfortunate,' is his remark, referring to our non-success. 'That "beat" was the most likely one of all to find him in. The beaters did not startle a single deer, so it is evident he has been roaming there already. However, I still hope for better luck. If you will follow me, I will lead you to the next most likely spot.'

Again we move forward with that same soft, noiseless tread as before. This wariness, this attempted avoidance of being heard, lends an air of importance and solemnity to our doings. It looks like business. Presently our leader comes to a stand-still.

'This is, perhaps, about the best place from which to point out your respective posts.' He speaks in a very low, subdued voice.

We are standing on the side of a small hill. In front is another, while about fifty yards below us is an open *nullah*—the dried-up bed of a mountain-stream. The space for half a hundred yards or so up each hill-side is free from jungle, and covered only by some short grass, and again each one is shown his particular standing-ground. My post is on the side of the hill opposite. To

my front is the open unwooded nullah; to my right lies a densely wooded ravine: thus facing me from left to right there is a considerable space, open and free for a whistling well-aimed bullet to find its billet. 'Allow your quarry to have his *side* towards you before firing,' was the planter's last caution to me, 'and you will be safe from his charging you; a tiger always charges in the direction he is looking.'

I am excited, very excited; and the reason for my excitement being so intense, I cannot to this day tell. Perhaps it was an inward unaccountable feeling that something was going to happen. I grasp my rifle firmly. The beaters are much nearer now; their sounds are more distinct. Yes; and now they have reached the top of the hill on the other side of the nullah; and now they are coming down towards the hollow and towards me. Right, left, in every possible spot, I look for some sign, some warning of approach—a growl, a stir in the bush, anything. The hoped-for and long-expected sight at length greets my eyes, for there, one hundred yards to my left, out from the jungle breaks—a tiger!

Ont he saunters, twisting his tail and growling angrily. At the first sight of him up goes the gun to my shoulder, finger on the trigger; but just in time the warning voice comes back: 'Allow your quarry to have his *side* towards you before firing.' The gun drops from my shoulder, and I watch him. He reaches the bed of the stream, and there he hesitates, as if in doubt whether to seek the cover of the ravine or move straight on. The second's pause is over; then, breaking into a smart trot, he keeps along the water-course, and makes for the ravine to my right. If he keeps on as he is now going, he must pass me, broadside on, within fifty yards. On he comes, now and again turning his head, to see that none of his tormentors are near. He has not seen me yet, as I am keeping well behind the tree. He is now straight to my front, and not fifty yards distant—shall I fire? And now he passes me, I raise the gun, lean it against the tree, take a steady aim, and fire.

My shot is a telling one. The brute rolls over and over, and then lies on the grass without a move. The beaters shortly put in an appearance, and it is with great caution that we all move to where the tiger lies stretched. There is no need for caution—there is no need for my second barrel—for our enemy is perfectly dead. The same look of pride that shone in Napoleon's eyes when gazing on the victorious fields of Jena, Ansterlitz, &c. now shines in mine, as I gaze on *my* handiwork. The rifle—the weapon that did the deed—I now handle with as much affection as the owner strokes the neck of his pet—his Derby winner. I, the duffer of the whole party, had won the prize!

I receive their congratulations with 'the pride of modest worth.'

'Bravo! old man,' shouts Patsy, as he comes up; 'if you only continue as you have commenced, we may make something of you yet.—What a grand fellow!'

'Plenty fine *bagh* [tiger], sar,' chimes in one of the niggers, grinning with satisfaction from ear to ear, and looking at me with unconcealed admiration. That look of admiration, though coming from a nigger, makes me feel exultant.

Thus happened that event, that provoked in me

a hungry and earnest desire for more. And now, though years have passed, it is with pride, pleasure, and exultation that I recall that never-to-be-forgotten day which chronicles the death of my First Tiger.

'UNLUCKY' DAYS.

In a country town during our early days—which may be set down at sixty years since—there was an old gentleman who had a firm belief in lucky and unlucky days. He would only go on a journey on a Monday, and would on no account put on a new coat on a Saturday, as to do so would be very unlucky. He had likewise some whimsical superstitions about dressing himself. If he happened to draw on the stocking of his left leg before the right, disaster, as he thought, would be sure to follow. This aged personage was but a type of many others in these not greatly distant times. His notions were only a perpetuation of superstitions that prevailed in long-past ages, and of which we have a record in various historical annals.

One of the Saxon Chronicles mentions no fewer than twenty-four unlucky days in a year. Another specifies six days (January 3d, April 30th, July 1st, August 1st, October 2d, December 16th) as being bad, not only for killing man or beast, or for eating goose, but also for a child to be born; while another names particular days in the months of April and May on which we ought to be bled, if we wish to avert fever, gout, and blindness. The Red Book of the Exchequer contains part of a calendar, supposed to have been written about the times of John or Henry III., in which the favourable and unfavourable attributes of the several months, or rather days of certain months, are set down in a series of rhymed lines. There is another manuscript calendar in existence, of somewhat later date, in which thirty-two days in the year are specified, likely to be of ill-omen to those who marry, or fall ill, or commence any important undertaking, or set out on a journey. An old astrologer asserts, with that complacent positiveness which is so characteristic of these prophetic authorities, that the angel Gabriel revealed to Joseph that there are twenty-eight days in the year decidedly good for bleeding, purging, curing wounds, trading, sowing, building, travelling, and fighting battles; children born on any one of these days will never be poor; and children put to school on these days will become apt scholars.

These amusing freaks of credulity were not confined to medieval times; we trace plentiful examples of them in the days subsequent to the invention of printing. One enumeration in English of the time of Henry VIII. includes about as many unlucky days as some of the others, but is by no means similar to them in the actual days selected. Again, on the fly-leaf of an old Spanish Breviary, supposed to have belonged to one of the Redemptorist Fathers in the sixteenth century,

there is a Latin enumeration of twenty-four unlucky days in the year, distributed impartially in pairs, two to each month. We will not weary the reader with the Latin; but it may suffice to say that the 10th comes out very badly, being an unlucky day in no less than six different months; the next in unfavourable odour is the 3d; after this, the 1st and the 7th. The second half in each and all of the months is peculiarly favoured, having only one unlucky day among the whole—July 30th. Why this day is so unfavourably excepted, we are left to guess. An old English list of twenty-eight days in a year recommends them as being suitable days on which to apprentice boys to trades, and article youths to merchants, on the ground that the youngsters would by this auspicious beginning grow up to be skilful workmen and wealthy traders. Three of the months are credited with three each of these fortunate days, but poor August has only one.

Again, an old Book of Precedents, dated 1616, contains a calendar marked with no less than fifty-three days of an unlucky character: 'such days,' the record tells us, 'as the Egyptians note to be dangerous to begin or take anything in hand, or to take a journey, or any such-like thing.' Query, did the Book of Precedents, or its author, know whether the Egyptians ever adopted the Romish or European calendar? Possibly, Gipsies are meant. Just about one-seventh part of a man's life would be lost, so far as any useful pursuits are concerned, by the adoption of such a cautionary standard! There is a small manuscript in the great Paris Library, in which are enumerated, in very old French, thirty days likely to be unpropitious for certain avocations or undertakings, which are duly pointed out.

One curious example exists of the days in certain months being associated in theory with some peculiar fitness for certain proceedings. The thirty-one verses of the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs were accepted as symbolical with the thirty-one days of the (longest) month. Several verses, relating to distances and the like, were to be studied by those who travel on the corresponding days of the month; another group were supposed to be important to the workers in linen; while others contain allusions likely to affect the workers in wool. It is obvious that this kind of manipulation is very elastic in character, and could be made to fit in with almost any theory.

Particular anniversaries, one day in each year, are accounted lucky or unlucky (as the case may be), on account of certain events which occurred thereon in past times. One day in the black list is Innocents' Day, December 28th; the day on which the children in Bethlehem were massacred by order of King Herod. A disastrous day has this ever since been regarded for the beginning of any work or important enterprise. The French king Louis XI. was very sensitive on this point, disliking to consider any public question on such a day of ill omen. It was an unlucky day for marrying. The coronation of Edward IV. of England was postponed for one day, in order to avoid this anniversary. The women in some parts of Cornwall endeavour to dispense with scrubbing and scouring on this day. On the other hand, a proneness is manifested to select a particular day for commencing any important undertaking, simply

because it is the anniversary of some great event. During the Crimean war, for instance, there were many soldiers who thought it would be lucky to make one of the grand assaults on Sebastopol on the 18th of June, that being the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo—forgetting that this day would be one greatly in disfavour with our French allies.

Predicting the weather of one day from that of another is a favourite item in proverbial philosophy—such as the inference of a wet Sunday from a wet Friday; and the dictum that 'if the sun shine on Easter Day he will shine on Whitsunday.' There is another denoting the fact that when, on a particular day,

The sun hath shined,
The greater part of winter comes behind.

As may reasonably be expected, the several days of the week have been eagerly scanned to see which of them might reasonably be associated with lucky or unlucky prognostics. The seven days of the week (or rather, six of them) have their respective good and bad qualities set forth in a Northamptonshire rhymed saying, just as dogmatic in its tone of assertion as such effusions usually are:

Monday health,
Tuesday wealth,
Wednesday for good fortin',
Thursday losses,
Friday crosses,
Saturday signifies northin'.

The contempt here expressed for Saturday is somewhat amusing. The county of Devon gives a different aspect to the matter, by connecting the days of the week with the good or ill luck likely to befall children born on those days:

Monday's bairn is fair o' face;
Tuesday's bairn is full o' grace;
Wednesday's bairn 's the child o' woe;
Thursday's bairn has far to go;
Friday's bairn is loving and giving;
Saturday's bairn works hard for a living;
But the bairn that's born on Sunday
Is brisk and bonny, wise and gay.

What was the impressive incident that rendered Sunday an auspicious day to Christians, every one knows. As to Monday, the rhymed proverbs and sayings are generally favourable; but there was a medieval belief that three particular Mondays in the year are likely to be disastrous to the human family. Cain was born, and Abel slain (so runs the legend) on the first Monday in April; Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed on the first Monday in August; Judas Iscariot was born, and Jesus Christ was betrayed on the last Monday in December. A notion prevailed two centuries or so ago that Tuesday was a bad day for the House of Tudor—Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Elizabeth all having died on this particular day of the week. We must appeal to historians to give us the exact dates, and then to almanac-computers to count backwards, and see whether the three dates really fell on Tuesdays.

Of all the days in the week, Friday is that which has been most uniformly associated with particular classes of events, for the most part disastrous or unfavourable. Unlucky Friday has existed in men's minds for centuries, and still manifests considerable vitality. An ancient monk-

ish legend tells us that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and that they both died on Friday.

The superstitions of mariners concerning Friday are very strong. The believers in the ominous theory relate a story of a ship having been laid down on a Friday, on purpose to belie the popular belief; it was launched on a Friday, placed under the command of Captain Friday, sailed on a Friday—and was never again heard of! The redoubtable Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald, on one occasion sailed in the *Wellesley* from Plymouth on a Friday; he was recalled into harbour by signal from the port-admiral before he had run far. The official reason for the recall was that he might take out a mail; but the sailors clung to the theory that the port-admiral was a believer in unlucky Fridays. The same theory or adage was strongly associated in the mind of one naval officer with the ship to which he belonged; he received his appointment on a Friday, joined the ship on a Friday, sailed on a Friday, and was wrecked on a Friday. The believers in unlucky Fridays dwell emphatically on a gigantic instance in their favour. The magnificent mail-steamer *Amazon* left Southampton on a particular Friday in 1852; the emigrant ship *Birkenhead* left Portsmouth on the same day: the one was lost by burning, involving the loss of a hundred and sixty lives; the other was wrecked in a storm, when no less than four hundred and thirty persons perished. 'So you see we are right,' said the Friday theorists.

It is scarcely necessary to urge that none of these ominous conundrums will bear scrutiny. We hear only of them when the prediction comes true, not of the overwhelmingly greater number which fail. Would the foretellers of unlucky Fridays apply to Lloyd's List, classify the ships in seven groups, and place in each group all those which sailed from our ports on a particular day of the week, they would probably find that there is just about the same ratio of recorded disasters to ships which sailed on Friday as to those which commenced their voyages on Thursday, Saturday, or any other day of the week. A resolute and faithful record of facts, whether telling for or against a particular theory, is the only effectual test of it in social life as in physical science; but this kind of impartial recording is not much in favour among foretellers.

The absurdity of prognosticating the weather from the state of the atmosphere on certain days is illustrated in the superstition concerning St Swithin's day, July 15. The common belief about this momentous day is, that if it rains or is fair on that day, there will be a continuous track of wet or dry weather for forty days ensuing. There are two serious objections to the truth of this belief. The weather is not uniform on any particular day all over the globe, nor even in one country. A dull, wet day in London may be, and often is, a clear and dry day at Brighton; and so on. But there is a greatly more serious objection. The superstition about the day originated hundreds of years since—during the régime of Old Style. The introduction of New Style (in England in 1752) caused a shift of eleven days—since 1800, twelve days. Our present 15th of July, therefore, is equivalent to the 27th by Old Style. Hence, what truth can there be in the belief about St

Swithin's? The change of Style has proved a sad discomfiture to all ideas connected with particular days and seasons; and people with any sense of discretion should try to keep these facts in mind.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XIII.—JENNY'S SUSPICIONS.

ALTHOUGH the affliction from which Miss Jenny Dalton suffered was not one which the visits of general practitioners (or even of physicians) could appreciably benefit, the family doctor was accustomed to call upon her daily in Cardigan Place; and even in the country, it had been some source of comfort to her mother that good Dr Curzon should 'look in' and see how matters were going on with the invalid, at least once or twice a week. He was as kind as he was clever, and his kindness, at all events, seemed to do her good. Jenny 'believed in him' implicitly, though her faith was by no means lightly won. He never indulged in the commonplaces of his craft, or prophesied smooth things to her. She might get a little better, he told her; but he never held out any expectation of her getting well, which indeed, if it had happened, would have been a miracle. To a looker-on, her condition seemed not only hopeless, but necessarily unhappy. To move with pain, and often to be unable to move, without assistance, at all; to pass bright summer days stretched upon a sofa, and to lie awake, sometimes in pain, through weary nights; to see girls of her own age busy with their mallets in the croquet-ground, or taking the wholesome kisses of the air on horseback, while she had to content herself with books or lacework: seemed a hard lot. The future, too, appeared to be more full of vain regrets and sad comparisons than the present; it was certain that she would never feel a lover's kiss or know a husband's love. The dreams and hopes of girlhood were not for her, and yet Jenny was far from being unhappy.

Her intellectual tastes were catholic, and she was an omnivorous reader; in her huge mahogany desk—she had others, of rosewood and mother-of-pearl, but this one, a gift of her old nurse, Haywood, years and years ago, was her special favourite—she kept a store of treasures hidden from every eye, the laying up of which was more delightful to her than the growth of a miser's store—precious manuscripts in a fast-flowing hand—tragedy, comedy, pastoral, pastoral-comical, scene indivisible, and poem unlimited—all the various coin that comes from the mint of the teeming brain of youth. If she could not mix with the world around her, she had a world of her own, peopled by creatures of her own invention, into which no mortal could intrude, without her leave.

When others thought her wholly wrapped up in weaving that fairy filigree of lacework which was so greatly admired and extravagantly estimated by amateurs, it was often only her fingers that were thus employed; her brain was busy with that other work, of which no one knew the secret, though perhaps one—so keen is a mother's love—had guessed at it.

Concealment is not always like the worm in the bud; in the case of the literary aspirant, it is a wholesome sign, and has a wholesome effect: the scribbler and the witting pine for fame, and the immediate fruition of their gifts, and shrink only

from the critic; but modest worth, ere its blossom blows, shrinks from the very eye of day.

If Dr Curzon had known how his patient employed herself—not only in times suitable for study, but not seldom in the weary watches of the night, he would perhaps have forbidden such employment; but as it was, being totally ignorant of the well-spring of her content and patience, Jenny was simply a physiological marvel to him, the cheerfulest caged and suffering bird he knew.

'Doctor,' said Jenny one morning, when he had concluded his professional inquiries—such as they were—and had touched in his funny way upon all his several topics—lacework, literature, Tony, and the condition of some of his own poor folks whom Jenny had privately under her wing, so far as it could shield them—'Doctor, can you keep a secret?'

'My dear,' returned he, 'I was born for that very purpose; Mumm's champagne is not so still.'

'But, dear doctor, I am in earnest. It is a serious matter, and one which, perhaps, since he himself has not spoken to you about it, I ought not to mention; but it is my belief that papa is ill.'

'Your papa ill? Well, he ought to be, no doubt, considering the rich men's feasts at which he has sat so constantly for the last twenty years; but I have very little hopes of it.'

'Hopes of it!'

'I speak as a professional man, my dear. As a friend, of course I should be sorry to see any signs of a break-up in his system; but he seems to me to be made of iron.'

'On the contrary, I am convinced that he is very unwell. He has no appetite; his spirits are forced; his manner is wholly changed. I don't think he hears what is said to him once out of three times.'

'Liver.'

'Perhaps; but, at all events, it should be looked to. He will never tell you a word about it of himself. He only believes in doctors for other people, you know.'

'That is something, however; I have met wretches who have not even that faith by proxy. Well, am I to ask your papa to be a good boy, and put out his tongue? Nothing can be done, you know, without that.'

'You can find out what is the matter, without appearing to be inquisitive, doctor, as I know very well.'

'But do you mean to say that your mother is ignorant of this indisposition—that is, supposing that there is really anything the matter?'

'No, indeed; she is quite aware of it, but has been forbidden to speak. I know her so well, and also how papa dislikes any fuss made about himself. It is making her very wretched, I can see. We go to town next week, and then he will fall into the hands of Dr Jones—if he is persuaded to consult any one—and I don't believe in Dr Jones.'

'Quite right: vote for Curzon and country air, my dear.'

'Well, at all events, papa has confidence in you, and will listen to what you say: you have tact, as I have said, and our medical friend in town has none. It will be very bad for mamma, in a few months' time, if papa was to have a bad illness.'

'So it would, no doubt. She is not one to bear much worry at any time. I mean, she would bear it—God help her!—like a hero, only it would kill her.'

'O doctor, don't say that!' cried Jenny quickly.

'Nay, my dear; don't be frightened. Even if your father had a fit of the gout, your mother would get over it, and he is not likely to have worse than gout. I was, of course, only speaking of some very serious trouble, such as, let us hope, is not likely to befall either her or hers. She takes things to heart too much, and at the same time, is inclined to keep all her miseries to herself. That is my view of her.'

'I cannot say what is *my* view, doctor, it keeps changing so. It seems to me, to-day, that I cannot love her more—that she is all perfection; but to-morrow, I shall have found out some fresh excellence in her, I know, which will lay upon her children a new debt of gratitude and affection. I have had no experience of angels, but I shall be quite content if I find heaven peopled by such folks as my mamma.'

The doctor smiled, and laid his hand upon Jenny's luxuriant tresses, in tender approval.

'And you tremble lest this mother, to whom you are so justly devoted, should be soon going to heaven, Jenny?' said he gravely. 'Am I not right?'

'Yes, doctor,' answered she in a half-choked whisper. 'Such is my selfish fear. I dread her exchanging this world for eternal happiness in the next, where, perhaps, I shall not be. O doctor, tell me truly, do you think she is going to leave us?'

'No, Jenny,' was the quick reply. 'I see no reason for any such apprehension. She is delicate, of course—almost as fragile as yourself; and she has a trial before her which I wish she could be spared; but so long as she has no anxieties—and she has none now, for you are certainly getting stronger—and can keep her heart up, she will do well enough.'

'Then, that is only another reason why papa should take care of himself, or rather be taken care of. I am, I repeat, quite confident that he requires care. That *he* should fail in spirits is a portent that it is impossible to disregard, if there were no worse symptoms.'

'But that may be from other causes than physical indisposition. He has his troubles, of course—for all his mirth and brightness—like other people; perhaps they are just now a little thicker than usual. There was that disappointment down at Bampton, for example.'

'I thought of that, of course, doctor; but I have made certain it is not Bampton. I have heard him say myself, in a manner that I am sure was genuine, that he does not regret his defeat, except, of course, for what it cost him; and the money, as I know, he made up his mind to spend.'

'Well, well, my dear, I will do my best to physic your papa, if he really needs it, in spite of himself; you shall work it up in his food for him, like the poisoners.'

But in spite of his light way of treating the affair—which was indeed natural with him—the doctor knew Jenny far too well to doubt that there was something really wrong with her father, though he was not so ready as the majority of his

calling would have been to set it down, as he had pretended to do, to 'liver.'

The fact was, that Dr Curzon—than whom a discreeter or more prudent man was not supposed, in that part of the country, to exist—had himself once lost five hundred pounds—his entire savings for many a long year—in 'a perfectly safe investment;' and knowing the strength of that sort of temptation, if he had heard that the Archbishop of Canterbury had been obliged to let Lambeth Palace for the season to some opulent Hebrew, on account of speculation in 'Turks,' he would not have been astonished. In the case of an idle and extravagant man like John Dalton, it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world that he should have 'burnt his fingers' with some attractive speculation or another, and that the loss had affected his appetite. Perhaps the good doctor was not wholly free from that sense of pleasure said to be excited by the misfortunes of our friends; but if it was so, this, in his case, solely arose from the complacent satisfaction he derived from so sharp a fellow as Dalton having fallen into the same pit as himself. He had no idea, of course, of the depth he had fallen, nor how much he had hurt himself, or there would have been no room in his kind heart for anything but the sincerest sympathy. If this was the nature of his friend's ailment, he could indeed do nothing in the way of help; so that, upon the whole, he would have compounded for him to have been menaced with a good sharp attack of gout or rheumatism, against which his professional aid might be of use. It was hardly more likely—as he was well aware—that Dalton should consult him in the one case than in the other; but as he happened to have an opportunity of being alone with him on that same afternoon, he thought he would 'just have a shot at the ducks'—a playful expression he was accustomed to apply to all experiments of an empirical nature.

'My dear Dalton,' said he, 'now we have done talking of your daughter, I should like to say one word about yourself. She has told me—quite in confidence—indeed she has told no one else, not even her mother, that you have been getting out of sorts lately.'

'What on earth makes her think that?' replied Dalton, laughing. 'I am as hard as nails, and as fresh as paint.'

'Then I am sorry I spoke,' said the doctor dryly.

'You need not be that, Curzon. Of course I shall not tell Jenny that you mentioned it.'

'I was not thinking of Jenny. I said I am sorry, because, of course, I have no right to pry into your private affairs; and since you tell me you are not ill, it is clear that you have some serious trouble. I am quite sure Jenny has made no mistake as to something being the matter.'

'Well, then, I have a trouble,' said Dalton quickly; 'and I have no objection to reveal its nature to you—provided that it goes no farther. If it was to be known, I should lose, for one thing, my self-respect.'

'I hope that is an exaggeration,' answered the other gravely. 'It is not uncommon with men to accuse themselves of having acted improperly, when they have, in fact, only made an error in judgment, that has cost them dear. Nevertheless, if you feel it a humiliation to speak of the matter, do not do so.'

Dalton smiled. 'I am grateful to you for your delicate consideration, my dear doctor; and am quite ashamed to have evoked it, by what, I fear, you will consider to be false pretences. My ailment is very slight, though I allow I have one. The fact is, I have been worried day and night for the last week by toothache. I am a shocking coward not to have it out, of course, and that is just what I don't want people to know; and that is the long and short of the whole matter.'

'Let me look at the tooth.'

'Not I,' said Dalton, stepping back with a light laugh. 'Your fingers shall not come near it. I don't doubt that you have some terrible instrument up your sleeve at this very moment. At all events, I won't trust you. I daresay a less excitable man would think nothing of it; and I could grin and bear it myself—indeed, I thought I had done so pretty well; only, it seems Jenny's eyes were too sharp for me—if I could only sleep o' nights.'

'It's so bad as that, is it?'

'It is. I have absolutely no rest. My appetite too, I daresay, seems to have fallen off, but that is because I am afraid to eat. There is no pleasure in life, while this thumping and jumping are going on in one's jaw.'

'You have the character of being a very clever fellow, Dalton.'

'Oh, never mind that,' interrupted the other; 'I may be twice as clever as Dizzy himself, but you may be sure of one thing—that I won't have it out. I have had a tooth out before; a double one, just like this. The first pull was only torture; the second, I thought was the end of the world; the third, the man broke my jaw. Of course there is such a thing as chloroform, but I have reasons for objecting to chloroform.'

'I was about to say, Dalton,' observed the doctor coolly, 'that although you were such a clever fellow, you have, in this instance, fallen into a mistake, from which your intelligence should have preserved you—the mistake of undervaluing the wits of others. I am country born and country bred, and, I have no doubt, very inferior to your London men of the world, but I am not quite such a fool as you seem to have taken me for. It would have been wiser in you—and I venture to add, more friendly—to have told me the truth about yourself, or to have told me nothing.'

'But, upon my word and honour, I have the toothache.'

'I don't doubt it; I did not pay you so bad a compliment as to suppose you capable of a downright falsehood. But when you said I will tell you what is my trouble, I expected to hear it, and not merely what is doubtless an aggravation of it; but still—'

'My dear Curzon, I scarcely know what I say,' interrupted the other gloomily; 'for Heaven's sake, bear with me, for I am sick at heart.'

'You? Of all men, I should have said you were the least likely to be that. You have a wife, of whom any man may well be proud; your children are just the brightest and the dearest—'

'Don't speak of them, Curzon; it is upon their account—God help them!—that I am so unmanned.' He pushed the still plentuous hair back from his broad forehead with both his hands, and paced the room with rapid strides. 'It is curious that you should have spoken to me this afternoon upon the

very subject that I have been wishing to speak to you for many a day. I want your advice, doctor, your best advice, upon a matter of which, as I believe, no one has as yet any suspicion. We are liable to interruption here; and if I consulted you up-stairs, it would excite remark.'

'You wish to speak with me, then, professionally?'

'Of course. How else should there be any secret about it? When am I most likely to find you at home?'

'I will make a point of being so at any time you please.'

'Let us say at noon to-morrow, then; I will take the boat over, and drop down on you over the crags. I can go that way without any one suspecting it, and be back at luncheon without being missed. Perhaps you will think of something in the meantime for my toothache—a drop or two of laudanum at bedtime, for example, will give me a night's rest.'

'I'll send my boy over with some this evening.'

'No, no; don't trouble to do that. I don't want my wife to know that I have said a word about my health, and the arrival of any bottle from your vineyard would be very suspicious. I would rather bring it back myself to-morrow.' And so the matter was arranged.

CHAPTER XIV.—ON THE BRINK.

An American philosopher has likened the position of a man 'waiting for something to turn up' to one who goes into a field, and sits with a pail between his legs, expecting that presently a cow will back up to him to be milked; and though John Dalton was unaware of the metaphor, his sensations were identical with that of the man with the pail. Indeed, they were still less sanguine, for, to his eyes, there was no cow in the field at all. He had hitherto—save with respect to the state of health of his wife and Jenny, about which he was always more or less apprehensive—been a stranger to anxiety. He had had no grounds for it in any direction. His position and income had been assured. He had not been an extravagant man, but had always lived up to his means, without saving a penny; he had never dreamt of saving. He had not laid up anything against a rainy day, because his atmosphere—like that of some tropical regions—seemed incapable of rain. And now a deluge had fallen, the unexpectedness of the catastrophe had overwhelmed him, quite as much as its magnitude. Moreover, bad as things were, it was certain that they would become worse; it was only a question of time as to its being all over with him and his. His condition was precisely that of one who stands upon a rock at present a little above the waves, but which the advancing tide is as sure to cover with eight feet of water, as is the sun to set or the moon to rise. Some men—perhaps most men—would stick to that temporary refuge, wet and shivering, to the very last, while limb after limb was being submerged; but others, though they could not swim a stroke, would 'take arms against that sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them;' would plunge in, and anticipate their doom.

To one of Dalton's sensitive and nervous organisation, suspense would perhaps in some cases have been harder to endure than the actual disaster.



suspense which could only have one end—that of hopeless ruin; and meanwhile, the ruin was always before his eyes. Already he saw his wretched store dwindling day by day till nothing was left; his delicate wife, his ailing child, suffering all the inconveniences of poverty, the hardships of want, and then the pangs of destitution. As a matter of fact, the last was out of the question, for two reasons: they would never live through the first two stages; nor would their friends, even the least genuine of them, have permitted the third. But the only alternative was the humiliation of dependence, the bitterness of beggary. And this was supposing that the three thousand pounds on which he had calculated would remain intact; that there would be no further liabilities for the *Lara* mine than the shares in full. He fed upon these miserable thoughts both night and day, and upon the top of it all was the necessity of appearing calm and free from care—nay, of even keeping up his character for high spirits. A duller man would have taken matters more quietly; a wiser man would have called in some philosophy to his aid, and would certainly not have abandoned hope; but with this man—with his light ways and undisciplined mind—it was as though a butterfly had been caught in the frozen palms of Winter. It was not to be wondered at, under the circumstances, that life was growing intolerable to John Dalton. There had been rain for a day or two which had swollen the *Nathay* to unusual dimensions, and Uncle George proposed at breakfast one morning that they should take the steam-yacht up to the mere; a suggestion that met with great applause from the young people. It was the first time that the voyage had been practicable since the Daltons had come to Riverside, so that to Kate and Jenny, and Tony, it had all the charm of novelty. Indeed, the Campdens themselves had as little pleasure out of their steam-yacht—save what they might derive from the mere possession of so fine a toy—as it is possible to imagine; and even on the present occasion the water in the river was said to be falling so rapidly that it was necessary they should start at once, while there was yet enough of it to float the vessel. If they waited till the afternoon, they might reach the mere, but would scarcely get back again, was the verdict of the Admiral of the Fleet, as the chief man in charge of the boats had been called by Jenny; so that there was no choice about the matter.

‘O papa, can you really not come with us?’ exclaimed Kitty piteously.

He had already taken care to explain that he would be engaged that morning, in order to be free to keep his appointment with Dr Curzon; and the proposed expedition was welcome to him, since it would secure his departure from observation.

‘No, my darling; indeed, I cannot,’ said he.

‘But your company is half the battle,’ observed Mrs Campden graciously.

‘Nay; you will have no battle at all without me,’ replied he, in laughing allusion to his frequent combats with his hostess.

‘I mean, sir, that we shall never get on without you.’

‘But, my dear madam, you never get on *with* me.’

It is impossible to describe in words the air and manner which made Dalton’s speeches void of offence; but even his enemies allowed that he had an ‘agreeable insolence,’ which it was very diffi-

cult to resent without being put entirely in the wrong. If he had made up his mind not to do a thing, it was known for certain by those who knew him—though he never gave a flat refusal—that he would not do it; and his hostess made no further effort to persuade him to join the water-party.

He retired to the library after breakfast, in accordance with his pretence of writing letters of business; but he had, in fact, no business now, while of writing letters he had had of late more than enough. He was indeed only waiting until the others should be off and the coast clear for him to start upon his visit to the doctor. Now he would pace the room with impatient strides, and now—when a footstep came near the door—would seat himself quickly at his desk with the paper and pen before him; and now he would start up again and resume his walk; and now would aimlessly take down from the well-lined walls a book, and read a few lines, then put the volume back mechanically, like one in a dream. He felt that he was losing his volition; that except for that certain line of conduct which he had marked out for himself, and which, since yesterday, was ever present to his mind, he had no adaptability, nor force, nor will. Everything else was outside of him, as it were, and possessed no interest for him. It had been with the utmost difficulty, when, at breakfast-time, his host had asked his opinion concerning some cabinet question treated of in the newspaper, that he could gather his wits together to express his views. The difference between Whig and Tory had become even less to him than that between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee. He was above all things, in his political feelings, an Englishman, and yet he felt that if news had come that morning that his country was at war, it would not have quickened his pulses by a single beat. Only one thing gained his attention for a moment: a volume of the *Annual Register* had been one of those which he took up, and in it his eye chanced to light upon a strange tragedy that had, years ago, taken place in France; it was the story of a hump-backed boy—a mere child—who had lost his parents, and been left dependent upon an uncle for subsistence. This man had worked him like a slave, yet was always beating and ill-treating him; and when the poor child was away from his wretched home, the boys in the street would jeer at him, because of his defect in shape. At last, wearied out by toil and ill-usage, and the universal contempt, the humpback had ended his misery by hanging himself in a wood near Paris. At the bottom of the tree was found a scrap of paper with these words upon it, ‘I have had enough of it,’ signed with the little fellow’s name.

The whole story was contained in a paragraph, but it was the tragedy of a human life. Under other circumstances, Dalton would have given a sigh of sympathy for the victim, uttered a curse against his persecutor, and have forgotten the wretched tale as soon as possible. But now it clung to him like a very shirt of Nessus, and filled him with poisonous thoughts. Here was a child, sent into the world deformed, to be tortured in body and mind until he was driven to put an end to himself. Where was justice? Where was mercy? Where was Providence? Some persons in Dalton’s case would perhaps have comforted themselves with the reflection, that however unpleasantly their lives in life had fallen, they were, at all events, far preferable

to those of the poor hunchback ; they would have extracted consolation from the fact, that they had deserved worse things than this unhappy child, yet had experienced better, and would perhaps even have felt gratitude on that account. But Dalton took up the cudgels against Fate itself, upon the child's account, almost unaware that he was moved to do so by his own consciousness of wrongs ; indeed, to do him justice, he had not himself, but only his belongings, in view. He was ready to own that he deserved considerable punishment—not perhaps quite so severe as had befallen him, but punishment within reasonable limits—but as respected his wife and children, he was very bitter and rebellious. 'They have done no hurt, and yet they are doomed to misery ; and though I have sinned, I have not sinned so deeply as to deserve that I, who love them so, should have been the cause of their ruin.'

'It was a wretched ill-governed world in which such things were possible,' was the reflection that he made to himself, though he would not perhaps have ventured to say as much. He kept on repeating to himself the last words of the poor hunchback : 'I have had enough of it—I have had enough of it—I have had enough of it !' not consecutively, but from time to time, and after intervals of gloomy thought. Presently, the noises that betokened the departure of a party of pleasure were heard in the hall without ; the chatter of female voices, and the ripple of laughter, the opening and shutting of doors, and the eager cries of Tony. 'Then a light footstep in the passage, and a gentle knock at the door.

'Well, my darling, we are going. I thought it right to go, lest the girls should think something was amiss.'

His wife was looking very pale, but the smile on her sweet face was as bright as ever. It was put on for him, he knew, and had cost her not a little.

'How brave and good you are, Edith !'

'Don't, don't talk like that, John, or I shall utterly break down,' replied she earnestly. 'You will be at home when we come back, dear ?'

'Yes, dear, yes. Perhaps I may come up to the mere from Bleabarrow way, when I have written my letters.'

She knew that he had no letters to write, at least of any consequence, and had but little hope of his coming up to the mere. Yet she answered : 'Oh, that will be so nice, and be such a pleasant surprise to the children ! Good-bye, my darling.'

'Good-bye.' They kissed one another, as though they had been young lovers parting for the first time ; indeed, they had never loved one another more than since these evil days had come upon them.

Then she went out, throwing back a look of loving farewell—to play her part in the gay picnic ; for into such the excursion had resolved itself—while he was left a far easier task—to bear the importunate Care alone. He sat down with his head between his hands, as though, with that faithful partner, Hope itself had fled. It is no exaggeration to say that he looked older by some years in those few moments ; for the sense of irremediable loss—of separation for ever—was heavy upon him. His step, when he rose up and crossed the hall to fetch his hat, was slow and hesitating, like the gait of an old man.

Once out of doors, however, the open air revived him ; the scent and beauty of the garden flowers, the bright sunshine, and the loveliness of the surrounding landscape, had also their effect. When Nature frowns, it is certain that our wretchedness is thereby intensified. A November evening, with thick fog abroad, has probably turned the scale, in some despairing wretch's mind, towards death, when, under brighter external influences, he would have lived on ; and Nature's smiles have life in them, even when they seem to mock our misery. Moreover, in Dalton's case, there was physical action demanded of him, which is, above all things, the foe and conqueror of despondency. Without calling for the assistance of a servant, he unfastened the smallest craft among the little flotilla in the boat-house, and rowed himself—not without the necessity of putting forth some skill and strength—across the tawny, foam-flecked river ; and if his boat had come to grief in that whirling stream, he would have fought and struggled for his life, no doubt, though existence had become so hateful to him. Then, when he landed on the other side, and had fastened his boat to shore, there were the steep crags to be climbed, the call on wind and muscle, and the air of the hill-top, crowning all.

For the moment, his eye drank in the glorious prospect at his feet, without that consciousness of misfortune which surrounded him, now, as with an atmosphere, through which all things came to his senses dealened and dull. Before him lay the long, deep valley of Sandbeck, an unsung Dove-dale, which Kitty was wont to affirm she had discovered. At all events, until the Daltons came to Riverside, there had been no great enthusiasm displayed about its beauties. It ran very steeply down from the moorland mere to the great plain of Bleabarrow, taking a sharp turn before it debouched upon it, so that the whole valley seemed complete in itself, and shut out from the external world. But for the height of its hills, and the length to which its windings extended, which made it appear even narrower than it really was, it might have been called a dell, so solitary and self-contained it was. Yet, a road which could be almost termed a highway traversed each side of the valley, crossing it near its head, where the ravine was only a narrow fissure, which a few miles on grew wide and deep, and in which an imprisoned stream ceaselessly bewailed its fate. At the bridge was the hamlet, consisting only of the little gray church and a score of scattered cottages of stone, and perched on the spurs of the hills were two or three farms. As Dalton rapidly descended, he passed by one of these homesteads, which, as it will have an interest for us hereafter, may here have its line of description. Like its neighbours, it utterly ignored landscape ; the side that looked—or would have looked, had it had windows—upon the valley, was a long barn built of stone, and lit with long slits in the masonry such as are common in old fortresses. The dwelling-house was very ancient, with a porch covered with a luxuriant creeper, that also stretched over the whole edifice, half-hiding it in tangled greenery. In front was a paved courtyard, with the barn on one side, and on the other a terraced garden of small extent, but very full of the commoner and more odorous sort of flowers. There were yew-trees in it, which

gave it a quaint rather than a funeral aspect; for the place was altogether bright and cheerful, and singularly clean. There were no stables near it—nothing but the barn and another farm-building, under which entrance was given to 'the Nook'—as the house was called—by a picturesque archway. If its builder had been a man of modern taste, many things would doubtless have been changed for the better; but taking it for what it was, a farm-house of three centuries old, it was singularly free from all that was unsightly or unsavoury. Of the beauties of Sandbeck, indeed, its indwellers could see nothing; but they had their garden, and their courtyard with its sun-dial, and even a little fountain upon the terrace—altogether a very sufficient home prospect; and they had only to pass through the archway to behold a scene that few localities could rival. The place was not now used as a farm at all, but was at present in the occupation of a wealthy yeoman, one Jonathan Landell, who had retired from business, and was well pleased to pass the evening of his days in the spot where he had made the rays to gild it.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

SOME curious instances have from time to time occurred of persons who for certain reasons have been able, while in perfect health, to assume a thoroughly death-like condition; submitting to the most painful tests rather than acknowledge the deception. In others, again, where vital functions have been disarranged, the apparent cessation of all the functions and evidences of life has ensued; while certain animal forms, by no means of the lowest grade, have under certain conditions become to all appearance, and even when subjected to rigid scientific scrutiny, utterly lifeless. Yet, on being placed in other and more favourable circumstances, these beings will at once return to their wonted and pristine activity; and may be subjected to these processes of seeming death and revival many times in succession. The truth of these statements may be vouched for from the fact, that no records have been more carefully noted or preserved in scientific archives than those in which the details of these anomalous aspects of life are set forth. And although, even in these latter days, the reputed wonders and impostures of 'bleeding nuns' and 'fasting girls' excite the curiosity of the masses, the present subject shews most conclusively in its reality and interest, that truth of scientific kind, even more than of ordinary nature, is more startling than the most cunningly devised fiction.

Starting with a very broad and general physiological principle, the dictum that in the midst of life we are really in death, receives practical confirmation from the consideration of the daily or hourly change in every living being. Continually, and as long as life lasts, the particles of our bodies are being disintegrated and cast off, as the result of the wear and tear of the vital machinery. The active stream of the blood circulation is ever carrying away to the lungs and other excretory organs, the useless particles it has received from

the tissues; whilst this same vital stream is as continually bringing new particles to replace the old. Thus, the body resembles a house which is being gradually taken to pieces, whilst at the same time it is being incessantly repaired. Before the attainment of adult life, indeed, the process of repair exceeds that of wear, to admit of the due growth and increase of the body taking place; but after the attainment of full growth, the wear and repair should be pretty equally balanced; whilst in old age the former process exceeds the latter, and the edifice of poor humanity at last succumbs, for want of material and energy to maintain it. Physiologically viewed, then, life is a process of burning the candle at both ends; since daily life is actually synonymous, in a sense, with daily death. These familiar facts are examples, in their way, of the remarkable revival and renewal of the living body in all its parts; and in strict truth it may be maintained, that through this renewal of all its particles, these apparently unchanged bodies of ours are in any one year composed of particles entirely different from those of the preceding year, and also from those which, in the years to come, will succeed the present elements of our frames. Strange it is to think, that despite the renewal of their parts, our features remain 'old familiar faces' still.

Turning from these more normal phases of the revival of life, we find instances in which the assumption of the aspects of death is exhibited in cases of so-called 'trance,' or catalepsy, and allied phenomena. To rightly understand what is implied by these curious states, we must bear in mind that the functions of life are divided into, firstly, the organic, and secondly, the animal or nervous functions. The former category includes such functions as digestion, circulation of the blood, breathing, and the like; whilst the animal functions include those of the nervous system, and are so named from their being found in the animal world alone. Now, in the state of trance, it is the organic functions which appear to be either wholly suspended, or at any rate to evince none of the ordinary signs of work or activity; whilst the nervous functions, implying consciousness of course, are awake and exercised, but only in a passive state. Thus, a patient in a state of trance gives no audible or visible sign of life, but remains, nevertheless, conscious of what is being enacted around him.

What, then, is this curious state of partial suspension of bodily faculties, with passive activity of the mind? What induces the state, and to what is the revival of the patient due? To these queries physiology can at present give no defined or explicit answer. All that cautious science may do, is simply to point to analogy and to allied phenomena in which the special characters of these cases seem to be more clearly manifested. Thus, the analogy of sleep and its attendant phenomena undoubtedly leads us for a certain distance on the path of investigation. Or even let us note the common phenomena of mental abstraction, when the body and mind seem entirely dissociated in their actions. The body is then seen to be carried safely on its course in walking, even amid the streets of a crowded city, whilst the mind is

pursuing some train of thought, utterly unconscious, in the ordinary sense of the word, of the movements of the body. These actions on the part of the body are purely machine-like or automatic in their character; and habit has doubtless played the chief part in so educating the physical powers to act independently of the mind. Thus, the common expression 'absence of mind' involves the consideration of a very great deal of intricate mechanism on the part of the body, and of some very inexplicable phenomena on the part of the mind. And we may consider, through analogy, the phenomena of sleep as presenting us with an advanced degree of the acquired habit of withdrawing the attention from present things and objects, and of further composing or fixing the powers of the mind—as in actual trance—in an abnormal and unusual degree.

While trance-sleep may undoubtedly, like other mental and bodily phenomena, pass through repetition into a regular habit, an analogous state may be artificially induced, as exemplified in the phenomena of *mesmerism*. Without doubt, physiology recognises that—under whatever name the process may be known or mystified—the mind may through some process be made to think and act automatically, or may be thrown into a state of sleep, from which it may be revived or awakened at will. In these latter cases, there is the same implied principle of a voluntary or involuntary cessation of the bodily functions, and of the temporary dissociation of the mind from the body—although the explanation of the exact *modus operandi* in such cases, lies hidden as yet from the most advanced science.

Many of the lower animals, as every one knows, hibernate or sleep throughout the months of winter; repairing to their haunts at the close of autumn fat and well-fed, and reappearing in the following spring lean and meagre. That animals of high organisation, accustomed to active life and habits during three-fourths of the year, should pass the remaining fourth in a state of torpor, in the condition of profound sleep, and without eating or evincing motion, should constitute facts of some value in their bearing on the questions before us. The body in such animals literally feeds upon itself, consuming during the long sleep the stores of matter which the nutrition of summer has laid up within the tissues. And so far, this process of hibernation, and the revival of the beings which exhibit and undergo that process, bear a close analogy to certain still more curious states in man, to which we will now refer.

The Fakirs of India have long been known to voluntarily induce in themselves a state analogous to that of hibernation in the lower animals. Thus, a case is recorded and authenticated by government officials, in which a Fakir allowed himself to be buried alive in an underground cell for six weeks, and came out alive and well from his interment. In a second case, another Fakir was immured for ten days in a grave lined with masonry, the grave being strictly guarded during that period, to insure against the possibility of imposture. And a third instance presents authenticated details in which, under the superintendence of a British officer, a Fakir was buried for three days—the original offer having been, to allow himself to be interred for nine days; but the official, fearing a fatal result and consequent

censure, caused him to be released at the third day. On being disinterred, these men present a corpse-like aspect; in the heart and blood-vessels, no pulsations can be detected; breathing has ceased, and the entire surface of the body is cold. By means of warmth and friction, however, the physical powers are soon restored.

It may be urged that some deception or fraud may be practised in these cases; the well-known expertness of Hindu jugglers rendering this supposition somewhat feasible. But we may, without hesitation, pronounce against the idea of fraud, since such phenomena are by no means confined to these Indian devotees, or to Asia alone. Thus, we find such states to have been assumed by persons who could have no motive for the practice of deception, and to whom the *rationality* of their curious powers was as much a mystery as to the surrounding observers. Many cases are recorded in medical reports of seeming death, in which preparations have been fully made for interment; the supposed corpse slowly recovering its vital powers, to the astonishment of the bystanders; whilst instances are, unfortunately, not wanting also to shew that the revival of such patients has taken place too late, and when a living body in its death-like sleep has been actually committed to the tomb. The feeling of horror at the idea of living burial, indeed, is simply the widespread recognition of the possibility of this state of apparent death occurring; and the precautions taken in some mortuaries, of attaching to the bodies bell-pulls which cause bells to ring on the slightest touch, form additional proofs of these curious phenomena being noted, and of their danger being fully appreciated.

But a still more remarkable development of these phenomena may be found in the *voluntary* assumption of this death-like state by some individuals. The well-known case of Colonel Townshend, recorded by an old physician, Dr George Cheyne, in his work entitled *The English Malady, or a Treatise of Nervous Diseases of all Kinds* (London, 1733), exemplifies this latter feature. Colonel Townshend having suffered for many years from a distressing internal complaint, came, Dr Cheyne tells us, 'from Bristol to Bath in a litter, in autumn, and lay at the *Bell Inn*.' He was there attended by a Dr Raynard, by Mr Skrine (an apothecary), and by Dr Cheyne himself. The colonel sent for all three one morning; the physicians, on their arrival, finding 'his senses clear, and his mind calm,' whilst 'his nurse and several servants were about him.' He had further, the doctor takes care to inform us, 'made his will, and settled his affairs.' But the colonel had sent for his medical attendants that they might 'give him some account of an odd sensation, he had for some time observed and felt in himself; which was, that composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased; and yet, by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again: which, it seems, he had sometimes tried before he had sent for us. We heard this,' continues Dr Cheyne, 'with surprise; but as it was not to be accounted for from now common principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it.' The colonel then offered to make the experiment before the doctors; they, with a proper feeling for the welfare of their patient, at first protesting against the proceeding. At length they

were forced to comply, and the proceedings commenced by all three feeling the pulse of the patient. The pulse 'was distinct,' says Cheyne, 'though small and thready [*sic*]; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr Baynard laid his hand on his (Colonel Townshend's) heart, and Mr Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any, by the most exact and nice touch. Dr Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr Skrine the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth; then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him.' The medical men then 'reasoned' about the state before them, and after half-an-hour's pause, the colonel lying in the same motionless state, they were 'just ready to leave him' for dead, when 'some motion about the body' was observed. Then the pulse and heart gradually began to beat, and their patient slowly returned to consciousness.

But a curious fact remains to be told. The colonel called that same day for his attorney, added a codicil to his will, and, after receiving the sacrament, expired, really and truly, about five or six o'clock on the same evening. A post-mortem examination of his body revealed a healthy frame, with the exception of a lesion of the right kidney -- for the relief of which, indeed, he had come to Bath. Dr Cheyne's closing words form the most fitting conclusion, with which we may leave the case in our readers' hands. 'I have narrated the facts,' says the doctor, 'as I saw and observed them deliberately and distinctly, and shall leave to the philosophic reader to make what inferences he thinks fit; the truth of the material circumstances I will warrant.'

Lastly, we may remark, that amongst certain lower forms of animal life, the same phenomena of 'dormant vitality' and remarkable revivals are also to be witnessed. Thus, the minute *Rotifera*, or 'wheel-animalcules,' are common tenants of our pools and ditches. They are creatures of complicated organisation, possessing systems of organs, muscles, organs of sense, and, in short, are fully equipped with delicate vital apparatus. Yet these beings, all organised and active as they are, may be dried up either artificially and experimentally, or naturally by the heat of the summer sun; and in their mummified state may be blown far and wide, like mere dust-specks by the winds. Thus they may continue indefinitely; but, on the addition of moisture -- as in the case of 'germs,' alluded to in another article -- they resume all their former activity and life. They may even be desiccated and revived several times in succession. These last examples present us, therefore, with a very wonderful instance of revival after conditions which, to the majority of animals, would prove of unquestionably fatal nature. And the fact of their high and delicate organisation, presents not the least puzzling feature in connection with the question of the means whereby they are enabled thus literally to set death at defiance. The seeds of plants with less complicated organisation may also retain their vitality for very long periods; the plant, like the animal, being revived by its being subjected to the normal and natural conditions of its existence.

MY LITTLE PRIMROSE FLOWER.

[From a volume designated *The Captive Chief, and other Poems*, by James Thomson, a working-man at Shawdon, Northumberland.]

THERE grows a golden primrose
In a lone mossy dell,
The place where grows my primrose
I'll not to any tell;
Beneath the shelter of an oak,
That's wrinkled gray with age,
My pet flower blossoms sweetly there,
Safe from the tempest's rage.

A little rill that trickles by
Makes music to my flower,
And wafts itself in dewy spray
To cool its mossy bower.
The speckled trout leap up with joy
When bright it shines and clear,
And April brings its gentle rain
My little flower to cheer.

Spring wakens Nature from her sleep,
There little birds do sing,
To see the trees put forth their buds,
And flowers begin to spring.
The robin makes his cosy nest
Beside my little flower,
And close beneath its shelt'ring leaves
His little brood does cower.

When in the west the evening star
Shines like a diamond bright,
The feathered choir in brake and brier
Sing sweet their last good-night;
And ere the morning star has sunk
Behind the Cheviots gray,
They sing to my flower in its mossy bower
Their hymn to the coming day.

At morning dawn a sunbeam steals
Where my pet flower is laid,
And wakes it with a warm soft kiss
Upon its golden head.
My virgin flower, like maiden pure,
Lifts its head to the azure sky,
And wafts perfume from its golden bloom
On the breeze that passes by.

Then come the bees through budding trees,
With a hum of joy they sing
To the flower of my little primrose,
The queen of early spring;
From its cup of gold they sip
The honey sweet and clear,
And carry home with joyous song
The first-fruits of the year.

As 'neath this old oak-tree I sit,
I think of boyhood's day,
When, spotless as the primrose flower,
On the sunny bank I lay:
I gazed from earth to vaulted sky,
Till I seemed borne away
To a land of bliss, unlike to this,
Where flowers know no decay.

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TRAVELS IN THE AIR.

THE science of ballooning has lately wrested much valuable information from the upper air. The balloon has been successfully vindicated, as a means of scientific research, from the reproach of being a mere toy which might amuse a crowd of onlookers. Like many more scientific toys it owed its origin to a love of the marvellous; but it has now outgrown its childhood, and become of importance to mankind. Besides ministering to the pleasures of holiday folks, and aiding philosophers in aerial researches, balloons have, since the German siege of Paris, played some part in the appliances of war. Sixty-two balloons, freighted with different aéronauts, letters, despatches, and pigeons (to bring return messages), left Paris with varying fortune during that period; while the Post-office department alone sent out fifty-four, which carried about two million five hundred thousand letters, representing a total weight of nearly ten tons. Amongst the stores of our own Woolwich Arsenal has long been seen a shell of curious construction, invented by Captain Boxer, which, on being fired, opens into a parachute bearing a strong light. This is intended to be fired at night over a besieged fortress or storming-party, to give the assailants information of the state of affairs within the walls. Every now and then, too, experiments are made by a committee at Woolwich upon various balloons, in order to discover their practicability as military engines for surveying and the like.

We prefer, however, to direct the reader's attention to more peaceful aspects of ballooning, and to the victories of science in the upper regions of the atmosphere, taking as our guide the beautifully illustrated volume of aerial travels, entitled *Travels in the Air*, by James Glaisher, F.R.S.; Camille Flammarion; W. de Fonvielle; and Gaston Tissandier (Bentley and Son. London: 1871). Besides their scientific results, the ascents of these intrepid aéronauts possess an element of the marvellous, not merely in their hairbreadth escapes, but still more from the height to which they rose. Gay-Lussac had ascended some twenty-three thousand feet (more

than four miles) in 1804; but in 1862, Mr Glaisher rose to the unprecedented height of fully seven miles. It is true that both he and Mr Coxwell, his companion, nearly atoned for their temerity by their lives. At twenty-nine thousand feet from the earth, he found his arms suddenly become powerless, followed by a loss of all muscular power, and a total inability to speak. Seven minutes of total insensibility ensued, during which his head lay on the edge of the car. Mr Coxwell's plight was little less serious. He found it necessary to clamber into the ring to disentangle the valve-rope, but felt it piercingly cold, with hoar-frost round the neck of the balloon; while, on attempting to return, his hands were frozen. Placing his arms, therefore, on the ring, he dropped down, and perceiving that Mr Glaisher lay insensible against the side of the car, he attempted to help him, but could not; and feeling insensibility creeping over himself too, 'became anxious to open the valve. But, in consequence of having lost the use of his hands, he could not do this; ultimately he succeeded, by seizing the cord with his teeth, and dipping his head two or three times, until the balloon took a decided turn downward.' During a very rapid descent, the intrepid aéronauts recovered, and afterwards landed without any difficulty. On another occasion, lovers of exciting narratives will be gratified by a race the travellers engaged in to descend from a great altitude before the currents drifted them out to sea as they were nearing Beachy Head, on the coast of Sussex. Fortunately, they were just able to alight near Newhaven, very close to the sea, but still in safety. Such are samples of what may be termed the adventurous spirit of Mr Glaisher's ascents, which, though interesting to those who take pleasure in deeds of daring, are in no way connected with benefit to mankind.

Fortunately, however, Mr Glaisher was a man well calculated to turn his aerial voyagings to account for the benefit of science, a fact which was recognised by the Committee of the British Association, who appointed him to superintend the scientific aspect of these ascents. They charged

him to devote particular attention to determining the temperature of the air and its hygrometrical states at different elevations; to ascertain the rate of decrease of temperature with increase of elevation; and to investigate the distribution of water in vapours; together with the phenomena of acoustics, electricity, and other atmospheric conditions. By abundant diagrams and wood-cuts, many of the most curious results of these travels in the air are presented to the reader by Mr Glaisher. Science has established laws with regard to the increase of heat for every hundred feet of descent into the earth, and discovers a lowering of temperature of one degree for every increase of elevation of three hundred feet on mountain-sides: how far did this last law obtain in the higher regions of the atmosphere? This was Mr Glaisher's chief problem. He found that the decrease of temperature, with height, was by no means regular or constant. In more or less cloudy states of the sky, the currents of the upper air, and the alternations of day and night, cause considerable diversities of temperature, which disturb the action of any general law at present known to us. Thus, on January 12, 1864, the temperature of the air before starting was $41\frac{1}{2}$ degrees; it decreased very slowly till 1300 feet was reached, when a warm current was met; and at 3000 feet the temperature was 45 degrees, being three and a half degrees warmer than on the ground; and for the next 3000 feet the temperature was higher than on the earth. It then gradually fell to 11 degrees at 11,500 feet, and remained at that point until 12,000 feet was gained. It is worth noticing that a warm current of air of more than 3000 feet in depth was met with in these upper regions moving from the south-west—that is, in the direction of the Gulf Stream. This helps us to understand why England possesses a winter temperature so much higher than is due to our northern latitudes—namely, the joint influence of these warmer influences, the water and the air, on our soil.

These remarks may suffice to illustrate the character of the numberless scientific investigations which have been carried out in balloons for the benefit of the scientific world. With the reader's consent, we will now secure a guide, and beg him to accompany us up in a balloon, for the purpose of making observations for himself. We hope to have a safe and pleasant journey, and a little pleasant chat as we go.

Behold, then, our pear-shaped *aërostat*, a graceful, vigorous giant, tugging at its fastenings near the gasometer, and longing to soar into space. Like the genius of Arabian story, which diffused himself abroad from the confined sides of the vase opened by the trembling fisherman, what was lately a heap of varnished calico, American cloth, or, it may be, if expense is little object, silk, has expanded into its present huge dimensions under the influence of coal-gas. The use of this inflating power was first recognised by the late Mr Green,

who made more than six thousand aerial trips; and it has since superseded the use of hydrogen gas. Our balloon has thus been filled in a few hours, instead of the tedious days which it occasionally took under the old plan. The process of inflation seems to have a charm for the spectators, who have paid for admittance and are eager to see the start. The outlay is considerable, Tissandier's balloon, the 'North Pole,' costing four hundred pounds every time it was inflated. Our balloon is not indeed of the dimensions of the so-called 'Captive' balloon, which many will remember at Chelsea, whose volume was four hundred and twenty-four thousand cubic feet, and height 121 feet. About sixty thousand feet of gas will suffice for us, though the balloon in which Mr Glaisher usually ascended was ninety thousand cubic feet in capacity. Great care has been taken to render it impervious; it has been varnished with linseed oil and oxide of lead on both sides, and it may be a layer of india-rubber and lac varnish. A network of ropes surrounds it, which is firmly attached at the head to the valve. At the lower end these ropes are united to the hoop; and from this, again, twelve or sixteen much stronger ropes suspend the car. From it too hang the guide-rope and the coil containing the grapnel to be let down in descending. The valve-rope, a most important requisite, hangs down through the open neck of the balloon.

We have by this time taken our places in the car, fitted our instruments and provisions around it, and lighted the Davy safety-lamp. Farewells are quickly said, as the weather is propitious; the spring-catch is pulled; for a moment the balloon seems motionless, and then it ascends slowly and steadily. Faint and yet fainter grow the cheers of the delighted crowds; London lies mapped out before and beneath us, with the river winding like a silver ribbon into the horizon. In ten minutes we pass into a magnificent cumulus cloud, and emerge from it into clear space, a splendid deep-blue sky being overhead, lightly flecked with what astronomers call cirrus clouds, while an exceedingly beautiful mass of heaped-up cloud below us displays a variety of glorious tints and lights. The little wind which blows is drifting the balloon westward, and there is leisure to reflect upon the marvellous prospect. Towns, railroads, fields, and forests are projected below, each clear and distinct, but all set in a wondrous silence, which helps to cast its spell over the imagination. Sinking a little over a wood, the report of a double-barrelled gun floats upward through the intervening two thousand three hundred feet; as we drift over the villages, dogs bark and geese cackle; occasionally the shouts of astonished labourers reach the balloon; all rooks and other birds give us a very wide berth. Flammarion twice noticed butterflies hovering round the car, once at a height of 3281 feet. Fonvielle also saw a gossamer spider floating past on its own slender *aërostat*; but it is suggested that it might have

been drawn up to these altitudes by a current of air.

When once in the air, a balloon, beyond its own swift motion, is not buffeted by strong currents, as it travels with them. The motion even in a storm, is scarcely perceptible. Tissandier, in an ascent with the celebrated Duriof, rose at a single bound in the midst of a violent storm to the height of three thousand nine hundred feet. Sometimes, when calm near the earth, strong currents prevail above. Flammarion on one such occasion found himself carried along with greater speed the higher he rose, at a velocity of thirty-four feet per second the first hour, and thirty-nine feet the second. Great distances are thus traversed. The same aéronaut measured one hundred and twenty miles during six hours and twenty minutes without ever feeling himself in motion at all. Thirty miles an hour may be taken as an average distance, but in a wind it has risen to ninety.

But our balloon is still majestically sailing onwards: how are we to know our altitude from the earth? Nothing is easier. A small aneroid barometer hangs before us, and indicates by its increasing or decreasing readings, corresponding changes in the pressure of the atmosphere. For instance, it has fallen to 167, which shews that we are exactly three miles from the earth. As it declares unerringly also, in fog or cloud, or in a night voyage, when the aéronaut may be approaching the earth, it is indispensable to travellers in the air. The great difficulty of all aerial travelling is to guide the balloon. Tissandier discovered that the upper currents could be utilised. The different strata of these blow frequently in opposite directions; so that it will probably be found in the future more profitable to conquer nature by submitting to her, than by inventing new sails, paddles, rudders, or the like, with which to steer the balloon's course. When once the laws of these currents are detected, certainty in aerial navigation will follow as a matter of course, for nothing is easier to an aéronaut than to rise and sink at will. Thus, we throw out a few handfuls of sand in our ideal voyage, and at once the balloon rises. To descend, the valve-rope is pulled. And here the valve itself must be described. It consists of a metallic disc, strongly pressed against a hoop of wood by caoutchouc or steel springs, the aperture being made as gas-tight as possible, by what the French call 'a poultice,' or composition of suet and linseed. The rope depends from the inner side of this valve, and by opening it even for a moment, as it allows the gas to escape, a sensible descent is experienced. Every balloon takes up a large quantity of ballast. Fonvielle in the great 'North Pole' balloon had with him six hundred sacks of sand. Various causes bring down a balloon. M. Flammarion shall describe them while we are still being wafted onwards. 'A balloon descends of its own accord as soon as it has reached the point to which its ascensional force at first carries it. Although it is composed of two envelopes of silk-stuff, it is not completely impermeable; and besides this, its lower part or neck remains constantly open above our heads. When the solar warmth causes the gas to dilate, some of it escapes from below. Again, when the atmosphere cools in the evening, the *aérostat* [balloon] becomes a little heavier, and therefore descends naturally towards the earth. A clever aéronaut rarely

touches the valve-rope—except, indeed, to open this valve completely when he descends for good: he must be able to keep the balloon at one given height by means of a judicious management of his ballast; a single handful of ballast quietly let out causes a considerable rise.' Fonvielle states that even a chicken-bone flung out caused the balloon to rise from twenty to thirty yards, so delicately was it equi-poised in mid-air. Plenty of ballast is, in short, the fuel by which aerial journeys are sustained and managed.

Having now indulged the reader with an ascent, and explained the outlines of ballooning, it is time to alight; more especially as our *aérostat*, from the above-mentioned causes, has of late been gravitating downwards. The descent constitutes the great danger of an aerial trip. Here, the presence of mind and nerve of the aéronaut are most displayed. Slowly descending, we note a level expanse of fields free from wood below us, and at once a vigorous application to the valve-rope brings us to some two hundred feet above the grass. The earth seems to rush up towards us rather than we to descend. We now ease the valve-rope, and the guide-rope trailing across the field somewhat steadies us; the valve is again opened, and the grapnel dropped. It catches in a ditch, and when yet forty yards from the ground, we prepare to leap out, for so deceptive is the descent, that it seems to our inexperienced eyes but a few yards. While our guide forcibly detains us, he bides his time, and at length brings the huge machine to a stand, grapnelled to the ground. We leap out; assistance soon comes; the mighty fabric is once more emptied of its gas, and lies a flaccid mass of ropes and silk. The bubble has burst; the trip to the skies is over, the genius is again confined in his jar.

For the details of our imaginary trip, we are indebted to the different voyages of the gentlemen described in *Travels in the Air*. Of these, Mr Glaisher's ascents were most fruitful to the cause of science. M. Flammarion's are marked with much enthusiasm, and not a little information about the upper air. Tissandier and De Fonvielle's were the most adventurous. Thus, the book is full of matter for all tastes, and is a curious record of results obtained by perseverance and daring in the midst of formidable obstacles. It embraces also a great variety of topics on which we would fain dwell, did not want of space warn us to advise lovers of the marvellous to read these daring aerial travels for themselves. The chromo-lithographs and wood-cuts of cloud-scenery possess a distinct artistic and scientific value of their own. It is proverbially rash to prophesy respecting the development of discovery in scientific subjects, but a few words must be added on the future of aeronautical travelling. Man's physical construction will ever incapacitate him from flying. The fatal accident to the 'Flying Man' at Crenorne is only another proof of this axiom. But with a careful aéronaut, ascents may at any time be made without danger, in a well-found balloon. The two motions of ascent and descent are completely within his control at present. Want of power over lateral motion will, in all probability, as at present, long remain the great disadvantage of ballooning, and it seems likely that this obstacle will only be remedied by a diligent study of the laws which rule

prevailing winds. Constant currents may blow at certain regular altitudes during the different seasons. Discover these, and the problem is solved.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XV.—HOW DR CURZON'S BILL WAS SETTLED.

MR JONATHAN LANDELL—or 'Old Joe,' as he was usually termed by his neighbours—had a curious passion for the collecting of books, of which he was said to possess a surprising number; but with what object this store of learning—or rather the materials for it—had been acquired was doubtful. By some it was stoutly maintained, that Old Joe had, from very small beginnings in the literary line, become one of the greatest of living scholars; while by another party it was asserted with equal confidence, that the old gentleman knew nothing of his books beyond their titles. However that might be, the Nook and its owner were each remarkable in their way; and perhaps the peculiarity of the one reacted upon the other, and enhanced the public interest in both. If presentiments could take their rise from inanimate objects—if the room where we are to breathe our last, for example, could inform us of the fact beforehand—a new interest would be added to many things; and could Dalton have foreseen the part that the Nook was eventually to fill in the drama of his future, or rather of the future of those dear to him, he would not have passed it by to-day with such scant notice. He had seen and admired it more than once; but its chief impression had been made upon him through the drawings of it in his elder daughter's sketch-book, with whom it was a great favourite, and who had taken it from every point of view. His mood of mind on this occasion, however, was not one to be readily affected by the picturesque in architecture, and he pursued his way down the valley, as though the Nook had in no way differed from its neighbours.

The house for which he was bound was nearly a mile beyond it, and removed a considerable distance from the road; yet from the road, as Dalton drew near his goal, he could hear cries, not so much of pain, as it seemed to him, but of rage and impatience, which evidently proceeded from the doctor's residence. The house was long and low, consisting indeed but of one story, and at the end at which it was approached an addition had been made for the reception of patients only, in the shape of a small surgery. The whole house, with the exception of this *annexe*, was covered with ivy, which rendered this place of torment uncompromisingly bare and conspicuous. Its windows too, in order that abundance of light might be afforded for the pursuit of science, were much larger than those of the other rooms, and as the visitor passed by, he could hardly avoid throwing a glance into this chamber of horrors, the cries from which, though fainter, still continued. He fully expected to see some poor wretch's limbs being sawn off without

the consolations of chloroform, or the application of the actual cautery to some shepherd bitten by a collie dog. His surprise, therefore, was considerable at perceiving the doctor alone in this apartment, pacing the room like a wild-cat, and emitting terrible ejaculations. His air was wild, and one of his legs was bare, the stocking being ungartered and down-at-heel, as in Hamlet's case. It was impossible—coupling his appearance with his howls—to help concluding that he was in the same mental condition as that unhappy prince; and the front-door opening to his hand, as is usual in country places, Dalton entered the house without ceremony, and at once presented himself in the surgery.

'Good gracious, doctor, what is the matter?'

'Fire, fire!' cried the unhappy medical practitioner, holding his uncovered calf with his hand, and hobbling distractedly about the room. 'I have burned myself most horribly.'

There was an odour of singed flesh in the apartment, that seemed to give corroboration to his assertion, and, so far, to attest the victim's sanity.

'But how on earth came you to burn yourself?'

'It was that old idiot Jefferson who has done it; I hope he will feel what it is himself some day; only hotter and longer.—It's getting better now. I'm really quite ashamed to have exhibited such—such excitement. I fancy I must almost have screamed aloud.'

'Well, yes, you almost did. But how on earth came you to take Jefferson's advice? I should have thought you the very last man in the country to follow out any of his old-world prescriptions.'

'His prescriptions? I should think so. He should not prescribe for my Tom-cat. But the fact is I was obliged to call him in to consultation—the old humbug!—with respect to Jonathan Landell up yonder. The man is dying—even Jefferson knew that; but just to spite me, and because he knew I had no such thing as a cupping-glass in my possession, he recommended cupping. He might as well have suggested an annulet or toad's broth. He is a medical Pagan, and believes in all the dead-and-gone Divinities of Science.'

'So I have always heard,' said Dalton consolingly. 'He goes about with a cane that has salt in the head of it, and wears a muff like Dr Ratcliffe; does he not? You have left him nobody to murder, however, in the county, as I have always been told, except a few old dowagers.'

'That is true,' said the doctor, sitting down and nursing his bare leg; 'and it is on that very account that he has revenged himself upon me in this terrible manner. "Mr Landell," he said in his pompous way, "should, in my humble opinion, be cupped. I say nothing of any short-coming in his treatment hitherto" (Hang his impudence! think of that); "but the time has now arrived for stringent measures."

"Well," said I, wishing to humour the old fool, "cupping can't hurt him anyway." (There I was wrong; it hurts abominably, that is, unless you are very clever at it. And I have never cupped a

man in my life. Nobody ever has, who is not a hundred years old.) "I will cup him, by all means."

"Do so, do so," said the old humbug, in his stately way; and off he went, drawn by those half-starved cattle of his, to prescribe some other tomfoolery to somebody else.

"It was not till he had gone that it struck me I had no cupping-glasses. One might as well be expected to have a crucible or a mud-bath ready at a moment's notice; and though I have no doubt Jefferson himself possesses the article—for his house is like an antiquarian museum in that way—I was not going to put myself under an obligation to him by borrowing it. So I wrote to such of my professional brethren as were most likely to own such an instrument, to ask the loan of it. I was obliged to explain the circumstances, lest they should think me out of my wits, so that it consumed much valuable time; and after all, only one out of ten possessed the thing I sought.

"Pray, keep it," writes he, in the letter which accompanied it, "for it is of no value, except as a relic of an exploded system. My grandfather used to say it required an education to learn the use of it." You have to keep a flame up under the glass, you see—like this—any bit of paper will do—and then, just as the flame is about to expire, you clap the thing on. Well, I had to try it upon somebody; and since I could not persuade my groom to oblige me in the matter, I tried it upon myself. The calf of the leg seemed to be a safe place for the experiment; and just as the flame was about to expire, as I thought, I applied the glass, which I am bound to say stuck on; no force on earth would have moved it; the predictions of science were so far accomplished to admiration; but the fire *had not quite gone out*. There was a living flame, sir, attached to my naked flesh, with a glass over it, as though it were some precious crocus. I had to put the strongest control upon my feelings, to avoid bellowing like a bull. The pain, my dear sir, was something quite novel in its nature; just let me try the glass on you!"

"Thank you," replied Dalton moodily, though half-amused withal; "I will take your word for it, Curzon; and I have a pain of my own, which is quite sufficient though it may not be such torture as you describe—without being experimentalised upon."

"To be sure, I forgot your toothache," answered the doctor cheerily; he had rolled back the leg of his trousers, and began to assume his professional air.

"I wish I could forget it," continued Dalton. "It tormented me all night. You said you would give me a little laudanum for it."

"Well, laudanum is a bad thing to take to—as indeed are all things to make one sleep, notwithstanding some of them have such fine names, and are so "highly recommended by the Faculty." I should suggest Eau-de-Cologne and sal-volatile in warm water to allay the pain; or—if you are really resolved not to eject so unpleasant a tenant—perhaps a little myrrh."

"Put me up what you please, but some laudanum as well, in case the milder remedies should not relieve the pain."

"Very good."

The surgery was lined with bottles, as a library is lined with books; and the doctor proceeded to

take down one or two, and pour out a little of their contents into a small phial. Dalton watched him with an air less careless than abstracted, and presently said gravely: "After all, Curzon, this is not the matter about which I have come to consult you, but something very different, and much more serious."

"All right, my good friend. I am ready to give you my best attention; but just let me premise, that patients generally—even sensible ones, like yourself—are apt to consider matters very serious, when they are not so. It is the tendency of human nature to exaggerate our physical woes."

"For instance, when you blister yourself with a bit of tinder," said Dalton, forcing a smile. "Well, well, I am quite ready to be confuted; but still I have had warnings that are not, I am sure, to be lightly regarded. What I am about to tell you is, of course, in the strictest confidence, and to be revealed to no one, not even to my wife."

"My dear Dalton, a doctor's shop is the same as the confessionnal, except that folks tell *us* a deal more than they ever tell the priest. Of course I shall be mum as a mouse. Now about these warnings. You think you have got heart-disease, of course?"

"How did you know that?" exclaimed Dalton with extreme surprise. "Do I look like a man in that way? Have you observed it for yourself of late?"

"Not a bit of it," was the doctor's cool reply. "But everybody who has "warnings" imagines them to proceed from the same cause the heart. Similarly, everybody who spits blood—as happens to about every five people out of six in the course of their lives—sets it down to lungs."

"But I am quite sure there is something wrong—and very much wrong!"

"Pardon me," interrupted the doctor; "you can't be sure! Doctors cannot always be sure—unless it is some such old fool as Dr Jefferson—and patients never. Now, please to describe your symptoms."

"Well, I have been suffering for some time."

"How long? It is above all things necessary to be explicit."

There was a pause; Dalton was searching his memory.

"About six months back I began to be affected with palpitations—an uneasy sense of movements in the heart. These have increased in frequency and violence. Of late they have given me occasionally great pain. At such times, I have felt a stupendous oppression—and even a sensation of impending death."

"Have you ever read about heart-disease in any medical work?" inquired the doctor.

Dalton hesitated. "Well, yes, I believe I have."

"So do I," answered the other coolly; "and I should have believed it, even if you had said "No." I sometimes wish that all our professional books were tabooed to the public, as the Bible used to be to laymen. They have done more harm by putting morbid fancies into people's heads, than they have done good in healing their real diseases. I would not have them chained to a church table, because all the women go there, and would be sure to read them; but I would have them written in dog-Latin, so that neither the learned nor unlearned should be able to make them out, but only doctors."

'What I have read, however, only corroborates what I have felt,' said Dalton gravely.

'No doubt, my dear sir; but it is astonishing how these things seem to suggest themselves, when they are, in fact, suggested. However, I have a little instrument here which is very truthful, and little apt even to make a mistake. "Prithee, undo this button," as Lear says. Open your waistcoat.'

Dalton did as was required, and the doctor applied his stethoscope, putting his head on one side, like a sagacious magpie, and listening attentively. Who has not at one time or another of his life been thumped about, and bidden to take deep breaths, to cough, and all the rest of it, with a human ear glued to his chest? It is even less necessary to describe than vaccination, since some people, rather than submit to the latter operation—common fate of mortals though it be—prefer to pay half-sovereign penalties and catch the small-pox.

'Have you had any anxieties of late, Dalton?'

The doctor was still engaged in thumping when he put this inquiry, so, he could not see how the other's pale face flushed.

'You need not reply to that question unless you please,' continued the investigator, 'for I have already been informed that it is so.'

'Who can have told you, since nobody knows of them but myself?' inquired Dalton quickly.

'The stethoscope. Now, you can button up your waistcoat.'

'Then, I suppose I was right in concluding that I must at least take care of myself?'

'All people who have reached middle life may say as much as that, my good sir,' returned the doctor quietly.

'Yes; but I am conscious that there is something amiss. Pray, do not hesitate to tell me if it be so.'

'I do not find anything organically amiss.'

'But functionally, you do?'

'I did not say so. You are getting into the medical books again.'

'Well, I will ask you one question, to which I desire to have a simple "Yes" or "No." Will you give me that plain answer?'

'I shall treat you as a sensible man, you may be sure. It is not always well to give a patient such an answer—in the case of women, for example; though there are some women, like your wife, who are better able to bear it than most men.'

'Then you agree with me that my case is really serious?'

'Is that the question to which you required the simple "Yes" or "No"?'

'No. I wish to know whether you are not of opinion that I am likely—— Well, I will put it less strongly. After what I have told you, and what you have discovered for yourself, would you be greatly surprised to hear of my sudden death at any moment?'

'I should not be greatly surprised.'

'Thank you. That is what I thought.'

'Most people situated as you are—with just the best wife and children in the world, so far as I have seen—would say, "That is what I feared," Mr Dalton.'

'I have thought about it too much of late to feel fear,' said Dalton gravely. 'There are some pre-

sentiments, I venture to think, that are not merely fanciful.'

'There are some indeed that work out their own fulfilment, and therefore which should not be encouraged,' put in the doctor, with still greater seriousness. 'May I ask, Mr Dalton, if your life is insured?—I have startled you, which is just what should be avoided in these cases. Pray, forgive my stupid blundering. It is insured, is it not?'

'Yes, it is insured, though only for a sum comparatively small.'

'Just so. I only asked the question because incidental circumstances so much affect these cases.—Now, you must oblige me, before you leave, by taking at least a glass of wine and a sandwich.'

'But I have only just breakfasted.'

'Yes, but you have since then had a walk over the crags. It is very necessary to one in your condition—or supposed condition, for I have by no means issued your death-warrant, remember—to give the system constant support.'

'But really?—'

'Nay; you wish to keep strong and well, I suppose; you are not enamoured of your complaint—if you have one—as some invalids are. You shall have some lunch while I eat my dinner.'

With that the doctor led the way into another room, where his simple mid-day meal was spread, which mainly consisted of a joint of cold roast-beef. The two sat down to this, and began talking of indifferent subjects—if anything in the doctor's case, who was wont to throw his whole being into every topic of discussion, could be said to be indifferent. Dalton talked but little, and ate, as it seemed, rather to occupy himself, than because he had any appetite.

'I am afraid you find this beef a little tough,' observed his host apologetically.

'Not at all,' replied the other. 'On the contrary, I thought it remarkably tender.'

'Then it seems to me, however right you may be as to your heart, my good friend, that you have rather exaggerated your toothache.'

Dalton looked up with a flash of anger, but his host appeared to be too busily engaged in mastication to observe it.

'I didn't recommend the pickles,' he went on coolly, 'because hot things, they say, are bad for a tender tooth.'

'Everything is bad for it, as it seems to me,' answered Dalton with a laugh, that only partially concealed his irritation. 'However, I have no doubt your science will effect a cure. If you will allow me, I will take that mixture home with me, by-the-bye—and likewise the laudanum.'

'By all means,' answered his host; 'I will just go and put them up for you while you take another glass of wine.'

The doctor was some time absent; yet Dalton did not take his wine, but sat with his head forward in an attitude of eager expectation, listening: the house was small, and the partitions thin, and he could hear the other moving about in the surgery, the clink of bottles, and even—as he fancied—the pouring of some liquor into a phial, as he had already seen the other pour it. But as the returning steps came along the passage, the cloud cleared off his face, and it once more wore a smile.

'My dear doctor, this is a plot: you must certainly have intended me to take more liquor than is good for me, that you have left me so long with your wine. What have you been about?'

'Nay, my dear sir, a half-starved apothecary who sells poisons must be careful of his measures. Here is the mixture and the laudanum; pray, be careful of it, for there is enough there to kill half the parish.'

'Thanks,' said Dalton, disposing the neat little parcels in his pockets. 'There is but one thing more, Curzon: it is a delicate matter; but between old friends there need be no fanciful scruples. Please to let me know what I am indebted to you?'

'What? To Robert Curzon, F.R.C.S. John Dalton, Esq., for attendance upon his wife and family. Pooh, my dear sir; that will go in at Christmas. There is nothing we doctors dislike so much as going into details; it is as bad as taxing a bill is to an attorney.'

'But I particularly wish this little matter to be separate. I would not, for example, have my wife know that I came to consult you professionally on any account, and I have other reasons for secrecy.'

'Very good. You are a rich man, or I would not take a penny. Let me see, if I were Dr Jefferson, I should call it a special appointment, and charge you two guineas, which would cover the cold beef and sherry nicely: being only a general practitioner, I don't think I can screw more than one out of you.'

'I can't imagine how you doctors manage to live,' said Dalton, producing his purse. 'You seem to me to take more pains for less money than any other class of men.'

'But this is two pounds. I am afraid the whole valley has not so much change in it as you will require.'

'But then there is the mixture, Curzon.'

'Nay; that can surely go down in the general account, my good sir. Pride is not my weakness, but I can't sell you threepennyworth of sal-volatile across my own dinner-table.'

'Why, what is the difference? I am astonished at so sensible a man being so thin-skinned. Now we are quits for to-day's business, so let us say no more about it.'

'What? Do you wish it to be understood, then, that I have sold you eighteen-shillings-and-nine-pence-worth of laudanum? Mantua's law is death to any one who sells one half of the dose. If you are really serious in wishing to keep the whole transaction private, here is the proper change. I wish it was the general custom among folks in this neighbourhood to settle with their doctor so promptly.'

The settlement was indeed ridiculous, considering the smallness of the amount, and the relations between the two men, and they both endeavoured to treat it as more or less of a joke. But as a matter of fact, the affair was very embarrassing to both parties, and much more so than if they had been dealing with any important sum. Doctor and patient were equally pleased when the interview was ended, and they took leave of one another at the front door; the former to start upon his 'rounds' on horseback, which his friend's visit had unusually delayed; and the latter to return to Riverside by the way he had come.

'I have left no footstep behind me,' muttered Dalton to himself with a sigh of satisfaction, as he

strode quickly up the valley; 'and I have persuaded Curzon to believe the thing I wished. What rubbish is all this pretence of Science, who can have a theory thus foisted upon her as easily as a conjurer forces a card upon a child!'

CURIOUS COMPANIONSHIPS.

If it be true, as the old proverb informs us, that 'Poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows,' so no less truly may it be asserted, that natural-history science exemplifies for us instances of the strangest associations and companionships among the lower animals. Nor are these associations always to be explained on the grounds of parasitism, or from other causes which zoology may plainly enough demonstrate. In cases where one animal acts the part of an unconscious or unwilling 'host' to other animals, which have taken up their abode within or upon him as 'guests,' the cause or principle of the association is quite explicable, on the ground that the parasites seek the bodies of other animals as their natural and rightful territory. And indeed, unless provided for, by gaining access to its own and generally limited territory, the parasite perishes, being literally unable to help itself.

The instances of companionship to which we specially refer, however, are very far removed in their essential features from the question of parasitism. Abundant examples, as we shall presently note, may be found, in which one animal form associates itself with another, often of widely different nature and status in the scale of being from itself. And this association is generally of the most invariable kind. The one animal being found, we may safely and surely predict the presence of the other. Such instances of invariable close companionship are very rarely to be explained on ordinary scientific grounds, and present to the naturalist puzzles of the gravest and deepest kind. In the vast majority of cases, he fails to see any apparent benefit or ail to be derived by either of the associated beings; and it is exactly this want of object, if we may so term it, which forms one of the most inexplicable aspects of such studies.

It is a remarkable fact that an absolute disinterestedness marks many such companionships, although it is sometimes hard to draw the line which shall separate pure 'parasites' from mere 'guests' and 'lodgers.' The well-known flower-like Sea-anemones, so familiar as denizens of our sea-coasts, and seen in all their natural brilliancy in the tanks of our large aquaria, present several notable examples of curious companionship. It has been noted that small fishes are frequently in the habit of swimming about *within* the mouths and stomach-sacs of large anemones, evidently on the best of terms with the latter. And this association may be shewn to be rather inexplicable, in one sense at least, if we consider that the slightest touch is usually sufficient to cause the tentacles and mouth of Sea-anemones to close upon foreign objects. Unfortunate crabs which chance in their peregrinations to stumble against a large Sea-anemone, are quickly drawn into the mouth by the tentacles and swallowed. And noting this very natural feature of anemone-character, it seems curious to think of such a dainty morsel as a fish being permitted to

swim at its ease literally within the stomach-sac, and within easy and tempting reach of the appetite of its strange neighbour.

But this very kind of association evinces further curious characteristics; for observers have noted a little fish that not only lives within the *Dahlia Wartlet* Sea-anemone, but actually permits the Anemone to contract itself, and to inclose it in its fleshy tomb without injury. Another Sea-anemone—the *Adamsia palliata*—the pretty little 'Cloak-anemone' of our English coasts, offers a most inexplicable case of companionship in its habitual association with a certain species of Hermit-crab—the *Pagurus Prideauxii*. The Hermit or Soldier Crabs are well-known dwellers on the sea-beach, and ensconce themselves in the cast-off shells of whelks and other molluscs, for the purpose of protecting their soft bodies. On the shell which protects this veritable Hermit, the Cloak-anemone may almost certainly be found; and it is to be noted that this species of crab only, and the equally definite and single species of Anemone, are the two beings which respectively form the association. The unvarying nature of the species is, in fact, as remarkable a feature in the case, as the invariable nature of the companionship. And not only does the Hermit-crab appear tacitly and simply to tolerate his living burden, with which, like Sindbad the Sailor and the Old Man of the Sea, he persistently crawls about, but he also appears to exhibit a certain care and affection for the Anemone. He has been noticed to feed the Anemone with his pincer-like claws; and when—as is the custom of these crabs—the crab casts away his shell, to seek another and larger abode, he carefully detaches the helpless Anemone from the old habitation, and assists it in gaining a firm basis and support on the new shell. Another species of Hermit similarly makes a companion of another kind of Anemone; the latter subsisting on the food-particles furnished by its host. These details may pardonably suggest to us the idea that there may be, after all, much that is identical in the psychology of even such lower forms as Hermit-crabs, with the motives and acts which we are accustomed, perhaps too exclusively, to regard as peculiar to ourselves.

The familiar little Pea-crabs, or *Pinnotheres*—so named from the small size of their bodies—present instances of a copartnership with mussels, the explanation of which is very hard indeed to find. Within the bodies of these mussels and other Molluscs, and within the folds of the structure which both lines and forms the shell, and which is appropriately named the 'mantle,' these little Pea-crabs appear to lodge in a perfectly natural and accustomed manner. So far as inherited custom and habit are concerned, the Pea-crabs may well have become accustomed to their surroundings; for we find that Pliny of old, with other ancient observers, was familiar with the fact of their unusual residence, and speculated on the causes which induced these animals to select their abodes. This old naturalist quaintly informs us that the mollusc being 'a clumsy animal without eyes' opens its shell, and thereby allows other fishes to enter. Pliny further tells us that 'the *Pinnotheres* (or Pea-crab) seeing his dwelling invaded by strangers, pinches his host, who immediately closes his shell, and kills, one after another, these presumptuous visitors, that he may eat them

at his leisure.' Thus, the Pea-crab is accredited at once with the virtue of efficient watchfulness and with the vice of jealousy; and so the case appears clear enough to this old naturalist, on the assumption that Pea-crabs and Molluscs are actuated by much the same motives as ourselves! The fact of an active little body like the crab being allowed peacefully and naturally to dwell within the delicate, and usually irritable tissues of the well-known mussel, has as yet admitted of no satisfactory explanation at the hands of modern zoologists.

The great Insect-class exemplifies many remarkable associations, most of which, however, are examples of parasitism. For instance, a curious relationship subsists between ants and certain species of beetles. Indeed, some species of beetles which are totally blind, are nowhere to be found save in the nests of certain kinds of ants. These beetles are further known to be carefully tended by the ants, who at once attack any intruder into their nests, however nearly allied the latter may be to their blind friends. This is more mysterious than the well-known friendship that exists between ants and plant-lice, since the beetles do not, so far as observation has gone, furnish any secretion to, or otherwise benefit their hosts. One species of these blind beetles (*Claviger Duvalii*) is only found within the nests of a species of ant—the *Lasius niger*. Some ant-nests of this species may, however, be destitute of these beetle-visitors; and when the latter are artificially introduced into such guestless homes, the ants at once kill them. M. Lespès, who has given us these details, thinks that the latter fact may be accounted for by the supposition, that some ant-colonies are more highly 'civilised' than others; but this explanation is more ingenious than probable or satisfactory.

Amongst Fishes, many examples of association with other fishes of widely different kinds, and for reasons not always apparent or explainable, are also to be found. The great fish frequently cast up on our shores after storms, and known as the Angler-fish or Fishing-frog (*Lophius piscatorius*), appears in many cases to give shelter, as a willing or unwilling host, to a kind of eel, which lives within the capacious gill-chambers of the Angler, and doubtless subsists on the food-particles which may find access to its abode, from the equally capacious mouth. The well-known Pilot-fish has received its name from its supposed habit of piloting sharks towards their prey; whilst, as was believed by the ancients, it also warned the sea-monster against dangers of all kinds. Of the mere fact of the companionship between sharks and the Pilot-fish, there can be no doubt; but it seems to be doubtful if the attendance is of the disinterested kind just alluded to; as the contents of the stomach of the Pilot-fish, we are told, generally consist of food which it has picked up for itself. It is therefore not a mere parasite, but may probably follow the shark from the expectation that its chances of picking up food are greatest in the neighbourhood of so powerful a caterer.

The Remora, or Sucking-fish, in virtue of possessing a peculiar sucker on the top of its head, forms associations with other fishes, probably as an aid to locomotion. Fixed to the body of another fish, this clinging companion is saved all further trouble of movement on its own account, and roams wherever its foster-friend may list.

In the class Birds, many notable examples of curious likes and dislikes of personal kind, if so we may style them, may be found. For, whilst in some cases, the friendly companionships are very evident, so no less are examples of aversions and dislikes. The cuckoos thus present us with curious instances of semi-parasitic habits, in their invasion of the nests of other birds for the purpose of depositing their eggs; and the association between the birds known as Ox-peckers (*Buphaga*) and cattle, is no less curious in its details, even if we consider that the reasons for the companionship are of very evident kind. The Ox-peckers form a group of Perching Birds, inhabiting Africa; a familiar species being the Common Ox-pecker (*Buphaga Africana*); and their popular name, together with the designation—not applied to birds alone—of Beef-eaters, has been given to them from their habits of following herds of cattle in great numbers, and of perching on the backs of their bovine neighbours, for the purpose of extracting the larvæ or caterpillar-forms of the troublesome *Bot-flies*. The eggs of these flies being deposited in the back of the ox, and usually in a part which the animal is unable to reach with his tongue, give rise to a troublesome swelling, known as 'worbles,' within which the young insects undergo part of their development. The Ox-pecker alighting on the back of the ox, soon contrives, by aid of his powerful and peculiarly shaped bill, to extract the larvæ—an operation seemingly conducted with gentleness and skill, and apparently relished, as a relief from pain, by the subject of the operation; the oxen evincing no uneasiness or objection, consequent on the attentions of these birds. In like manner, Starlings in our own country befriended sheep by ridding them of troublesome larvæ. In short, it would be difficult to find more typical cases of true co-operation for the purposes of mutual benefit, than those before us.

As an example of aversions on the part of very closely related birds, may be cited the case of the swift and chimney-swallow; these birds being rarely, if ever, seen to associate together; whilst the more positive fact of their aversion is exemplified in the instance, familiar to all ornithologists, that when these two genera of birds take up their abode in one street, the swallows will select one side, whilst the swifts retain the other. This conservatism in nest-building extends to their more active habits; for, when in flight, the two genera, so much alike in appearance and in their selection of food, appear to preserve the same air of restraint and non-companionship. And the comparative psychology of the present case is rendered all the more puzzling in its aspect, from our knowledge of the fact, that the house martin and chimney-swallow, in their earlier years at least, are close companions and friends.

Amongst higher animals than birds, instances of the preceding traits of character are by no means wanting. Thus, so far as unwonted familiarity is concerned, the expression 'cat-and-dog life' is not always synonymous with hatred and discord; but is sometimes, on the contrary, indicative of the closest and most friendly attachment. A raven and a cat have become lifelong friends; and rats and dogs, and cats and mice, have been known to lay aside their inherited differences, and to fraternise in the most amicable manner. Occasionally, we may meet with examples of aversion amongst

quadrupeds which are not readily explained; as, for instance, the commonly observed fact, that horses and cows grazing in the same field rarely fraternise; whilst cows and sheep appear to be less conservative in their habits and associations.

In zoological collections, companionships of unusual kind are not unfrequently formed; and, although such traits of character are less surprising amongst animals of high intelligence, such as monkeys, instances are not wanting to shew that, as in some human friendships, the 'contracting parties' may be of very dissimilar kind. A large and powerful monkey has thus been known to staunchly befriend and protect a weak and insignificant brother, of different species, from the attacks of the other occupants of the cage, and also to reserve the delicacies, which his superior strength could secure, for his less agile companion.

Sometimes, however, a case of apparent association may be disproved by closer scientific scrutiny. A remarkable worm-like organism had, for example, been long known to occur in invariable association with certain cuttle-fishes. These 'worms' were figured and described by various naturalists under the name *Hectocotyls*, and every one appeared to be satisfied of their parasitic nature and life. But to the astonishment of the zoological world generally, more careful observation afterwards shewed that the supposed parasite was in reality one of the modified arms or tentacles of such cuttle-fishes; the altered appendage having obvious bearings on the development of these animals.

AN OLD LOVE-STORY.

WRITTEN IN 1847.

IN THREE PARTS. —PART I.

My name is Edward Thane. My father was a small farmer in the North here; and in all the country round you could not pick a spot of colder clay than my father's farm; nor could, in all the country round, have been found a man of better heart and of simpler faith than he was. But I do believe the farm broke his good heart at the last, so cold it was and unyielding. I was a child when he died; but I remember well his hard-working faithful life, and his honest trust that I should grow to be like him, and keep the place after him, for our people had been farmers there longer than any one had account of. But his sudden death made this impossible; and so it was that I was taken to live at Swarling Mill, to be in a manner adopted by Stephen Brand, the miller, my father's best and oldest friend, and the only one I had; for of relatives I had none that I knew of. My mother I cannot remember, for she died at my birth; but her picture I have, and reverence.

Stephen Brand, the miller (or 'Old Times,' as the people of the neighbourhood called him), was a man of Anglo-Saxon mould, a man the like of whom you will seldom find in these days, even in the North, where the race of men has at all times run to strength of both mind and body. Indeed, when Uncle Stephen (as I always called him) died, many years ago, people told each other regretfully that he was certainly the last of his kind, and that his like would never again be amongst them. There was no successor to him in the village, or anywhere near it; things had come to such a pass. It was a

surprisingly modern age, they said, and everything seemed to be changing, and neither the weather nor the crops came with any regularity, as in by-gone years. It was also divinely felt that newfangled notions and strange inventions were eating into the heart of honest labour everywhere, and, as Uncle Stephen himself said, men were being turned out like machines too, and not moulded as men should be, and as they were when George III. was in his prime.

I took to my life at the mill as if I had been born to it, the same as Willy Brand, the miller's grandson. Willy was shy with me at first, and refused to play with me; and during the first day or two we watched each other's movements about the place with curious interest, mingled with a sort of shy misery, that seems to me now quite incomprehensible. But on the second or third day we grew sufficiently familiar to throw stones at each other, and so we gradually became intimate; and he shewed me all he knew, and I soon grew fond of him and the new home.

There was a general subdued excitement about the old mill that fascinated me, and held me captive by the novelty and puzzling nature of its internal parts. I have never forgotten, all my life long, the rapture with which I first listened to the mingled music of rushing water and clanging machinery; the splash, splash; the click, clack, and the mysterious rumble of it. Willy and I used to sit on the wall near the mill-stream and listen to the great rhythm by the hour; wondering greatly at the cleverness of men, and of millers in particular. Many a time did we earnestly beg of Uncle Stephen to promise that one day we should be millers too. 'It takes a man to be a miller,' he would reply gravely. This reply always made us feel our smallness more than ever. It seemed an improbable thing that we should ever rise to be men. But all the same, we resolved to be millers, and men if possible.

Swirling Mill was a queer old red-tiled house, with diamond-paned windows and pointed gables, with the timber rafters shewing through the plastered walls. Add to this the actual mill itself, standing close at the rear, and beyond that again, the thatched stables; the yard, with carts laid along, and fat-throated pigs and crazy turkey-cocks imitating their betters, and you have the dear old mill pretty much as I knew it. There was little change there. The death of Ilaco, our old mastiff, marks an era in my mind to this day, dividing two periods as much with me as Waterloo may with other people. The mill stood in a valley, and the summer view of it (it was summer when I was taken to live there) forms in my mind an ever-present and ineffaceable picture: the clustering pinewood behind it, and the rough heather-hill beyond that; the tiny brown river rushing down to the mill-pond, and then rushing out again, seemingly from the very foundations of the mill, and winding away down the meadows, where it became gentle again, and a mere trout-beck once more. But to Willy and me, who saw it tossed in foaming cascades over a mighty revolving wheel, it was never again the water of the upper stream.

Willy and I were fond of the river. We fished there, waded, bathed, and fought there. To ride the horses to it; to sit in triumph on their great quarters as they trudged to it wearily of an evening to drink, was always an event sweet to look forward

to, and sweet to remember; and the fluttered astonishment of the ducks at our random riding seemed the essence of fun. Those were happy times indeed for Willy and me; shadowless days of young summer. There was keen fresh hungry enjoyment of life always. Hunting up hens' nests, and trying to suck the eggs; or vexing the fatherly hearts of maddened ganders (puffed up with the responsibility of little yellow goslings); 'tickling' trout: my memory is full of it all even now, when the joys and sorrows of my manhood are growing dim with time. Oh, for that splendid beech, with its giant limb hanging into the mid-stream of the quiet river! To us it was not a tree at all, but a man-o'-war ship; and we were its desperate crew, Willy and I, and a tame jackdaw, looking sidelong at everything. Many a half-dozen Frenchmen each we slashed among its branches; and often we climbed to imaginary mast-heads, shouting shrill ahoy to the passers-by. Ahoy! we knew to be a suitable sea-phrase, because drunken Bill, the wooden-legged sailor of the village, came once to our church-door while prayers were going on, and shouted 'Ahoy there!' with a voice like a bull. So we grew up together, Willy and I, and loved each other, sharing everything—the sweets of idleness and the bitters of school.

But there was one thing I could never understand, and that was, the extraordinary notice old Squire Hartling and the ladies from the Hall used to take of Willy whenever we met them; and that was seldom enough, for we usually ran like hares from the presence of the gentry. We stood in much awe of them, dreading being asked our names, ages, and so forth; which kindly meant inquiries, I am sorry to confess, were generally associated with the disagreeableness of the Church Catechism, a single question from which, such as, 'What is your duty towards your neighbour?' would suffice, even at my advanced age, to fill me with melancholy, and a lurking desire to hide myself from view. But as I have said, I could never at that time make out why so much notice was taken of Willy and so much less of myself. Not that I minded that, but Willy did, for the task of talking to the great folks fell upon him with severity. He was very shy and sensitive, and on such occasions used to shrink painfully from his kindly questioners; trying to get behind me, to push me forward; whilst I was running over in my mind as much of the Ten Commandments and the 'Duty' as I could remember. But when the squire was alone, it was better, for he would often content himself with good-naturedly patting Willy on the head, and pinching my cheek. My noticeable cheeks at that time used to be a burden to me, so chubby and red were they, and so many were the unfeeling remarks made about them by my elders. But Willy was pale and delicate, with large dark eyes, that used to flash and change with his moods, like the soft eyes of a spaniel.

Willy and I had very few companions in the village. Amongst our school-fellows, Willy was shy; and I, who was so fond of him, grew insensibly to imitate him in many of his ways, as young animals do with each other. But I was never like him really, for the gentle blood that was in his veins made him sensitive to the rude life of the village boys. Many a time I have stood between him and their maliciousness, for though Willy would fight savagely, yet as soon as he saw his

own blood, he used to shiver, just like Uncle Stephen's greyhound, and lose the firmness of his hands, for his nature was as gentle as a girl's. But I was of a coarser mould, the product of a long-inherited clay-farm, and I never grew hot in a fight until my nose bled or a tooth gave way; then I always fought like a mule, with no more feeling concerning blows about the head than a cabbage.

One great and sworn friend we had, and that was Bill Stubbs the old man-of-war's-man—the drunken, jovial, brave Bill Stubbs! Bill used to sing to us, and spin us long yarns about his sea-life and the great fights he had been in with the French and the Dutch. Everybody liked Bill; but everybody also had doubts that the drinking of rum, and the abundant swearing of uncommon oaths, were not profitable to a man when his head was gray and his passions cold. But Willy and I saw nothing of this; we only saw Bill the hero, Bill the conqueror, with a wooden leg, and the heart of a child. His heart was good, we knew, for when Willy once proposed to him that he, who had killed so many, might surely kill old Snuffy Tegg, the schoolmaster, he refused, and surprised us by a lecture on our evil hearts, that we should be minded to kill an old man, who had it in him to do us good and teach us knowledge. 'No, no, lads! fair and square; no mutiny for Bill Stubbs. I tell ye, I've sailed under skipper's as 'ud make arf a dozen o' he for cantankerousness.' Still, Willy and I greatly doubted the existence of any human being capable of making himself as disagreeable as old Snuffy. But for all that, Bill would never allow us to play the truant to stay and talk with him, as many a time we would have done.

So our school-days passed on, and with heavy toil we arrived within a short time of each other at an acquaintanceship with the Rule of Three, and even to the more uncertain ground of Fractions. Snuffy Tegg thought I understood it; but I knew better, and I do not understand the Rule of Three to this day. It was from old Bill's yarns that I learned the way of putting together what I had to say in the shape of a story. Indeed, had I hearkened to old Snuffy half as much as I hearkened to Bill, I should not now be so troubled in my mind whenever I have a few figures to take account of.

The two ladies from the Hall, Squire Harding's daughters, used to come to the school and teach us grammar and catechism; and so it happened that in many minds in our neighbourhood these two subjects are hopelessly mixed to this day.

'What is grammar?' said Miss Sarah Harding to little Jack Spratt one day. Jack hesitated a little, but, speaking from conviction, answered deliberately: 'She's an old beast.' Jack, I do think, meant his grandmother. He was a starvel-looking little boy, with large ears; and old Snuffy laid hold of them and pinched them with great relish and heartiness. Poor Jack wept bitterly; and little Miss Joy, the squire's grand-daughter, came up to him and patted his wet cheeks softly, saying, in her sweet childish voice: 'Don't cry so, little boy.' Jack, in the excitement of his wonderment, took her tender hand to his mouth, holding it there for a moment, and turning his tearful eyes round upon her innocent face. But mistakes like Jack Spratt's were made often enough. Once, I remember, the question came round to Willy, 'What are the nine parts of speech?' and from

the answer he made, which included the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, it seemed he had only heard of three, and they had been renounced for him by his godfathers and godmothers at his baptism. So I have always thought it an unprofitable thing to teach boys grammar and catechism—together.

Joy Harding! How the very sight of the name, and the familiar shape of the letters of it even, thrill me still after all the years! It surely is that at times the decree has gone forth from the All-wise that a perfect woman shall walk amongst us here on earth—a woman whose every word, and glance, and touch are strong as love, and tender as tears; merciful to heal, and powerful to save, the wearied and erring soul. Is it sinful to love such a woman dearer than all else whatever in the world!—dearer than all the cherished memories of home, of kindred, and the strong friendships of youth?—dearer than dear life itself! And this have I done, all of this, in the times that are long past now. Much need have I, when I look back upon the past, to be ashamed of some of it; and yet of this great love that I bore and have carried all my life since, I have never wished that it had been otherwise than it has been—ah, never! Old as I am and gray, *that* love is fresh still, and will be till I die. Nor can I feel it to be wrong to adore a human creature so; to adore her memory—thy memory, dear Joy! No; not if an angel came to say it.

I shall meanwhile go on with the other parts of my life, and leave you to see how things turned out with Willy and me—how our two lives were made very different, and how it all came about.

Willy and I used very often to meet little Joy Harding with her governess, who was a tall, thin Frenchwoman. They used to walk about the green lanes in the summer afternoons; and sometimes Miss Joy used to ride upon a small Shetland pony, not much bigger than our mastiff, with its shaggy mane drooping over its bright eyes. At these times, a small but very impudent groom, with the manner of a monkey, and the shape of a ten-year-old man, always rode behind, on a larger pony, which was many sizes too big for him. One day, this little groom was the cause of what might have been a serious accident. Willy and I had met the party as usual, Joy on her pony, smiling and prattling to the tall governess, walking alongside; and the saucy groom riding behind, sometimes cross-legged, and sometimes leaning illy with his elbow on the pony's shoulder, with his tiny feet out of the stirrups. These positions he was in the habit of assuming, with a great appearance of suffering from colic, whenever he saw us approaching. On this occasion our looks had been particularly attracted towards the eccentric groom, who was excelling himself in an exhibition of grotesque distortions: in short, we thought he had fairly taken leave of all the little sense that had ever been in him. The French lady, turning round, uttered an ejaculation at the spectacle she beheld, so suddenly, that Fairy, Joy's pony, started and swerved aside towards a steep ditch by the roadside. Little Miss Joy would have been thrown at once into the ditch, but for the fortunate chance that Willy and I stood in the way. The excited pony tumbled over us, and we all fell scrambling together on

the roadway. Miss Joy fell backwards on the side where I lay sprawling; and I to this day am thankful that I had sense enough to catch her in my arms, and roll myself partly into the ditch, and out of the way of the struggling pony, holding her safely out of the muddy water, until the governess came to take her up. I crawled out; and there was poor Willy, with blood on his face, lying on his back on the roadway, and the groom standing over him, pouring water upon him out of his hands. Willy had been struck by the fore-hoof of the pony, and stunned; and many a long year afterwards he carried the white mark of it through the bronze of an Indian sun. The governess assisted Joy to a cottage; and the groom (who led back the ponies) and I carried Willy there also, for we could not bring his senses back. We laid him on the bed; and very pitiful it was to see his poor white face by the side of Joy's. But Joy was not insensible, only dazed and frightened; and presently she set up a wail at the sight of Willy, thinking, no doubt, he was dead. And indeed, so we all thought, for all that the old woman of the cottage and I could do was of no avail to restore him. The French lady took no notice of him, but hovered over Joy in a strange, wild sort of way, the like of which I had never seen in the North before. Joy threw her little arms round Willy's neck and kissed him, and put her sweet face upon his breast, sobbing most violently, and screaming whenever the governess attempted to take her away; and I feel sure that it was her warm young life upon his heart that called back the life to him at last. The faint colour came stealing slowly upon his lips under her kisses; and he sighed once or twice, and before long unclosed his eyes, with a wide-open startled look that I had always noticed in him when he felt any strong emotion.

Joy was sitting on the bed with a look of awe upon her child-face, when suddenly the squire, who had been sent for, entered the cottage, and came straight to her, taking her in his arms tenderly, and holding her tight. But Joy looked back over her shoulder at Willy still, and a look of pity grew in the squire's face as his glance followed hers. Then with sudden sharpness he turned to the groom and said: 'Go for the doctor; quick!' By that time, however, Willy had recovered a little, and was lying very quietly, with his temples bound up in a cloth, and his eyes, I remember, with the still startled look in them. The squire stood near him, with one arm clasped round little Joy, her little white hands clinging fast to it. The Frenchwoman had recovered from her fright, and was telling the squire all about the accident in a wonderful way.

The squire stood there a long time looking down at Willy; and I well remember the sad expression of his face, although I knew nothing of its meaning then, and as little did I guess the nature of his thoughts. I only saw the proud Squire Harling, and thought it was very good of him to be sorry for Willy. He took no sort of notice of me at all, which I was aware was only natural, although I must have been a noticeable enough object, being drenched and plastered all over with water and mud from the ditch. I liked him better though, as he stood there silently, much better than ever I had done before; and I ventured to look at his face, a liberty I had not up to that time

been equal to taking, only knowing him by his clothes and voice; and I remember, boy as I was, thinking what a fine clear face he had, and how well shaved it was from ear to chin.

Before long Dr Lambton came with his gig, and said Willy might be moved; and as the mill was a mile off, and the Hall quite near, the squire directed that he should be taken to the Hall. So they removed him there in the gig, the squire walking alongside, with Joy clinging to him. But before he went, the squire told me to run as fast as I could, and tell Uncle Stephen where Willy was. I was quite pleased to think that he had seen me after all, and I ran home as the crow flies.

I expected Uncle Stephen to be as glad as I was about Willy being taken to the Hall; and I was, therefore, greatly astonished to see a black angry look on his face, mingling with the look of pain, when I told him of Willy's hurt. He seized his hat at once, and strode off in the direction of the Hall, I following him by instinct, straight away to the front-door of the mansion. It was open, and he walked straight into the great entrance-hall. I followed as far as the mat, beyond which even my instinct of following deserted me, and I stood gazing at the rich furnishings and the grand painted window in the staircase. I heard Uncle Stephen ask a servant sharply where his master was, and then I saw him disappear up the great stair, where, to my excited imagination, he seemed as if going to heaven, for by that time the summer sun was setting, and glowing through the painted window, making it very beautiful, and striking me with awe; for the large figures on it looked as if alive, and not like the painted men and women they were. I have seen the setting sun shine many a time since upon that same rich window, and I know now the sweet scriptural story that it tells with its groups of dazzling figures; but I have never seen it again as it looked that day.

I sat down in the hall, and had not waited long before Uncle Stephen came back again with Willy in his arms. I was fairly startled at the angry way in which he walked out of the house, but I followed mutely. When he got outside he wrapped Willy carefully in his coat, although the evening was warm, and walked all the way in his shirt-sleeves, carrying him home to the mill.

It was not for years after that I got to know what took place up-stairs while I waited in the hall. I have known since, not from Willy, who remembered nothing, but from Joy herself, who, although only eight years old, remembered everything that passed. The squire had ordered that Willy should be carried to his own room; and the two ladies of the house, the doctor, the squire himself, and little Joy holding by his hand, were all there when the miller's presence in the house was announced. Uncle Stephen was not a man to be kept waiting much at doors; so, thrusting aside the footman, he walked up to Willy, who was sitting in an easy-chair, looking very pale and listless. The lad jumped up excitedly when Uncle Stephen entered, but fell back again with weakness; and Uncle Stephen knelt by his side, putting his arm round him, supporting him. Then, looking towards the squire, he said: 'Mr Harling, I did not expect ever again to enter your house, for good or ill, after our last meeting within it; but I thank you all the same for looking after the boy till I came. Now that I am here, he is mine again, not yours.'

Joy, who often spoke of the scene, always told me that when Uncle Stephen said these last words his colour rose, and his eyes flashed defiantly at the squire, who answered him not a word. Then fussy Dr Lambton—Breezy Lambton, as he was called—interfered to prevent Willy being removed, for Uncle Stephen had by that time raised him in his arms jealously, as though fearing to lose him. But the squire laid his hand upon the doctor's shoulder and motioned him to silence. So Uncle Stephen bowed to the ladies, who seemed to understand his words and manner as well as the squire did, and then he lifted Willy, and walked silently from the room with him. The squire followed him to the landing outside the door, and said something to him in an undertone, speaking very earnestly, and the two looked into each other's faces for a brief moment.

'Mr Harding, I cannot,' said Uncle Stephen, as he went down the stair; while the squire looked after him with the same look of regretful sadness on his face I myself had noticed when he stood silently looking at Willy in the cottage.

Uncle Stephen carried Willy all the way home, as I have said, and took him up-stairs and undressed him himself; and all that night, and nearly all next day, and the next night after that, he sat by the bedside watching Willy, and waiting on him with great tenderness, although Hannah the servant-maid begged of him to let her do it all. But there was no danger except a little fever, although it was the best part of a fortnight before Willy was fairly himself again.

I moped and was miserable all the time, for I could not live without him. The lessons at school were doubly bitter; and I was almost glad that old Snuffy Tegg thrashed me so holly and often, because it seemed somehow that I was enduring it for Willy's sake. A gloomy letter A, imprinted on my mind for life, dates from this period. I took it in from the repeated occasions in which Snuffy's legs of rusty black strode over my writhing body, while I was being put through an undeniable thrashing.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN ARTISAN'S DAY.

INFLUENCED by the prospect of bettering my condition, at the latter end of 1870 I accepted an offer of constant employment at my trade as a 'fitter' on the railway at Kurrachee; and thither removed with my wife in the beginning of 1871. The climate and other conditions of existence being so different in India from those of England, a sketch of my daily experiences may be not uninteresting. Early, every morning, I am aroused by my servant calling out that it is time for work. Not unwillingly I rise from the bamboo couch on which I have been vainly endeavouring to obtain a little sleep; and in the intervals of dressing, drink the cup of hot tea, as is my custom on rising. Although the room in which I have been trying to sleep is open to the four winds of heaven—had they but listed to have blown—it is close and unpleasant, and I gladly hurry into the open air. The sun has not yet risen, but the short dawn which precedes his appearance is rapidly brightening; the eastern sky becomes aflame; the trees which dot the

surface of the ground, stand out in shadeless relief against the bright background; and all around is hushed in the silence which in all climes ushers in the day.

I have no time to lose, for ere an hour has passed, the morning freshness will have given place to the sullen sultriness of an eastern day, so I step briskly forward. Scarcely have I left my bungalow ere the bark of a pariah dog, the crowing of a distant cock, the chirping of innumerable sparrows, and the 'cheep! cheep!' of the pair of house-squirrels who have honoured my house by making their home in its roof, announce that Nature has awoken. Away on the *maibon*, or open plain, appear herds of goats, trailing towards the jungle, a string of laden camels slowly trudging towards the 'bazaar,' and groups of natives squatted on the ground performing their toilets—which mainly consists in polishing their teeth for half an hour or so with the charred end of a stick—or a Parsee standing with clasped hands praying to the rising sun. I continue my walk with nought of interest to catch the eye. Nought on either side of me but a vast expanse of sunburnt, gaping earth, or a dwarf-tree or two, whose dusty leaves hang motionless in the still air; nought under foot but a hard, dusty road; and nought above but a cloudless sky, rendered lurid by the rising sun. Still, the walk has its charm, for the air, though not a breath stirring, has a grateful freshness in it; and I know that, in a very short time, my chance of obtaining that freshness will be gone for another twenty-four hours. Half an hour's onward walk, then back to breakfast, but before breakfast to bathe. After my bath, arrayed in a light linen suit, I take my place at table, where my wife usually makes her first appearance. Over the meal is discussed the bazaar expenditure for the day, usually ending in a dispute with the cook over the previous day's expenditure, which he invariably provokes by his propensity to exact a little advance on the market-rates. Breakfast over, I light my cheroot, and start for the workshop, well protected from the now intense sun by a pith-hat and a quilted umbrella.

How can I describe the dead, aching misery of eight hours spent in a workshop, chipping and filing, chipping and filing, in an atmosphere where the thermometer stands constantly at ninety degrees! The perspiration oozes from every pore, and one's mouth involuntarily gasps for a breath of fresh air. It is not the heat which makes things so unbearable, so much as the oppressive closeness, which takes all the energy out of a man, and compels him to work to keep awake. As hour after hour of the forenoon passes, the sultry closeness, with its accompanying exhaustion, becomes intensified, and gratefully is heard at noon the signal for an hour's pause for tiffin—a meal usually of a very light nature. After a refreshing 'peg' of brandy and soda, the call to renewed labour is heartily responded to. Another four hours of perspiring exertion with no diminution of the heat, and

another refresher of effervescing drink, and then I retrace my steps towards home. Arrived at home, I change my working-clothes for a suit of light tweed, and then dine. My dinner materially differs from that of my fellow-craftsmen in England. Steak, roast-beef, mutton, or beer seldom grace my table. The native cook—though great in made-dishes, whose components no Englishman could guess, and perhaps would not be over-pleased did he discover—is not equal to cooking a steak, should I be so foolish as to order one. As puddings are also a difficulty, we are content to make up our dinner with curry and rice, curried poultry—very cheap, but exceedingly small and innutritious—and some made-dish, finishing with a custard. Bread-and-cheese and beer, the usual make-shift dinner of my comrades at home, I could not afford except as an occasional treat, cheese and beer being at prohibitory prices—two shillings per pound for cheese, and fifteen to eighteen pence per bottle for beer.

Dinner over, I usually adjourn to the verandah for a quiet smoke. There, stretched at my ease in a chair (constructed with a sloping back and long projecting arms, to facilitate the elevation of the heels to the level of the head—an apparent *sine qua non* in hot climates), I puff my cheroot, and strive to get cool in the very depressing temperature; watching the while the glorious colouring of the sky and the peeping out of the brilliant stars. It would be useless to attempt to read, for the light would attract myriads of moths and winged things, who would persist in exploring the pages of my book, or, maybe, testing the quality of my skin. 'Chip! chip!' from the prickly-pear fence announces that the gecko has commenced his nocturnal pursuits; and as the shades deepen, the croak of the bullfrogs in the pond close by denotes the commencement of their night-long chorals. Occasionally the monotony is broken by the 'cheerup! cheerup!' of the muskrat, or the plit of a little lizard falling from the roof to the ground, or the distant 'tat-a-tat-ta, tat-a-tat-ta' of the tom-tom of a party of natives, on some religious errand intent.

By the time my cheroot is finished, my wife has prepared herself for walking; and we start to visit one or other of my shop-mates, if it happens that it is not my turn to entertain; for our amusements being limited to the paying and receiving of friendly visits, we are careful to keep up the custom. Arrived at our destination, we, after chatting awhile, engage in a friendly game at whist. A modest rubber or two suffices; and then, after a chat, a smoke, and so on, we say good-night, and start on our way towards home, for with us it is perforce 'early to bed and early to rise.' As we stroll slowly on beneath the clear starlit sky, we are apt to be startled by the sudden heavy 'flap-flap' of the wings of a huge bat, aroused from its hiding-place in some neighbouring tree. There is something weird in the appearance of these phantoms, as they suddenly rise in the still night, and circling with their great overshadowing wings round the tree for a moment, glide noiselessly away. They make a timid man start. Or, perchance, at some unexpected spot a water-buffalo will cause an unpleasant sensation, by suddenly raising its head, which, in the dim uncertain light, appears strangely huge and monstrous.

Arrived at home, we prepare for rest. Vain

preparation! Despite the most diligent search, and careful closing of the mosquito-curtain, one has scarcely lain down, ere buzz, buzz, buzz! announces the presence *inside* of the dreaded enemy. The noise is aggravating; one monotonous 'buzz!' never varying in tone, and ceasing only to be followed by the sharp stinging bite on some exposed part of the person, an insult rendered the more aggravating by the knowledge that successful pursuit is hopeless. The only chance of relief is in giving a smart slap on the spot where the sting is felt, but with the encouraging result, that in nine cases out of ten, the victorious 'buzz!' of the enemy is again heard a moment after overhead, and the tingling smart of the blow the only consolation!

Despairing of sleep, I try to read, and have read perhaps a page or so, when 'cheerup! cheerup!' and a most disgusting odour declares the presence of a muskrat in the room. It's no use; he must be caught before attempting to sleep. With murderous intent, I rise, and pursue him round the room, driving him from chest to chair, from chair to box, from box to matting, until after perhaps, a quarter-of-an-hour's chase, he escapes after all, to return again night after night with certainty, until caught and killed. Turning into bed again, I ignore the triumphant mosquito—or try to—and once more attempt to read; but the annoyance caused by the flutter of moths around the light, and the silent sweep of the small bats in pursuit thereof, are too much. Despondently I close my eyes; but sleep will not be wooed. The stifling air is hot and suffocating, but I know it is no better outside, so strive to while away the time by watching a lizard on the canvas ceiling catch flies. I come to take quite an interest in the silent way he pursues his prey—by a series of short quick spurts of a few inches, pausing between each; perhaps to measure the remaining distance, or maybe from caution; until finally his long tongue shoots out, and poor fly is engulfed in lizard's stomach. Presently, a most exciting chase commences. Two lizards approach the same fly from opposite directions; I watch with almost fatal breath the result. One more spurt from either, and the victim will be secured, when some animal falls 'flop!' upon the ceiling from the roof, and both lizards drop to the ground. In misery, I again close my eyes, and, by dint of keeping them fast closed, at last drop off into a fitful slumber, to be aroused at the usual hour by my servant's summons to work; which will be repeated daily, with but little variation, the year round, except that during the short season of cool weather—about four months—one does not suffer quite so much from the heat, and is to a great extent free from the plague of insects.

Not a very pleasant life to lead, perhaps, but it has its advantages. The pay is good—two hundred rupees, or twenty pounds, per month; and the expenses not very heavy—say, at a rough calculation, three rupees per diem for living, twenty-five rupees per month for servants, and twenty rupees per month for rent of house (a rupee is equal to two shillings); enabling us to put by easily five pounds per month towards the time, which nearly all Anglo-Indians look forward to, when they shall return home. The cost of servants also being comparatively little—a cook can be obtained for sixteen shillings per month, and an *ayah*, or nurse,

for about the same—the necessity for the wife to engage in menial employments does not exist; nor does washing-day interfere with the husband's comfort, for, for some ten shillings per month, the *dhobie*, or native washerman, will gladly do all that is necessary in that department. 'Use is second nature,' and so it proves with us. Habituated to the discomforts incidental to the climate, we think but little of them; or if at any time inclined to do so, derive consolation from the thought of our gradually accumulating savings, and the time when we shall be once more in Old England.

FAIRY.

OLD SALFORD is fast disappearing beneath the levelling hands of the Improvement Commissioners; and it is little to be regretted, since some of the vilest slums it has ever been my lot to walk into—and they are many—were in that borough. Down by the river it used to be worst of all. In the hot summer and autumn months, when the Irwell had half-dried up in its shallow bed, and vast banks of deposited filth lay exposed to the broiling heat of the sun, the stench emanating from that hot-bed of disease was something frightful. It is slightly better now; but all the efforts of the Commissioners can only make it a little less nasty, since it can never be, nor can it ever deserve the name of, a river; it is only an open sewer.

It is with one of these river-side streets that we have to deal. It was called Sunnyview. Oh, mockery of a name! The only view was in front; a wretched tumble-down wall, scarcely breast-high; below that the river; and across that black stream, the gloomy blank front of an old spinning-mill. Sunnyview, indeed! It was very little sun they got there, for the row of houses rejoicing in that name was built up on each side by a huge mill, that cast a dark shade upon the poor wretched habitations lying between them. The houses were hovels; the ground in front was a puddle in wet weather, and a drying-ground for the scanty clothes of the inhabitants in dry. Not a door shut true; not a window could boast a latch; and many a pane of glass was wanting, and its place taken by a bundle of rags or a piece of paper, or left gaping. The roofs let in the rain, the walls rained tears, when the cold damp autumn days were on. The floors were cracked flags; the stairs were all broken and worn; the plaster had left the walls, and the bare bricks shewed through. They were not fit for human beings to live in; and yet each of these tenements held two or three families, one for each room; generally the same room being bedroom, kitchen, and sitting-room all in one.

The inhabitants of this place were dirty; they were ragged, they were poverty-stricken for the most part, and often had scarce ought to live on; but they were cheerful, and even gay in general, and took life as they found it, bravely, and apparently ignorant of there being any merit in cleanliness and godliness, for I am afraid few ever went to church or chapel. Sunnyview was of course overrun with children, as such places nearly always are. There was one family, however, rather different from the rest. They were poor, it is true, but

they were clean. The husband in this case was not a drunkard, as nearly every one else in the row was; nor was his wife as slatternly and idle, or as fond of gossip, as her neighbours.

The one room they inhabited was clean and tidy, and though, by reason of the husband's infirmity—he having lost an arm, and thereby being rendered unfit for his trade, that of machine-turner—they were not rich, yet they always had something to eat and drink, and often a little for their less thrifty neighbours.

This couple had one child, a little girl of about six years of age, with flaxen hair and soft blue eyes, with the softest and most winning expression in them I ever beheld. She was the pet and idol of the whole of that poor street. She was not like most of the other children, dirty and rough, but quiet and sedate, with that air of wisdom that we see sometimes in children, and which the old women call 'old-fashioned;' sure sign, they say, of an early death.

The men used to bring her toys home when they received their wages on Saturday; and many a little ribbon, or other knick-knack, had the mothers brought home from Saturday night's marketing, with which to deck out little 'Fairy,' as they called her, on the Sunday. Poor and tawdry, most of them, and of no great value; but it is not value we look at in a gift—is it not the heart of the giver?

The way I became acquainted with Fairy was this. I was parish doctor for the district in which she lived, and my avocations, as you may guess, frequently led me into the dirtiest and worst parts of the place: one of these was Sunnyview. There was an epidemic of scarlet fever at that time, and it was in the streets along the river-side that it raged with the greatest virulence and spread the fastest. It soon reached Sunnyview. Nearly every child in the row had it, and among the rest, little Fairy was seized.

I never had a better or more obedient patient than that little child. She used to listen with such an air of preternatural wisdom to what I said; and they told me afterwards that whenever they wished to give her any thing, she used to ask: 'Did doctor say I must have it?' And unless they could answer 'Yes,' she would not take it. Fairy got over this illness (though many others in the street died), and was running about much as usual in a few weeks.

Through Sunnyview was a short-cut for me from one part of my district to another, and thus it often happened that I saw my bright-haired little friend.

'That is my doctor,' she would say, when she saw me coming, to her playmates, and leaving them, would run to meet me. I used to bring her sweets in my pockets sometimes, and when she had received them, she would walk with me to the end of the row, prattling in her grave, womanish way, as we went along. Arrived there, she always said: 'Good-bye, my doctor,' and then turned round and rejoined her playmates. I soon got to look out for her whenever I took that route, and always felt better when I had seen her. It was a relief from the constant strain on my mind, and the constant ingratitude and lamentings of my patients; for, believe me, of all the thankless and wearying occupations of this life, that of a parish doctor is but too often the most thankless,

the most wearying, and the most sickening. For the clergyman, they will make some attempt at tidiness, in readiness for his visit; for the doctor, none. They let him see everything, and take no trouble to put themselves in any better state for his visit. The constant struggle to instil any ideas of decency or cleanliness in those squalid houses is heart-wearying.—But to return to Fairy. As I said, I used to look forward with pleasure to the sight of her innocent face, as I went my round, and but seldom failed to see it. But the end came soon.

The wall which separated the front of the row from the river was getting into a sad state. All the mortar had gone from between the bricks, and the coping-stones were quite loose. I had several times seen the children standing on these stones, and shaking them with their feet as they did so, making them rock on the smooth tops of the bricks, and had as often warned the mothers that some accident would happen if they did not stop it. But no one took any notice. They called them off once or twice, but the reckless youngsters were on again as soon as the mothers' backs were turned.

One day, as I turned the corner of the houses, the children were at this game again, and among the rest, Fairy was standing on one stone, rocking it with all her might, and laughing for glee. I saw with dismay that the stone had worked quite loose from its neighbours, and was only about three-quarters way on the ledge of bricks, and overhanging the steep fall to the river in an extremely dangerous fashion. I walked quietly forward, so as not to startle Fairy; but ere I could reach her, she had seen me.

'Look at me, my doctor,' she called out, beginning to dance on the stone. 'So nice; look at me!'

Even as she said it, the stone rocked off the ledge; and ere I could grasp her clothes, the child had fallen down to the river's brink, the heavy stone on the top of her. With a cry of horror and dismay, I leaped over the wall, and rushed to where she lay. The stone was lying across her body. With a great exertion of strength, I lifted it off her, and took up the little body in my arms. She was quite insensible. Her head had come in contact with a sharp stone, and the fair hair was all dabbled with blood. I carried her into her home, amidst the wailings and lamentations of the neighbours, and laying her on the bed, proceeded to examine the extent of the injuries she had received. Though the blow had been enough to stun her, the cut in her head was not deep, and was soon bound up. I could find no other bones broken, just then, and sat down by the bed until she should come round.

In a few seconds she opened her eyes, and seeing me, smiled faintly. 'My doctor,' she whispered.

'Do you feel pain anywhere, Fairy? Does your head hurt you?' I asked.

'A little,' she replied; 'but oh, I feel so queer all over!'

'She's like too,' said one of the women, 'after that fall. Here, darling, sit up, and drink this drop of water;' bending over her with a cup, and putting her arm under the child's head.

Fairy tried to raise herself.

'Draw your feet up, my dear,' said another, 'and try to sit up.'

Fairy tried once more, but the feet and body never moved.

'Oh, my doctor,' she said, turning to me, her blue eyes full of tears, 'I can't. *I feel as if I hadn't got no feet.* I can't move my legs;' and her piteous looks and tones struck my heart with alarm.

I pushed the woman aside hastily, and again bent over the girl. Fool that I was; I had never thought of this; and my countenance shewed my anxiety, for all talking ceased, and every one watched me eagerly. It was as I had thought, when her words suddenly struck on my ears. There never could be more feeling in her legs. She would never rise from that bed again alive. The poor child's back was broken, and life was but a question of a few hours at the most.

I turned away as I made this sad discovery, and my eyes were wet with tears.

'Is it very bad, doctor?' said one of the women in an awe-struck whisper.

'So bad,' I replied huskily, 'that she has not many hours to live.'

The words went from mouth to mouth all round the little room, and every eye was moist.

After staying a little while longer, and giving such directions as I thought best for easing my little patient, I left, promising to call again at night. When I returned, the neighbours were still there, but now on each side of the bed were the father and mother of the dying child. Yes, she was dying, dying fast. I could see, as I entered, the painful drawing of the face that betokens dissolution—painful to witness, I mean, though not always painful to the dying one.

'Here's my doctor,' murmured Fairy, as I came up to the bed. 'Am I so very ill, doctor? They say I am dying; but that only means going up among all those bright angels they tell us about, up yonder. I don't see why they should cry for that. I have no pain at all. I only feel sleepy. Let me put my head on your arm, doctor. Dada! what are you going for, dada?' she cried, as the weeping father, overcome by his emotion, was leaving the room. 'Don't go, dada; I want you here to hold my hand. It is getting so dark, and I am frightened of the dark.—Mammy! you hold my other hand—hold it tight. That's it, with a sigh of relief, as the poor parents did as she wished. —'Doctor,' she went on in a minute, 'is it up among those angels that Jesus is? They tell us so at school. They say he loves little children. Does he love me? Will he love me as much as my dada and mammy do?'

'Yes, more.'

'More! Shall you be there too, some day, dada?'

'I hope so,' sobbed the heart-broken father.

'And mammy and my doctor too? Oh! that will be nice.—Dada, hold my hand tight. You're letting go, dada. It's getting so dark, I can't see you. Where are you all? Kiss me, dada, and mammy—and—you—too—my doctor. I can't—see—you—now. Jesus—bright—angels. Dada—mammy—'

A short gasp for breath, and then the fair head fell back on my shoulder, and the sweet eyes closed in their long eternal sleep. Poor Fairy!

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FRENZIES OF FASHION.

In the neighbourhood of London, in almost any direction, but chiefly towards Hert and Essex, where there are many beautiful groves of trees and thick hedgerows, you may see, on a Sunday morning, bands of a mean order of wayfarers carrying cages and other apparatus for the purpose of catching small birds—larks, finches, nightingales, or whatever little feathered creatures they can possibly secure. To speak quite plainly, we would call these depredators a set of heartless ruffians. What may be their ostensible profession, we know not. Sunday being an off-day, on which no wages can be earned, and no advantage is to be gained in the way of traffic, they set out on these bird-catching expeditions. There they go roving about the country, haunting the open commons and green lanes, also private domains; for they are not the least particular as to encroachments. They are out for a holiday, with an eye to business. While the more orderly population are at church, they are spreading their lures, watching to ensnare the feathered songsters and chirrupers that are flitting about innocently in the sunshine, and adorning the landscape by the beauty of their form, their graceful movements, and their gay plumage. These depredators may be compared to the class of men who are engaged in the hideous practice of slave-catching. They have neither any sense of justice nor of mercy. Their proceedings are a scandal to decency and humanity. Having completed their nefarious day's work, back they will be seen wending their way to town with their cages crowded with miserable captives—a sight truly pitiable.

There is now a law with denunciatory penalties against the capture of certain birds during a certain season, but the statute is imperfect, and, at any rate, it is shirked in various ways, and fails to deter the habitual bird-stealers to whom we refer. Under strong temptations of pecuniary advantage, they either openly defy the law, or carry on their trade under false or illusory pretences. Seized by the police, and taken before magistrates, what then? If convicted, they may

be condemned in a small fine, not difficult to pay. As for any loss of character arising from prosecution, the idea is ridiculous. There can be no loss of character among those who, as Burns humorously sings, 'have no character to lose.' In short, the law as it stands is very much circumvented, and wild birds are captured in enormous numbers.

In France, small birds are caught and killed, principally as articles of food. You see them hanging in bunches at the doors of poulterers' shops, to be bought by keepers of hotels and restaurants. In the *menus* or bills of fare at the *tables-d'hôte*, dishes of these hapless birds make their appearance as an *Entrée d'alouettes et de rouges-gorges*—in plain English, a dish of larks and robin redbreasts. Larks, we believe, are not quite unknown at some 'highly respectable' tables in this country; but, happily, the custom, so revolting to public feeling, is not likely to be generally followed. Nor do we imagine that there need be any fear of robin redbreasts becoming a popular dish at our dinner-tables. Small birds appear to be captured wholesale for some other purpose than being eaten. Some of them are sought for as song-birds to be sold to dealers, who supply them for parlour cages. Of this we have an evidence in shops that are stored with a variety of feathered and furred animals, secluded in different-sized cages—the birds hung about on the walls in a state of disconsolate agitation, like so many distracted slaves penned up for the choice of customers. As regards nightingales, their purchase may prove disappointing. If caught after they have paired, and deprived of their mates, they cease to sing, pine in their solitary imprisonment, and die of what we might call a broken heart—a mournful instance of man's wanton outrage on the affections.

We have never looked with complacency on the practice of keeping birds as domestic pets in cages. In the most favourable circumstances it looks like cruelty. The bird is made a prisoner for life. The cage may be gilded and well equipped as to food and water. But it is still a prison. The

little creature is violently and unjustly deprived of the liberty which is undoubtedly its natural birthright. Helpless and in our power, it is wronged. A contemplation of it day after day, and year after year—sometimes warbling, sometimes with eyes faintly turned to the sunshine, like a prisoner looking wistfully from the bars of his window—is calculated, we think, to move the feelings. The very lilt of its sweet notes has in it something doleful. The songs of birds are instinctively a call to companions, and in confinement no companions are usually near. The piping is thrown away. On hearing these abortive calls, our memory is led back to days long gone by, when audiences were almost melted to tears by the pathetic song of that charming dramatic vocalist, Miss Stephens—

The bird in yonder cage confined,
To me sings notes of sorrow.

Or more emphatically, we are reminded of Sterne's starling, uttering the cry, 'I can't get out, I can't get out.' Like Sterne, we feel the force of the appeal, though the sounds may be less significantly expressed. We have never kept a caged bird, and never will. Our pets must be left at liberty to roam out and in as they please, only under such restrictions as will tend to their security and comfort.

The caging of small birds does not by any means account for the great number captured by vagrant trappers. There is now a demand for birds of this kind far beyond that either for the table, or for cages. The source of this new demand is in one of the whimsical frenzies of feminine fashion, and while under the influence of this irrational furor, no more regard is paid to the claims of birds on our compassion than is felt by slave-catchers for the victims whom they drive away into hopeless servitude. It is painful to speak of cruel outrages being committed through the weak vanity of ladies. Only thinking of what will minister to a feverish fancy, they seem indifferent to the wrongs which they are the cause of inflicting on the lower animals.

We allow that feathers are an adornment to the female head-dress; and kept within reasonable bounds, this species of decoration is far from being objectionable. The case is very different when we come to consider that gross abuse of the practice which consists in wearing the feathered skins of wrens, humming-birds, nightingales, larks, finches, and robin redbreasts. Are ladies who so decorate themselves aware of the fact, that these poor little birds are for the most part skinned while alive, in order that their plumage may retain that degree of gloss which is not ordinarily found in skins that have been flayed from the body after death? Talk of vivisection! Here is something infinitely more atrocious, and devoid of any excuse. Vast numbers of birds are either so stripped of their skins, or plucked of their feathers during life. The correspondent of the *Telegraph*, London newspaper, says that 'he has seen as many as five hundred lark-skins in a shop window for sale at sixpence-halfpenny apiece,' together with the information that 'thousands were inside.' He adds: 'In one of our leading City thoroughfares, I saw a large number of sparrows, starlings, blackbirds, and

various other kinds, including robins and wrens.' Another correspondent mentions that a dealer within his knowledge, exposes for sale, stuffed for ladies' bonnets, robins at eightpence each, and that in his window there is a representation of the trap by which these birds are caught.

From the daily press we could multiply evidences of this species of slaughter. 'The fashion now so prevalent,' says the *Standard*, 'of ornamenting ladies' hats and bonnets with small birds, has given such an impetus to the activity of the birdcatchers, both here and in France, as to cause well-grounded fears for the annihilation of our favourite little songsters. This was forcibly pointed out in a case which came before the Dover bench, in which two men were charged with trespassing. Upon them were found no less than fifty-one dead skylarks, and a large number of linnets, thrushes, bullfinches, and other birds. A gentleman connected with the Customs at Dover stated that it was well known that a large premium was paid to men like the prisoners for these birds, and that it was within his cognisance that during the past fortnight no less than two thousand of the brightest-plumaged birds from Normandy passed through Dover on their way to a firm of milliners in London, their destination evidently being to ornament the hats and bonnets of Belgravian ladies. The Bench stated their determination to punish severely all future offenders.' In some cases, birds are deprived of their wings, for the wings of certain birds are deemed a superior decoration to head-dresses. Let us hope that the little creatures subjected to these cruelties are killed in the process of being rilled of their plumage, instead of enduring the pangs of protracted dissolution.

Native birds are not alone sought for and sacrificed to the varying demands of Fashion. The world at large is laid under contribution. Germany, North and South America, the islands of the Pacific and the Atlantic yield their tribute. The demand for canary feathers goes considerably beyond the capacity of the home market. We have seen it stated that a wealthy lady, desirous of outshining her neighbours, had a dress which blazed with the feathers of a vast number of canaries. If this be true, we wonder how a lady could shew herself with any consciousness of self-respect.

We do not in the least expect that any observations of ours will have the effect of turning the tide of fashions that are substantially founded on cruelty to different kinds of animals. To be in the fashion is a desire which overleaps all considerations of humanity or common-sense. We can at all events point out and protest against the scandal which the practices spoken of bring on the female character. In these days, we hear no end of harangues on the injustice done to women, and of their claims to an intellectual and political equality with men. Abstractly, we do not contest their mental qualifications. But obviously they lay themselves open to charges of a want of moral courage. They evidently have not the fortitude to resist the changes of fashion, however idiotic. They cannot stand out against the use of some equipment, although it be of the most ridiculous kind, positively worthless and unsightly—such as huge bunches of false hair stuck on the back of their head. At certain

reasons, they will perseveringly dress themselves in jackets made of the skins of seals and saibles, though made aware that the practice is not only injurious to health, but is the source of incalculable cruelty. They, with equal disregard of what is objectionable, decorate their persons with spoils torn by ruffians from the quivering bodies of some of the most innocent and beautiful of God's creatures. We do not mean to say that all ladies of high and low degree are chargeable with a guilty complicity in these monstrous crimes against humanity. There are noble examples of the reverse. And what more noble instance of one who in every shape sets her face against cruelty to animals, great and small, than that of the BARONESS BERDETT COURTS! May her ladyship be successful in her untiring and disinterested remonstrances against the practices to which we have ventured to call attention. In a word, torturing and killing small birds with a view to the embellishment of female attire, ought on all hands to be peremptorily discontinued. For very decency's sake, we should hear no more of the 'rights of women,' till these and such-like outrages on humanity, feminine delicacy, and common-sense are relinquished.

W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XVI.—ON BOARD THE 'MARY.'

'JENNY,' whispered Jeff, as he walked beside the little invalid carriage, in which she was wont to be conveyed when there was the least risk of fatigue, on its way to the boat-house, 'what do you think of Holt's get-up?'

'It is ravishing,' was her enthusiastic reply.

The remark was called forth by a suit of rough blue cloth, adapted for marine purposes, and a hard shiny hat, such as one expects to see surrounded by a ribbon, embroidered with the name of a ship. It was not, however, so surrounded; and the hue of the clothes, though of unmistakable azure, was very modest in tone. Mr Holt's attire would, in short, perhaps have altogether escaped censure, had it not been so undeniably new; but as it was, it gave the idea of premeditation. This gentleman, as Jenny had averred, had a special suit for every occasion; not only morning-dress and evening-dress, and driving-dress and riding-dress, but even a particular attire for croquet; and now it appeared that he had not come wholly unprovided with even a yachting costume. So far as his tailor could do it, he was, in fact, equal to any situation that country-life could place him in, and it was obvious that he had been in none of them—nor in the suits to match—before.

'There is one thing,' continued Jenny, 'that I must see before I die, and for which reason I wish it was winter. I yearn to behold that man in scarlet, with top-boots and a hunting-cap: that he has got them in his portmanteau, only waiting the opportunity for production, I am confident.'

'He would look even more like a monkey than, than he does now,' observed Jeff contemptuously.

'Not a bit of it. You wrong him there, Jeff. He would only look too new, like the gentlemen sportsmen who ride on horseback in the tailors' shops in Regent Street. What irritates me is his being always so spick and span, so offensively pat with the occasion. I think, however, Mrs Campden likes it.'

'Why on earth should she like it?'

'Well, she feels it a personal compliment that he should have made such extensive preparations for his visit to Riverside. His only mistake has been that he did not provide a suit of Lincoln green for the archery-ground.'

Certainly his hostess seemed unusually affable to Mr Holt as he walked between her and Mrs Dalton down to the river, while Mr Campden preceded them with the two girls.

'Have you ever been in a steam-yacht?' inquired she, with an approving glance at his metal buttons.

'No, madam.' He always called her 'madam'; and she was not displeased at it. It seemed to mark the difference of social rank between one of her exalted position in the county and a mere stock-broker.

'I have been in other yachts often enough; indeed, I may say too often, for I am a very indifferent sailor. I have several friends who are yachtsmen, but it is not everybody who can offer one a cruise in a steam-yacht.'

'I think you will find the *Mary* very comfortable,' answered Mrs Campden languidly. 'It is named, as you may guess, after my daughter. She christened it, when it was first launched, with a bottle of the best champagne. For my own part, I thought it very extravagant, but my husband would have it so.'

'It should not have been dry champagne,' said Mr Holt, with a little smile.

'Why not?' inquired Mrs Campden. 'It would have been better—because cheaper—than claret.'

'No doubt, no doubt; I was only referring to the irrelevance of christening a ship, you know, an article intended for the water, with dry champagne.'

'Oh, I see,' said Mrs Campden coldly; 'it was a joke.'

'It was a very little one,' said Mr Holt apologetically; then, sensible that he had made a quotation, not exactly from the classics, he blushed, and with great earnestness asserted that he was entirely of his hostess's opinion as to the wicked waste of using claret for any such ridiculous ceremony as christening a vessel.

'There was, however, nothing ridiculous about christening the *Mary*,' observed Mr Campden chillingly. 'Lord Wapshot—who is our lord-lieutenant—was so good as to honour the occasion with his presence; and we had three or four hundred guests in a great tent, from Edgington's, upon the lawn.'

'It must have been a splendid spectacle,' said Mr Holt respectfully.

But the lady of the house was not to be mitigated; she had been joked with by a stock-broker, and was resolved to resent it with becoming severity.

'My dear Edith,' said she, addressing her other companion, 'what a pity it is your husband cannot accompany us this morning: there is nobody like him for making an expedition of this kind go off.'

'He said he would perhaps join us in the course of the afternoon,' said Mrs Dalton. 'I am sure he regrets not being able to come, as much as you are good enough to say you regret his absence.'

'Well, I don't quite agree with you there, Edith,' answered the hostess dryly. 'I must confess that I think if Mr Dalton wanted to come, he

would have come.—What do you say, Mr Holt? Do you think that he is so wrapped up in business as to allow it to interfere with what is really more pleasant to him?'

Mrs Campden was one of those uncompromising women who, if they were common, would make social life intolerable. If not absolutely delighting in battle, she would not go a hair-breadth out of her way to avoid it; she knew that she would get no assent from Mrs Dalton, yet if she had been alone with her, it is probable that she would still have hazarded the same opinion; as it was, she turned to her male guest, reckoning confidently that he would purchase his own forgiveness at the sacrifice of his friend. Here, however, she was mistaken.

'Indeed, madam, I cannot agree with you. Mr Dalton has not only an aptitude for business, which, considering he has only taken to it comparatively late in life, is surprising, but I have never known him postpone any matter of importance to mere pleasure.'

Mrs Campden sniffed incredulously. 'Ah, you men always hang by one another,' she said, 'when one comes to talk of the great art and mystery called business, which you would have us believe no woman can understand; but I have known some very ordinary people who have succeeded in it uncommonly well.'

Poor Mr Holt; he really looked very 'ordinary' when she said that. He would have flattered himself, if it had been possible, that she was alluding to Mr Campden, but the glance with which she accompanied her remark, made that impossible. He hoped at least to meet with gratitude from Mrs Dalton, to win whose favour he had thus boldly defied their hostess, in defending Dalton; but she only favoured him with a forced smile. The whole subject of business in connection with her husband was painful to her; she felt, too, that he needed no defence, and least of all from Mr Richard Holt.

By this time they had reached the boat-house, from which they were to be rowed to the yacht, which was waiting for them with her steam up in mid-stream. It was a beautiful craft, fitted up solely with an eye to comfort. The smoke and steam, and all the disagreeables, were confined to the after-part of the vessel; and the fore-part, consisting of a raised deck and highly decorated cabin, was admirably adapted for a party of pleasure. Upon the deck they all took their seats, except Mr Campden, to whom confinement of any sort was disagreeable, and who paced up and down, not so much like a sea-captain on his marine domain, as a hyena in a cage. It was very good-natured of him to have proposed the expedition, for it was not at all to his taste. He would have much preferred to be roaming about his territorial possessions with an axe in his hand, cutting down trees at random, to which occupation a man who has exchanged town for country, late in life, is pretty sure to condemn himself. He was wont to term it 'thinning the timber,' until Dalton had given another name to this amusement of his friend—'raising money on the estate.'

The river-voyage was very beautiful, with craggy hills on one side, and on the other rich meadows and woodlands, which 'marched,' as Mrs Campden took occasion to remark, 'with the Riverside property;' but it was of short duration. In a little while they

reached the lake, a broad sheet of open water, with no great picturesqueness to recommend it. Blea-barrow mere is inferior both in grandeur and loveliness to even the least attractive of the Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes; it is high placed, but the shores are low and barren. It is, in fact, surrounded by moorland. When the first ebullition of spirits that always accompanies the start upon a pleasure-trip, had subsided, even the young people began to feel a sense of boredom. It is possible that salt-water may have an enlivening effect—indeed, it must be so, or only the very poorest persons, with something solid to gain by it, would surely commit themselves *twice* to a long voyage—but it is certain that expeditions upon fresh-water, unless it be on a river, where you can land if you please, soon become excessively tedious. People get tired of one another's company afloat in one-tenth of the time that they do on shore. The air and the water together have also a sedative effect upon that large class of persons who are charitably described as 'having no great resources within themselves'—in plain English, who do not know what it is to think.

In half an hour, Mrs Campden was giving more assents by nods, to the opinions expressed by her companions, than she had given by words for the last six months. If you had taxed her with being asleep, she would doubtless have indignantly denied it; but it was true, nevertheless. Her husband, who openly confessed that he did not 'care for scenery,' was conversing, cigar in mouth, with the ship's engineer about vertical and horizontal movements. Mrs Dalton, who sat beside her hostess, was not, indeed, like her, in the land of dreams, but she was scarcely conscious of what was taking place around her; her thoughts were busy with the sad future that was awaiting—and so immediately her dear ones, but of which they had as yet received no hint. Their lively talk, though she heard not the words, jarred upon her ear; their laughter smote her heart only less sorely than their misery would presently smite it. In a few days—in less than a week—they would leave Riverside for what had been their home, but which was now, in fact, no longer theirs, and then the news of their ruin must needs be broken to them. In a few months, another child would be born to her—the consciousness of which is of itself depressing to most women—heir to its father's fallen fortunes, and a new burden for them to support. Physically, she was far from well; an abiding sense of weakness was always present with her, which gave her apprehensions for the future, when her time of trial should come; but they were not apprehensions upon her own account. Persons of her pure, self-sacrificing sort are the last in the world to entertain a high opinion of their own merits; but if common-sense be allowed to enter into the region of theological speculation at all, they are probably conscious that things must needs be well with them when they have shuffled off this mortal coil; that the end of their labours—even though they ignore all thoughts of reward—must needs be good and gracious; at all events, they have no fear, save the fear of being taken from those they love, and who have need of their love. Oh, deep and terrible mystery of life, wherein such beings as these suffer and perish, while the vile and selfish prosper and live on!

In Mrs Dalton's face, indeed, could be read nothing of this; a serene cheerfulness pervaded it, not only to common eyes, but even to those which affection had rendered keen; but she felt herself unequal to any attempt to promote hilarity. The duty, therefore, of making the time pass agreeably devolved solely upon the 'young people,' and Mr Holt, and the latter had by no means been formed by nature expressly for this vocation.

'We are getting deadly dull,' said Jenny presently, after a meritorious struggle or two to 'lift' the conversation, which had done more harm than good, and indeed left it a corpse. 'What do you say to "Lights" or "Twenty Questions"?'

These were drawing-room games which were sometimes played at Riverside, and with which all the party were familiar. In the former, two persons select a word of various meaning, and talk of it aloud under its various aspects; though taking care not to name it, while the others guess, from the 'lights' thus thrown upon it, what the word is. Even then it is not mentioned; but whoever thinks he has discovered it joins in the conversation, and is admitted into it, permanently or not, according to the correctness or otherwise of his surmise. So one by one the whole company join in, till some unhappy wight, not apt for the amusement, finds himself out in the cold, the solitary listener to a general conversation of which he does not understand the drift. Mr Geoffrey Derwent, great as he was at croquet, unrivalled in the archery-ground, and by no means despicable at the billiard-table, very often found himself at Lights in this unsociable position. Mr Holt, on the other hand, though by no means good at games that require dexterity, had rather shone at Lights, though, it is true, in a very inferior way to John Dalton, who was so ready at them, that, as Kate said, 'you might just as well tell papa at once.'

'I think drawing-room games out of doors are slow,' said Jeff decisively.

'But they can't make us slower than we are,' answered Jenny, 'since we have come to a full stop.'

'I shall be very glad to play at Lights, or anything else, to promote the general hilarity,' said Mr Holt modestly.

'That is a very large order, "the general hilarity,"' muttered Jeff to Jenny.

'It is not so much the promotion of hilarity, Mr Holt, as it seems to me,' said she, 'as the avoidance of utter collapse that we have to provide for. We have no idea (doubtless) how stupid we have been ourselves for the last half-hour, but everybody has noticed it in his neighbour.'

'I have not noticed it in you, Miss Jenny,' returned Mr Holt gallantly. 'I have only observed, as in Macaulay's case, that there were occasionally "flashes of silence."—What do you say, Miss Kate? Are you for games or no games?'

Kate did not like Mr Holt, but she had looked upon him with less disfavour ever since he had endeavoured to take the blame off Jeff's shoulders in the matter of the Guide Race; and she thought Jenny was hard upon the man. True, he was not quite up to the standard of 'a gentleman'; but that seemed to her rather a reason why they who were his superiors should deal tenderly with him. Moreover, she was resolved not to 'snub' him, ever since Mary had dropped that unpleasant hint about his devotion to her on the night of the charades,

lest her coldness should be laid to that account. Thus specially appealed to, she gave her voice for games, and they were commenced accordingly. Jenny and Mary had the word—though the two sisters would have carried on the conversation better—and the rôle of the rest was to listen.

'It is curious,' said Jenny, 'that you generally either see them in great numbers, or else only one at a time.'

'Nay,' returned Mary; 'I have often seen two and four of them, though seldom three, when their object has been to make us good.'

'Or perhaps only goody-goody, which is quite another thing,' observed Jenny.

'Mamma, however, believes in their efficacy implicitly,' said Mary.

'I hope so, my dear,' observed Mrs Campden, awakened by this reference to herself; and understanding dimly that she was called upon to endorse some moral or religious principle.

'I am afraid you have no right to join in our conversation, my dear Mrs Campden,' said Jenny.

'They are playing at Lights,' explained Kate apologetically.

'My dear Kate, I am perfectly well aware of that,' returned the hostess with dignity. It was a maxim with her not only never to own herself wrong but even mistaken.

'But you know you have not guessed it, mamma,' urged Mary; 'and it's contrary to the rules to talk to us unless you have.'

'Your mother does not even keep one of them in her house, I believe,' continued the audacious Jenny, whose character was faulty in this particular—that she had no reverence for those she did not respect. She was impatient of pretence of any kind, and would rap her hostess's knuckles as soon as she would have rapped those of anybody else. What business had the woman to insist upon it she was awake when she was asleep?

'No,' said Mary; 'we do not keep one at present, though we did so at one time.'

'Yes; that is very curious,' observed Jenny thoughtfully. 'The poor keep none of them. The moderately rich keep one of them. The rich keep none of them; but the very rich indeed—quite magnificent people, that is—keep lots of them.'

'This is like a riddle of the Sphinx,' exclaimed Jeff despairingly.

'And you are not the Calipus to guess it,' retorted Jenny. 'As it happens, however, it is not a riddle, though I have seen it in a charade.'

'And on the stage,' said Mary. 'They look lovely on the stage.'

'Yes; but I think the gentlemen admire them more than the ladies. I am sure if you were to appear as one, Mary, they would admire you immensely.'

Mary blushed and tittered; and Kate put in: 'They were very useful to ladies, however, in old times, were they not?'

'Who is this young person?' inquired Jenny, with icy gravity, of her coadjutor. 'Do you think she has a right to join in our private conversation?'

'Let us inquire,' said Mary.—'When were they useful to ladies, miss?'

'In muddy weather,' rejoined Kate, and thereby established her position. There were now three to carry on the talk instead of four.

'Have you ever known them to change colour?' inquired Jenny with a conical look.

'No,' said Mary. 'I have known them of different colours, but never to change.'

'Nor I,' said Kate. 'Give us further particulars.'

'Well, I have known those to which Mrs Campden is attached to be red, and yet occasionally not red.'

'Are they not often mentioned in romances?' inquired Mrs Dalton, smiling.

'Mamma has guessed it!' cried Kate delightedly. 'Well done, mamma!'

'I am not sure,' said Jenny severely. 'We must not encourage rash speculation. What writer of romance is mostly associated with them?'

'Sir Walter Scott.'

'Very true; yet he has not portrayed the most popular—and the largest—of all.'

'I have got it!' cried Jeff triumphantly. 'The largest of all is capital.'

'Who is this noisy youth?' inquired Jenny contemptuously. 'I cannot think he belongs to us.'

'Yes, he does,' persisted Jeff stoutly; 'the largest of all was apt to go to sleep a good deal.—Mr Holt has not guessed it yet.'

'If Mr Holt's literary sympathies were confined to a single book, as yours are, Jeff,' said Kate reprovingly, 'he would have guessed it as easily as you.'

'Oh, I see!' cried Mr Holt, forgetting his humiliation in the consciousness that Kate had been kind to him. 'I certainly ought to have recognised the Fat Boy.'

'I don't see it, now,' argued Mrs Campden, who, to do her justice, was seldom the last left in ignorance of the desired word. 'Of course a boy changes colour—though rarely, unless he's bilious; however much it may be expected of him, one never sees one bluish.' She never missed a chance of hitting at poor Jeff, but this time he had the advantage of her.

'The word is not quite "Boy," madame, though very like it,' explained he, with elaborate politeness; 'it is *Page*; which, when in the form of a tract, is occasionally *not* read. Moderately rich people keep *one*—'

'I don't think it's at all a good word,' interrupted Mrs Campden curtly. 'I think it stupid.'

'O mamma!' exclaimed Mary; 'I think it's an excellent word.'

'Uncle George, do, pray, come here,' cried Jenny, who, having herself invented the word, was by no means willing to submit to the voice of detraction. 'We want an independent opinion from you.'

'My dear girl, I have not possessed such a thing these twenty years,' replied Mr Campden, coming forward with his cigar.

Mrs Campden bit her lips, and so did the young people, though from a different cause. It was with difficulty that they restrained themselves from laughter.

'We want to hear your opinion of the word *Page* for *lights*,' continued Jenny. 'Do you think it a good word, or not?'

'It is not a bad word, so far as I know,' replied Mr Campden comically.

'Now, do be serious, Uncle George. Is it well chosen or ill chosen? Somebody says it's stupid.'

'I should think that was the person who had not guessed it,' observed the referee.

'Thank you,' said Mrs Campden icily. 'It appears to me that you have not learned politeness from the society of your stoker yonder.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed the unhappy man, 'how was I to know that it was you, my dear? You are generally the very first to guess these things.'

'Please, either to put your cigar out, or to return to your friend in the engine-room,' was the uncompromising reply; 'ladies do not like tobacco-smoke puffed into their faces, Mr Campden.'

'On board steam-yachts, my dear,' rejoined he good-naturedly, 'smoking is always allowed, except abaft the funnel. Nevertheless, to hear is to obey; and with a salutation to his lady and master, intended to be eastern in its profundity, Mr Campden retired, only to reappear, however, in a few minutes, fresh and smiling, at the luncheon-table. Under the influence of good viands and champagne, the little company, which had been getting somewhat limp and out of spirits, soon revived. The great prescription for a water-party is what Dr Arzoon termed 'constant support'; a luncheon should be always going—and so far as the young people were concerned, the excursion, after all, proved a considerable success. Mrs Dalton's eyes, however, in vain swept the dreary moorland for her husband; he came not, and, her heart foreboded, was too sad to come. It never struck her, as it would have struck some wives, that he might have 'made an effort,' as she had done, and helped her to endure the happiness and laughter of the rest by his presence. Since he could not be merry, she was glad to think that he was spared the pain she suffered; but she pined to be with him, that her love might comfort him. What was he doing all alone at Riverside? Twice had Mrs Campden addressed her, though, it must be allowed, in a very low voice, without diverting her attention from this melancholy thought.

'My dear Edith, are you asleep?' said she at last, a little sharply.

'A thousand pardons, Julia. I suppose the motion of the vessel made me drowsy.'

'It must have made you blind as well as deaf, my dear,' whispered her hostess, 'if you have not noticed the very marked attentions that somebody has been paying to your Kate all day. Of course, she is well able to take care of herself, but, in my opinion, it is a piece of downright impertinence on his part.'

'I have observed nothing,' answered Mrs Dalton, her delicate pale face flushing in spite of herself. 'Are you referring to Mr Holt?'

'Well, I suppose I am not referring to Geoffrey, my dear—that would surely be a little too absurd. I say, considering the sort of footing on which Mr Holt has come down here—not, I must say, altogether with *my* approbation—as your husband's business-friend, it is most impertinent in him to presume in that way. We have every reason, however, to believe that Kate has a proper contempt for the man.'

'Well, I think we may be assured at least that Kate has not fallen in love with him,' said Mrs Dalton, smiling. She had quite recovered herself now, and would have been more than a match for her hostess on such a topic a month ago; it is true, she no longer felt on equal terms with her, but then the other did not know it.

'In love with him!' repeated Mrs Campden

scornfully. 'I should as soon have imputed to her an attachment to the footman.'

'Mr Holt is your guest, Julia,' returned Mrs Dalton stiffly. Her anger was not stirred upon Mr Holt's account at all, and Mrs Campden knew it, and drew in her horns at once.

'Well, of course the footman is an exaggeration, my dear; but the man has no sort of right to lift his eyes so high.'

'Of course, such a match would be ill-assorted,' returned Mrs Dalton. 'To begin with, there is a very great disparity in years.'

'Nay, that would surely be a trifling objection, compared with others. He is not on the same level in society, nor anything like it; while, even as to his wealth—there is no knowing, with these speculating people, whether they may not be beggars to-morrow; and it is no discredit to dear Kate, considering her bringing-up and reasonable expectations, if I say that she is totally unfitted for any other life than one of assured ease and affluence.'

'I hope that is not so,' said Mrs Dalton hesitatingly; and here it was almost upon her tongue to tell why it was she hoped better things of Kate, of the necessity that had arisen that Kate and all her children should fit themselves for quite another life than one of affluence; but her companion's impatience cut her short.

'O nonsense, Edith. I do sincerely trust you will never encourage her to throw herself away upon a poor man. Indeed, I know no one—except, perhaps, my own daughter—less likely to be happy with such. Of course, riches cannot insure contentment; but it is quite as certain that poverty, when it falls upon those who have been used to riches, produces discontent, peevishness, coldness of heart, and in the end, often downright dislike for those—even when they are not in fault—with whom we are compelled to live. There is a deal of nonsense talked on the other side of the question; but it is rather a suspicious circumstance that all the eloquence in favour of poverty comes from people who are either very rich, or not in a position to feel the want of money. You never hear a man with a large family, for example, preaching up the delights of a small income.'

'But when you had a small income yourself, Julia—or one comparatively small—you were just as happy as you are at present.'

It was now Mrs Campden's turn to blush, which she did very violently, though somewhat partially. She was one of those women who blush in patches, and especially on the forehead, the ears, and the tip of the nose.

'Of course, we have had our day of small things, Edith, as I have never sought to conceal; but that was before we occupied our present position in'—she was going to say 'the county,' but she modestly exchanged it for—'society.' Having once attained to that, it would be a great bitterness to fall even to the place that I once occupied, perhaps contentedly enough.'

'Yet, you would surely not dislike, on that account, those with whom you were compelled to live—your husband, for example—even though, as you put it, he might have been the cause of your calamity?'

'I honestly tell you, Edith, I should like him none the better for it; and should not certainly expect that Mary would have the same respect

for him. A man who, having once established himself and family, risks, I do not say their means of livelihood—for that would be downright selfish wickedness—but their (I know no other word for it) "position," by speculation, loses not only their money, but their dutiful affection and regard, and, in my opinion, deserves to lose them. Of course, Mr Holt yonder, with no family ties, may do as he pleases; but what would the world say of your husband, for example, if he allowed himself to be persuaded by him to enter into any dangerous enterprise?'

'Well, what *would* the world say?' inquired Mrs Dalton, looking quickly up into her companion's face.

'Why, they would say—some very hard things,' answered the other, not without some signs of discomposure. 'Even in a supposititious case, one would not like to say what things; but my point is, that though you yourself might forgive him, your children would endorse what would be said.'

'And, in your opinion, they would be justified in so doing?' asked Mrs Dalton coldly.

'In my opinion, they would at least be excusable, Edith. You are not annoyed with me, I hope, for speaking my mind. I am taking, of course, only a general case. I am quite sure Mr Dalton is the very last man in the world to commit such a piece of folly; but my argument is, that if any one in his position did commit it, it would be a crime.'

Here the *Mary* grounded, as she was accustomed to do, on every other trip, some yards from her proper anchorage in the river. Taking into account the interest of money sunk in the purchase, and the expense of her maintenance, each of these rare excursions to Bleabarrow mere cost her owner about five-and-twenty pounds. But his wife at least did not begrudge it. No family in the county could boast of the possession of a steam-yacht, except the Campdens.

'MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS.'

THE effect of certain sounds upon the mind is often very curious. We do not allude to the ordinary phenomena of speech, singing, and music, where the sound-producing apparatus is tolerably familiar, and its distance from the hearer estimated with a near approach to accuracy. The effect is only 'mysterious' when there is any doubt as to where the sound comes from, and how it has originated; the imagination then begins, and sometimes works itself up to very singular hallucinations. Night, or darkness without night, has much to do with this matter. When we cannot see the sound-producing agent, conjecture is apt to run wild; and ghost-stories often depend on no better foundation than this. For instance, certain sounds may frequently be heard at night, coming from the air above, but from an invisible source—a kind of whistling or prolonged cry, the producers of which are known in certain parts of England as 'whistlers.' Some legends make it out that these whistlers are ghosts, some evil spirits, some Wandering Jews. But the truth is, that the sounds proceed from birds, such as wild geese or plovers, which are in the habit of flying in flocks by night, either for the purpose of reaching distant feeding-grounds, or during their annual migrations. The cry which is usually uttered by

the 'leader' during these nocturnal bird-flights has, from ignorance of its cause, been regarded as weird and mysterious by superstitious folks, who associate it with impending evil.

Sir David Brewster gives an excellent account of a mysterious night-sound which would have frightened many persons, but which proved innocently harmless when tested by a steady observer. A gentleman heard a strange sound every night, soon after getting into bed; his wife heard it also, but not at the time when *she* retired, a little earlier than he. No probable cause could be assigned; and the effect upon the imagination became rather unpleasant. He found, some time afterwards, that the sound came from a wardrobe which stood near the head of his bed. He almost always opened and closed this wardrobe when undressing; but as the door was a little tight, he could not quite close it. The door, possibly affected by gradual changes of temperature, forced itself open with a sort of dull sound which was over in an instant. From the lady not being in the habit of using that wardrobe, the mystery became associated with her husband only. Many a ghost-story would receive its solution by a little attention to the sounds resulting from the expansion and contraction of wood-work, such as doors, panels, wainscoting, and articles of furniture. Heard at night, when all is still, the sudden creaking of furniture in a room is apt to be somewhat startling, until one comes to know that it is simply due to 'the weather.'

Sound being generally more audible at night than in the daytime, is often exaggerated by those who overlook that fact. Humboldt specially noted this when listening to the cataracts of the Orinoco, and traced it to differences in the humidity of the air. The atmosphere is sometimes more than usually transparent, and sometimes more than usually opaque, to sounds as well as to light; Dr Tyndall has recently proved this in a striking way, in relation to the audibility of fog-signals in different states of the weather. A little mystery is also due to the fact that we sometimes know that sound is being produced by an object visible to us, and yet we cannot hear it. The chirp of the sparrow is inaudible to some persons; others, who can hear it, cannot hear the squeak of the bat; and all of us are at the mercy of a kind of tone-deafness (analogous in some degree to Dr Dalton's colour-blindness), in regard to sounds of acute pitch. A singular case of visible but inaudible drumming occurred during the American War of Independence. English and American troops were drawn up on opposite sides of a river; the outposts were mutually visible; and the English could see an American drummer beating his tattoo, although no sound could be heard. This is attributed to a kind of tone-opacity which affected the air over the river in a particular state of temperature and humidity.

There is, to most of us, much mystery in sounds when louder than we expected to find them. A well at Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, has water at the bottom; and when even so small an object as a pin is dropped into the water, the sound can be heard above, although the well is more than two hundred feet deep. At St Alban's Cathedral, it used to be said, the tick of a watch could be heard from end to end of that very long building; whether the recent restorations have inter-

fered with this phenomenon, we do not know. Sound can be heard over water at a greater distance than over land; Dr Hutton heard a person reading at a hundred and forty feet distance on the Thames, whereas he could only hear him seventy feet off on shore. Sound can be heard over ice, also, more easily than over land. When Lieutenant Foster was wintering in the Arctic Regions, he found he could converse with a man a mile and a quarter distant, both being on the ice in Bowen Harbour. The human voice, it is asserted, has been heard ten miles off at Gibraltar—we presume, over the water of the strait. The whispering gallery at St Paul's is always a mystery to visitors; a whisper becomes distinctly audible at the opposite side of the gallery, but not at intermediate positions. The late Sir Charles Wheatstone once made a curious observation on sound at the Colosseum in the Regent's Park (recently pulled down). Placing himself close to the upper part of the interior wall (a circle a hundred and thirty feet in diameter), he found that a spoken word was repeated many times; that an exclamation appeared like a peal of laughter; and that the tearing of a piece of paper was like the pattering of hail. In the cathedral of Girgenti, Sicily, a whisper can be heard the whole length of the building, if the whisperer places himself in the focus of the semicircular apse at one end. A story is told that, long ago, a confessional box was inadvertently placed just at that spot; that the details of a confession were audible at another spot near the entrance to the church; and that the authorities were first made acquainted with this awkward fact by a ferment arising out of one particular confession.

Single sounds repeated many times, and a whole sentence repeated after a second or two, are alike mysterious to those who are not conversant with the scientific conditions on which they depend. Some recorded echoes are of very remarkable character. Those on and near the Lakes of Killarney are doubtless familiar to many readers of this sheet. At Woodstock Park, near Oxford, it used to be said that an echo would repeat seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night—a statement possibly in need of modern verification. An echo on the banks of the Lago del Lupo, near Terni, is said to repeat seventeen syllables; while the old topographers of Sussex told of an echo of twenty-one syllables in Shipley Church.

Many a mysterious rumbling, a trembling if not a booming, has been fairly attributed to distant cannonading heard over wide stretches of sea, and sometimes of land. Supposing the statements to be correct (which, of course, we cannot guarantee), many of the recorded examples are notable enough. The evening gun at Plymouth has been heard at Ilfracombe, sixty miles off. Rather more than this is the distance from Holyhead to Kingstown, near Dublin, a distance travelled by the audible sound of a salute from a fleet of war-ships. Cannonading off the coast of Essex has been heard at Cambridge; and off the North Foreland, at London—distances of seventy or eighty miles. The booming of great guns has been heard from Messina to Syracuse, from Genoa to Leghorn, from Portsmouth to Hereford—distances of ninety to a hundred miles. Great explosions of gunpowder, in powder-works and in magazines, are said to have been heard at distances nearly as great as these. Guns fired at

Carlsrona have been heard in Denmark, across the whole breadth of Sweden, a hundred and twenty miles off. At two or three places on the coast of Kent, it is said, the cannonading at Waterloo was heard—the distance being very considerably over a hundred miles. The terrible firing of the Federals and Confederates at the battle of Gettysburg, during the American civil war, made itself heard a hundred and thirty miles off; and it is even said that gun-firing at Stockholm was once heard at a distance of a hundred and eighty miles; and that cannonading in the German Ocean was audible at Shrewsbury, two hundred miles off. But if for cannonading we substitute the mightiest sounds of nature, great volcanic eruptions, we leave such distances far behind; Sir Stamford Raffles and other reliable authorities tell us that the tremendous volcanic eruption at Sumbawa Island, in the Eastern Archipelago, was heard *nine hundred miles away*.

There is often something very mysterious in sounds when we are deceived as to the direction whence they come, even when the sounds themselves are of a familiar kind; and if we are deceived both as to direction and distance, the mystery grows in interest. One of the best examples of this was the exhibition known as the *Invisible Girl*, pleasing in itself and scientific in action. In the middle of an exhibition-room was a small globe of copper or brass, suspended by strings or ribbons from a canopy, and in contact with nothing but those ribbons, except that four trumpet-mouths opened from the four sides of the globe. On speaking into one of these mouths, and asking questions, a tiny voice answered from the globe itself, speaking in three or four languages, according to the requirements of the question, and singing at intervals. The globe was only a foot or so in diameter; but so completely did the voice seem to come from it, and so delicate and subdued was it in tone, that the effect produced upon the audience was striking. The mode of producing the sounds was scientifically complete. A framework that surrounded the ball had an air-tube along one horizontal bar and down one leg; when a spectator spoke or whispered into one of the trumpet-mouths, the sound was echoed by the hollow of the globe back into the concealed tube, and conveyed into an adjoining apartment, where they were heard by a lady-confederate, who whispered back the answer. We remember the exhibition, and can vouch for the fact that the voice seemed to come from a tiny being located in the small globe itself.

It has been pretty well ascertained, in regard to mysterious sounds coming from masses of stone, that the sonorous effects admit of a scientific explanation. At Solofara, near Naples, when the ground at a certain spot is struck by throwing a large stone against it, a peculiar hollow sound is distinctly heard. This, it is believed, is due to one of three causes: there are large cavities beneath, or there are partial echoes in the porous stone, or there is a reverberation from the surrounding hills. Humboldt describes a granitic mountain in the Orinoco region as 'one of those from which travellers have heard from time to time, towards sunrise, subterranean sounds resembling those of an organ. The missionaries call that stone *lozas de musica*. "It is witchcraft," said our young Indian guide. The sound is only heard when a person lies down on the rock, with his

ear close to the surface.' Humboldt expressed a belief that the rock contains a multitude of deep and narrow crevices; that the temperature of the crevices is different from that of the open air; that a sonorous current slowly issues at sunrise; and that the sound is probably due to this issuing current striking against thin films of mica in the granite. Near Tor, in Arabia Petraea, is a mountain which gives forth a curious sound. A legend is current among the natives to the effect that a convent of monks is miraculously preserved underground; and that the sound is produced by the *nakos*, a long metallic bar suspended horizontally, which a priest strikes with a hammer to summon the monks to prayers. A Greek is even said to have seen the mountain open, and to have descended into the subterranean convent, where he found fine gardens and delicious water: and in order to give proof of this descent, he produced some fragments of consecrated bread, which he pretended to have brought from the underground convent! Seetzen, the first European traveller who visited this spot, played sad havoc with this imaginative picture. Accompanied by some Greeks and Arabs, he found a bare rock of hard sandstone, inscribed with Greek, Arabic, and Coptic characters. He came to the conclusion, on close examination, that the surfaces of two inclined planes of sandstone are covered with loose disintegrated sand; and that this sand, in gradually rolling down, produced a sound like the swelling and waning tone of a humming-top.

Perhaps the most familiar of mysterious sounds are those produced by the ventriloquist; familiar because almost every country fair is visited by one or other of these exhibitors; mysterious, because the real source of sound does not correspond with the apparent. It lies within the province of the anatomist or physiologist to explain how it is that some men can speak as if from the stomach instead of the throat, and without any perceptible movement of the lips; but the person who can do this, the ventriloquist, may make himself a most bewildering deceiver of those who listen to him. Our power of determining the exact direction whence a sound comes is less than we usually imagine. It is said that Saville Carey, who could well imitate the whistling of the wind, would sometimes amuse himself by exercising this art in a public coffee-house; some of the guests at once rose to see whether the windows were quite closed, while others would button up their coats, as if cold. Sir David Brewster notices a ventriloquist of exceptional skill, M. St Gille, who one day entered a church where some monks were lamenting the death of a brother; suddenly they heard a voice as if from over their heads, bewailing the condition of the departed in purgatory, and reproaching them for their want of zeal; not suspecting the trick, they fell on their faces, and chanted the *De Profundis*. A committee, appointed by the Académie des Sciences to report on the phenomena of ventriloquism, went with M. St Gille to the house of a lady, to whom they announced that they had come to investigate a case of aerial 'spirits' somewhere in the neighbourhood. During the interview, she heard what she termed 'spirit-voices' above her head, underneath the floor, and in distant parts of the room; and was with difficulty convinced that the only spirit present was the ventriloquistic voice of M. St Gille.

Brewster tells of another master of this art, Louis Brabant, valet de chambre to Francis I., whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well-dowered girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother, after the death of the father, again to urge his suit; and while he was present, she heard the voice of her deceased husband, expressing remorse for having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give her immediate consent to the betrothal. Frightened and alarmed, she consented. Brabant, deeming it desirable to behave liberally in the marriage-arrangements, but having not much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriloquism would be as efficacious with a money-lending banker as it had been with the widow. Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the conversation should turn upon the subject of demons, spectres, and purgatory. Suddenly was heard the voice of the usurer's father, complaining of the horrible sufferings he was enduring in purgatory, and saying that there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by the usurer advancing money to the visitor for the sake of ransoming Christians from the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with his gold to yield at once. Brabant went next day, and resumed the conversation; when shortly were heard the voices of a host of dead relations, all telling the same terrible story, and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer; he placed ten thousand crowns in the hands of the unsuspected ventriloquist—who of course forgot to pay it over for the ransom of Christians either in Turkey or anywhere else. When the usurer learned afterwards how he had been duped, he died of vexation.

Of all producers of so-called mysterious sounds, Dr Tyndall's sensitive or *vowel flame* is one of the most curious. Out of a particular kind of gas, with a burner of peculiar construction, the learned professor produces a lighted jet of flame nearly two feet in height, extremely narrow, and so exquisitely sensitive to sounds that it sings, and dances up and down, in response to everything that is sung or said, with different degrees of sensibility for different vowel sounds. 'The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduces its height to seven inches. When a bunch of keys is shaken, the flame is violently agitated, and emits a loud roar. The dropping of a sixpence into a hand already containing coin, at a distance of twenty yards, knocks the flame down. It is not possible to walk across the floor without agitating the flame. The creaking of boots sets it in violent commotion. The crumpling or tearing of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress, does the same. It is startled by the pattering of a rain-drop. I hold a watch near the flame; nobody hears its ticks; but you all see their effect upon the flame; at every tick it falls and roars. The winding-up of the watch also produces tumult. The twittering of a distant sparrow shrieks in the flame; the note of a cricket would do the same. A chirrup from a distance of thirty yards causes it to fall and roar.' In reference to the power of the flame to respond to poetry, the lecturer said: 'The flame selects from the sounds those to which it can respond; it notices some by the slightest nod, to others it bows more distinctly, to some its obeisance is very profound, while to many sounds it turns an entirely deaf ear.'

So long as the cause of any unusual sound is

unexplained to the non-scientific listener, he is apt, naturally enough, to term that sound mysterious; but the element of mystery will disappear when he is assured that sounds of every description are due to natural and unalterable acoustic principles.

AN OLD LOVE-STORY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

It would be too tedious to put down on paper many of the incidents of Willy's life and mine at this time. Nothing seemed to happen for several years after the accident to little Miss Joy and Willy in the lane. Our life—now that I look back on it through the mists of half a century lying between—seems to have been a time of young animal happiness—a life of young colts or of dogs. We seemed to live on the outside of life, as it were. I remember we used to listen to our elders talking over politics or the fighting news, as if it did not concern us at all. I remember the war-news well, because Bill Stubbs was in the habit of coming over and sitting in the mill kitchen every Saturday evening, to hear the newspaper read to him by Uncle Stephen, and to be reproved for his hearty cursing of the Duke of York. The old man used to stomp up and down the floor when some of the news was read. As for Uncle Stephen, he always used to read the unfavourable news as if it were a pack of lies, never giving way to agitation, as old Bill did.

Willy was the first to take notice of these matters of war and politics, although I was fourteen at the time, and he only twelve; but he was always quicker than I was, and always met the disagreeableness of arithmetic more cheerfully than I could, when he was not excited by old Snuffy Tegg. I had a sad dull head, and have still, for the matter of that; but I was tough of limb, and could run across stubble like a greyhound, and could swim against the mill-race, which no other boy in our parts could do. But Willy was always pale and slender, with a face as sweet to look upon as a picture or a flower. The ladies from the Hall noticed him more and more, although we were forbidden by Uncle Stephen to go near the squire's grounds. But we frequently met parties of the gentry about the lanes, and we learned at last to stand fire as it were, and left off running away when we saw them coming. Miss Joy was always in high glee whenever we met, and one day she gave us one of her doll's children, which were carried in a basket behind her. She told us to share it between us and be very good to it. I carried it home carefully, for Willy had rather a contempt for it; and it lies, even now, in a safe place, with a scrap of paper to it, on which is written, *A Present from Joy*. The paper is very old and yellow, and the doll is no longer young; but my youth comes back to me afresh when I look at it, and to part with it would be losing part of my life.

But there came a time with Willy and me when we had our first great trouble; and our sore hearts took in, for the first time in our lives, the great fact that cruelty and hardness—so it seemed to us—were not only to be found greatly developed in boys, but in their elders also. It seemed a great blow to us to discover this, and it swept away like cobwebs whole chapters of catechism. It was

in the year 1800, and when the day came, it brought with it the astonishing news, that Willy was not only a grandson of Uncle Stephen, but of Squire Harding also, and heir to his great estate. I well remember hearing all about it in the mill parlour, when Willy was called in, and I, as usual, went with him, and sat unnoticed and forgotten for the time during the interview between Uncle Stephen and Mr Harding. The miller sat by the window, resting his head upon his hand, and looking out very sadly, I thought, and slightly turned away from Mr Harding, who sat at the table with a packet of foreign-looking letters near him. They seemed to have been sitting in that way for some time; but when we entered, Uncle Stephen spoke to Willy, and made him sit on a chair close by him. Mr Harding nodded to Willy, and smiled and shook hands with him; whilst I seated myself near the squire's dog Sancho, at a little distance off; for, thank goodness, I have always, man and boy, known my proper manners in the presence of the quality; although, when Willy became a gentleman, heaven knows, it was hard to bear.

'How old are you now, Willy?' asked Mr Harding.

Willy confessed to thirteen.

Uncle Stephen sighed, and Willy, who misunderstood him, ran to the large Bible to prove it, and there stood the entry, in Uncle Stephen's firm bold writing: 'WILLIAM CUTHBERT BRAND; born at Calais, July 1787.' The entry immediately above was partially obliterated, as if it had been scratched out and written in again. It was the record of the birth of Uncle Stephen's daughter, Willy's mother; and against it was written on the edge of the page the words: '*Dead. God forgive me my anger, and her*—' The sentence was incomplete.

Uncle Stephen took the open book upon his knee, and drew a pen through the word *Brand*, and wrote *Harding* instead—the squire looking on. Then he closed the book, and clasped it, and the hand he laid upon it trembled. I wondered at that, and the unusual paleness of his face and his tight lips as he looked at Willy. But Uncle Stephen was never a man of words; and I have since known, that in that action of a moment he had surrendered the dearest object in life, for he cherished Willy as few have a son; more than Willy ever knew, for, as I have said, he was a silent man, who seldom gave utterance to the deep feeling that belonged to his nature.

The squire entered into conversation with Willy with all the pleasantness of the open-hearted gentleman that he was; and he and Uncle Stephen told Willy between them, bit by bit, all that it was necessary for him to know of a very sad story.

I knew it all very well in after-years, when Uncle Stephen began to treat me as a man; but at that time it had been agreed to make Willy alone understand that he was the only son of Mr Harding's only son; and that the time had come when he should leave the mill, and live at his own proper home at the Hall for the future.

'Shall I have a pony, like Miss Joy?' he said, when all had been made clear to him.

'That you shall, my boy,' replied the squire, smiling.

'Hurrah! Ride about, never go to school any more! Good-bye, old Snuffy Tegg!' he cried,

capering about the room, for he had quite lost all fear of the squire.

The squire laughed aloud; but Uncle Stephen looked at Willy very sadly and wistfully, I thought, as he sighed again.

I felt a passing lifting up of the spirits at all this, but my heart sank again directly, as I had heard them arranging to take Willy away to the Hall to live, and I knew that I should scarcely see him any more; and in imagination I saw him riding by with Joy, whilst I looked forth at them from the dusty grinding-room of the mill, riding past—away out of my life for ever. I forgot my good manners for a moment, and moaned out aloud before them all. Then I rushed out of the room, and away down the river-side to the meadow, and there I threw myself upon the grass, and cried out my heavy grief with hot tears. The cows were mousing the grass all around me, and now and then they lifted their clumsy, honest heads and stared at me; and now and then I could hear the faint tinkling of the sheep-bells on the heathy hills, and the familiar noise of the mill, and I began to think of the happy times we had had together, till my head ached with weary pain. By-and-by, I heard Willy's signal-whistle, and I answered it very feebly. He came jumping over the stile and down the meadow to me, holding up two large silver coins that the squire had given him. He gave me one, for we had always shared everything; but he afterwards took it back and gave me the other, although they were both alike. Then he said how fine it was to be rich; and putting his hands in his pockets, he said suddenly: 'Hollo, Ned, you've been blubbing!' The tears, in spite of me, began to shew themselves again; and Willy looked serious, and very soon his under-lip gave way. We sat down on the bank of the river and sniffed a good deal, both of us looking straight down into the water rippling past at our feet. But a consoling thought struck me, and I said: 'Let us go and tell old Bill.'

Bill uttered a long whistle when we told our news; a whistle that would have been shrill in most men. But Bill Stubbs had the pipe of a mavis, and his whistle, though astonished, was sweet. He looked at Willy very kindly, and said he hoped he would do honour to the quarter-deck. Willy did not seem to trouble his mind much about that. His thoughts at that time, I think, ran chiefly on ponies. Indeed, after a time, he took everything that happened to him in a matter-of-course sort of way which greatly surprised me, it was so little like what I expected of him.

Willy was recognised by all the squire's family and friends, and before long was sent to a public school in the south; and when I think of the time when he left the old mill and Uncle Stephen so easily, I feel a heavy weight on my heart to this hour, so deep was the impression it made on me.

I had resolved to be a miller like Uncle Stephen; but the glory of it was gone. A shadow seemed to have fallen upon the dear old mill, and I could see nothing beyond but dullness. Willy told me he was precious sorry to go and leave me behind, and advised me not to be in the dumps about it. 'Here are lots of things I shall not want any more,' he said. He also gave me his little brown terrier, Tuck, to keep for him, and cried over it, for his heart was good, although he did not seem to know it himself.

Uncle Stephen, I remember, scarcely spoke to any one at that time. He went about and did as he had been used to do, but I could see the deep sadness in his eyes.

I saw very little of Joy Harding for the next four or five years, or of Willy either, for I had become a miller, and my business was to grind corn, and not to hanker after the footsteps of the quality.

Willy became a gentleman with the greatest ease, and I was prepared to find him proud and haughty when he came home from school the first time; but he was not. He came to the mill several times, and brought Joy with him. He looked very grand in his new clothes, which fitted him without shewing creases to hold the dust, as mine did. He gave Joe Blake a guinea, which Joe hid away among the rafters of the granary, but afterwards begged Uncle Stephen to keep for him, as it made him uneasy at nights, and caused him to visit it with a lantern.

Joe Blake said Joy was an angel from the sky, and, to this day, I think Joe Blake never said a truer thing than that. Joe was troubled in his mind about it that day, for he thought it might be impossible that such as he should be allowed to sit down in the kingdom of heaven with the like of Joy Harding. But George Hawkes, our other man, who was a Methodist, laughed at this simplicity of Joe, and said that all would be equal there. Joe called him a downright fool to talk so, and asked him how many more there were like him in the parish of Tadcaster, where he was brought up, and if book-learning and manners, which belonged to the gentry, were to count for nothing. Indeed, there was almost a quarrel between the two, when I interfered, and told them that it was presumption of them to settle matters beyond their understanding, and that these things were only to be explained by the clergy. This satisfied Joe, but not George.

As time went on, Willy became more and more of a young gentleman, until Joe Blake and I got into the habit of saying 'Sir' to him so naturally, that Willy did not seem to notice it a bit. He did not come so often to the mill; but when he did come, Joe and I were as pleased as if the prince of all the realm had looked in upon us to sit upon a sack of grain, and tell us of his goings-on among great people. We heard many things that astonished us greatly. Uncle Stephen was never much in the way at these times, but he always seemed pleased to hear that Willy had been to see us.

Joy, after she got to know Uncle Stephen, came often by herself to the mill to talk with him; indeed, she became a constant visitor; and I could see he had a high regard for her. We all treated her as a fairy princess, and whoever amongst us held her pony was happy. I astonished Joe Blake one day by kneeling down upon one knee in the mud, and asking her to place her foot upon the other, to help her to mount. Willy was with her that day, standing by and sucking the ivory head of a new riding-whip. He said it was quite right, and very well-mannered of me, and laughed at his cousin for declining, and offering me her hand instead. I was in a fog of delight all the rest of that day, and my cheek, which her long fair hair had just touched as she mounted the pony, tingled and burned even all through the night, in my dreams. We all thought what a fine pair they

would make as they rode off together; and as Joy waved her hand to us at the corner of the lane, Joe Blake came very near breaking his neck from the high door of the grinding-room.

I saw Miss Joy Harding continually after this, and talked to her chiefly about Uncle Stephen and Willy. She liked especially to hear about the miller, and her lovely bright blue eyes used to soften wonderfully with sympathy as I told her how good he was. One day she confided to me that she meant to make her grandfather at the Hall and Uncle Stephen bosom-friends before long, as they ought to be, so good as they both were; and she said she wanted me to assist her. I told her I would, and that I would throw myself over the great water-wheel, to please her. She laughed, and I remembered afterwards that she blushed also. Then she said we could talk about it another day, and cantered away on her pony. But when I came to think of it, I could not see any way by which I could help her in the matter, unless there should be any carrying to do or wrestling, for I was by that time a full-grown man, and thought twenty-stone bags of grain were feather-weights. But my brain had not improved with my body, and I found myself forgetting much of my school-learning, remembering best of all the untold weltings I had achieved from old Snuffy Tegg's cane.

When I saw Joy again, I begged her to ask Willy also to assist her in her plan, for he was clever and related by blood to both of them. She made no reply at once; but after some hesitation, she said she had asked him, and he had only laughed and said things were all very well as they were. 'He is so indifferent,' she said, half-crying, 'and doesn't care, except about dogs and horses. He says all the poor people in the village are as bad as can be, and very mean and greedy; and that when he is squire, he will make them look two ways for Sunday.—What does he mean by "two ways for Sunday?"' she asked, looking anxiously up in my face.

I confessed I didn't know the meaning of it, but that it was one of the sayings of old Bill Stubbs; and I assured her that Willy did not mean anything wrong.

Then she wanted to know who Bill Stubbs was, and how he happened to make use of such a curious saying.

I told her I did not know how Bill had invented the phrase, except that it was natural for him to say queer things. Then I told her all about Bill, and what a hearty old fellow he was—his wonderful gift of story-telling, and the good songs that he sang; and how, above all, he whistled so purely, that the thrushes in Deeping Wood could not equal him for mellowness.

'Does he go to church?' she asked.

I was obliged to confess that he did not, on account of an invincible dislike of our good parson, Mr Moosey, who had offended him by objecting to his whistling by the river-side of a Sunday evening.

She was distressed at this; but after thinking a moment, she said, with one of her bright, blessed looks, that she would try to make them friends. 'Mr Moosey is a good man,' she said, 'and I am sure he will look after Sailor William, and make him good as well as mellow, for grandpa says he looks well after his tithes.'

Then I told her of Bill's Saturday afternoon visits to the mill, and how hard it was now for him to get there, as he was growing old and stiff.

She said she would come too; and so she did, the very next Saturday; and Uncle Stephen introduced our old friend to her, and said he was one of Admiral Duncan's men. The old sailor rose from his seat, and made his best manners to her, and she shook hands with him; but I could see that she was unprepared for the wooden leg, which I had omitted to mention.

I was disappointed in Bill that day, for his wits seemed to have left him, poor fellow. I expected him to have been full of anecdote and music, but he had neither within reach, only an uncomfortable look on his jolly face. I was quite vexed with him, until Uncle Stephen drew him out, as indeed he always could, when no one else could, and helped him to feel at home with Miss Joy, who set herself to win his heart, and won it, as she did the hearts of all who knew her. He told some of his yarns, but left out all the best bits that used to amuse us so much. But Joy was delighted; and Uncle Stephen said he did very well; and the tears came to all our eyes when old Bill sang the *Young Midshipman's Grave*.

Joy asked him if his parents were broken-hearted when he ran away to sea.

'Bless you, no, miss,' he said; 'they was jolly glad to get rid of me.'

'But Bill never was a bad boy,' said Uncle Stephen, with a twinkle in his gray eyes.

Joy told us that day, before she left, that Willy had got a commission in a marching regiment; and this news made Uncle Stephen start, for I found out afterwards that he had not been consulted in the matter, and that he had, besides, a great dislike to officers. Indeed, he told me the full story of his great grief a few days after that. How that Willy's father, the squire's son, was an officer, and had run away with Uncle Stephen's only daughter, who was the pride of all the country round; and that her mother's heart had been broken by the dreadful affair; and that when his daughter died some time afterwards in France, poor Uncle Stephen was almost insane, and would have taken his own life, but that my father prevented him, and stood by him in his sore need, comforting him and nursing him through a severe illness; and that, when he became almost well, the boy Willy was placed in his arms, a small, delicate infant, having been brought away from the scapegrace father by no less a man than Mr Harding, who had quarrelled with his son for the disgrace he had wrought. But it afterwards appeared that but for the old squire's violence at the interview he had with his son at Calais, the real truth would have been told, instead of being brought to light thirteen years after, when the captain died abroad, and left his papers sealed and addressed to the old squire; one of which was the official record of the marriage between the parents, a few hours before Willy was born.

By what fate it was that, at that time, and all through a long delicious summer, I met Joy Harding so often without intending it, and how it was that my heart thrilled so at her presence, I knew not then. In the lanes, with a word or two exchanged, generally about Willy. At church, when she came down the aisle past our pew

with the squire. I read the *Voyages* of Captain Cook; but I never found much assistance in them. Still I persevered, and learned at last to like study of an evening, after the business of the mill was over. I told Joy of it, and she said it became me well; although it was not then, but long after, that I found she also read Cook's *Voyages*, on hearing from me of that wonderful book. But the more I read, the more I began to see the enormous deal I had still to find out in the world; and the hill of Knowledge seemed to grow greater the more I strove to gain a little footway up it.

I had not seen Joy for a year or more, as she had been up in London so long that it seemed to me as if Time and Space had made a bond to shut me out from the sight of her for ever and aye. But one day I met Willy and her in the lane, quite unexpectedly, and, as my whiskers had grown, they scarcely knew me. I passed with a respectful salute, when Joy cried out: 'Why, it is Edward Thane!' and I could not help going up to her.

Willy greeted me also, but his greeting was not kindly, and seemed, to me, not from the heart. I was pained by it, and sorely puzzled; for surely, thought I, I am still Edward Thane. I remember he looked like a prince, with fine rings on his fingers, and chains at his breast. I admired him greatly, in spite of my disappointment, and thought how worthy he was to hold his own with the best in the land, and even to be the husband of Joy Harding. Indeed, it was a common report that they were to be married in a year, so that the estates might be kept together.

I can scarcely bring myself to write down the tale of my life—the events that befell just after this time—even now, after so many sad years have gone. And yet, whenever I set myself to do a thing, I have no rest till it is done. I fear I was greatly to blame in what happened, although Willy generously blamed himself. It was in the hunting-time, when Willy was at home on furlough, that I met him one cold, damp night in the great drive that leads up to the Hall. He was riding in late from a day's hunting, and very tired he looked, poor fellow! I had been wandering about the squire's grounds, as I often did at that time. In whatever direction I walked, somehow or other my steps were led at last to the shrubberies; and very often I stood there under the stars for hours, watching the lights of the Hall, as if the place had charmed me out of all propriety. Very well now do I know the charm that drew me there, for the magic influence was at work even then, that sanctified my after-life with a blessing beyond estimate and beyond price. But, in my ignorance, I dreamed away the time, and never knew at all of my presumption, nor of anything wrong in wandering about the place. But on the night I speak of I was rudely awakened from the dream, and the waking was cruel. As I said, I met Willy coming on horseback at a walk up the broad avenue. He stopped when he saw me, and we recognised each other, and I felt the pleasure I always had in his company, although of late there had been estrangement between us. I would have greeted him warmly, but with respect, as was proper to a greeting between the squire's son and me; but the words he spoke were so uncalled for, and the tones of them so strange and cold, that my respectful greeting faltered on my lips.

'What do you do here, Edward Thane?' he said. I had no reply to this. I was unprepared for it. I stood still, and stared at him in amazement; and then I asked him what he meant by thus accosting me, for it seemed to me as the utterance of a madman rather than that of a sane person.

'You know well what I mean,' he replied, with an oath. 'Why do you come here sneaking at nights? Do you think my cousin cares for such as you?'

'Your cousin!' I said, in wonder; and even then I could not grasp his meaning, and did not think of Joy.

'Yes, my cousin!' he exclaimed, excitedly. 'Do you think I have not watched your scheming and blackguardly attempts to gain her affections?'

I felt the hot blood at last in my face, and my inmost soul was sick with shame and anger at the insult; and in the midst of it all, a terrible gush of pain from the heart seemed to choke me. It was more than I could bear; and I answered hotly, forgetful of everything—even of the regard I bore him—I gave him the lie; and the sound of my voice seemed so unnatural when I said it, that I was appalled by it. He swore at me and struck at me in the darkness, and his whip fell heavily upon my face. Then I knew not well what I did, for I was beside myself with rage. His horse seemed to start and rear; there was a scuffle, and when the madness of the moment left me I was standing over him in the roadway, and he lay bleeding and senseless on the ground. The horse in the meantime galloped off, and very soon a noise of voices and the tramp of men coming with lights aroused me from my horror. They came and bore him up to the Hall, and I followed behind them, stupefied and overcome with deepest anguish at the deed I had done upon him of all others. The grooms had no thought but that he had been thrown; and indeed, nobody questioned me in the matter, for they were all too intent on restoring him to life again.

I hung about the Hall until I heard that he was in no danger, but only stunned by the fall, and it made my heavy heart a little lighter. But the other awful thought came in the place of the intense anxiety, and it was even worse to bear. I saw at last the fool's garden of pleasure in which I had been straying. I knew that I loved Joy Harding, so that it would be death to me to pluck her dear image out of my heart, and a burning sense of hopelessness seemed to wither the strong life within me. I wandered about the fields and woods like one demented, and moaned out my grief and despair; and at last I sank down upon my knees under the open sky, and my sorrow went forth from my lips in many wandering and passionate words. I went home with a set resolve, that, regardless of everything, I determined to carry out. I went up to my bedroom and wrote out a letter to Uncle Stephen, telling him all that had occurred between Willy and me, except the blow he had struck me. I told him I had forgotten myself in my wicked anger, and that there had been a bitter quarrel between us. Also, I told him the cause of it, and how true it was that, unknown to myself, I had for long entertained a desperate passion for Miss Joy Harding; so much so, that I could not bear to stay near the place any longer after I knew the painful secrets of my own erring heart. So I bade him farewell, and entreated God to bless

him for all his goodness to me. This I wrote with tears, for it gave me a sharp pang to think that I might never look on his kindly old face any more in the world. After I had finished this letter, I did not hesitate a moment, but left the house, and before daybreak I was miles away.

In a town some thirty miles off there was a sort of fair going on, and I walked about the narrow streets and crowded market-place with a feeling of fearful loneliness creeping over me. I stood to listen to a man making a shabby speech, at which the countrymen and girls were laughing and applauding. I brooded over the thought in my wretched half-insanity, and I took a sort of feverish pleasure in my most pitiable weakness and foolish despair. I nursed a new feeling of selfish pride and disbelief in all goodness and truth. All that was really bad in me seemed to come uppermost, and I made the most of it; the devil helping me to welcome the evil thoughts that took possession of me, even whilst they made me shudder in entertaining them. I was in this unhappy frame of mind on the day of the fair, and, of course, a recruiting sergeant was one of the first to notice it. I made up my mind that I would enlist and go to the wars, and if possible get shot in a forlorn-hope. I took the oath before a magistrate, and the sergeant wished me to drink with him, and told me I should soon be an officer like him. I thought him very kind, but I had no heart to make merry; although the sergeant's demeanour, I must say, was the reverse of merry after he had conducted the others and myself to the quarters of the regiment; for he then became as haughty as any general could be.

I was not long with my future comrades before I found that I disliked most of them, and I wondered very much where all the glory came from that we were told so much about in the newspapers. Hardly one of them but would have been despised in our village. But I had chosen my lot, and I determined to abide by it, although many a weary fit I had at first, for I was slow at drill, and the drill-sergeant seemed to be a master in the shape of a loud-voiced blasphemous man.

TRAIN-SIGNALLING BY TELEGRAPH.

THE deep and wide-spread interest excited by the frightful catastrophe on the line of the Great Northern Railway at Abbot's Ripton, and the statements which have subsequently been made at the inquest and Board of Trade inquiry into the matter, have induced the writer to believe that some details as to the methods of signalling trains by telegraph would be well received by the public. In these days of rapid railway travelling, everybody, with but few exceptions, entertains a tolerably plain conviction that the progress of each train is recorded by means of the telegraph, but—as a matter, almost of course—there are very few persons indeed who have any acquaintance with the details attendant upon the process. It is, perhaps, only when the nation is thrilled to its very core by some fearful accident, that public interest is awakened in the matter. At other times, people are fully content to travel as fast as steam can hurl them along, and

grumble most inconsiderately if but the slightest delay hinders their arrival at the specified time.

On every line of railway in this country the telegraph wires 'run' alongside the rails, and are with almost equal universality utilised by the railway companies. All these companies are in the habit of exchanging telegrams with each other in an almost incessant manner. A passenger has left his portmanteau, we will suppose, on the platform of King's Cross station in the hurry of catching the North express, and he does not find out his loss until he has to change into a branch-line train at, say, York. He complains there to the station-master, and mildly insinuates that the missing article was left behind owing to the negligence of the London officials. Straightway the telegraph is set to work; the message goes to London on the railway wires—not on those belonging to the post-office—with the prefix D.B.; and under ordinary circumstances, the portmanteau arrives by the next train after the receipt of the telegram in London. Then, again, trucks of goods go wrong; they get astray at junctions, owing to the carelessness or other fault of the shunters, and have to be 'wired' after in hot haste—especially if the goods they contain are of a 'perishable' nature. These inquiry telegrams, in important instances, are frequently sent to scores of stations, and are often altogether futile. Sometimes the missing wagons may be hidden amongst hundreds of others, and cannot be 'traced,' owing to the erroneous 'taking' of their numbers by the number-takers, who are perpetually on duty at every junction and at all the principal stations on every line of railway.

Let us, however, trace the progress of any one passenger-train, say from London to Manchester. Take the case of the fast express which leaves King's Cross for Sheffield, Manchester, Huddersfield, and Liverpool, at five o'clock every afternoon, Sundays included. This train stops first at Peterborough, after a long run of seventy-six miles, for which one hour and thirty-five minutes are allowed on the time-bills. It 'slows' in passing through several important stations and junctions, such as Hitchin, Welwyn, or Huntingdon; but when on the clear 'road' between stations, it averages fifty miles per hour. As soon as it has steamed clear of King's Cross platform, an inspector reports the exact time at which it has departed, to the telegraph office, where a book is kept for the sole and special purpose of entering these train telegrams. Every arriving train is entered by the telegraph clerks, and each departing one by the inspector, with a subsequent memorandum by the telegraphist, to intimate that it has been duly signalled. Every train, it should be stated, has its proper distinguishing number.

The train, then, has started, and has been duly and promptly reported in the manner just indicated. The telegraph clerk, supposing there to be no message in course of transmission on the circuit, at once—or if there be telegraphing in progress, waits two minutes, and then breaks in with the not-to-be-disregarded signal of M.T. (which means Train Message, the initials being reversed)—'calls up' Hatfield, Welwyn, Hitchin, Huntingdon, and Peterborough in succession, and informs them that number so-and-so down express left at such a time. At each of these stations the fact is promptly recorded, as there are anxious station-masters, inspectors, and drivers of goods-trains eager to know 'how the

expresses are running,' in order that they may regulate their own course of conduct, and get as far on their journeys—in the cases of the goods-trains—as is consistent with safety. As soon as Peterborough has received the signal from Hitchin that the express—the progress of which we are now following—has passed that station, the signal is sent northwards from Peterborough to New England (where there is a network of rails, and always a waiting host of goods and mineral trains), Essendine (the junction for Stamford), Grantham (for Nottingham, Lincoln, &c.), and Retford.

In the meantime, after the express has passed Hitchin, the stations each send telegrams forward to their next neighbours, but none further than Peterborough. When the express leaves that busy railway centre, say at 6.40, the signals are *again* sent thence to the places already named, which are north of Peterborough; and a similar process is gone through at Grantham and Newark. As soon as Retford receives the signal giving information as to the time the train passed Newark, the clerk gives Sheffield an intimation of the fact. Again, when the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line is entered upon at Retford, the signals are forwarded to Worksop, Kiveton Park, Woodhouse Junction, and Sheffield. The stations intermediate between Retford and Sheffield merely have the fact made known to them for the respective guidance of each; but as soon as the clerk at Sheffield knows the time given by the Retford signals, he is to forward it to Penistone (junction for Huddersfield, and where the Liverpool portion is generally detached), Godley Junction (where the Liverpool changes used to be generally made), Guide Bridge, and Manchester. When Sheffield is reached, and departed from, these stations are again informed of the exact time of departure; as also are Oughty Bridge, Wortley, and Dunford Bridge, which are small roadside stations.

Thus far we have traced the progress of our train broadly and in a sketchy sort of manner; but we must not lose sight of the far more important fact, that along the whole system of the Great Northern line which has been thus dealt with, the block-system has been more silently at work—silently, but far more surely and safely than what is technically known as the 'speaking' signalling. In order to explain this, there is no necessity for going over the whole length, seeing that the line is 'cut up' into sections of some two miles each, at both ends of which there are either ordinary stations, or—as at Abbot's Kipton—mere specially erected block-signalling boxes. The chief and guiding principle of the block-system is that, under no possible circumstance, or combination of circumstances, shall two trains proceeding in the same direction be on one section of the railway at the same time. In order to effect this, telegraphing is necessary; but it is, for many reasons, of the most simple kind. The instruments at either end are provided with one needle only. When it is upright and at rest, the line is 'blocked' to any succeeding train; but when the handle actuating the needle is held or 'pegged' over, the way is clear. The 'pegging' is literally effected by placing a peg of wood in a hole, so as to hold over the handle and needle in such a way as shall leave the signalman's hands at liberty to attend to the levers which control the signals outside.

Let us, by way of illustration, take the case of

the particular express train the fortunes of which we have been following. The signals of box A are at danger, or, technically speaking, 'against' the train, owing to box B not having made known that a goods-train has passed his position. Until the goods-train does so, the line is 'blocked,' and our express must be held in check. As soon as the section is made 'Line clear' by the signalman at box B, the man at box A lowers his danger warning, the express engine-driver ceases to whistle, and again 'urges on his wild career.' Every one of these stoppages is recorded on the 'report sheet' of the driver and head guard of the express, and also by the block signalman; so that when the time for explanation shall come, which it surely will, in the severe routine of the system—the last-named may shew why he stopped the passenger train.

How excellent, then, and almost perfect, under all ordinary circumstances, must be the system which permits of a constant stream of traffic being conducted without any stoppage at all! For weeks together the fast trains keep precisely to their appointed times throughout their journeys. Even goods-trains get through without delay—an instance in point being mentioned to the writer on the day after the Abbot's Ripton collision, by the guard of an express goods-train which runs nightly from Manchester to London. This man said that for weeks together he had run all the journey without being called upon to record a single stoppage on his report sheet.

We will suppose, however, that an accident does happen—that this apparently simple machinery does get out of gear and such instances unfortunately occur with but too great frequency. As soon as the accident is ascertained, messages are at once written out with the prefix S.P. (meaning 'Special,' Pressing)—which on most lines is used to denote extreme urgency—for assistance. The nearest stations on both sides are informed; a telegram is sent to the district inspector, to the superintendent of the line, and the nearest 'break-down' depot. In extraordinary cases, too, the general manager and secretary are similarly informed. Alas! however, even the prefix S.P. is not always omnipotent. Messages with this prefix are supposed by the rules of the railway telegraph service to take precedence over all besides, and other messages which are in course of transmission may be interrupted for them. Sometimes, however, the telegraph clerks or signalmen, as the case may be, turn stupid. 'Wolf,' they know, has often been cried when he did not actually exist. The prefix has, in short, lost much of its significance by being made use of in order to secure the despatch of ordinary but long-delayed messages. So, in spite of the warning letters, they will not give way. They jerk the needles about in a higgledy-piggledy sort of fashion, or they sullenly peg over the needles so as to prevent the transmission of any signal whatever. This is called 'fighting.' Something of the sort was mentioned as having occurred in connection with the Abbot's Ripton disaster. The 'fighting' is generally soon over; but sometimes all the persons concerned become angry, refuse to concede a point, and fight for hours. They all know how greatly they are erring, and that some one or other—probably all—will be 'reported' and fined, or, it may be, dismissed; yet they will not give way a hair's-breadth. It is, in fact, an exhibition of

telegraphic temper, just as plainly manifest to all those concerned as though they were all wrangling together in one room. They even, in some instances, make rude remarks or swear at each other in this manner. Not unfrequently, the clerk or signalman at some intermediate place, however, takes no part in the dispute, but merely looks on. In this way, if he is disputatious, yet cautious, he may prove an avenging Nemesis, and may be the means of procuring the punishment of all the actual disputants. In the case of an accident involving injury to passengers, this 'fighting' delay may entail the most serious consequences, and may even cause loss of life, by delaying the arrival of proper surgical or other assistance.

We thus see how vital a part is played in the ordinary daily train services of the country by the puny telegraph wires, and how terrible the results may be, as was instanced in the Abbot's Ripton disaster, in case of their failure. Snow-storms are probably the worst causes of telegraphic break-downs experienced in Great Britain; but very wet weather or violent thunder-storms often conduce to the same effect. The lightning sometimes fuses the delicate wires of the coils in the telegraph instruments into one dumb mass, or for a time demagnetises the needles (causing all the currents to operate in directions exactly opposite to those required to be indicated); the wet conducts the fickle electricity from one wire to another, so causing what is called 'contact,' which results in an indistinguishable jumbling up of the signals. Snow, however, acts mechanically, and by its sheer weight breaks down the wires. On the morning after the Abbot's Ripton collision, the writer saw miles of wires, as well as the posts in many places, borne down to the ground, the snow having frozen on the wires as thick as one's arm. This was indeed a ruinous downfall; and only those who saw the terrible debris of the up Flying Scotelman and the down Northern express piled up in chaotic heaps, can properly appreciate the full consequence of what havoc may be wrought in a few hours even by so innocent-looking a substance as snow.

THE PRIMROSE.

The following sonnet was written by John Clare, a 'Northamptonshire Poet' of the last century. His powers of description and generous sentiment exalted the reputation of Clare, and stamped him as a true poet.

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The school-boy roams enchanted along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the mock shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

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THE EMIGRANT CARAVAN.

TWENTY years ago there was a considerable movement of emigrants from Arkansas and some adjoining states towards California, which was then beginning to get into a flourishing condition. As the way was long across the prairies and Rocky Mountains, and dangerous from roving bands of Indians, the emigrants bound for the far west usually formed a large body for mutual assistance and protection. These trains or caravans of emigrants sometimes consisted of upwards of a hundred persons, men, women, and children, with wagons, horses, and cattle. The men were armed with rifles, not only for defence, but to kill game, as an aid to the general store of food.

We are going to tell the story of one of these large cavalcades, which we do from authentic sources.

In the month of July 1857, a body of emigrants proceeded from Arkansas, numbering a hundred and fifty persons. Every age was there, from the tender infant in the mother's arms to the old gray-haired man. In proceeding towards California they selected a route through Utah, which had been settled some years previously by the Mormons, from whom it was expected supplies of provisions could be purchased. The vast and solitary prairies had been safely traversed. The range of the Rocky Mountains had been thankfully left behind. The emigrants had now reached the plains of Utah, and bent their way to the Salt Lake City, the headquarters of the Mormons. They had heard strange things of this community, but did not doubt that, in passing, food for themselves and provender for their cattle could be obtained from them on payment of the proper value.

The approach of the emigrant train was known in Utah. Many travellers had passed them on the road, and become aware of their intended visit to the Salt Lake City. The intelligence of their visit roused sentiments of hostility among the Mormon leaders, who by no means wished to give any friendly aid to so large a body of Gentiles—as

they called all who differed from them in their fantastic religious dogmas and usages. To the amazement of the emigrants, admittance to the city was denied, all assistance was refused, and the almost half-starving wayfarers were sternly ordered to quit the precincts without delay, and proceed on their journey. In this unexpected emergency, they had no choice but to submit, and striking their encampment, they dolefully went on their way westward. They passed many flourishing settlements, but one and all received them in the same cold and churlish manner, acting under orders, that had been despatched from Salt Lake City. It was distinctly understood that no intercourse was to be held with the emigrants. No provisions of any kind were to be supplied; and all settlers in the Mormon colony well knew that these orders must be obeyed, or the vengeance of their superiors would be the inevitable consequence.

The unfortunate emigrants found themselves rejected on all sides. Innocent as they were of the remotest intention of evil, they were unable to understand the meaning of this strange behaviour on the part of those from whom they had looked for civility and good feeling. An Indian, more humane than people of their own race, sold them thirty bushels of corn; but this was but small help in their desperate extremity. Their stock of provisions was failing fast, and the condition of their horses and cattle was pitiable. The strength of the wretched animals was so greatly reduced by the absence of the necessary provender, that they could travel only slowly and feebly along the plains that lay between them and their destination.

Creeping slowly along in this distressed condition, the party at length arrived at a town called Corn Creek. Here the wayfarers halted. They did not form any expectation of being succoured in their extremity, because here resided the commander of all the forces of Southern Utah; but they imagined they might procure information as to the possibility of getting supplies of forage for their worn-out animals. The official applied to was ready with an answer. His instructions had been sent to him from headquarters. He told the

emigrants that at a spot called Mountain Meadows they would get what they required. To this place they at once repaired. There they found good and abundant pasturage for their cattle, and they hoped to rest for a time after their fatigues and disappointments.

These peaceful anticipations were not to be realised. The doors of the colonists had been shut against the strangers by orders from the Mormon chiefs. For a great distance around, it had become generally understood that the destruction of the entire emigrant company was speedily to be accomplished. As, even with all their power, the Mormons could not safely destroy a hundred and fifty persons, the device was fallen upon of throwing on the Indians the blame of a general massacre. The plot was as ingenious as it was secret and cruel. By some prospect of plunder, held out to them, the Indians were to set upon and kill the whole party, leaving not one to escape. In modern days we have nothing to match this iniquity. A parallel to it is found only in the records of history. For anything similarly atrocious, we have to go back to the massacre of Glencoe, promoted by that accomplished but very heartless person, Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards first Earl of Stair. Just as no friendly hand was held out to prevent the wholesale slaughter of the Macdonalds, so no one within the sphere of the Mormon jurisdiction uttered a warning whisper to put the Arkansan emigrants on their guard. At a meeting held at a place called Fort Harmony, for the special purpose of discussing the affair, a show of hands was called for, and a woman stated afterwards that she held up her hand with the rest. Then, remembering the nature of the business, and what the gesture was designed to express, she instantly withdrew her hand; but this was all. So absolute was the obedience enforced by the despots who ruled the colony, that no one was courageous enough to declare his abhorrence of the foul crime that was contemplated.

Meanwhile, the emigrants rested in peaceful ignorance of all that was going on around them. Lulled into a fancied security, they had no thought of the dark treachery that was secretly scheming their destruction. But one day, as with a thunder-clap, these pleasing visions were rudely dispelled. On the 7th September, the quiet encampment was plunged into confusion and dismay by the sound of musketry. A volley was unexpectedly discharged among them, and the horror-stricken emigrants rushed wildly out to see many of their number dead or dying on the ground, and to find themselves surrounded by a horde of Indians. Anglo-Americans are not slack in taking steps to defend themselves against a surprise. In a moment, comprehending the full peril of their situation, they, like brave men, quickly resolved on defence. Wheeling their wagons into a corral, or circle, they rapidly threw up the earth as high as the shafts, to form an embankment. Behind this shelter they barricaded themselves, and there

they remained, while their assailants kept up a desultory fire until nightfall. Seven of the emigrants were killed in this attack, and many others were wounded. Every one who shewed himself for a moment was shot at, their ferocious Indian assailants keeping up a noise of whooping, yelling, and other discordant sounds.

With all its horrors, the attack was so far a failure. The Mormon leaders had been frustrated in their hideous design. The Arkansans stood well on their defence, and there was little chance of subduing them by this species of attack. Obviously, the emigrants had skilfully fortified themselves in their encampment, and were prepared to the uttermost to resist any further assault. It was clear they had resolved to sell their lives as dearly as they could.

The Mormons felt that they were foiled in the attempt to destroy the emigrants through the agency of the Indians. Some other plan must be resorted to. The authorities at Corn Creek despatched an Indian runner to Cedar City to convey the intelligence that the emigrants were stoutly defending themselves at Mountain Meadows, and could not be dislodged. Cedar City, which was a Mormon outpost with a military organisation, immediately took measures accordingly. A troop was directed to march to Mountain Meadows, to bring matters to a conclusion. Seeing that the Indians had failed, the Mormon forces must now at all hazards interpose. At the same time, it was felt, that instead of an open attack, treachery might advantageously be attempted. The first idea was to cut off supplies, and starve the emigrants into surrender. But as this would be a work of time, there was a resolution to employ stratagem. Let us see how the thing was effected.

Closely beleaguered in their camp, cut off from both food and water, the wretched emigrants felt their hearts failing them, and saw but one horrible termination to their long-continued sufferings. Their joy may therefore be imagined when they suddenly beheld a small party of soldiers approaching their camp, bearing aloft a flag of truce, an emblem held sacred by all civilised nations. Nothing doubting, they gladly hailed the pleasing spectacle; and trusted that at last deliverance from all their troubles was at hand. The occurrence has been fully described by several who were eye-witnesses of the parley and its results. A man stepped out of the line of soldiers, and, holding up the flag so that all might see it and understand its import, he advanced towards the corral where the emigrants were intrenched. He was accompanied by two or three others, chief among them being John D. Lee, sub-Indian agent, who had been specially selected by the Mormon government to carry out this treacherous act to its swift and bloody conclusion.

Two or three of the emigrants came out from the corral and went to meet the bearers of the flag of truce. Lee then declared he had come as a friend; and he proceeded to inform them that

the Indians were greatly irritated, and were determined to destroy the whole party; that he and the company of soldiers had come there in the hope of assisting them; but that, on conversing with the Indians, he had found them very obdurate, and nothing would pacify them but the surrender on the part of the emigrants of the whole of their provisions, arms, and cattle. 'If you will deliver up these,' he assured his dismayed listeners, 'the Indians will cease to molest you; and under any circumstances we will protect you from their violence.' The alternative presented to them was not an encouraging one, but the poor emigrants had little choice. Still they hesitated; and a long and anxious consultation followed. Lee entered the corral, and remained for a considerable time, some say for hours, urging his treacherous proposal.

A great dread filled the hearts of the Arkansans. If they yielded to the imperative demand, and evil consequences ensued, there remained to them no power of resistance; their fate they knew would be sealed. Many among them feared deception; others expressed their willingness to trust the solemn assurances made to them by Lee. Finally his specious arguments prevailed, and the emigrants consented to the terms which alone—so they were repeatedly told—would insure their safety. Lee then arranged the plan of capitulation. The wounded men and the younger children were placed in the wagons, and driven past the troops, the women and elder children accompanying them on foot. The work of destroying them had been already assigned to the Indian allies, who were waiting in ambush for the signal that should direct them to commence their share of the massacre. The men of the emigrant party were then reduced to single file, and by the side of each defenceless victim marched a Mormon soldier carrying a loaded musket. In this manner they proceeded for half a mile, till the chosen spot was reached. Here a halt was called, a signal given, and next moment every soldier had fired on the man beside him, and nearly all the brave Arkansas settlers lay dead or desperately wounded. A few, less injured than the rest, sought safety in flight, but they were pursued and overtaken, and immediately slaughtered. Not one man was left to tell the tale.

Meanwhile, the Indians had darted from their ambush and fallen on the unfortunate women and children. All the women were massacred, and nearly all the children. The lives of seventeen innocent little creatures were spared, because they were so young that no after-revelation of the atrocious deed could be feared from them. In this manner perished the entire body of emigrants.

The designs of the Mormons being thoroughly consummated, what remained to be done? Merely to dispose in some rough fashion of the bodies, and to share the spoils of the deserted encampment. The little children, who had been spared, were mostly given over to the Indians; probably to lend a colour to the report, at once spread abroad by the Mormons, that the massacre had been the work of the red men. Some of the cattle were driven to Salt Lake, where they were sold.

At the time of the commission of this horrid deed, Utah was completely isolated from the world; and as the work of extermination was made so thorough that none survived to tell the tale, except a few children too young to recollect

it, a dark mystery shrouded the whole occurrence; and nothing was known of it for a considerable time, except among the few scattered communities living in the neighbourhood. They scarcely dared to whisper it among themselves; the Mormon leaders kept their guilty secret; and soon a collection of bleaching bones was all that met the eye to tell the passing traveller of the treacherous deed that had been perpetrated in that lonely region. At first, it was supposed that the Indians had massacred the company, and the story was told to the world as a caution to those designing to cross the plains; but so terrible a secret could not be for ever kept from the knowledge of mankind, and in the course of time a report was gradually spread that it was not the result of Indian barbarity alone, but that the Mormons had had a large share in the butchery. About eighteen months later, by which time the reports had acquired some consistency, a district judge of Utah attempted to make some investigation into the occurrence, and summoned a grand jury to inquire into the various murders and assassinations that had for some time been notoriously prevalent in the colony, among them this massacre at Mountain Meadows. Testimony was produced which implicated a number of prominent men in the Mormon community; but it was impossible to get the grand jurors to act with honesty; they refused to find indictments, and were finally discharged.

Many years passed, and no special notice was taken of the massacre at Mountain Meadows; various difficulties between the Federal and Territorial authorities in Utah throwing fresh obstacles in the way of an investigation. But the carefully hidden secret had gradually transpired; public attention had been drawn towards this atrocious deed, which had so long remained unpunished; and when, in the year 1874, an Act was passed, by which grand and petit juries can be summoned, one of the earliest cases set down for hearing was the Mountain Meadows Massacre. After various delays, in consequence of the difficulty of procuring witnesses, the trial was fixed for July 12, 1875, in the District Court at Beaver, in Southern Utah. Fresh obstacles intervening, occasioned a further delay; but the trial eventually began on the 23d, and extended through the first week of August. It was called 'the Lee Trial,' the indictment being laid against John D. Lee, who was known to have been the leading instigator of the massacre, though it was equally well known that he but acted in obedience to orders from the Mormon chiefs. District-attorney Carey opened the case for the prosecution; Judge Boreman presided; a great array of legal talent assembled for the prosecution and the defence; numerous witnesses were summoned to testify to what they knew, and to facts that many of them had actually seen.

The defence was of the most lame and inconclusive description. Statements were advanced for which no particle of proof was forthcoming. All present felt that it was a total failure. The prosecution detailed the circumstances connected with the massacre in the minutest manner; many witnesses swore to their previous knowledge of the cruel deed about to be perpetrated; while others described the horrid tragedy, which they had not only seen, but in which some of them had lent a

helping hand. Only one impression remained on the minds of all impartial and unbiassed listeners, that Lee had acted as principal throughout the whole affair. The case was then left to the jury, who consulted for three days, and then announced themselves unable to agree upon a verdict—nine being for acquittal, and three for conviction. The jury was thereupon discharged, and the prisoner was held over for a second trial—if such should ever take place.

Much interest was awakened by the Lee trial in the United States. The public prints were full of the details of the massacre and the trial; and with the exception of two or three journals published in the interest of the Mormons, which attempted faintly to palliate the crime and justify the jury by making light of the evidence, every paper which expressed an opinion on the subject joined in the chorus of abhorrence of the treacherous affair. Looking, however, to the generally corrupt and feeble administration of justice in the United States, it does not appear probable that the instigators and perpetrators of the massacre will be visited with the punishment which is justly their due.

In the narrative as usually given, little is said as regards the motives which led to such a wholesale slaughter. The cruelty seems senseless and gratuitous. We can only gather that a jealousy of being intruded upon by large bodies of strangers not of their own religious profession, induced the Mormon chiefs, with Brigham Young at their head, to adopt this infamous method of securing their permanent seclusion. In aims of this kind, and with many acts of tyranny, they secured their object until the opening of the railway to Salt Lake City, when a more tolerant state of things, and some modification of the absurd Mormon usages, were successfully introduced.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XVII.—TO BE, OR NOT TO BE?

WHEN John Dalton reached the head of Sanbeck Valley, there were two courses open to him: either to keep straight on along the east road, which was soon merged into a bridle-path along the moor that led to Bleabarrow Mere; or to return to Riverside by the way he came. It had been his intention to join the party on board the steam yacht; but he now carried about with him that which caused his heart to beat so wildly at the very thought of his wife and children, that he could not trust himself to meet them. It is always open to the wretched—those at least who are not in prison—to end their woes by rope or razor; but it is not so easy to use those remedies. But once one is possessed of a few drops of poison, the case becomes very simple: a dose of medicine is not difficult to swallow. We have the key of the next world in our pocket, and one turn of the hand admits us.

One step from the deathbed,
And one from the bier,
And one from the charnel,
And one— Oh, where?

says the poet. But, for John Dalton, even those few steps were now shortened—if he only so willed

it. Though the matter only respected his own fate, he was filled with a tremendous sense of power. He had but to lift his hand, and the secret that has defied mankind to pierce it since the world began, lay within his grasp. For the moment, he felt no inclination to use his advantage; but he felt immensely flattered in the possession of it. Thoughts of the Great To-come had, of course, occasionally occurred to him, but only in that conventional and abstract form in which they present themselves to ninety-nine hundredths of his fellow-creatures; familiarity with them had certainly bred no contempt for it in his mind; and now he could think of little else. He had climbed the crags, and was looking around him in all directions save one—his face was studiously averted from the long blue lake, on which the yacht, though distant, was distinctly visible. The very world seemed to be at his feet, and to afford him the opportunity of a comprehensive Farewell. How exquisitely beautiful looked the tranquil valley from which he had just ascended; how peaceful were the hours men passed in it, and how contented, to all seeming, were they with their lot! Old Joe Landell, of the Nook yonder, was dying, it seems, and doubtless sorry to die; while he (Dalton) was hale and strong enough, yet weary of his life. How cruel and unjust seemed the ways of—Fate.

It was impossible, however, to smooth matters over with himself now; he must needs face the truth in theory, as, without doubt, if he put his design into effect, he would have to face it in fact. If God was cruel and unjust in this world, might He not also be so in the next? The 'to be, or not to be' of Hamlet is self-applied by every man in Dalton's case, whether he has heard of Hamlet or not. There are many considerations, but the gist of the matter lies in a nutshell. As to what men say of suicide generally, that did not disturb him; he was too near the thing itself to be moved by the cant of those who have only regarded it from a distance, and with no reference to themselves. It is 'cowardly,' they say; whereas it indeed requires the extremest kind of courage—the courage of despair. They might just as well call a man a 'coward' for going to the dentist's and getting a raging tooth drawn, instead of letting it rage on. The topic is one of those upon which men have agreed together to talk rubbish. Even Shakespeare has told us that the Almighty has fixed His canon against self-slaughter, though whence the poet derived the information he has left untold. At the same time, that it is forbidden by implication, is true enough; and indeed it is very literally 'a-flying in the face of Providence,' since a more violent protest against the lot that has been assigned to us, or a greater reflection upon Him Who imposed it upon us, can hardly be imagined.

This last consideration, however, was not that which troubled Dalton most. Strange as it may appear to superficial observers of human nature, morality in such cases commonly makes a better fight of it—intercedes more eloquently for the precious life—than religion itself. Dalton thought comparatively little of the question which theologians have affirmed to be the most pressing of all, 'Will this be displeasing to the

Supreme Being or not?' but was greatly disturbed by an analogous though not necessarily a synonymous consideration, 'Is this right?' and this again resolved itself presently into a very concrete form, 'Will it be committing fraud against the *Palm Branch Insurance Society*?' It was above all things necessary—in order to spare the feelings of his wife and children—that his death should be attributed to natural causes; and yet in that case they could reap an advantage to which they had obviously no right. At one time, as we have seen, this consideration had been sufficient to cause him to put aside the notion of self-destruction; and if it had not been for Mr Campden's conversation with him respecting the *Palm Branch*, it is probable he would never have reverted to it. Even the chairman of the Board of Directors had not been able to persuade him that he had a right to derive advantage from a policy one of the conditions of which he had deliberately violated; but if, to meet their own purposes, the Society should waive their objections, he would surely—so he endeavoured to persuade himself—be in a different moral position. And that they would do so, he had very good reason to believe. The chairman had announced his intention of pressing that course of conduct upon his colleagues even in case of a stranger; and he was not likely to be less strenuous where the interests of a friend—if the dead can be said to have interests—were involved. Moreover that he would be committing no fraud—in the way of deception at least—so far as Mr Campden was concerned, and through him the Company, he felt assured. It was a trifling circumstance, yet one which, in the event of his sudden death, would at once have an immense significance in the eyes of his host, that he had never mentioned to him, while talking of that very topic, that he himself was insured in the *Palm Branch*. It was perhaps by accident that, when the subject was first started, he had been reticent upon this point; but while the discussion was proceeding, he had reflected on the matter, and maintained his secret by design. Now, supposing that he should die very suddenly—much more under circumstances that would suggest suspicion—it must needs at once strike Mr Campden as very remarkable that his friend had been silent upon such a point; from what Dalton knew of the other's character, he was confident that he would feel it his duty to communicate his conjecture to the Insurance Society; and that having thus satisfied his scruples, he would do his best, both on public and private grounds, to procure the payment of the policy to Mrs Dalton and her children. By these arguments Dalton had silenced, if he had not convinced the voice of conscience, as respected the *Palm Branch*, and had so surmounted his chief difficulty. For to have put an end to himself, with the knowledge that in so doing he was committing a fraud, would have really been an impossibility with him; the like reflection has probably kept scores of wretched men in this world, and will continue to do so; but the thought that their fraud may not be successful, and their policies be lost, has restrained hundreds.

In spite of the reprehensible circumstances in which we now find him placed, John Dalton would have been a better man, even though he hurries his exit, than the majority of those who wait decorously on the stage for the fall of the

curtain. It was the suddenness of his calamity which had overthrown his judgment, and prevented perhaps his fertile mind from suggesting some less tremendous expedient for escaping from his sea of troubles than that of flight. Nor was self, it must be allowed, the promoter of his rash design. If his mind were not now occupied by his beloved Edith and her children, it was because he did not dare to dwell upon that subject; his heart, which was not dismayed at the thought of that dread leap in the dark, melted like wax at the thought of *them*! He was not leaving them, as many a self-slayer does, to whom the epithet 'coward' is applicable enough, alone and unprotected, deserted by the man within whose power it was to win their bread. His loss would be a gain to them every way; they would ride more buoyantly on the wave of Life, for his removal; and many a friendly sail would assist their little bark, from which they could have accepted no such aid had he himself—very literally 'a pilot to the shores of—Nothing'—been on board of her.

All these reflections occurred to him confusedly, hurrying across his mind one after the other, like flying clouds over a hillside, but all tending to one point. It is but seldom that such a dread resolve as Dalton had in fact as good as come to, is determined upon by gradual steps. Mr Campden, I think, somewhat overrode his hobby;—otherwise, a trustworthy nag enough in striking out the six months' proviso as respected suicide, from the regulations of his *Palm Branch*. In the mood in which John Dalton now found himself, he would have insured in half a dozen such unprotected offices, and killed himself next day; but he could not—in fact, though the opportunity was open to him, he *did* not do so—have insured his life with the intention of putting an end to it after the expiration of half a year. It is not so easy as some philosophers would persuade us to look certain death in the face for months, and yet retain our equanimity, even when our friends are assisting us to do so; but to play the hypocrite to those dearest and nearest to us, to persuade them that all is well with us, while our inward eye is fixed upon the gaping grave, is a rôle beyond that of most actors. From what he had already experienced, Dalton, at all events, was well convinced that such a sustained effort was beyond his powers. If the thing was to be done, it was not only best but necessary to do it quickly. Upon one thing Dalton had long made up his mind—namely, that the catastrophe should not take place beneath the roof which he still called his home. The improbability of his decease being attributed to his own hand would, he justly concluded, be increased by its occurrence at a time when he was a guest upon a visit of pleasure; and though this was hard upon the Campdens, his necessities were such that he must needs be hard on some one. Their home would be made hateful to Edith and the girls, were it made the scene of such a tragedy; whereas the folks at Riverside would soon get over it. He pictured to himself, with something like a smile, how his hostess would inveigh against him for his want of consideration for her feelings, if she could have looked into his mind at this moment. Would it have a good or a bad effect, he wondered, upon her position 'in the county?' It would certainly give the house a temporary interest, and if his ghost should be

reported afterwards to 'walk' there, even quite a flavour of antiquity. He did not believe in ghosts walking, yet the fancy was sufficient to set his mind speculating on the possibility of his discontented spirit being aware of what was going on in the world after its departure. Would it be cognisant of the future of those dear to him, and note their troubles, without the capability of giving them aid? their dangers, without power to warn them? If he feared for himself at all, it was upon this account. It was surprising, even to himself, how little he was affected by those material terrors, in the reality of which he had been brought up to believe; how much his mind still dwelt upon this world, though he stood upon the brink of the other.

Though his thoughts wandered so wildly and so far, they always returned, as doves to a dove-cot, to one small and insignificant topic—namely, as to when and where this thing should be enacted. The means, which had hitherto been his great difficulty, were now obtained; and he had but to fix time and place. What scene, what hour, was the best fitted—or rather, the least unfit—for the final catastrophe? Should it be next morning in the library?—to which he was still wont to retire after breakfast, upon pretext of business, though all such occupation for him was gone. In that case, Holt would probably be the first to find him, dead. Then he would tell Campden, and Campden would tell Julia, and Julia would have to break it to Edith. That would be the best plan, if he could only be sure that Holt *would* find him. But suppose Edith should look in upon him, under pretence, as often happened, of choosing some book to read with Tony, but in reality, as he well knew, to give him a silent caress, or whisper a word of comfort in his ear—why, that would kill her. And again, if it should happen in the smoking-room, when the others had gone to bed, and he was all alone, save for that Creator into Whose visible presence, perchance, he was about to precipitate himself, would not Edith be the person who would come and look for him, alarmed by his absence, and apprehensive, perhaps, of the very horror that had actually taken place; apprehensive, but not, alas! prepared for it; so that the sudden shock would leave his children not only fatherless, but orphaned!

In the unhappy frame of mind he was now in, the man could, and did, picture to himself the event under a score of circumstances, to every one of which there was an objection, upon the same ground: in none was it certain that the catastrophe could be broken to his wife without danger of the most fatal consequences. If she had been in her usual health, he could have trusted to her paramount sense of duty to preserve her under the worst disasters; her first thought, when nature permitted her to think, would have been for the children that were still left to her, and for their sake she would have borne up—and lived on. But as it was, enfeebled by her condition, and already depressed by misfortune, it was only too probable that she might not have the power to rally from such a sudden blow, at all.

It was curious that not till after he had proposed and rejected many schemes, did the thought strike him, 'Why should I not do it *now*?' Except for that dark spot, with a thin ribbon of dark cloud above it, on the distant mere, there was no sign

of movement or of life about him. It was unlikely that he should ever find himself more alone than at that very moment. Save for the dull roar of the rapid river, hundreds of feet beneath him, and for the distant tinkle of a sheep-bell from the valley he had just left, not a sound broke the surrounding silence. If it is ever easy for a man in health and vigour to lie down and die, it was easy for him to do so now. If ever circumstances can be said to be in favour of such a deed, they were so now. If an opportunity was ever afforded for a man to kill himself—yet to seem to others to have died in the course of nature—it was offered to him now. He looked into the future—not the future of the next world, even yet—and all things seemed to suit with his fell intent. He had just been to his doctor to consult him about a supposed heart-disease, and the doctor had as good as confirmed his own expressed suspicions that such a mischief was at work. 'I should not myself be surprised,' he had said, 'if I was to hear that you had suddenly dropped down dead.' It was true that this had been wrung from him, after much pressing—by what lawyers term 'leading questions'—but Carzon had not probably been aware of it; and even if he had been, when the thing had happened, he was certainly not likely to eat his words. He had but to repeat them, and there would be surely no occasion for any *post-mortem* investigation. The path by which Dalton had reached the summit of the crags was very steep, though it had, in fact, put him but a very little out of breath; and its ascent might easily be credited with having cost a man affected with a heart-disease—and who had been found dead on the top of it—his life. If the doctor had any doubts—if the merest scintilla of suspicion could be called such—he would certainly give them, for all reasons, in favour of 'Death from natural causes.' Dalton had parted from him, if not in high spirits, still with perfect cheerfulness; and if he had shewn despondency at any period of the interview, it had arisen, apparently, from his suspicions regarding his own health. Upon the whole, it seemed that Dalton's expedition of that morning had procured for him a most important witness.

There was indeed the absence of the laudanum from the bottle to be accounted for; but that could be effected in two ways. Dalton could either take a draught of it, and then break the bottle with the rest of its contents in his pocket, when the breakage would be accounted for by his fall; or, having drunk what was necessary to effect his purpose, he could fill up the bottle with water from a little spring that was close at hand. The doctor himself had stated that he had sold him laudanum enough 'to kill half the parish,' so that a very moderate quantity would suffice for his purpose. As for the Afterwards—he would presently be missed at home, and since he had moored the boat on the right bank of the river, it would be guessed that he had crossed over into Sanbeck, probably with the intention of calling at the doctor's; the very man would, therefore, be at once communicated with on whom he mainly relied for the final safe-conduct of the affair; while in the meanwhile, time would allow of misgivings and apprehensions, which, however painful in themselves, do somewhat break, to those who entertain them, the shock of calamity. The house, though

at some distance, was full in his sight, in which all the degrees of suspense and wretchedness—uneasiness, dismal foreboding, and despair—were about to be inflicted by his own hand on those he died to benefit, yet he gazed on it with apathetic eyes. Death was so near to him, that feeling was already dulled by its icy presence. It was more mechanically than, as before, of resolute design, that he now kept his back turned to the moorland lake—where the black speck was growing larger every moment, which was the steam-yacht *Mary*, bringing his unsuspecting dear ones home—and took the laudanum from his pocket.

He had a flask fitted with a drinking-cup, and into this he poured sufficient, as he judged, of the deadly drug to effect his purpose: placing this upon the turf, he substituted water from the spring for the liquid taken from the bottle, and replaced the latter in his pocket. Then all was indeed ready. It was astonishing, even to himself, how steady was his hand as he raised the fatal draught to his lips. If the claim of Socrates to philosophy, reflected he grimly, rested only upon his calmness in taking the hemlock, John Dalton was as good a philosopher as he. He had 'done' his thinking in this world, for good and all, and was wholly occupied with the matter in hand; he only indulged himself in one surmise—which was likewise Socratic—How long would the poison take to work? Would he fall at once into a deep sleep? Would he feel pain? Then he drank it off very quickly, and to the last drop—after which he carefully washed out the drinking-cup, and returned it to its proper place. As he did so, it suddenly occurred to him that his mouth—he had said to himself his 'breath,' and then mentally corrected his mistake, with a smile that was very like a shudder—that his mouth would smell of the poison. He remembered that in many cases of suicide the fact was at once discovered by this simple means, and yet he had almost forgotten to take so ordinary a precaution. He now wetted his lips with a little wine from his flask, and took out his cigar-case. 'The wine and the tobacco together,' thought he coolly, 'will surely overcome the scent of the laudanum. But in selecting his cigar, his hand trembled excessively, for the case from which he took it had been his wife's gift, and was embroidered by her own fingers. Almost everything that John Dalton had, of a handy or luxurious sort, had been given him upon one or other of his birthdays by his wife or children, and he was wont to use them as a matter of course. But now, as he was leaving his Edith for ever without look or word of farewell, the touch of the silken flowers that she had woven for him, sent a pang to his heart so keen and vivid, that he almost doubted whether it might not be already due to the poison he had swallowed. When he put the case away, however, the pain went with it, and he sat down on the turf, and began smoking his cigar. If he had stood up a few minutes longer, he would probably have been seen by those on board the yacht, which had by this time left the mere, and was speeding home between the river-banks. As it was, they came on—the young people still at their jests and games—opposite to, and immediately under the very crag where Dalton sat. He heard them, or heard something that seemed to mingle with the murmur of the river, and yet was not of it; and dimly curious—for his mind was clouded,

and his senses only half obeyed his will—would have risen to see what it was; his limbs, however, were numb and nerveless, and in the attempt to get upon his feet, he fell, and rose no more.

IRISH BULLS.

VARIOUS theories have been propounded why Irishmen have a tendency to make ludicrous blunders in speaking. The Edgeworths, father and daughter, actually went the length of compiling an *Essay on Irish Bulls*. In the true spirit of patriots, they have done their best to defend their countrymen from the charges of absurdity which have been always brought against them; though a candid reader will be inclined to admit that a groundless anxiety has been displayed by the talented essayists to exonerate their fellow-countrymen from the reproach of dullness or stupidity.

As the Edgeworths themselves admit, the so-called blunders of the Irish seem to arise not so much from any want of natural talent, as from the rapidity with which their ideas crowd upon one another, occasioning frequent ellipses and incongruities. As his parts are more brilliant than solid, poetical and flighty, rather than accurate and precise, the Irishman deals largely in metaphorical and figurative language, but pays little attention to the arrangement and classification of his thoughts, frequently passing over many links in a chain of ideas, and leaving it to his auditor to supply them. Whether Miss Edgeworth's suggestion, that as English is a foreign language to the natives of Ireland, 'it is scarcely within the limits of probability that the Irish should avoid blunders both in speaking and writing,' tends at all to explain the phenomenon, we shall leave the reader to decide. Comparatively speaking, John Bull is a prosaic creature; and while being apparently amused with the eccentricities of his Hibernian neighbour, is it not just possible that his amusement may be tinged with a *souffron* of jealousy? Be that as it may, Paddy may quote, if he choose, the celebrated apology which Sir Richard Steele makes for his countrymen—that bulls were all the effect of climate; for 'if an *Englishman* were born in Ireland, he would make just as many.' The thanks which the devout lady rendered to 'Providence and another woman' for her escape from drowning; the advertisement of a washing-machine, entitled 'Every man his own *washerwoman*;' and the ingenious suggestion that the best way to boil potatoes was 'in cold water,' are all instances of the ellipses so frequent in Irish speech.

Exaggerations and emphatic repetitions form a great source of Irish bulls. Thus, the enthusiastic Hibernian who praised a portrait as 'more like than the original;' and the admiring daughter of Erin who delivered her opinion as to the resemblance of two children in the following remarkable words: 'How like the two little dears are, especially Patrick,' sinned only in letting their zeal outrun their discretion. We may fairly presume that it was more that fondness for home which is so strongly developed in Irishmen, than

any wild purpose of deception, which prompted Paddy Blake, while maintaining the superiority of the echo in his father's garden over that of any other place, to observe, with a *naïveté* which has won him immortality: 'If you say to it [the echo] "How do you do, Paddy Blake?" it will answer: "Pretty well, thank you."'

Can any such allowance be made for the well-known inquisitive genius who, when looking over a stranger's shoulder in a coffee-house, as he was writing a letter, observed him conclude in this fashion: 'I would write more, but that a tall Irishman is looking over my shoulder, and reading every word,' and exclaimed indignantly: 'You lie, you rascal!' But even this celebrated bull is totally eclipsed by the reply of the pseudo-mute, who, when asked, in an unguarded moment, how long he had been dumb, promptly replied, 'Five years, yer honour.' It is the exaggerative language to which an Irishman is addicted which makes him declare himself '*clean kilt*' when he is fatigued; while his fondness for metaphor has before now induced him to swear an alibi thus: 'My Lord, I could not, *like a bird*, be in two places at once.' The same cause produced the blunder in the Irish orator's exordium: 'I am sorry to *hear* my honourable friend *stand mute*;' and it was an undisciplined poetic fancy which prompted an Irish Presbyterian clergyman, a few months ago, to speak of the place of torment as an '*unfathomable abyss, down which the lost fall eternally*, till they are transfixed against the bottom.'

The following epitaph, if it be genuine, contains an excellent bull:

*Here lies the body of John Pound,
Who was lost in the sea, and never was found.*

But as 'high winds blow on high hills,' and people in lofty situations are more exposed to the attacks of critics than those in humble life, most readers will feel inclined to deal less leniently with the following bull, which Miss Edgeworth assigns to a Lord-licutenant: 'Whereas, the greatest economy is necessary in the consumption of all *species of grain, and especially of potatoes*.'

The ingenious method proposed by Paddy of obviating the difficulty of wedding a deaf-and-dumb pair, has furnished to some English wit material for a humorous epigram:

Says Johnnie to Paddy: 'I can't, for my life,
Conceive how a dumb pair are made man and wife,
Since they can't with the form and the parson
accord.'

Says Paddy: 'You fool, they *take each other's word*.'

Personal identity forms very frequently another stumbling-block, and is the cause of many a bull. An Irishman meeting an acquaintance on the street, will exclaim: 'Is that yourself?' as though he feared lest some other spirit should have entered his friend's body since their last meeting. A Scotchman will occasionally do the same, his greeting being: 'Is this you?' Under this head Horace Walpole classes what he styles the best Irish bull he ever heard: 'I hate that woman,' said a gentleman of his nurse, 'for she *changed me at nurse*.' Akin to that is the following salutation: 'I thought it was you, but now I see it is *your brother*.'

In the exquisite ballad *Edwin and Angelina*, Dr

Craig (*English Literature* on Goldsmith) detects a bull, and evidently plumes himself on his acuteness. We leave it to the reader's taste to determine whether he would wish the passage altered:

The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms *inconstant* shine,
These charms were his, but woe is me,
Their *constancy* was mine.

If Irish poetry is to be thus criticised, may we not with equal justice find fault with Milton's sublime hyperbole:

In the *lowest deep, a lower deep*,
Still threatening to engulf me, opens wide?

Or how can we consent to pass over as a 'mere blemish' the following lines, which contain blunders utterly unparalleled in Irish poetry:

Adam the *goodliest of men since born*
His son; the *fairest of her daughters*—Eve?

Under the influence of the tender passion, the Irish will say some startling things. The restraints of reason and common-sense are powerless to check the wild flights and daring metaphors which love suggests. The swain who assured his mistress that he could not *sleep* of nights for *dreaming* of her, must have been very 'spoony;' and not less so was he who, when informed by his betrothed of the kindness shewn her by her intended mother-in-law, exclaimed: 'Well, wait till we're married, and see if I don't *beat my mother*.' It was in a gush of well-meaning hospitality that Sir Richard Steele—to whose account so many bulls are set down—exclaimed in rather an equivocal manner: 'If ever you come within a mile of my house, sir, I *hope* you'll *stop there*.' It was not love, we suspect, which prompted the fair young daughter of Erin, after a request for money made in a letter to her sister, to add as a P.S.: 'I was so much ashamed of what I have written, that I sent after the messenger, *but he could not be overtaken*.' Akin to this is the Irish gentleman's postscript: 'If this letter miscarries, write, and let me know.'

But it is not only in verbal bulls that the Irish excel; practical absurdities are also laid to their charge. It is a well-known historical fact that the rebels in 1798, desirous of ruining a banker whom they hated, broke open his house, and *burnt his notes*, fully satisfied that they were effecting his ruin. Had the banker been *another* person—to make a bull of our own—the burning of his notes would have been a serious matter.

We suspect that the absurdity fathered on the Irish in the following witty epigram is an Englishman's fabrication:

A cannon-ball, one bloody day,
Took a poor fellow's leg away;
And as on comrade's back he rode off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, in this odd emergence,
Carried him pickback to the surgeons.
'Holloa!' cries the doctor, 'are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?'
'A lying dog!' says Pat; 'he said
His leg was off, and *not his head*.'

In the *Vicar of Wakefield*, poor Goldsmith makes one of his characters perpetrate a bull of which he had been guilty himself. When his means ran low, he betook himself to the university of Leyden,

relying on teaching English as a means of earning a living. It was not till his arrival in Holland that he learned that, before beginning his course of instruction, it was necessary for him to learn Dutch.

But do bulls belong exclusively to the Irish? They have been unmercifully assigned to the people of that nationality; and as a consequence, errors of syntax and monstrous hyperboles, which would furnish abundant material for laughter if uttered by an Irishman, are passed over as merely grammatical mistakes, when the people of any other country are the culprits. 'The Dublin tramp who purloined chocolate to make 'tay' of it, was not half so ridiculous as the Englishman who, in all seriousness, asserted that a piece of cloth would 'last for ever, and make a petticoat afterwards;' and the Irish lady's hyperbole, 'rise in the morning and find your throat cut,' is fully matched by Macbeth's celebrated words:

But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate.

In a description of the funeral of Lord Macaulay in Westminster Abbey, the *Morning Post*, in language which called forth Dean Stanley's keenest sarcasm, unintentionally buried the organ: 'When placed on the ropes above the grave, and while being gradually lowered into the earth, the organ again pealed forth.'

The French are not altogether exempt from amusing bulls. In a translation recently issued, we observed the expression *Mangeurs de bœuf*, as an equivalent for our 'Beef-eaters.' Now, though this is certainly a literal translation of the expression as corrupted by John Bull, it is scarcely the synonym for what it ought to be—namely, 'Bouffettiers.' Blunders such as these would never have been pardoned in Irishmen, but are with questionable complacency pardoned on the part of all other writers and speakers. Very literal, but very funny, is the perplexed Gaul's translation of Cibber's comedy, *Love's Last Shift*—*La dernière Chemise de l'Amour*!

AN OLD LOVE-STORY.

IN THREE PARTS. PART III.

In a few weeks I was on the sea, with a detachment to join the army in the Spanish Peninsula, where we had to fight the French, which I supposed at the time to be but natural, although none of us knew or cared about the quarrel. Never a man did I hear express the least opinion on the matter. When we joined the army it was already in full retreat, with the French pressing close, in vastly superior numbers. I asked an Irishman in the ranks how it was that we were marching away from the enemy, and he grinned and winked. He had a face tanned like leather, and when he grinned and thrust his tongue in his cheek, I saw a great rough scar on his temples, that made me shudder. He knew nothing except that there had been a great deal of fighting, and a deal more marching, and not much plunder; and that the General hanged for mere trifles. He bade me cheer up, for that there would be a battle soon. But it was not so. We halted at last at a long range of hills not far from the sea, and there we were all set to work throwing up rough fortifications for batteries; and before long I saw the

wisdom of our general, for when the French came up, they were kept back at every point, so well had our great general placed his artillery, and so great was the natural strength of the position.

All the winter we lay there, behind the lines; and after a time the French fell back, and the fighting was over until fresh supplies and men came out to us from England.

I often wondered whether Willy was with us, but as I did not know his regiment, it was next to an impossibility to find out. I sincerely hoped he was not, for any one could see what was coming; and I hoped, for his own sake, for the old squire, for Uncle Stephen's, for Joy's sake, that he was not there, lest he should be killed, and make so many mourners at home.

I was with my regiment in several of the great battles that were fought against the French in the years 1811 and 1812, and all I know about them is that they were scenes always of ghastly slaughter, smoke, and noise, and that I lost my brave Irish comrade in the thick of the fight at Albuera. Sometimes, I must say, our men were driven back; but in the end we were always victorious, although the French were so numerous that it seemed as if the fighting would go on for ever. I was wounded at Badajoz, the most terrible fight of all, for there we had to carry a fortified town by assault. It was hot work. Twice we were driven back, but the third time we scrambled through the breaches of the broken walls. The men were falling dead and wounded all round me, but I was untouched until near the close of the fight in the streets. I was struck by a bullet, and fell fainting by a wall-side. I lay there unable to move myself, for my senses seemed deadened and my limbs powerless. But I seemed to see what was going on in a sort of trance, and I often afterwards prayed God to give me the belief that what I saw after the battle was over was only a hideous dream, for it seemed to me as if pandemonium had broken loose in the uniforms of British soldiers. Mad yelling figures seemed to rush past, struggling with each other with deadly blows and shots; killing innocent people, killing each other; rushing in and out the houses and wine-shops, careering with drunken gestures amongst the flames kindled by their own hands. All this, and much more too fearful to think of, I seemed to see hour after hour, all through the beautiful night of a southern spring; and I have been told that what I saw in sickly fancy was a sad reality, and that the demoniac work went on not for hours only but days, before the madness of the soldiers could be checked.

But before daybreak, I crept into a recess near me; and I remembered nothing more until I woke up in hospital. One of those lying near me was raving and moaning in piteous agony. I crawled over to him and arranged his rough pillow as well as I could. As I did so, his eyes turned upon me and met mine—it was Willy! I felt as if turned to stone, so little did I think to see him there. Yet there he lay, wounded badly, almost dying, as I could see very well. He did not recognise me, but asked piteously for water. After the first shock, I felt a great rush of tenderness and pity for him, and I swore to myself that he should not die if human care, such as I could give, would avail to save him. It was fearful to think of him lying there so shattered, and I with a mere flesh-

wound—I, that would have died for him; for what, I thought, was my life in comparison with his, and the calamity that his death would be to Joy. I tended him night and day for a long time, until one day his hand crept on to mine, and I saw the old look in his eyes, that I had not seen for many a long day, not since we were boys at the river-side by the mill. I made motions to him not to distress himself by trying to talk, and he smiled and held to my hand, falling asleep with it in his clasp. I sat there for hours, not daring to release my hand, lest he should awake, and be robbed of the sweet sleep that was like an in-drinking of new life to him.

He recovered very slowly; and before he was out of all danger, I was laid down again in another room by an attack of exhaustive fever, so that I did not see him again for some time, and then we just met for a while, before we were sent with a great many others to the coast, to be sent on the sick-list to England. He was full of kindly feeling towards me, just like his old self; and I forgot for the moment that I was but a corporal and he a lieutenant, until we were separated and met again on board the same ship. It seemed a ship of shadows; and it was a melancholy voyage, for numbers of men died on the passage, and there were burials in the sea every day. But it was a voyage of happiness to me, for Willy and I were together constantly, in spite of the difference in rank. He said, truly enough, that the time had gone by for thinking of that, and persisted in declaring I had saved his life. There was one subject which we both avoided talking about; he never alluded to it in the least, and I dared not: that was Joy Harding. I knew not how matters were between them; but some instinct told me that, whether they were engaged or not, he had not a tithe of the great love and reverence for her that I had. I felt that this was so, without ever a word exchanged between us on the subject. Nor did we ever allude in any way to our quarrel in the Hall avenue, for that would have led us to the verge of a subject that, with mutual feeling, we avoided.

I did not proceed home at once when we arrived in England; and before I left Portsmouth, I received a letter from Willy, informing me that Uncle Stephen was dead, and inclosing a letter he had left for me, in which he addressed me as a son, and which contained not a word of blame for my ungrateful conduct in leaving him in his old age. I felt all the grief and painful remorse that men feel if they have hearts at all, when they discover, too late, the measure of ingratitude towards those they love and who have loved them.

Uncle Stephen, to my considerable surprise, had left me a great deal of property, but the mill itself and all the family relics came to Willy. I wrote home at once to Willy, and told him I would accept not a farthing of that which naturally belonged to him. But he wrote back to say there was no help for it, and that I had better say no more about it, and urged me to come home; but I had no heart for that; so I remained at my duty in the garrison of Portsmouth to which I was attached; and there I remained about a year, when the news came that the fighting had ended at Toulouse, and that the victorious army was ordered home. I then applied to be allowed to buy my discharge; and after long delay I was free, and very glad I was, for soldiering was not to

my taste, and I never even enjoyed helping to astonish the French.

I went down to the old village, and the first place I called at was the cottage of old Bill Stubbs. The good old fellow was wearing out fast, and had become very feeble indeed. He was sitting by the fireside; but he rose to greet me, at the 'salute,' grasping me by the hand, and calling me comrade; and, for the first time, I felt proud of all I had gone through. He pointed with a shaky finger to the well-known little cupboard in the corner; and I took therefrom an old square Dutch bottle and glass; and we pledged ourselves, our country, and our king; to which toasts Bill proposed to add several admirals and generals. But I said 'No' to that; for, said I, if we pledged all the brave, it was not in the power of even a Dutch bottle, high-shouldered as it was, to hold out. But old Bill would have his way; and so we drank to our splendid chiefs all round.

Many a talk old Bill and I had after that about the wars—my war and his war. Many a time did I find my way to that snug little cottage of his amongst the trees, and once not alone. But that was long after, and not long before old Bill's death; and then I stood afar off, whilst an angel-woman sat at the old friend's bedside, and touched his good heart with kind gentle words, and wholesome reminding of the last great roll-call which must come to each and all of us.

I was installed as manager at the mill with old Hannah, who never wearied of telling me about Uncle Stephen, and how nobly he had lived out his life to the end; and how Miss Joy from the Hall used to come constantly to see him, and have long talks with him, and what they said to each other; and how that one day Uncle Stephen shewed her a letter, and that she cried over it as though it would break her heart. That letter was my confession of hopeless love.

Willy came the next day to see me, as I was amongst the men, and after a hearty greeting, said that some one was wishing to see me in the house. I did not look into the old parlour window as I passed it, but I knew well who stood beyond it; my wilful heart told me that readily enough. I knew not whether to blame Willy or not for thus re-opening the wounds of my heart. Indeed, I could not, for I was yearning to see her once more. This I said to myself as I entered the house: 'Once again, once more let me look upon her face; then let me go away and hide me and my rebellious care for her, and conquer it.' I stopped a moment at the door, and tried to school my feelings; but ah me! when I entered the room, my fluttering wits fled altogether with a great sobbing sigh, and I sank on my knees at her feet, and kissed her outstretched hands. It was an instant of wild happiness, and I could not resist doing as I did, for at that moment I forgot everything except my own unutterable love. Like a flood, it swept away every thought of my own unworthiness, and all proper sense of my own selfish shortcomings.

She allowed me to kiss her hands again and again, before she gently withdrew them from my close clasp. 'Do not kneel,' she said; 'not to me;' and then she paused and spoke my Christian name—Edward, almost in a whisper.

I looked up very quickly at that, and my face, which all my life long befuddled me, must have

shewn quite suddenly a very different look in it, for she blushed and turned away her head, and walked nearer the window, but not before I saw she had tears in her eyes. I don't know what I might have said to that, or what folly I might have been guilty of, but just at that time Willy shewed in sight outside of the window, and stood there amongst the ducks with the handle of his cane in his mouth; and the sudden sight of him brought me quickly from heaven to earth again.

Joy turned to me with a smile, and said: 'I am so glad to see you again, and Willy back again too—poor Willy!'

I was standing by her side, and had found my tongue again, and so I thanked her for thinking kindly of me, and said I did not deserve it, after quarrelling with Willy, her cousin and my own dear friend.

'Ah, but you saved his life,' she said, and a beautiful light shone in her blue eyes. 'It was noble of you.'

I stood staring at her in foolish rapture, but with never a word to help me. But she never made as though she saw my confused absence of mind, although, after I had gazed upon her for what seemed to me a wonderfully short time, she said we should go to join Willy, who did not seem inclined to come in. 'Perhaps he does not remember we are here,' she said. Joy drew down her veil, and I attended Willy and her to the gate; the geese and other poultry attending also with noise and clatter, for Joy had been in the habit of feeding them when she visited the mill, and they could not forget it. Garth also, the son of Haco, howled so that I was obliged, out of sheer pity, to let him fawn at her feet, and hold up his great head to her caressing hand. All things loved Joy.

Everybody in our parish made a great deal of me after I came back from soldiering. It was wonderful the respect that was paid me; and I was invited out so much that I had frequent opportunities for noticing that my appetite was not what it had been. Indeed, when the heart is full, I have always pitied the stomach.

After that day at the mill, I met Joy often and often; at first by chance, and then by design, at least on my side; and one day, I know not how it was, but when she looked straight up at me in the lane, I just put out my arms and took her to my heart, and drew her close, and held her tight there, until she was ashamed for me, and gently bade me let her go. Then I told her I would, but could not by any means just then let her go from me, and she sighed, for she had lost all her liveliness and stately ways. I told her very freely, when I did find courage to address her, of my heart's stound, and that live I could not if she reproved me for loving her, for I could not help it. It seemed, I said, natural, like living and breathing; and I implored her to say if I could ever be worthy of a return; and what I could do to deserve such love as only she, in all the wide open world, could give me. This I said, all the time holding her close to my breast, and feeling her heart beating with mine.

She sighed again and again, with her head turned half away from mine. But she never interrupted me to stop the words I spoke. At last she put up her hands to her face, and sobbed and broke out weeping sadly and violently.

I thought I must have offended her, and said so, and hardly knew what to do or say except to ask her pardon again and again for having upset her feelings so. But she said 'No,' and looked into my eyes; and my arms moved round her waist again, and our lips met for one rapturous moment; and she laid her beloved head upon my shoulder, calling me her hero—her good-hearted, brave Edward, and allowing me more kisses, until I forgot altogether that I was on earth and in a country lane, where at any time we might be seen by mortal men and women, not to mention village boys, who had seen us walking together before, and had published it far and wide. But Joy remembered where we were too soon, I thought, and left me very hastily with a promise to meet again.

I could not after this settle down in any way, and I felt that the crisis of my fate had come. Therefore, when next I met Joy, I told her that now the sober colour of the world had changed, and that everything I looked upon seemed different to my eyes, because of the new light that was everywhere. The songs of the birds and the sighing winds whispered the o'ercome, 'Joy, joy.'

Joy made the acknowledgment, but always timidly and with a sinking heart, for I know afterwards how greatly she feared that her uncle the squire would not approve. However, I presented myself one morning at the Hall, having first consulted Willy concerning the step I was about to take.

The squire received me very kindly, and reproached me for my negligence in not calling upon him long before; but when I, without parley, opened upon him on the subject of my calling, then the genial lines of his face seemed suddenly to become rigid, and his pleasant smile vanished like a sunbeam in the angry blast. He rose from his chair and stared at me, and I rose from mine, feeling that I could talk better standing. He rang the bell, and ordered the servant to request Joy and Willy to come to him. Joy came in leaning on her soldier's arm, looking sadly at me with tearful eyes. She sank down in a big easy-chair, and Willy stood by her side, giving me a kind look and cheerful good-day. Then the squire commenced to talk; but for the first few minutes he might as well have talked to a horse, for although I heard the words plainly enough, their sense was lost, for my faculties and understanding were prostrate in the presence of my adored. I rallied somewhat at the words 'presumption and ingratitude;' and at that point I listened to the old gentleman, still looking at Joy, who signalled me to be good and calm; and I declared to myself that, for her sake and Willy's, I would say nothing to Squire Harding that was not respectful. Ingratitude! Full well I might have asked him for what I was ungrateful; as I never had had or desired anything from him, until now that I wanted for myself his greatest treasure. He at last talked himself out of all self-command, and said he, 'Have you nothing to say in defence of your unmanly conduct, Edward Thane?'

I said: 'No; only this, sir—that it is true I love Joy, and she loves me; and I wish to marry her at once, if she will take me for her husband, and if you please.'

Joy uttered a faint cry of alarm; and the squire was so thunder-struck, that instead of grasping my

hand, as he might have done, he sat down and glared at me, becoming quite pale. He cut me short with a violent exclamation before I had well finished what I had to say.

Joy cried out piteously to him, and crept down at his feet, clasping her hands around his knees. 'Indeed, indeed, it is true,' she said; 'Edward could not speak a lie;' and then she hid her sweet face in her hands, still kneeling at his feet.

'Girl, you are a perfect little fool,' he said in great anger.

Joy sprang to her feet, and I was at her side in a twinkling, and she put her hand in mine.

'Squire Harding,' I said, 'Joy has chosen her choice;' and before Heaven I swear that her choice shall be her happiness from now to the grave, and beyond that, who knows! Not for all the squires in England will I give her up; neither will I leave her here, even in your own house, till she herself gives me the word of command.'

Joy, before I had quite done with my speech, placed one dimpled hand on my lips, so that the latter part of the longest speech I ever made was sweetly smothered thereby.

The squire rose from his seat and pointed to the door, laying his hand at the same time on the bell-rope. His face was white-bleached with anger; but my temper rose not a peg-hole. I stood still until Joy whispered me to go, and whispered another word or two also which made my ear tingle to hear. Willy also came between the squire and me, and laid his hand kindly on my arm, and so between them they drew me away from the room. I fain would have held Joy a moment by herself outside of the room-door, but she escaped from me for that time.

I walked home ill at ease; but as I went, my mind seemed to take in other and higher thoughts, and there grew within me the great assurance of my requited love—mine and Joy's, now for ever one, in spite of all the small world of those who might disapprove, and of those who should cry shame upon my aspiring mind. I could not go home to the mill for long that night. Again I walked under the stars of the open heaven as once before I did, in cruel distress of mind.

The very next morning after my appearance at the Hall, as I was impatiently waiting for some sign from Willy, two letters were put into my hand. One was from Willy, and the other from the squire. Mr Harding's letter was cold and formal, but polite. He commenced with an expression of regret for his hasty reception of me the day before; but he went on to say that a marriage with Joy was quite impossible, such was the difference in our worldly stations. He advised me, as a young man in whom he had confidence, and for whom he had regard, to put aside such ill-regulated ideas, and apply myself to my business. Joy, he said, would at once leave the neighbourhood on a long visit to her mother's relations in the south, so that any further attempt to hold communication with her would be useless.

It seemed, when I read this, as if a thrust of steel had reached my heart. 'Oh! cruel, cruel he is,' I moaned, 'to part us!' I felt for a time quite unmanned, and as though a whole cold, selfish world had come between Joy and me. A hard, mocking, scheming, money-loving world, against which I felt my own powerlessness in a dull sort of way, that, as I said, quite for a while bore me down. I seated

myself in a corner of the mill, where the men were working, with the buzz of the machinery all about me, and I tried to think; for if thought came to me anywhere, it was in the mill. After a while, I bethought me of Willy's unopened letter, which I still held in my hand, and as I read it, a faint ray of hope came to me, for he told me he was still my true friend, and that, if I could have patience, he would serve me well in this matter. 'I did you grave injustice once,' he wrote, 'and I will do no less than justice now; but let me beg of you to do nothing rash.' He promised to see me soon, but that for the present time the squire kept him always about him. Joy, he said, did not dare to leave the house, and was forbidden to see me. But she sent a few precious words in Willy's letter that comforted me much.

I could scarcely restrain myself from rising in rebellion against the injustice of the squire. But I knew I could do nothing except range about all day—and very nearly all night too—in the old familiar walks; and that same night, Rice Newton the game-keeper, and Wallace his dog, went so far as to grapple with me in the shadow of the trees, thinking I was a poacher.

The next day, Joy was taken away, and I was helpless to prevent it; and so was Joy herself, for she was under age. Indeed, her gentle nature, I knew, had been quelled out of all thought of resistance by the squire. I saw nothing of her, in spite of all attempts to do so, and I was nearly broken-hearted. Willy came to the mill, and told me how sorrowful Joy was to go; but a quiet, uncomplaining spirit possessed her, so that the squire imagined her feelings to be but little touched. She sent a few tender lines of farewell to me. They lie before me now as I write. Often do I take them out of their quiet resting-place, and gaze at them until the old deep springs, far down in my inmost heart, are loosed once more, and my eyes grow dim with tears. I told Willy that nothing would hold me, but that I would follow her; and he implored me not to do so, but to have confidence in him, that he would endeavour for me, and all would yet be well. At last, I yielded so far as to promise not to do anything so foolish; but I knew I could not keep my promise very long, such was the agonising unrest of my heart.

I need not say much more about the few weeks of suspense I spent at that time. But now and again I was cheered by messages of affection from Joy, which were forwarded through Willy, for she was watched almost like a prisoner. At last she wrote to me a few lines so despondingly that I was startled; for I felt sure something was wrong, and rest I could not until I had seen her again. So I set out for the south, little thinking that Willy was already on his way to fetch me. Yet, so it was; for he arrived at the mill the day after I left. He came quickly posting after me, and overtook me at a wayside inn, just before I arrived at my destination, and told me the news—such news of gladness! It was a long story before all was told, but few words will suffice for it here.

The squire, after leaving Joy with her relations, had gone to London, and was delayed there some weeks with business, and had then gone back to Joy on his way home. But he found her ill and drooping. My poor Joy! The good-hearted

squire was thunder-struck; and he then and there said it was past all comprehension. But he took her to his heart again for all that; and Willy said he cried over her, and blamed himself very heartily for all that had taken place; and that Joy clung to him sobbing and declaring she would never leave him, not even for me.

The squire shook his head very sadly at that, and with grief in his voice, he declared that she should have her will in everything for the future. Then Mr Harding and Willy consulted together; and then it was that Willy played what he afterwards called his trump card—and that card was Edward Thane. The squire was hard to win over; but Willy pleaded so well for me that he gave way at last, and when he did give in he did so generously, as became his nature. Willy at once got permission to fetch me, and as I have said, we met at the wayside inn, and before long I was standing in the hall, where stood the squire, grasping his freely given hand.

We had a long talk together about many things, but it was concluded satisfactorily. I was to have Joy, and to all else I was indifferent. But great was the chill of disappointment that came over me when I was told I could not see her just then until all had been finally settled. It seems that it had been resolved to keep my visit a secret from Joy; but I was promised that all would be as I should desire very soon; so I was obliged to be satisfied with this, although I left the house with a reluctant step, but still with a light heart.

Not long after this the squire himself called upon me at the mill with Joy; and in Uncle Stephen's old oak parlour her hand was placed in mine. I remember it was a gloomy winter day; but the little dark room was radiant to my eyes, radiant enough with abounding sunshine. Joy said but little; her heart was too full for speech; but I had only to look down into the calm depth of her beautiful eyes, to read there the divine contentment of truest affection.

The squire seemed quite satisfied with the turn that events had taken, and we all walked up the lane together, I walking with them to the Hall, where Willy joined us, and we were all happy together. The cloud of the past seemed to have rolled away for ever; and the future seemed to me, as I thought it all over that night in my solitary chamber at the mill, to be a long, long path before me, with the bright white light of happiness upon it. Down that long and happy path I seemed to see Joy and myself walking on and on; never looking back; never apart, but always onward in the encircling glow of perfect content. Alas! alas!

Joy and I were formally engaged to be married within the year, and of course we met very often, and all restraint was taken away from my visits.

Mr Harding and I became close friends, and I saw in him the clear soul of the true English gentleman.

Smoothly ran the course of love with Joy and me. Like the sweet stillness of a summer day our two lives seemed hushed with the steadfast brightness of the golden present. And the future was to us brighter and more golden still. At last the day of our wedding drew near, and the guests were invited; and just then it was that the news came that Willy's regiment was ordered abroad, and it was a great blow to us that he could not be present

at our marriage. There was one honoured guest, however, that Joy and I resolved should be there, and that was our old friend Bill Stubbs. Joy and I had frequently visited him, and one day we invited him to our wedding; nor would we take a refusal. The dear old boy looked down at his battered wooden leg, and said it was too far gone for such gay affairs as weddings. He declared that Wantless, the carpenter, should make him a new one for the occasion. But I said no to that; for it was the leg I had always known, and he would not have seemed himself with any other.

We were married, and lived at the mill; for it was Joy's own wish, and both the squire and myself agreed that it was better so. Joy loved the dear old place; and the proudest man was I in all the North that day when I brought home to it my bride. My own sweet wife at last.

Brief must now be the remaining part of my story, of my life-history; for I find that not even the fortitude that comes with time can shut out the heavy pain that still has power to rack my heart when I sit down to think of my affliction. God help me! I cannot, even now, after all the long sorrow of years, find comfort in resignation. With a contrite heart for my blamable shortcoming do I say this. But it would be false to say otherwise.

Brief indeed was our married life. But two short years, and I laid my darling in the green churchyard, with her new-born infant by her side.

Joy, my lost darling! Ah! not lost, but watching and waiting for me. Often in the night, when all is still, I look out heavenwards to the glittering stars, and I wonder if beyond the visible world you are looking down upon the old home where we were happy together; and I try if by wistful yearning of the heart, a yearning that is prayer, I may gain a passing sight of you. And sometimes I imagine I have seen you, dear love! with arms outstretched to me across the endless gulf of space, and then it is that I believe you have besought for me in my loneliness a blessing from the Supreme. Lonely indeed! for all are gone, and I only am left of all who are mentioned here. And I am old; and before long I must go also, trusting in God's great mercy, as I have learned to do.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE instrument invented by Mr C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., for ascertaining the depth of the sea without a sounding-line may be generally described as resembling the barometer in construction, inasmuch as it has a perpendicular tube filled with mercury. The tube has a saucer-like termination at each end; the lower end is closed by a thin elastic steel plate, which is supported on two spiral springs of the same length as the mercurial column.

The pressure of the mercury on the thin steel plate varies with the gravity, and that varies with the depth of the sea. When there is downward pressure there is diminution of mercury in the upper saucer, and *vice versa*. A thin layer of paraffine floating on the mercury, enters a flat spiral tube of glass on the top of the instrument, and advances or recedes with the rise and fall of

the mercury, and thus indicates on a scale the depth of the sea in fathoms at any moment.

The density of the earth is, roughly speaking, twice that of sea-water; hence the varying effect of gravity, and the possibility of inventing the bathometer, as this new depth-measurer is called.

Mr Siemens has tested his bathometer in two voyages across the Atlantic, by comparing its indications with actual soundings. 'The results,' he says, 'agree in all cases as closely as could have been expected, considering that the sounding-line gives the depth immediately below the vessel, whereas the bathometer gives the mean depth taken over a certain area.' On an even slope the two might be expected to agree; and if we had charts with contour-lines of the depth, a captain would be able to ascertain the position of his ship during fogs, or in weather when astronomical observations could not be taken. An instrument that gives warning of changes of depth long before reaching dangerous ground, cannot fail to be turned to good account. Moreover, a knowledge of the depth can be taken advantage of mechanically as well as scientifically. During the laying of one of the Atlantic cables, the end was lost in a gale, and the spot could only be guessed at, but the depth, eight hundred fathoms, was known. On return of fine weather, an attempt at recovery was made. Soundings were taken, until eight hundred fathoms were struck, and along this range the groping was continued, until at last the cable was hooked, twenty-seven miles from the spot where the search commenced. And further, we may believe that coast surveys, and deep-sea exploration for whatever purpose, will be greatly facilitated by means of the bathometer.

In the two voyages above referred to, the test-soundings were taken by Sir William Thomson's apparatus, which makes use of a thin steel wire for a sounding-line, and gives more trustworthy results with less expenditure of time than the usual method of sounding. We hope the day is not distant when the steel wire will be adopted in the royal navy.

On describing his bathometer at a meeting of the Royal Society, Mr Siemens illustrated the principle by another instrument, which may be called an attraction-meter. It is composed of three tubes put together in the form of the letter H. Mercury is poured in, and above that spirit of wine, until the tubes are quite full. A slender tube of glass is fixed above the central tube; the spirit enters this tube, and carries with it an air-bubble which serves as indicator. If, now, a heavy weight is placed near either of the side-tubes, the mercury is attracted or drawn towards that side. The floating spirit is consequently raised; it enters the glass tube and pushes the air-bubble away from the weight. An ordinary observer, on seeing the experiment, would conclude that the weight had repelled the air-bubble; but the philosopher perceives the effect of attraction: of weight on weight, and mass on mass. The principle of the bathometer is therefore shewn to be true.

A special merit of this attraction-meter is, that when properly constructed, it would keep in working order perhaps fifty years; but it must be securely fixed on a base imbedded in the earth firm as a rock. Placed thus, with the central tube pointing east and west, it might be used for

scientific purposes: to indicate the rise and fall of tides, the movements of the moon, and other physical phenomena. Mr Siemens may be congratulated on having, in these two instruments, made an important addition to the resources of science.

Mr Rymer Jones, of the imperial government telegraphs, Japan, has invented apparatus for ascertaining the temperature of the sea, and the direction and velocity of its currents at any depth. As this apparatus cannot be described without diagrams, we mention only that it involves the use of a magnet, a vane of insulators, and of electric communications, by which the desired facts are made known from deep down under water to the observer on board ship. A sinker is used to insure steady descent of the apparatus in an upright position, and is then cast loose, the cost of a sinker being less than the cost of the time required to haul it up.

As our readers are aware, there has been much discussion of late about oceanic circulation and deep-sea currents. Researches into those phenomena would be facilitated by means of the instruments here described; and it may be that the explorers on board the *Challenger*, now coming home from their three years' interesting cruise, will wish that such appliances had been available at the commencement of their voyage.

Sir William Thomson, F.R.S., and his brother, Professor James Thomson, have invented a 'mechanical integrator,' which does surprising things in solving mathematical problems. It will calculate integrals; integrate linear differential equations, and perform other numerical feats much quicker than they can be done by the brain, and without mistake. The same two skilful investigators have devised an analysing machine suitable for working out the harmonic analysis of meteorological observations and of tidal observations. It is a prime thing for science when, by turning a handle for half an hour, and setting a few wheels in movement, a whole year's tide observations can be presented in a compact form for lasting reference.

One of the results of Mr Crookes' investigations is confirmation of the theory that there is no difference between heat and light. 'All we can take account of,' he says, in technical phrase, 'is difference of wave-length. A ray of definite refrangibility cannot be split up into two rays, one being heat and one light. A ray of definite refrangibility in the red, falling on a thermometer, shows the action of heat; on a thermopile, it produces an electric current; on a photographic plate it excites chemical action, it occasions movement in a slice of suspended pith, while to the eye it appears as light and colour.'

As regards the 'weighing of light,' some explanation is necessary. It must be remembered that all Mr Crookes' experiments are made in a vacuum. He twists a fibre of glass and fixes it in his tube. With another fibre and pieces of pith he makes an almost inconceivably light balance, which is attached to the twisted fibre with liberty to move. If a beam of light be made to fall on one end of the balance, it is pressed downwards as by a weight, and the amount can be calculated. But as light has no weight, it is the force of the light which sends the balance down. Therefore, it will be understood that weighing a sunbeam is not the same thing as weighing substances which

have weight. During the course of the experiments in December last, it was calculated on a cloudy day, that the pressure of sunlight on the earth amounted to a little more than two tons per square mile. The question as to whether this pressure, or force, can be turned to practical uses has often been raised. A Frenchman thinks he has solved the problem by shewing that sunshine can be made to heat water in a boiler and get up steam.

Taken by itself, Mr Crookes' torsion-balance is a remarkable instrument, for it is the most delicate balance ever yet constructed. The scale can be turned by a weight not more than a millionth of a grain. This would seem to be the utmost limit to which weighing could be carried or required. Considering that the experiments were made in a vacuum, it may be queried—How was the weight placed on the scale? The answer is that the weight was already in the tube; that it was lifted by a magnet on the outside of the glass, and when exactly over the scale was allowed to drop.

Certain solutions, as is well known, when submitted to experiment, rotate polarised light. Quinine is one of them, and from its peculiar properties, has often been put to the test in the chemical laboratory. In the course of a recent investigation, Professor Draper of New York found that by adding a small quantity of sulphuric acid to the solution, the rotating power was increased from one hundred and fifty-four to two hundred and fifty-five. Thinking over this augmentation of power, he was led to ask the question: 'Is it not possible, nay, even probable, that the physiological action of quinine may undergo a similar or perhaps greater increase? In past times, it was the custom to administer the drug in the form of a sulphuric acid solution, and the results were certain and prompt even with minute doses. In recent times, on the contrary, the fancy of patients demands that quinine should be given in pill or some allied form; and though greatly increased doses are used, the practitioner finds it less certain in its effect. The cause of the difference is doubtless the change in molecular arrangement that produces the marked difference in the action of the alkaloid and sulphate solutions on polarised light; and since the action of the sulphate solution is so much greater than that of the alkaloid solution, it is evidently the proper form for the administration of quinine as a medicine.'

In some of the hospitals in America, dilute solution of carbolic acid has been successfully used as a remedy for acute rheumatism. An ounce of the acid is mixed in a pailful of warm water; blankets are then dipped into the pail, and, after being slightly wrung, are wrapped round the patient. It is said that a feeling of relief is soon experienced.

In a recent railway collision, between Philadelphia and New York, great damage was done to the trucks and carriages of the two trains; but the passengers in two Pullman drawing-room cars escaped unhurt. An American writer describes the amount of resistance in the framing of those cars as something enormous. The sills or floors are made of the best 'Southern pine,' the 'crushing stress of which cannot be less than six thousand pounds per square inch,' or nearly one million and a half of pounds for the whole floor. The floors

project at the ends, and thus the shock of collision is dissipated before it reaches the body of the car; and as there are no doors along the sides, the Pullman cars are much stronger than English railway carriages. The writer above quoted remarks: 'We say confidently that we do not believe it is possible to build cars with compartments and side-doors that can in any way approach the strength of the long American car with end-doors. The whole floor and side as far as the window-sills is a unit, and the amount of resistance which is offered is something extraordinary when compared with the coaches used on foreign railroads.' When the collision occurred, the train with the Pullman cars was travelling forty miles an hour.—'Facing points' on railways and tramways are an occasion of danger. These facing points are the wedge-like bars of the switches, used where carriages are shunted. At Middlesborough, the constructors of the tramway, instead of placing the points exactly opposite each other, as is usual, have placed one a few inches forward. The wheels, therefore, pass over one at a time, and thus avoid the risk of meeting two at once.

Mr Alexander Buchan's paper, reprinted from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 'On the Diurnal Oscillations of the Barometer,' is worth reading by observers who take interest in questions of weather and climate. This rise and fall of the barometer of course indicates a rise and fall of the atmosphere—an aerial tide—and its presence has been remarked wherever observations have been made. It is greatest between the tropics, and diminishes towards the poles. At Bombay, for example, the oscillation is at its lowest at 4 A.M.; then it rises, and is at its highest at 10 A.M., from which it descends to the lowest level by 4 P.M., and so up and down every six hours. This tide, prevailing all round the globe, must play an important part in the economy of nature. What that part is, might be found out if we knew more about the diurnal oscillations; but to obtain this knowledge, systematic and long-continued observations in all parts of the world would have to be made. Other natural phenomena, as Mr Buchan remarks, would have to be taken into account: 'the effects of solar and terrestrial radiation, of currents of air, and possibly also of electro-magnetic conditions, as modified in each locality by the relative distribution of land and water. The development of this question,' he continues, 'would be most materially furthered by establishing in different parts of the globe strings of stations extending from the sea-shore inland for thirty or forty miles; and it may be added, that with observations obtained from stations so planted, the investigation of the important question of seaside and other local climates would be most satisfactorily carried out, since it would thereby be placed on a strictly scientific basis.' Could not the Treasury Committee who are now inquiring into the working of the Meteorological Office take this matter into consideration?

The claims of physical and mechanical science have proved so strong this month, that we have but small space left for other topics deserving of notice; for example, the loan collection of scientific instruments which is to be a public exhibition at South Kensington. It will include some of the contrivances by which great discoveries have been

made, but will have little attraction for ordinary sight-seers.—Then there is a grand scheme for establishing a large number of scholarships, forty pounds each, in connection with the National Training School for Music. This school is to be opened after Easter; and under certain conditions, young persons of musical abilities will be there trained in music free of cost. A case has recently occurred in Northumberland, where a boy nine years of age shewed himself to be the best among a hundred musical competitors.—Schemes for improved dwellings for working people are also much talked about: the Royal Institute of British Architects, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Corporation of the City, have all held discussions thereupon.—Then we hear of a new gun-metal which surpasses all other gun-metal in strength, and breaks only when the strain exceeds thirty tons to the inch. And guns grow bigger and bigger, and we are told that soon we shall have five-ton cannon-balls, and cannon able to fire them. —And lastly, the slag of blast-furnaces is now made into a kind of cotton, which is incombustible, and is an excellent packing for steam-boilers and heating-apparatus, when the heat is to be kept in.

In reply to a question in the 'Month' for January, in this *Journal*, regarding the edibility of rats, we have been favoured by a clergyman in the west of England, with the following:

'In the year 1834-5, I was on board ship at Port-Louis in the Mauritius, when it was found necessary to smoke the hold out, to get rid of the rats that infested the ship. Three hundred and ninety rats were found suffocated round the fires. A French third-mate who was on board proposed to cook, and actually did cook, some of the finest of them. These I tasted, and indeed ate of them. *Chiefly* the hind-legs were eaten. They were exceedingly white, delicate, and tender, and as far as I remember put me in mind of chicken, with a slight flavour of game about it. They had been well nourished, and were plump and in good condition. I would not object to eat them perfectly prepared, and should regard such food as a great boon after salt-junk and pickled pork of six years' storing. If I am not mistaken, the Frenchman fried them, after carefully cleaning. I think it possible that the sulphur which had been used for smoking the ship may have helped to give a slightly modified flavour to them; but it was not sufficient to be at all disagreeable.'

Another correspondent kindly writes as follows: 'Some forty years ago, my late husband had a pie made of rats, and I think five or six gentlemen dined with him and enjoyed it very much. The rats were caught in a barn where the wheat was just thrashed, so that they were very nice and tender from their feeding.'

LINES BY A LADY TO HER SONS.

I.

I COULD not sleep all through last night,
But sighed, and turned, and wished for light.
Then Memory opened secret cells,
And water sprang from hidden wells;
Then little feet danced up the stair,
And childish voices filled the air.
Now William calls his brother Frank,
While Robert plays some joyous prank;
With auburn curls, and look serene,
See Charley calmly views the scene.

There Walter stands, a thoughtful child,
And handsome Tommy, bright and wild.
One tiny maid, with starry eyes,
Amongst them plays, and laughs or cries.
Yes all once more I plainly see,
With little Edward on my knee;
Again my fair young sons are seven—
Alive on earth, the gift of heaven.

II.

We're in that quaint old house once more;
The orchard spreads its fragrant store.
The lofty elms whilst some ascend,
Their little gardens others tend;
To me they bring, half ripe, a treat,
No fruit has since seemed half so sweet.
The tutor rings; the boys all hide,
With anger feigned, I hear him chide;
A merry laugh betrays them all,
Who gravely answer now his call.
Oh, happy boys! oh, lovely spot!
Who might not envy now your lot?
But clouds hang o'er the dear old place,
And sorrow shadows each young face;
For Death has torn, in one sad year,
From that bright band two brothers dear.
But still, dear sons, I call you seven,
With five on earth, and two in heaven.

III.

Ah, me! to-night I cannot sleep,
Since Memory bids me wake and weep.
And, hark! I hear delightful notes;
Around my bed soft music floats;
How well I know 'tis Walter's hand!
Musician rare, at thy command
Delightful music filled the hour;
Entranced, we feel its deepest power.
Again I mark him fade away,
The soul so lighting that thin clay,
That ere he left us, all could trace
An angel's spirit in that face
And dark bright eyes, whose softened rays
Looked forward, with an earnest gaze,
As though he saw those mansions blest,
Where soon he found eternal rest.
But, still, dear sons, I called you seven,
With four on earth, and three in heaven.

IV.

I do not care for sleep to-night,
So come ye visions, dark or bright.
See there is Frank, and by his side,
At marriage feast, a fair young bride.
Now Robert speaks with youthful grace,
While laughter echoes round the place.
With grief repressed, I see once more,
Our Charles leave his native shore,
Beloved of all, we knew too well,
For years in Eastern climes to dwell.
Ah! maiden dear, those starry eyes
Another home than mine will prize!
Young Edward, too, though still with me,
Has dreams of lands beyond the sea,
But still I'm not of joy bereft,
Their loving father's with me left,
And hopes our girl and brothers seven,
Will at the last all meet in heaven.

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STORY OF THE HERSCHELS.

WHEN, in the summer of 1714, George I. left his Electorate of Hanover to ascend the throne of England, he did not, as is well known, sever connection with his continental dominion. He, and his son after him, George II., frequently took a trip to Hanover, where a certain royal state was maintained. If the Elector was not there in person, he was at least represented by his picture, to which, on particular occasions, the courtiers ceremoniously bowed an expression of loyalty. There likewise continued to be kept up a body of Guards in handsome uniforms, possessing a band which played daily in front of the schloss or palace, just as if the Elector had been enjoying the music inside. It was altogether a splendid sham, and so it continued until our own times, when new regal arrangements were effected by the severance of connection with the crown of Great Britain.

To have a place in that well-appointed band of the Guards at Hanover, considerable proficiency in playing some special instrument was required. No ordinary player even on a drum would be accepted. In 1731, there happened to be a vacancy in the situation of hautboy-player. Several applied for this enviable position, among others Isaac Herschel, a young man twenty-four years of age, who had played in bands at Potsdam and Berlin, and with such success, that he was selected for the appointment. Isaac was the youngest son of a gardener at Dresden, and his father wished him to follow his own profession; but with a passionate love of music, he determined to be a hautboy-player; and so here he settled down as a member of the band, and almost immediately married; the young woman he chose for wife being a steady, intelligent person, with a good knowledge of housekeeping. It proved a good match. The pair had ten children, four of whom died in childhood. The remaining six, four sons and two daughters, did not all shew the same aptitude in their education. The genius of the father for music, scientific tastes, and readiness in mastering languages, was inherited by one of the sons, William, born in

1738; while, along with a similar genius, one of the daughters, Caroline Lucretia, born in 1750, partook of her mother's habits of industry and tact in management. It was a clever family generally, but two only, William and Caroline, rose to distinction by their splendid talents, and on these two we purpose to concentrate attention.

Rising to the position of band-master, Isaac, the father, was somewhat improved in circumstances, and all was going on pleasantly, when the war broke out which led to the battle of Dettingen, 1743, at which George II. was present with his Hanoverian Guards. The band, of course, also took part in the affray, which was happily crowned with victory; but the troops remained all night on the field, soaked with rain, and the unfortunate band-master lay in a wet furrow, from which he rose with an impaired constitution, which afflicted him to the end of his life, and threw a gloom over the family prospects. It might be a very fine victory that battle of Dettingen, but it proved a bad business for the Herschels. Fortunately, as the father declined in health, the boys were growing up, and good for something as regards ways and means. Music was their forte. One of them got a job as an organist to a chapel. Caroline learned to play on the violin. William was placed in the band, in which position he was ordered to England in 1755. He was absent for a year. The expedition had been in several ways advantageous. He saw the world, and learned to speak and read English with fluency. His tastes had taken their bent from his father's scientific disquisitions. The old man, though afflicted with asthma and rheumatism, often gathered his children about him, and explained the starry and planetary system. William and Caroline took deep interest in these lessons on astronomy. By the time Caroline was ten years old, she could tell the constellations, and knew how to scrutinise the heavens with a telescope. No instructions of this kind, however, diverted her from daily domestic duties. She knitted stockings for the family, made clothes for a little brother, assisted in cookery, and at every spare moment copied music for her father. She

had been taught to write, which few women were at that time, and, as an act of kindness, she wrote the letters of wives to their husbands at a distance with the army.

Meanwhile, William gave up his situation in the band, and retired into civil life. Soldiering was too severe a strain on his constitution. He also quitted Germany, and took up his residence in England, which he resolved should be henceforth his home, for it afforded scope for the exercise of his talents as a teacher of music. He settled first at Leeds, from which he went to Halifax as organist, and subsequently he removed to Bath. In 1764 he made a short visit to Hanover, and there he saw his father for the last time. The old man—yet not very old, only sixty-one years of age—died in 1767, leaving to his children the heritage of his good example and an unblemished reputation. The loss was severely felt by Caroline. Her prospects were blank. She had learned no fashionable accomplishments to qualify herself as a governess, and despondingly saw no suitable means of earning a livelihood. As an effort in this direction, she went to a ladies' school to learn 'fine work,' which did not come to much. Things had arrived at rather a bad pinch with the family, when one day came a letter from brother William, at Bath, proposing that Caroline should join him, as a singer for his winter concerts and oratorios. If, after a trial of two years, she did not like the place, she would be sent back. Here was an opening for this assiduous girl which could not be resisted. Independently of her attachment to her brother, she was anxious to follow some useful occupation. As for music generally, she had a fair knowledge. She could sing, but felt by no means able to take a part in concerto pieces. However, she would learn, and set about it immediately. When alone, she put a gag between her teeth and practised shakes with the voice, in which she became tolerably proficient. Before setting out for England, she knitted as many cotton stockings for her mother and little brother as would last them at least two years.

At length the day of departure arrived. It was on the 16th August 1772. And such a journey in comparison to what it would be in modern days! She travelled six days and nights in a post-wagon to Hellevoetsluis in Holland; then by packet in a stormy sea to Yarmouth. On reaching the coast, the vessel was wrecked, but Caroline with others saved themselves by crawling ashore, though with the discomfort of being drenched with sea-water. Misfortunes were not ended. She got a cart to take herself and trunk to meet a stage-coach for London. The horse ran off, and in its capers sent her and her trunk flying into a ditch. Fortunately, she suffered nothing worse than a fright. A gentleman with his servant rescued her, and saw her off in the stage. On the 26th she reached London; there she met her brother, and for the present her troubles were over. She got a good sleep, the first she had had for ten or eleven days,

and felt interested in the new scenes presented to her. As yet, she spoke English imperfectly, but with her acuteness this was a defect soon got over. Speedily her conversation could scarcely be distinguished from that of an Englishwoman.

With her brother, Caroline now went to Bath. She was to keep his house, make herself useful at his concerts, and, in fact, do anything that cast up. There was no demur to the various duties. The force of her attachment to her brother was something extraordinary. In tastes, sentiments, and a vehement spirit of industry, they were like one being. Scarcely had there been such a remarkable instance of cordiality in feeling, and union in pursuits, as that exemplified in the history of William and Caroline Herschel. The thought of this brotherly and sisterly affection fills the heart with emotion. In relation to her brother, Caroline had not an atom of selfishness. She would cheerfully toil night and day for him, ever forwarding his aims, rejoicing in his advancement. That she felt to be alike a duty and a pleasure. We shall immediately see what she did.

William Herschel had at this time attained a good position as a teacher of music at Bath. He had secured a number of pupils among ladies of rank, and to eke out his means he acted as organist to the Octagon Chapel. He was likewise director of the public concerts. His activity in these musical avocations was extraordinary. One way and another, he realised a good income, and, like many in similar circumstances, he might have lived and enjoyed himself, with no ulterior object in life. Herschel was contented to carry on for the meantime as a musician, because it was his means of livelihood. But his mind was set on something else. The lessons in astronomy that had been given by his father, had implanted in his mind an earnest desire to excel in that science. He purchased and read books on astronomy, but in that there was nothing practical. Excellence in any scientific pursuit depends on personal and original investigation. Herschel determined on examining the heavens methodically for himself. Wanting a telescope, and unable to afford a reflector, he made one—a Newtonian of five feet focal length, and with this he commenced an exhaustive study of the firmament, taking the groups of stars in regular series. The discoveries he made were considerable, and induced him to make researches with a telescope of greater power. So he commenced the construction of a twenty-foot reflector, by which minute characteristics might be distinguishable among the stars, nebulae, and planets. A reflecting telescope consists of a long tube with a mirror at the inner end, on which the objects looked at may be reflected. This mirror is usually made of a metal composed of copper and tin, capable of taking on a brilliant polish. The surface is concave, and ground to a parabolic curve. At a certain distance in front of the mirror, known as its focal distance, an image is formed in the air of the object to which the telescope is directed, and

it is this image that the observer looks at by means of an eye-glass, which magnifies it on the principle of the microscope. The mirror is, of course, the diameter of the tube, which will be probably two feet for an instrument twenty feet in length. 'Think of a man who has been all day teaching music, devoting half the night to making a gigantic telescope, which hardly a room in the house could accommodate! To pursue his labours with any advantage, he required a knowledge of mathematics and the art of calculating by logarithms, but he was already instructed in these branches of learning. Caroline, who had in a lesser degree taught herself mathematics, fell readily into the project of making a telescope which would excel everything else of the kind.

Here, then, about 1774, were these two Herschels busied in telescope-making. Mechanics were employed to assist, and the house for a time was almost turned into a workshop. A foundry was established in the back-garden. The beating of hammers was heard in the garret. There were turning-lathes in the bedrooms. The rasping of files went on in all directions. Caroline took her part in the general hubbub. Returning from a concert, in which she had acquitted herself as a vocalist, she would rapidly change her dress, put on a pair of old gloves, and work like a heroine until far on in the morning. The heaviest and most critical part of the manufacture was casting and polishing the mirror. William undertook the polishing. So eager was he that he did not even spare time to take food. Caroline waited on him, and put victuals into his mouth. Sometimes to amuse him during these monotonous labours, she read to him chapters from *Don Quixote*, or the works of Sterne and Fielding. Nothing but an intense enthusiasm, without which no sort of eminence is to be attained, could have borne up the mental and physical strain of the brother and sister.

They were rewarded. The twenty-foot telescope was a success. In 1781, William discovered Uranus, at first called the Georgium Sidus, one of the remoter planets. Men of science began to speak of his astronomical feats, and gladly welcomed him to their circle. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and for the few days he could spare from professional duties was introduced into the best society of London. The time had come for devoting himself entirely to astronomical pursuits. On Whit-Sunday 1782, he and his sister played and sang in public for the last time, at a chapel in Bath. Caroline had various requests to sing in oratorios at Bristol and elsewhere, but they were declined. She would not leave her brother. We thus fix 1782 as the turning-point in the history of the Herschels. Music was laid aside. Henceforth it was to be all astronomy, and there was a revelling in ideas of what might be mutually discovered. Bath had served its day, and was given up. The neighbourhood of London, well out of the fog and smoke, was resolved on as a place of residence. In coming to this determination, perhaps Herschel was influ-

enced by attentions shewn to him by George III. The king professed to be interested in his discoveries, and had a fancy to see his telescope, and appointed him to be Astronomer Royal, at a salary of four hundred pounds a year. Never, as was said, did monarch purchase honour more cheaply.

At first, the Herschels set themselves down in an old tumble-down house at Datchet, where there was considerable space for fabricating telescopes. To Caroline was assigned the special duty of examining the heavens nightly with the small Newtonian telescope, called 'a sweeper,' made by her brother. Gazing for hours intently, she was to 'sweep for comets,' or whatever seemed new and remarkable. The duty of standing on a dewy grass-plot till it might be two in the morning, searching for comets, or those cloud-looking clusters of stars called nebulae, or anything else strange on the surface of the sky, was rather trying, and would scarcely fit a modern young lady. In her devotion to her brother, Miss Herschel did not murmur at the inconveniences of these explorations. She was bent on the glory of being a discoverer. To pursue her task to any good effect, she had made herself acquainted with the names and places of the already known stars, comets, and other phenomena. She could detect a new comet in the realms of space, as readily as you would discover a strange passenger in the street. Her brother having put up his twenty-foot telescope, was equally busy sweeping the heavens, and from the size and powers of the instrument, was able to penetrate deeper into space, so as to resolve some of the nebulae into their component stars. In this way, the two together largely increased the catalogue of nebulae, stars, comets, and satellites. For her own part, Caroline first and last discovered as many as eight comets, only two of which had previously been known. The operations were not conducted without danger from accidents, for the apparatus sustaining the larger telescope was far from secure. On one occasion, part of the mechanism gave way, by which Caroline sustained a severe injury in the leg. For six weeks, she was afraid of her poor limb, but by good surgical attendance she fortunately recovered.

During the day, Herschel was busy making telescopes of seven feet, ten feet, and so on, that had been bespoke; some of them being ordered by the king for use by the royal family. One was ordered by the king of Spain at the price of £3150. Two were ordered by the Prince of Canino at a cost of £2300. The making of these telescopes was remunerative work, not to be rejected, but it delayed the preparation of a telescope, with a mirror four feet in diameter, having a focal length of forty feet, on which great expectations were founded. At length, an instrument of these magnificent dimensions was begun at Slough, to which the Herschels removed in 1786. The construction of the forty-foot being beyond the pecuniary means of Herschel, he had two grants from government of two thousand pounds each, with an allowance of two hundred pounds a year for repairs. At the same time the sum of fifty pounds a year was settled on Caroline, as assistant to her brother. In the notes of her Recollections, she mentions that the first quarterly payment of £12, 10s. was the first money she could call her own, and feel at liberty to spend as she liked—a confession marking the simplicity of her character.

At this time Miss Herschel was thirty-six years of age. Though possessing good looks, talents of a high order, and a spirit of industry almost unparalleled, she does not seem to have attracted admirers with a view to matrimony. She, at all events, remained unmarried. If she anticipated that brother William would never take a wife, and that she would never be superseded as his housekeeper, she was mistaken. William married in 1786, about the period of removal to Slough. He made choice of a lady of singular amiability and gentleness of character. She was a widow with a jointure, by which he was able to pursue his scientific career, free from financial anxieties. With a pang of regret, but no reproachful feeling, Caroline relinquished her post at the head of domestic concerns, and meekly went to lodgings in the neighbourhood. Daily, she came to assist in the construction of the great telescope, or to make astronomical notes. She was also useful in relieving her brother from the host of visitors who were disposed to trouble him with questions respecting the satellites of Uranus, or some other of his recent discoveries.

Three years were occupied in the construction of the forty-foot telescope. It was completed in 1789. What a great day for the Herschels was that in which this magnificent instrument was pointed to the sky and ready for taking observations! On the first night after it was finished, Herschel discovered the sixth satellite of Saturn. The powers of this enormous telescope were astonishing. Its speculum or mirror was four feet in diameter, and it magnified about six thousand five hundred times. Though a wonderful product of genius, it has latterly been exceeded in dimensions. The larger of Lord Rosse's telescopes has a focal length of fifty-three feet, with a speculum six feet in diameter; its powers being rather more than double that of Herschel's large instrument. Considering the difficulties he had to contend with, it is surprising that Herschel was ever able to succeed in getting a forty-foot into working order. It was a trying task. For long after its completion there was a continual demand for repairs, and repolishing the speculum, which he executed with his own hands.

Years pass on. Caroline is still busied with her duties, and sometimes almost whole nights are spent on the roof of the observatory sweeping for stars and comets. Her brother had a son, John Frederick William, born to him in 1792, and this little nephew became a new object of interest and affection to Miss Herschel. In 1800, there begins to be a relaxation in her long and assiduous efforts. She took trips to Bath, to London, and to Windsor. She was in correspondence with the most learned men in Europe. Royal personages delighted in conversing with her, and having her at their table. In 1806, she says of a visit to Windsor: 'I dined at the Castle. The Queen and Princess Elizabeth honoured me with kind inquiries after the health of my brother. The Princesses Augusta and Mary also came to see me in Miss Beckdorff's room.' There were occasional illnesses from overwork and bad weather. On a winter evening, in going from her brother's house at Slough, she sprained her ankle, by attempting to walk through the snow in pattens. The effects of the accident were felt for three months afterwards. When William and his family went on a tour to Edinburgh and Glasgow,

Caroline—that ever-faithful being—took charge of the establishment.

Herschel was the marvel of the age. Honours were heaped upon him. One of the universities made him a Doctor of Laws. In 1816, he received the Royal Hanoverian order of Knighthood. As in many cases, the recognition of his extraordinary services in the cause of science was a little too late. His health was broken by the long years of tasking labour, bodily and mental. Yet, when at all able, he persevered in astronomical pursuits. He often complained of giddiness in the head, the truth being that his brain was suffering from exhaustion. He went from Slough to Bath, with a view to relaxation, but both in going and coming his weakness was such that he spent four days on the road. In these illnesses, Caroline remained at Slough to look after matters. She superintended workmen, received visits from princes and princesses, and people of lower degree. Was never a moment idle. The year 1821 opens with the continued declining health of Sir William Herschel, and deep anxieties are felt regarding him. The man was done. His originally strong frame was worn out. Lingered for a little time, he calmly breathed his last on the 22d August 1822. There was mourning in the scientific world. What he did for astronomy is well known. He prodigiously added to our knowledge of the solar system. He, as has been said, discovered Uranus and its six satellites, also two satellites of Saturn. Besides this, he detected the rotation of Saturn's ring, or rather rings, the period of rotation of Saturn itself, and that of Venus, the existence of the motions of the binary stars, and the first revelation of stellar systems besides our own. It might be said, he was the first to give the human mind any conception of the immensity of the universe.

The death of her brother rendered Caroline inconsolable. She had lived for him, toiled for him. The object of her earthly happiness had departed. Only for him had she come to England; and now that he had passed away, she would go home to her own country, endeared by recollections of her father and mother. It is true, that home had undergone some tribulation. The French had for a time been in possession of Hanover, and the old state of things had been considerably upset. Still, there were there some near relations to give her welcome. She was now seventy-two years of age, and needed rest. So, bidding good-bye to her nephew, and receiving from him a sum of money bequeathed by her brother, she went to Hanover to draw out the concluding years of her existence. Yet, it must be understood, Caroline Herschel did not bury herself in this retreat. In fine weather she walked out of doors, and enjoyed the society of old friends. She derived amusement from reading and knitting. The devotional exercises to which she had been accustomed from her youth upwards were not now in old age omitted. In her conversations she spoke modestly and sparingly of her astronomical discoveries, or the labours she had undergone. There were agreeable recollections of her brother, and of the many eminent individuals with whom she had associated in England. She kept up a correspondence with learned men on astronomical subjects; her letters to the very last revealing the breadth of her understanding and kindness of feeling. In 1828, the Royal Society conferred on her

their gold medal for completing the catalogue of nebulae and clusters of stars observed by her brother. She was afterwards chosen an honorary member of the Royal Society. This remarkable and most estimable woman drew out life to an extreme old age, dying in 1848, two years short of a hundred.

It is pleasant to know that she had much epistolary communication with her nephew on friendly and scientific topics. John Frederick Herschel was a worthy successor to his father. His ability as a scholar was marvellous. At Cambridge, he with ease became senior wrangler, and had a choice of fellowships. Emulating his father and his aunt, he addicted himself to astronomical science, in which he happily excelled. By his examination of the heavens with improved mechanical appliances, he largely added to the catalogue of stars and nebulae. Of double stars alone, he discovered as many as between three thousand and four thousand, for which the Royal Society voted him a gold medal. Much of his father's time, as we have seen, was consumed in struggling for a livelihood, and in toilsomely fabricating instruments wherewith to pursue his studies. Young Herschel was spared these tasking exertions. With his fine scholarly acquirements, he was qualified to shine in literature. He wrote essays in the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, distinguished by their philosophical acuteness and elegance of language. His *Treatises on Sound* and the *Theory of Light*, were followed by the *Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, one of the most charmingly written books on science in any language. Subsequently, he wrote a *Treatise on Astronomy*, in a similarly popular style. To carry on astronomical investigations in the southern hemisphere, he proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, and there set up an observatory, at which his labours, extending over four years, from 1834 to 1838, were invaluable to science. On his return to England, honours of various kinds were conferred on him. By Queen Victoria he was created a baronet. In 1850 he was appointed Master of the Mint, but this office he relinquished after a few years, on account of ill health. After a brilliant career of public usefulness, Sir John Herschel died in 1871, leaving a large family of sons and daughters.

Our limited space has enabled us to give but a brief account of the Herschels. We could have wished to present numerous interesting details, requisite to complete a picture of the family history. There has, however, been the less necessity for going into particulars, as we can refer to the admirable *Memoir and Correspondence of Caroline Herschel*, recently published, which we cordially recommend to perusal. The Herschels, as we think, offer a remarkable example of intellectual activity directed to enlightened purposes. Their love of science for its own sake, their entire absence of vulgar ambition or self-seeking, along with their untiring industry, are all something marvellous to read about. Looking to what they individually added to the sum of human knowledge, how insignificant does one feel in comparison! Conscious, as too many of us must be, of having wasted time, wasted means, wasted opportunities to exercise our best faculties, there is a saddening sense of humiliation in considering what, under depressing difficulties, was accomplished by William and Caroline

Herschel. On those who are just starting on the adventurous voyage of life, with its innumerable and specious allurements to idleness, may the illustrious example of the Herschels not be thrown away.

W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

THE first step of Mrs Dalton, upon reaching home, was to go direct to the library, where she had every reason to expect that her husband would be found. She had entertained but small hope of seeing him on board the yacht; yet, if he had left the house at all, she thought he would have kept his promise—or half-promise—to join the water-party. He was doubtless still engaged with his letters, or, more likely, still thinking his sad thoughts, under pretence of being engaged with them. Her surprise was, therefore, considerable at not finding him; and with her, under her sad circumstances, surprise was at once followed by vague alarm. Her heart beat, not only with haste, as she went rapidly to his own chamber, and then to the smoking-room—to find them both unoccupied. At the door of the latter she had even waited a few seconds, not so much to recover breath, as to expel from her face the apprehensions that she knew had gathered there.

'Why, John, where on earth?'—was the commencement of the half-laughing sentence she had formed, in the expectation of finding him in his favourite lounging-chair with his cigar. But the words faded on her tongue, as she stood pale and trembling in the untenanted room. From the window, she could see the very crag under which—had she but known it—he was lying, unconscious of her tender solicitude. Where on earth, indeed, was he? Or could he be said to be on earth at all?

'John, John!' The very echoes seemed to mock her, and reply 'Gone, gone!' in answer to her tremulous inquiry. She felt that she was growing 'nervous' and needlessly alarmed; and above all things, it was necessary to conceal such feelings. For what—would be the natural demand of all around her—was there to be alarmed about, in her husband's absence from the house? Mrs Campden had already expressed her opinion that he did not like water-parties, and therefore would not put in an appearance on the mere, and she would only recognise a tribute to her own sagacity and knowledge of John's character in the fact that, after concluding his correspondence, he had gone elsewhere. The girls themselves would entertain the same opinion, except that they would not blame him, for they were too fond of him not to be kind—though they were by no means blind—to his foibles.

'I wonder where papa is?' said Kate, meeting her mother in the corridor, on the way to her own room to take off her bonnet and things. 'Marks says he has had no luncheon, but left the house—at least his hat and stick were gone—almost as soon as we did. We must not tell Mrs Campden that.'

'He had a headache, perhaps, and meant to walk it off, and then to return to write his letters.'

'Perhaps so. By-the-bye, there is a letter just

come by the afternoon's post for him, marked *Immediate*!

'Yes,' said Jenny, who had followed her sister slowly up-stairs, but without assistance—it was one of her 'good days'—and I saw Mr Holt take it up and examine it with all the curiosity of a housemaid. I am sure he could not take a greater interest in his affairs if he were papa's partner, and I do hope it has not come to *that* yet.'

'Hush, Jenny, hush!' said Mrs Dalton, in what was for her a tone of severity: 'you may be sorry for such remarks as that when it is too late.'

'My dearest mamma, what *do* you mean?' cried Jenny, all tenderness and terror: her mother's looks alarmed her even more than her tone.

'Nothing, dear, nothing; which I am sure was what you meant. Only, just now, such little things have such an effect on me; and not finding your papa up-stairs, nor in his own room, I—it was very foolish of me—began to think that something must have gone wrong.'

'But, darling mamma,' said Kitty reprovingly, 'what is more likely than that he should have gone for a long walk? Indeed, we know he has, since he went out before luncheon. He told me the other day that he must take more exercise, when I was speaking of his want of appetite, which both Jenny and I have remarked of late.—Have we not, Jenny?'

'Yes, mamma,' said Jenny eagerly; 'and I don't mind telling you now, that I took upon myself to ask Dr Curzon to try and find out if there was anything the matter with him, and if I am not much mistaken, papa has gone to Sanbeck to-day in consequence; in which case, his absence is quite accounted for.'

At this moment there was a sharp ring at the front-door, and Jenny's countenance fell.

'Nay, my darling,' said her mother, mistaking the cause of her sudden despondency, and prompt to administer comfort in her turn; 'let us trust in God's mercy, and hope for the best. There is no reason why a ring at the bell should mean any ill news.'

'It is Dr Curzon,' said Jenny quietly; 'that is all.'

In compensation, as it almost seemed, for her ailment and general delicacy, this young invalid's senses were unusually acute. Her eyes had a wider range, her ears a keener perception, than those of her more robust fellow-creatures; every familiar step and voice, especially if they to whom they appertained were dear to her, had an individuality for her, and even their way of scraping their shoes or ringing the bell. She was right in this case, for in a few moments her maid came up to say that the doctor was awaiting her as usual in the library.

'I dare say you are surprised to see me so soon, my dear,' he began volubly; and if her mind had not been so far occupied, she would have detected in his address the manner of a set speech; 'but as I happened to be passing by the gate, I thought I would, for once, pay my respects to your mother. It is quite an unprofessional visit, I assure you; only Marks marched me in here, as usual, and I had not the strength of mind to resist him; his patronage and condescension always overpower me.'

'I don't care what was the reason that brings you here, doctor,' answered Jenny, 'but I never

was more glad to see you. Dear mamma, who, as I have told you, has been exceedingly nervous of late—quite unlike herself, I think—and all, no doubt, upon papa's account, is just now in the most unhappy and agitated state, just because he has left the house for a few hours, while we were in the yacht upon the lake. I endeavoured to quiet her by confessing that I had expressed some fears to you about papa's health, and that it was very likely you had persuaded him to visit you professionally at your own house. But now it seems that is not the case, I scarcely know what to say to comfort her. Of course it is very unreasonable in her to be alarmed about nothing in this way, but we girls scarcely know what to say.'

'That must be a very unusual circumstance,' said the doctor, but without the smile that usually accompanied his good-natured raillery. 'Well, of course your dear mother is unreasonable; that is only natural under the circumstances. Our object must be, of course, to find out some simple explanation of his absence till he turns up again. How long has he been away altogether, do you suppose?'

'Since half-past eleven, I should say, if not earlier. Can't you say that you have recommended him to take more exertion? I have heard you often rally him about his stopping indoors.'

'You are sure he has not returned home since the morning, and then gone out again?' inquired the doctor earnestly.

'So the servants say; and he is not in the house, for mamma has looked everywhere for him. How grave you look, doctor. You don't know anything, I trust, that goes in any way to corroborate dear mamma's apprehensions?'

'Pooh, nonsense, no. But it is no use attempting to convince her—or any of your sex, miss—by mere argument. When I bring your papa home with me, however, then I suppose she will believe that it is all right.'

'Oh, dear doctor, if you only *could*. Do you really know where he is?'—for the doctor had risen, with the obvious intention of setting out at once.

'Well, I can't say I know, Miss Jenny; but I think I can make a shrewd guess. You can keep a secret, my dear? I have often said I could back you against any girl in England for a secret—though *that* indeed is no very great proof of confidence.'

'If it is for mamma's sake or papa's, I would die rather than tell it,' said Jenny confidently; the doctor's manner had worked upon her impressionable nature more deeply than he had intended.

'Oh, it's not so serious as all that,' answered he gaily; 'but you know how your papa hates any fuss being made about him; and the fact is, he did make a sort of half-promise to come over into Sanbeck and consult me to-day professionally. And he has done this, no doubt; but somehow we have missed one another. Now, if I leave my pony here and go across the crags, I am sure to fall in with him. Perhaps, indeed, he is waiting at my house at this very moment.'

'Oh, thank you; that will be an excellent plan, doctor. But it will cut up your whole afternoon. Why should we not send messengers?'

'Because your father would not like it. It is essential that no one should know of his intention to consult me. If I don't put in an appearance

here before nightfall, or if your papa and I miss one another by any chance, and he returns without me, you will see that they send my pony home.'

'Yes, yes. But you really think that you will find papa?'

'I do, child, upon my honour.'

'Then give me a kiss, doctor. Do you know there was something—I don't know what—in your manner, that made me almost as nervous as mamma? But I am sure you would not deceive your poor Jenny.'

'I believe you have more confidence in your own sagacity than in my ingenuousness,' was the doctor's laughing reply. 'Now, let me out at the window here, and then I can sneak down to the boat-house, and row myself across without attracting observation.'

'Stop a moment, doctor. If you are really pretty sure to meet papa, a letter has come for him marked *Immediate*, and you had better take it: I will fetch it from the hall.'

'Very good, Miss Jenny,' and having placed the letter in his breast-pocket—and once again enjoined her as to sending home the pony the doctor let himself out by way of the window, and made his way through the shrubbery to the boat-house. It was not uncommon for him, when on foot, to come or return from Sanbeck by way of the river; and one of the boatmen who were about the place at once offered to 'put him across.' But the doctor replied that he himself intended to return; and seating himself in the safest-looking of the small craft for the configuration of his form was unsuitable for one of narrow dimensions—he ferried it across, with no inconsiderable skill. Arrived on the other side, he suffered the stream to carry him down below the usual landing-place, to a projection in the bank, behind which, and concealed from the observation of those opposite, he found a boat already moored.

'I thought so,' murmured he, with a sagacious nod, as he fastened his own wherry beside it; 'he has not returned. The foolish fellow was in greater haste to slip his cable than I had given him credit for.'

Then the doctor began to ascend the crags; not only with deliberation, as it was his wont to do, but pausing at every few feet, to look to left and right, as though in search of some particular object: at the summit he made a still longer pause, gazing earnestly about him in all directions. The scene was still extensive, though the shades of the autumn evening were coming on apace, yet he saw not what he sought, and his face, which had been hitherto serene, and even cheerful—the face of a man who is well satisfied with his own sagacity—began to lose its confidence. He was convinced that his examination of the ground behind him had been complete; the long range of crags were now open to his view on both sides, and in front lay the winding path up which Dalton must needs have come from Sanbeck on his way homeward. His eyes could even sweep the road in the valley almost to the very spot where his own house stood, and where he had bidden his guest adieu that morning.

'He cannot surely have gone on to the lake,' muttered the doctor, in a tone, however, that had more of apprehension in it than of assurance; 'or why should he have come to me?' The day was

warm, and his exertions had been considerable; but as he took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, you might have seen by the expression of his countenance that the action was caused by mental rather than physical causes; it was a signification of supreme anxiety and alarm. 'My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth,' he murmured; 'there should be a spring about here somewhere.' Having cast about him for its bearings, he walked quickly towards a high conical hill to southward, and at its foot, upon the side remote from that where he had been standing, found the spring—and a man's body stretched beside it. 'Ah!' exclaimed he, aloud, with a great sigh of relief: 'you were right, Tommy, after all.'

This was not in approval of the spectacle before him (though it by no means shocked him, as it would have shocked any one else), and far less of the action that had brought the prostrate man to such a pass, but merely in acknowledgment of his own foresightedness, and perhaps in reparation for having temporarily doubted it; for the doctor's baptismal name was Thomas. Then he knelt down beside the body of his friend—for it was no other than that of Dalton—and proceeded to make a close examination thereof. It lay huddled up, as though it had fallen, or rather sunk down from a sitting posture into a recumbent one, yet by no means stiffly, like a corpse. Close beside it, as though it had dropped from his lips, was a half-smoked cigar. The face was pale, but placid; one hand was hidden in the breast, and when the doctor drew it, unresisting, forth, it was seen to clasp a locket. It opened to the touch, and shewed a lock of hair within it brighter than the gold in which it was set. 'His wife's hair, no doubt, poor fellow,' mused the doctor, who, having completed his professional examination, apparently to his satisfaction, proceeded with great coolness to take stock of the 'personality'—including the contents of his friend's pockets.

'Her tresses will never look like that again, yet they shall not grow white before their time, if I can help it. What a mad fool was this, and yet what method in his madness. He washed his mouth out with this, did he?—here he pulled forth Dalton's sherry flask—and then smoked a cigar, to make all sure! Upon my life, he was a cool one.' In each of the breast-pockets was a phial done up in paper, which the doctor's own deft fingers had wrapt around it a few hours ago; both were still full, and with their corks plugged tightly in. The searcher shook his head, as he held one of them up to the waning light. 'What a fox he was,' soliloquised he; 'and yet not so wary as the trapper. This is thinner and lighter than when it left my surgery this afternoon; it has had water put to it; and much water. If it had been the liquor for which you took it, my unhappy friend, your haste to get out of the world would have defeated its own object. You would never have kept such a dose as that upon your stomach. It is well that I am not one to put things off till to-morrow, else, having awakened from this stupor, and finding yourself left alone upon the desolate fells here, there is no knowing what rash act you might not have committed, from which no science could have saved you. Even now, there is much to be done, I fear, before this maggot is got out of your head. If I had but one morsel of good news for you, however small, it would be like bread to a

starving man. I wonder what this letter contains which I have been charged to give you, and that looks so important with its *Immediate* scrawled across it. Its good or ill tidings may turn the scale of life or death. When one has rifled a dead man's pockets, to open his letters should be easy. Yet it's a scurvy thing to do.' The doctor sat irresolute, with the letter held doubtfully in his hand, as though he was weighing it for the post. 'It is curious,' soliloquised he, 'how scrupulous one is about doing a little harm that good may come of it, which I suppose old Jefferson would set down to our Protestant bringing-up. One may say or do anything, it has been laid down by a high authority, only short of that of the church, to save the reputation of a woman, and yet I am in doubt as to doing this, though its object be to save life—the precious life, which it is my mission and calling to preserve. And not only this man's life, but that of his wife also; for if he dies, *she* dies; if not to-day, yet a few months hence, when her hour of trial shall have come; and then those sweet girls will be orphaned.

'Unhappy wretch!' cried he, addressing himself to his unconscious companion, 'by what strained and violent arguments did you persuade yourself to leave her thus? Compelled by what despair? Yours must have been a woful case indeed.' As if touched by the thought of so much misery, the doctor bent down over the shut face of the prostrate man, and regarded it with tender solicitude. 'I will do it,' murmured he, 'for his wife's sake.' Then once more he examined the letter. 'It is no woman's writing,' he mused; 'there will be no secret of that sort to carry with me to my grave, making one distrustful of man's virtue even though he be placed in heaven itself. It is a clerical hand, though marred with haste. Some news of scrip and share, no doubt: something has gone up to zenith, or more likely, to judge by my own experience, down to zero. Well, here goes.' He drew out his penknife, and prised open the envelope with professional neatness, muttering something at the same time about 'healing by the first intention.'

'There! Sir James Graham himself could not have managed it more cleverly.' The envelope contained a half-sheet of folded paper, on which was written but this single line—

'Stick to the Larv. Verbum Sap.'

MEAT AND DRINK.

In the article of diet, nature prescribes nothing dainty or pampering. One may live well on very simple kinds of animal and vegetable food. To the young, high seasoning and all sorts of stimulants are in one way or other damaging to the constitution. Unfortunately, what with jaded appetites, the follies of fashion, and the selfishness of dealers, as well as neglect of the laws of health, there is a very general consumption of what is deleterious and objectionable.

It is scarcely too much to say that in the present high-pressure system, one can scarcely in town or country get so much as a drink of pure water. That most blessed element, the gift of Heaven, is one way and another basely polluted. On all hands, rivers are so contaminated with sewage, or the foul drainage of manufactories, that fish

cannot live in them. Happy is the man who lives near a pure spring, and is not compelled to swallow a solution of matters the most fetid and deleterious. In these days, alarming doubts are entertained of the ancient village pump. The water brought up is, alike from smell and a certain peculiar sparkle, shrewdly guessed to partake of too close an alliance with adjoining drains and gutters. You hear of people dying from the effects of bad water and bad milk—one thing said of the milk being that the cans that brought it to your door had been washed in water loaded with impurities. We do not even feel safe in putting milk in our tea. The world is in a sort of conspiracy to poison us and send us to our long-home. Happy nineteenth century, with its prodigious scientific improvements! Water tainted, milk tainted, what is to be done? There is some comfort in knowing that the stories told of beer being doctored with *Cocculus Indicus* have been lately, on investigation, proved to be fabulous. Beer of the more simple kind, brewed from malt and hops, for the present escapes suspicion.

Talking of tea, of which in a moderate way we have always been fond, very shocking scandals have latterly been circulated. It has been absolutely asserted that in many cases tea is not tea, but something furnished up to look and taste like tea; the prices charged for it being little better than picking the pocket. To make sure, as you imagine, against imposture, you go the length of buying a chest. There it stands, a very honest-looking chest, studded over with Chinese characters, and you are almost certain that it has not been tampered with. Quite true. The chest is just as it came from China. But there are wheels within wheels. This honest-looking chest is a sham. It was packed with rubbish in China; for the Chinese are as dexterous in cheating and the art of turning the penny as anybody on the face of the earth. To their adulterated compounds they candidly give the name of *Lie* tea. We learn on good authority that this article, which is in all respects a lie, is an ingenious composition of the dust of tea-leaves, foreign leaves, sand, quartz, and magnetic oxide of iron! all skillfully united by a solution of starch into little masses of various forms and sizes, in imitation of different kinds of tea. Here we are called on to use the new verb 'to face.' To make rubbish look like tea of some particular kind, it is faced, or disguised in some kind of appropriate coating. Those teas, for example, which are meant to imitate Caper or Shulan are coated with plumbago or black-lead; and if gunpowder, with Prussian blue, turmeric, china-clay, and other white mineral powders! So clever are the Chinese in manufacturing this *lie* tea, that it requires skill and practice to detect it. These iniquitous adulterations are chiefly, if not altogether, found in low-priced and much broken tea, or in the lower qualities of black and green gunpowder. What was thought to be adulteration by iron filings is found to be the magnetic oxide of iron derived from the soil, which finds its way into the tea from the dust on the leaves. The amusing reason the Chinese give for dyeing their tea is: 'That as foreigners seem to prefer having a mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum with their tea, to make it look uniform and pretty—these being the articles used for that purpose—and as these ingredients

are very cheap, they have no objection to supply them, especially as such teas always fetch a higher price! They, however, take good care never to dye or face any tea they drink themselves.

Sugar is a subject that cannot be overlooked, since Dr Hassall, in his recent work on *Food and its Adulterations*, gives it as his opinion 'that the impurities of raw sugar prevail to such an extent, and are of such a nature—consisting of animalcules, spores of fungus, grit, woody-fibre, &c.—that he is forced reluctantly to the conclusion, that the brown sugars of commerce are in general in a state unfit for human consumption.' The animalcules referred to produce 'grocers' itch' among those who are much engaged in 'handling' sugars, and are of the same genus as the itch insect, only more formidable in their organisation. No less than one hundred thousand of these minute creatures are to be found in one pound of raw sugar! In sugar confectionery, the chief danger lies in the colouring substances and flavouring essences with which they are made up. The flavouring essences used in pine-apple and jargonelle-pear drops are prepared by distilling a mixture of certain acids and alcohols having the odour of the pear and pine with the oil of vitriol! 'A very fruity and fragrant essence may be produced from rotten cheese by treatment with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash!' A caution to mothers and those who have the charge of little ones ought this to be, surely. No wonder that doctors inveigh against the habit of giving children lollipops indiscriminately.

In stale bread, certain fungi are developed, of which an interesting account is given with illustrations as they appear when seen through the microscope, where they resemble young plants of various forms and sizes. There is a poisonous grass called *darnel*, the seeds of which get mixed with wheat-flour sometimes, and produce all kinds of maladies. In a prison at Cologne, sixty persons suffered from the use of a bread-meal containing a drachm and a half of darnel in six ounces of meal. Flour is very much adulterated with an article called *cones* flour, composed of wheat, rice, and bean flour, and extensively used by the bakers. The public are warned not to judge of the quality of bread by its whiteness, as the whitest breads are the most adulterated, chiefly with alum, the use of which in bread is injurious, and occasions acidity and dyspepsia. But the delinquents in this case are not so much the bakers as the millers, who introduce the alum into the flour, most of the respectable bakers having discontinued the use of alum in their bread. One very serious matter regarding the bread offered to the public is its general deficiency of weight. A loaf ought to weigh three pounds, but thirty-one and a half loaves obtained from thirteen different bakers were in the gross eighty-six ounces short of the proper weight. Scarcely a single loaf was full measure. It is, however, but fair to explain, that in England the poor people have their bread weighed in the scales at the time of purchasing; and it is no uncommon thing to see the extra bit which goes to make up the full measure telling its own tale.

A great quantity of London milk is supplied by cows that are kept in various confined and unhealthy places in the metropolis. As such cows are seldom turned out to grass, and are fed on artificial and unnatural food, such as brewers' grains

and distillers' wash, they are stimulated unnaturally into producing large quantities of inferior milk, and even become worn out and diseased in consequence. Gastric irritations are often produced by drinking what is called 'blue milk,' as this blue colour is derived from nothing less than fungus. It is a mistaken notion to suppose that the creamometer is an infallible test of milk, as some genuine milks are deficient in butter, while possessing a full proportion of cheese and sugar; tested by the creamometer, such milks would naturally fall short of the average percentage of cream. Milk adulterated with sheep's brains needs the test of the microscope, when the nerve globules of the brains are easily distinguishable, being altogether larger and longer than the milk globules.

Those who use salt butter on economical grounds may be surprised to learn that in the long-run it is dearer than fresh butter, owing to its being so adulterated with water and salt. But why talk of fresh butter. In London, as far as we have ever seen, there is no such thing as really sweet or fresh butter. All the butter, even of the best sorts, is slightly salted, for the purpose possibly of making it keep, or of disguising it in some way or other. The truth, however, is that a vast quantity of the article exhibited in shops as butter is not butter at all—has not a particle of true butter in it, but is what is popularly known as butterine, being a composition of certain animal fats, which is palmed off on the customer. And so ingeniously is the article prepared, that it is a difficult matter to detect the imposture. Cheese is comparatively free from adulteration; but it has its own evils to contend against, in the form of fungi, animalcules, and insects, the flavour of which unwholesome ingredients is, to many, not distasteful. Cheese-mites are very tenacious of life, and a story is told of 'one which lived for eleven weeks gunned on its back to the point of a needle, without food!' The spread of decay in cheese can be prevented by exposure to strong heat, or by plunging the cheese into some liquid, which will destroy the larvæ, without communicating any disagreeable flavour.

The highly coloured green bottled fruits and tinned vegetables are nearly all contaminated with copper to a greater or lesser extent: it is purposely introduced, not as necessary to the preservation of the fruit and vegetables, but to retain the bright-green colour considered so essential to the look of the articles. The English purveyor, like the Chinese, finds that the best-looking things, coloured at the expense of a little poison, demand the readiest attention and the quickest sale! A notable example is given of this perversity of choice in the case of the red sauces, such as anchovy sauce, all of which are coloured with *bole armenian*, a ferruginous earth containing a large quantity of the red oxide of iron; or an article made in imitation of it, consisting of Venetian red and chalk. These substances are not added to enhance the colour only of the sauces, but very often to cover other adulterations and unclean matter; as in the case of anchovy sauce, which is most unsightly until the *bole* is added, owing to the quantity of dirt and refuse matter contained in the fish from which it is prepared. Messrs Cross and Blackwell found that the impurities were incredible, and that their withdrawal added greatly to

the improvement of the flavour; but notwithstanding their willingness to offer a clean article to the public, they found that the highly coloured red sauces were still preferred to the pure and uncoloured, *on account of their redness*.

The public—especially the poorer classes—are cautioned against buying jams labelled 'Family Preserve,' 'Royal Jam,' 'Fruit Preserve,' or 'Household Jam,' which are made up chiefly of rotten, muggoty, and unsaleable figs, together with bad plums and the sweepings of warehouses. Green-gage jam is frequently coloured with copper, and marmalade is often adulterated with apples and turnips. Copper enters largely into much of our most tempting preserves, owing to the copper vessels in which they are prepared. Even the sparkling boubons that look so inviting in the shop-windows at Christmas-time are all more or less impregnated with it, and it finds its way into our Christmas pudding in the citron-peel. House-keepers are therefore warned to be cautious in their use of copper saucepans for preserving—preference being given to the metallic lined; but where copper is used, the utmost care is needed in keeping it as bright and clean as possible; and the jam should not be allowed to remain in contact with the vessel a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. In Scotland, preserve-pans are almost invariably made of brass.

Coffee and cocoa enter so largely into the consumption of daily life, that the purer we can drink them the better. The strength and nourishing properties of coffee are considerably deteriorated by adulteration with chicory, and as one is the seed, the other the root of different plants, they bear not the least analogy to each other. The introduction of chicory without notification, into coffee, is a glaring adulteration, that ought to be protested against. A ready mode of detecting its presence in coffee is, if the ground coffee cakes in the paper in which it is folded, or when pressed between the fingers. Cocoa is adulterated with an alarming catalogue of substances; and in the bulk of manufactured cocoa supplied to the British public, Dr Hassall tells us that there is less than one-fourth of the cocoa-bean, the remaining three-fourths being supplied by starch and sugar, which render the compound thick, heavy, and indigestible. Unless boiled, starch is indigestible; and when it is mixed with cocoa in large quantities, and made according to the usual directions, which are simply to pour boiling-water on the cocoa, the starch globules, which need boiling, remain undissolved. When the colour of cocoa has been reduced by adulteration with large quantities of starch and sugar, Venetian red and other ferruginous earths are sometimes employed to restore the colour; and as these are contaminated with arsenic, the public are cautioned against the so-called 'pure' cocoas so freely offered, and largely consumed; but it may be presumed that the public have grown to regard these adulterations with a leniency akin to that of the old lady who observed, when cautioned against drinking green tea: 'It takes a long while to kill!'

Many people like pork. As we are not Jews, we do not say anything against an indulgence in this article of diet. Only be sure you get the right thing. Pigs are foul feeders. We remember of long ago living near a place where dead horses were boiled down for pig-meat. And no doubt

it was this carnivorous appetite that put swine beyond the category of a wholesome Hebrew diet. Yet pigs may be maligned. They are carnivorous when they cannot get food of a more simple kind, but they are not naturally dirty in their habits. Leave them alone to clean themselves by wallowing in the mire, and give them clean straw for bedding, and you will find that they really are not the foul creatures generally supposed. What ruins their character is the greed of their proprietors, in stuffing them with wretched food, and keeping them dirty. From these circumstances arises pollution of flesh. The pork is diseased, and diseased in the worst form, by the presence of parasitic animals, known as trichinae. These trichinae, or worm-like creatures, are a sore torment to the living pig; and when he is killed, and becomes pork, the parasites that preyed on his vitals may, when eaten, play considerable havoc in the human system. The safeguard consists in never eating imperfectly cooked pork. Cooking, and especially smoking, renders pork innocuous, the increased temperature destroying the trichinae entirely. Poisoning may occur from eating decomposed sausages or pork-pies, as the flesh of the pig, though not diseased, often produces choleraic symptoms, created by a poisonous fungus generated by decomposition.

Enough having been said of pork, we come to fish, which, strange to say, in a putrid condition, may be eaten with impunity; but the flesh of over-driven and tortured cattle often contains a poison which produces eruption of the skin in those who handle it, and considerable injury to those who eat it. Animals which have had inflammatory diseases, such as pneumonia, and have been killed, are commonly eaten without ill effects, provided the inflammation has not progressed to a serious stage. Carbuncles are produced very frequently by eating the flesh of animals which die of pleuro-pneumonia, as the virus is not destroyed by boiling or roasting; and it is a remarkable circumstance noticed by Dr Lethely, that, ever since the importation of this disease from Holland in 1842, the annual number of deaths from carbuncles, phlegmon, and boils has been gradually increasing.

We could say a great deal more on the subject, drawn from the suggestions in the work of Dr Hassall, but enough has been said to induce a desire in our readers to study the book for themselves.

NUMBER 25 IN OUR SQUARE

Is a large brick house, with five windows to the front, and a long balcony, full of mignonette and geraniums throughout the summer. For a long time, nothing was known of its inhabitants beyond the information contained in the *Directory*, where they were registered as Miss Keith and Miss Indiana Keith. Indeed, for ten years, Our Square was kept in total ignorance of their history. By sight, we all knew them well, for frequently, if the weather was fair, they were to be seen walking in the Square garden, and were generally accompanied by a dark-complexioned but pretty little girl, and a Hindu, who, though dressed like an Englishwoman, was supposed to be an ayah. The little

Leila, who must have been about three or four years old when they first came to Number 25, never joined in the games of the other children in the Square, but used to walk with the ladies and the ayah, chattering away in a tongue which the wondering nurses supposed to be Hindustani, and which seemed much more familiar to her than English.

At church, the Misses Keith were most regular; and generally, on a Sunday morning, Leila accompanied them, with the ayah, who seemed to follow her like a shadow. In all parochial charity lists their names appeared, and the clergyman was inclined to ascribe many an anonymous donation to their liberality; and often, on a week-day afternoon, their carriage, instead of taking the direction of the Park, would convey them to the workhouse or hospital, where they were ever most welcome.

Of their personal appearance we have hitherto said nothing. Miss Keith, who might have been about thirty when she came to live in Our Square, was small and insignificant-looking; but her expression was mild and agreeable, and the tone of her voice pleasant. Miss Indiana, who must have been nearly ten years younger than her sister, was tall and slight, and her features were delicate and beautiful; but her whole air and manner was that of a person who has passed through a great sorrow; and the sallowness of her complexion rather marred her general effect. Her voice, more musical than her sister's, was mournful in its tone, expressive of a sort of quiet weariness, and very different from Anne's cheerful, rapid accents; and yet, dissimilar as they were, the closest affection united the two. And now, instead of letting our readers grope, as we did, in the dark, we will, without further preamble, admit them into the secret of Number 25, and tell them the story as it was told to us, nearly twenty years ago.

Anne and Indiana Keith were the only children of Sir William Keith, who occupied a high judicial appointment at Agra, and had spent the greater part of his life in India. Soon after the birth of Indiana, Lady Keith was ordered to return to England, for the sake of her health, and her two children went with her; and when, in a couple of years, she died, they remained there, with their grandmother, till her death deprived them of their home, and they went out to join their father in India. At that time Indiana was seventeen years of age, and her beauty struck and delighted all the English residents of the city. Her rich colouring was a positive feast to the eye, after the sallow cheeks of the Agra ladies, and only enhanced the lustre of her glorious dark eyes; so that in a very short time the whole garrison was at her feet, and all the civil servants were hopelessly in love. The elder sister was completely thrown in the shade, and she knew it; but she was quite free from any feeling of jealousy, and delighted in the universal admiration that Indiana inspired. Of course, among her worshippers there was one that the beauty preferred; and though the spirit of coquetry which possessed her rendered her sentiments doubtful for a time, she submitted at last to become the betrothed of Captain Henry Willoughby, of Her Majesty's 131st Regiment of Foot, a gallant officer and excellent man, who was a universal favourite, and especially approved of by Sir William. It is true his means were small,

but then the lady's fortune would amply suffice for both; and as there was no particular reason for delay, Indiana consented to the day being fixed for the marriage.

One morning, as she and her sister were occupied in looking over a number of trousseau dresses, just arrived from Calcutta, she was told that a person wished to speak with her; and two native women entered the room, the first thickly veiled, the other with her face uncovered, and carrying a baby of about a year old. To Indiana's rather hasty inquiry of what they wanted, the foremost answered by removing her veil, and displaying features, which though dark, were strikingly handsome; and then, approaching the white beauty, timidly asked, in broken English, if it was true that the Bebee was going to marry the Soubahdar Willoughby.

Indiana nodded assent, with a smile and a blush, and Meenah Bae continued: 'Does the English law allow men to have two wives?'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Indiana angrily, 'what does all this nonsense mean?' while her calmer sister answered: 'Englishmen can never take a second wife till the first is dead.'

'Then the Bebee mustn't marry the Soubahdar Sahib;' and she handed to the sisters a piece of paper, which Indiana took and opened, and perused with an angry frown, though, as she finished it, she laughed, and said: 'This is some stupid joke, meant to frighten me. Somebody has been making a fool of you, I fear.' Then turning to her sister: 'Look, Anne; a contract of marriage between Henry Willoughby, Captain in Her Majesty's 131st Foot, and Meenah Bae, daughter of Holkar's Dewan, with some unreadable name or other; dated two years ago, at Indore.—Do you mean to say, and she turned fiercely to the woman, 'that you consider yourself married to Captain Willoughby?'

Meenah Bae answered timidly in the affirmative. A thick cloud rested on Indiana's brow as she again examined the document.

'It is his signature,' she said, with choking voice. 'Here is a note I had from him yesterday; it is undoubtedly his writing, signed by a clergyman too, the Rev. W. Jones.'

'There is Henry coming!' exclaimed Anne, who was looking out of the window.

'We will have him in here,' said Indiana coldly, and gave orders to a servant.—'You, Meenah Bae, remain veiled till I bid you shew yourself.'

Captain Willoughby entered the room with a look of deep depression on his face, which at any other time would have roused Indiana's tenderest sympathy; but now, without observing it, she bowed in a manner that at once startled and confounded him, and before he could approach her, said: 'Captain Willoughby, you are come at a moment when your testimony is wanted. Have you ever seen that person before?'

At her signal, Meenah Bae raised her veil, and Willoughby started slightly, as he beheld the beautiful face, and answered rather vehemently, for he fancied that Indiana was jealous: 'Never that I can remember.'

'Would it be inconvenient to you to exert your memory a little?' demanded Indiana in the same cold, hard voice; while Meenah Bae, exclaiming, 'It is he! it is my husband!' threw herself at

his feet, embraced his knees, and kissed the hem of his garment in her rapture.

Poor Captain Willoughby, thoroughly bewildered by this ebullition of tenderness on the part of a perfect stranger, and by his betrothal's sudden change of manner, and also oppressed by the sad news that he had come to communicate, could not speak for a while, and his silence confirmed Indiana in her suspicions of his guilt. At length he replied: 'I cannot recollect having ever seen her before, and what she has to do with you and me, on my honour, I cannot conceive.'

'Your conscience should tell you,' said Indiana. 'So you persist in disavowing her!'

But Henry Willoughby's patience could last no longer, and without noticing the last question, he exclaimed: 'What all this means, Indiana, you best know; but I confess it appears to me a very dull jest, especially under the present circumstances. I have sorrow enough already without your adding to it. You, from whom I hoped for comfort!' he added with emotion. After a moment he recovered himself, and went on: 'My regiment is just ordered to march, at a moment's notice, against the Sikhs, and we start this evening.'

Indiana's cheek grew pale, but otherwise she gave no sign of emotion, as she handed him the paper, and said: 'It may appear a jest to you, but it certainly is none to me. Read that.'

Willoughby read it as desired, and then said: 'I never signed this paper. It is true I was at Indore about the time when this marriage is said to have taken place; but surely, Indiana, you cannot believe such a story about me.—O Anne! she cannot really believe it!'

Miss Keith shook her head sorrowfully, but did not speak; and Indiana, without looking at him, said: 'Meenah Bacc, can you swear to this man as your husband?' and the woman unhesitatingly answered 'Yes.'

On being further questioned by Anne, she related that her husband had been obliged to leave Indore a few days after the marriage, but that she had lived on there till the birth of her child, when her father, in ignorance of it all, and of her change of faith, was anxious to give her in marriage to one of her own nation; and to escape his importunity, she had fled to Agra, and whilst making inquiries respecting her husband, she had seen him on parade, and hearing that he was about to be married, had come forward to assert her own claims.

In answer to all this, Captain Willoughby could give nothing but an emphatic denial; but he owned that appearances were against him; and Sir William, whom Anne had summoned to the conference, looked disturbed, and said that it was just as well that Willoughby should have to leave Agra now, before the story got abroad. He would cause the affair to be thoroughly sifted, and the witnesses sought out whose names were appended to the document, and for the present, anyhow, the engagement had better be considered as at an end.

Captain Willoughby, whose pride was deeply wounded at his word being doubted, acquiesced, and approached Indiana to bid her farewell; but his offered hand was rejected; and haughtily bowing, she turned away; and when that evening the 131st left Agra, in high spirits at the prospect of an encounter with the Sikhs, perhaps the saddest heart among them was that of Henry Willoughby, whose only hope now was that he might fall in

battle, and that Indiana might then repent her injustice. But he was disappointed, and passed through all the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Soobraon, without a scratch; and though risking his life on every occasion in the most reckless and daring manner, and performing feats of the most heroic bravery, failed in finding the death that he desired.

After Willoughby left her father's house, Indiana still preserved the same stolid composure; her pride was deeply hurt at the indignity that had been offered her, and yet, with strange inconsistency, she insisted on Meenah Bacc's taking up her abode in the house, and shewed the greatest kindness towards her and her child.

Perplexed by her sister's conduct, Anne Keith knew not what to do, or how to rouse her from her unnatural calmness; but this was suddenly ended, for as the troops left Agra, they had to pass by Sir William's house, and at the sound of the drums and fifes, Indiana fainted away, and it was some hours before she recovered her senses. A long illness ensued, and left her so weak, that the doctors assured Sir William that his only chance of saving his child's life was to send her back to England; and as his own health was giving way, he decided on resigning his appointment, and returning with her.

He had not forgotten his promise to Willoughby, and every inquiry was made, but in vain. The Rev. Mr Jones had been dead for a year and more; the Dewan, though he had discovered that his daughter had married an Englishman, was either unable or unwilling to give further information; and the two native witnesses whose names were appended had left their country during some troubles, and could not be traced; and even Anne Keith's faith in Willoughby was beginning to give way, though she still clung to the belief that some fatal mistake had occurred.

Indiana's long illness had destroyed the freshness of her beauty, but she still possessed sufficient charms to attract numerous admirers, and one of the most pertinacious was a Mr Spurgeon, who had been long devoted to her, and who, on Willoughby's departure, and, it was reported, dismissal, again took the field, though with no more success than before.

Sir William had stayed too long in India, and after leading an invalid life for a year at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, he died, leaving a fortune to his two daughters, who thereupon established themselves in Our Square, and led the useful and secluded life that we have described. Meenah Bacc, who, though she had been baptised, was still known by her former name, and the little Leila, accompanied them; and the child was the object of the warmest affection of both sisters, and more especially of Indiana, whose resentment had long since been extinguished by Anne's kind and Christian counsels, and who now felt only pity for the unfortunate Willoughby, with an occasional feeling of pride when she saw his name mentioned with praise in the despatches, and of regret at the thought that such brilliant qualities should be united with so much baseness.

One day, ten years after the Misses Keiths' establishment in Our Square, Anne was confined to the house with a cold, and Indiana went alone to the hospital where they were accustomed to pay

weekly visits. In one of the wards she missed a familiar face, and in answer to her inquiries, was told that the poor sufferer had died only the day after her last visit. 'He talked a great deal about your kindness to him, ma'am,' said the nurse, 'and was very quiet and gentle to the last. But the patient who has his bed now is very troublesome. He was brought in nearly a week ago, having been run over by a cab, and was hurt so badly, that the surgeon doesn't think he'll get over it; and I am afraid, ma'am, that he isn't in a right frame of mind, for he used dreadfully bad language, when they brought him in, though lately he has been quieter.'

When Indiana had gone the round of the ward, with a few kind words to each patient, and the reading aloud of a psalm and a prayer to such as could bear it, she approached the bed of the man of whom the nurse had spoken, and though rather in dread of what he might say to her, sat down by him, and gently expressing her sympathy in his misfortune, asked if she should read to him. The man, whose eyes had followed her with interest, ever since she came in, assented with a readiness and civility that surprised the nurse; and as she read on in her sweet low voice, his groans and restless movements gradually ceased, and he gazed on her still beautiful face with an expression from which all ill-humour and suffering had vanished. When she finished one psalm, he begged for another; and when at last she prepared to go, he said: 'Did I not hear them call you Miss Keith?'

'My name is Keith,' she wonderingly replied.

'Can it be that you are the Indiana Keith whom I knew at Agra some ten years ago? You have her voice and her features; but you are somewhat changed, though not so much as I am.'

'Yes, I am Indiana Keith, and was living at Agra ten years ago; but who are you? I seem now to remember your face, but not your name.'

'Have you quite forgotten Fleetwood Spurgeon, who was one of the many you made fools of?'

He spoke with an accent of bitterness, and Indiana felt it, and coloured as she answered: 'I remember you now; but you are very much changed. How came you in this place?'

'When you left Agra, I didn't care what became of me, and soon got into trouble, and had to leave the place; and then I went to Calcutta, and so on to Australia, where, after some time, I got some gold. But I soon lost the greater part by gambling; and so, tired of knocking about the world, I came back to the old country, and a warm reception she has given me. The very day I landed, I met with this accident; and unless the pain in my side gets better, I don't suppose I shall ever go out from here.'

His reckless tone distressed Indiana, and she began to urge on him the necessity of seeing a clergyman, and preparing for his end; but he interrupted her by saying: 'A parson would do me little good; but there is one thing which I must confess before I die, and to you only, for it principally concerns yourself. You remember Willoughby of the 131st?' Indiana's blush answered, for she remained silent, and Spurgeon proceeded: 'You probably thought that the cause of your quarrel was known only to yourselves—I mean his previous marriage with Meenah Bace—but I knew it all, for it was a plot of my own devising. I was mad with jealousy at Wil-

loughby's success, and was meditating in what way I could injure him, when my evil genius threw in my way Meenah Bace, who had come to Agra in search of her husband, who was captain in the 131st Native Infantry, but, as I well knew, had been missing for a year or more, ever since some skirmish or other. His name, Henry Millingsby, so capable of transformation into Willoughby; the fact of the number of their regiments being the same; and a certain similarity between their persons—they were both tall and fair—and a delusion that the poor woman had got into her head, that Willoughby, whom she saw one day on parade, was really her husband, suggested to me the practicability of destroying his prospects; and under pretence of assisting her search, I procured from her her marriage contract, which I destroyed, and substituted in its stead a forged deed, imitating Willoughby's signature and those of the witnesses, who I ascertained were safe out of the way. Meenah Bace, who could not read English, and only knew her husband's Christian name, never discovered the forgery; and after making her promise that she would not betray me to Willoughby, who would, I told her, never forgive me for destroying his prospects of a rich marriage, I sent her to you, and my plot succeeded beyond my hopes. Your indignation, and the regiment's sudden removal, were most favourable to me; and though I was deeply wounded at being a second time rejected, it was some comfort to know that my hated rival had no better chance than myself.'

'Can this be true?' gasped Indiana, who had listened in speechless astonishment. 'Surely you could not have been so cruel!—Poor Henry!' she murmured in a low tone to herself, 'if I had only known the truth!—Mr Spurgeon, it is a hard matter, but still I forgive you the wrong you have done me; perhaps you hardly knew how great it was. Although it is late to do so now, I should wish to be able to clear Captain Willoughby's name of the stain that has rested upon it, and write down the deposition that you have just made.'

Spurgeon, who, to do him justice, had never known the extent of her affection for Willoughby, agreed, and affixed his signature to the paper; and then, with trembling limbs, and an agitated look that surprised the nurses, she left the hospital, and hurried home to rejoice her sister with the intelligence that her confidence in Willoughby's honour had not been misplaced.

As she entered the drawing-room, where she knew she should find Miss Keith, she exclaimed, with breathless eagerness: 'O Anne, Henry is innocent; it was all a wicked'—but stopped short on seeing two strangers engaged in conversation with her sister and Meenah Bace. Her bewilderment did not at first allow her to distinguish their features, but she felt a strange trembling as she marked the tall figure of the one who came forward to meet her. No, she could not be mistaken; and in another moment her hands were clasped in Henry Willoughby's, and her tremulous 'Henry, can you forgive me?' answered by their warm pressure. Excess of happiness was almost too much for Indiana after her long trial; but by degrees she recovered sufficiently to be able to learn how this happy meeting was brought about. And first, Colonel Willoughby for he now held that rank—had to present to her

his friend, Major Millingsby, who had unwittingly been the cause of their long estrangement.

'After you left Agra,' continued the colonel, 'I went through all the Sikh campaign, and then my regiment was ordered to Gibraltar. After that—rather unfairly, as we thought, though had it not been for this piece of injustice as we considered it, I might never have seen you again—we were ordered back to India. This time, I saw no service, beyond the trifling business of reducing a refractory Mahratta chief, whose fort we took; and there we found poor Millingsby, who had been prisoner for ten years and more, and was believed to be dead by his own people, and so had never been sought for, and had given up all hopes of getting free again.'

'Yes,' said Major Millingsby, 'if you only knew what that feeling of utter hopelessness was, I could hardly realise that I was free, when the fort was taken.—But go on with your story, Willoughby.'

'Well, Millingsby, when he had recovered his senses a little, began talking of his wife; and when I heard her name and birth, the truth suddenly flashed upon me; and though it was impossible to account for the substitution of my name for his, I felt sure that the mistake had arisen from the similarity of sound, and that you, Indiana, had been equally deceived with me. Of course, I hurried home at once; and I will own that my first impulse was to meet you with reproaches; but your exclamation as you entered the room disarmed me.'

All was now joy and happiness at Number 25; and Meenah Bacc, or, as we ought to call her, Mrs Millingsby, was in a state of ecstacy at her husband's return, though most penitent for the delusion which had caused Colonel Willoughby and Indiana so much misery.

Spurgeon's confession, although not necessary, as it turned out, was satisfactory, as clearing up the mystery of the story; and the wretched man, during the brief remainder of his life, was nursed with tender solicitude by her whose happiness he had so nearly shipwrecked; but who was now, thanks to the guiding of a merciful Providence, after long trials, given back to her faithful lover.

LEFT BEHIND.

THERE are certain dark hours in life when the Spirit of the Past possesses our brains, or our hearts, or our mind, or wherever the seat of Memory may be, to the exclusion of all current or future interests. It is difficult to determine what influence it is which specially induces retrospection, but it may be stated definitely that it is very rarely a cheerful one. When prosperity crowns us; when our fates and wills agree; when our friends flatter, and our enemies dissemble; when our chimneys refrain from smoking, and our critics refrain from censure—when, in fact, the glorious trio Health, Wealth, and Happiness are sojourning with us, then we think little enough of the fears and the follies, the friends and the foes, the hopes and disappointments, the loves and the hates, that we have left behind. Or at most we give them but a passing regret, or a strained and hardly achieved thrill of tenderness.

It is not in the nature of man or woman to be chilly in the sun; to be cloudy under a blue sky;

or to be specially anxious to retrace a thorny path which they have passed, when the one they are treading in the present is carpeted. But when gentle Time crushes us unexpectedly on his wheel after his former manner, then we recall visions of the corresponding sufferings that we have left behind, with fidelity that is either fierce and cruel, or deprecatingly pathetic, according to our natures.

A friend fails us, for instance—a friend to whom we have cleaved in perfect faith for a long time; and the shock administered to our system by the snapping of the chord that had seemed so strong, jerks us back to the day and hour in which we were rudely roused from our first love-dream—hurls us back exhausted and trembling to the time when the first love which had made the beautiful earth a heaven to us was withdrawn, or died, or proved to be a lie. It is a very common experience this—the commonest of all, probably—for the majority of men and women love in the wrong place first. But when we realised one mistake in the days of our youth, how infinitely we would have preferred going on being mistaken! How infinitely we would have preferred continuing in the company of credulous fools, whose credulity made them happy. Any fate, any life, any amount of poverty and disillusioning in the future, we thought would have been preferable to this blow, which cut the earth from under our feet, and happiness from out our hearts, leaving us unprotected marks for the arrows of pity and conjecture, of reprobation and triumph, which were freely let fly at us. As we sit in the dark hour and recall all these things, how humbly we ought to bow our heads in gratitude to the God who enabled us to live through them—how grateful we ought to be that nothing (not even sorrow and mortification) lasts!

What a wealth of fresh good-feeling was swept away from our hearts when that wave of woe broke over us! The fruit of purpose, or the falsity of the one in whom we had believed above all others, shook our faith in the rest of the world possessing a single decent quality. Since the best had proved a broken reed, the second-best must be very rotten sticks indeed. Some glory had gone from us for ever, in that we had loved unworthily, and generally, cast our pearls before swine. And the worst of it was, we could no more recall the love, than we could recover the pearls. They were both trampled upon and tarnished; and perhaps the most painful part of it all for us was (for we were young and unselfish then), that the ones before whom we had cast the loving lavish offerings were not one whit the better for the sacrifice. They beggared us, and did not enrich themselves; and the pain and disappointment, the bitterness and unsatisfactoriness of it all, come back to us crushingly in the dark hour.

The termination of the affair (and it seemed the end of all things at the time) comes in a different guise to every one. But it is not to be disowned; it is recognised at once, and the speedier the recognition the better; for the severing Power will make

himself known, and those who seek to propitiate or flee from him, are the ones on whom he tramps in his stride with the greatest severity.

He comes in a different guise to every one; but how surely is he known. He robs himself in the garb of Prudence, and tells the girl whose heart has been sully stressed, that marriage on less than so much a year is an impossibility. And so it may be in fact, but God forgive the man who forgets that fact in the ardour of the chase; who put it behind him, and made it of no account while the woman was unwon, or had not openly confessed herself to be won; and who remembered it when her barriers were all thrown down, and her deserted position visible to all men.

How many a girl can attest to the truth of the picture that shall be drawn of the hoisting of the first danger-signal. Hitherto, she has been going with the tide, and all has been bliss. Her father has acquiesced (if nothing more fervent) in the scheme she and another have drawn up. Her mother has gone out to meet the new son with effusion—has taken him into her confidence respecting the high hopes she had always entertained for her darling; and very likely made him one of them altogether, by giving him cold mutton for luncheon, and permitting him to smoke in the house. The sisters have kissed and been kissed by him in the demonstratively fraternal way common to humanity on these occasions. The elder brothers have accepted him; and the younger ones have chaffed him in the odious way in which younger brothers do chaff, in season and out of season. When lo! into the midst of this Agamemnon comes a dark spirit, calling himself Prudence, or Honour, or Distrust.

It matters very little in reality whichever name he bears; he means the mischief of utter annihilation of the past, utter separation for the future. He knows no pity, he listens to no reason in which love has a part. 'The thing was foolish from the beginning, and had better be over and done with,' he says. 'How can a fellow who can't keep clear himself, support a wife? A man must be a coward to drag a wife down to a diet of potato-peelings, unrelieved by anything else; and so, hard as it is for him to say it, he must say farewell for ever; and may she make a better man than himself as happy as she would have made him, had fortune been kinder! It had been his part to have thought of all this before, but he forgot his part; and will she, *can* she forgive him, for the sake of the late amends he is striving to make?'

No; she cannot. Not one woman in a hundred, not one woman in a thousand, can really forgive the selfish forgetfulness of all life's responsibilities, which has made the man who has 'wrecked her life' (she piteously thinks at the time) go on unchecked unto this bitter end. He, and his will and pleasure, his comings and goings, have been her life lately. All that had gone before had seemed to be mere nothingness, as soon as he appeared and chose her. And now, some of his passion 'having spent its novel force,' he prefers renouncing her, to renouncing his club, or his horse, or possibly some even less worthy amusement than either of these.

But there are other bitternesses besides this double-distilled bitterness of blighted loves, whose wraiths rise and compel us to confront the memory

of them in the dark hours of our present lives. The first break in the family, the death of the father or mother, the marriage, and consequent parting with a brother or sister. All these things which were so infinitely sad at the time, that in our misery we thought we never could forget them, are often clean forgotten for months, ay, years, until the memory of them is resuscitated by the birth of some kindred woe, whose advent makes us vividly recall all connected with that grief, which has been so mercifully numbed and left behind.

But sadder than all else to contemplate in the dark hours of life is that image of ourself in our youth, which we have left so very far behind. It almost seems to mock us with its shadowless brow, and eyes full of hope, and heart full of good, honest, honourable intentions. It moves our pity, too, as, from the height of our matured and hardly gained experience, we look back upon the creature so fraught with sanguine ardour—so ignorant of the dangers that infest the bright path it means to tread. We can separate our own identity from that of the vision of our youth, and pity and forgive 'this falling away,' 'that failure,' and mourn even as though it were another, over the downfall of nearly all the highest hopes that fill that vision's heart. They were so dear, they were fought for so desperately, they died one by one in such agony; and it seems as though the vision had still to go through them all, while we know that we have left them behind.

How tenderly Time teaches us to look back upon places too!—places in which we have lived, or in which we may only have sojourned briefly, or through which we may have passed only once in our lives. Possibly we did not care very much for them at the time—probably we rather disliked them—thought them too flat or too hilly, too relaxing or too bracing, too crowded or too barren; but now that we have left them, as we firmly believe, for ever, there was, after all, something very pleasant about them, something that one feels very much inclined to regret, on the whole.

That chilly little village that looked on the borders of a broad marsh-land (even fond Memory cannot paint it as anything but a chilly, barren, deserted kind of place), what a hearty reception it always accorded the chance stranger who came that way. It grasped at him, as it were, and treated him to its best without reserve. And 'its best' was a very good thing, for its farmhouse 'kitchens had richer roast' than one meets with, as a rule, when one takes a place by storm as an angel unawares. And its east winds—ah! how bracingly its east winds bit!

That gossiping, idle, enervating little country town low-lying in a warm, relaxing hole on the side of a hill, in the heart of a western county: looked back upon through the kindly veil of Time, its scandalous gossip has a touching semblance of friendly interest, and we wonder at ourselves for ever having been either worried or wounded by it, and wish that we could create that friendly interest now! For in the hours of brooding retrospect, the idea will at times intrude itself that the world is growing old indeed—far too old to care for us, or for what we do, or leave undone. Cold indifference appears to surround us; we can no longer excite pity, admiration, love, or surprise.

The old are falling away from us, either into the grave, or into a state of selfish unconcern as to all others; and the young are growing away from us, into warmer, keener interests of their own. And yet, even while we feel this intensely, with dull aching of heart, the silver lining garnishes the cloud, and merciful memory creeps in upon us, telling us that this saddening phase of feeling must, in the order of things, soon be left behind.

A VISIT TO A JAPANESE SILVER MINE.

A WRITER in the *Hingo News* lately paid a visit to the great silver mines of Ikuno, Japan, where European machinery has been introduced with great success; and as his account of what he saw is of considerable interest, we condense from it the following notes. On the hillside above the works, the objects which first attract the visitor's notice are the house (on a small platform) of the stationary engine, used to work the shaft now being driven down into the rock; a number of places like large rabbit-holes; and a tramway which runs round the face of the hill and connects these holes with a series of shoots down which the ore is passed to the works. These holes turn out to be galleries (six feet by six), which already measure eight miles in length; in them is seen the process of removing the ore by blasting, the fuses for which were at first imported from abroad, but are now made on the premises, at a saving of more than seventy-five per cent. The ore is broken up into pieces at the mouths of the shoots; the least rich lumps and those containing a large amount of other minerals are set apart for consumption at convenience; while the best pieces are sorted into five classes, their estimated values ranging from about sixteen to one thousand pounds per ton. These are pounded into dust in crushing-mills, and the dust baked in ovens with common salt (chloride of sodium). Hitherto the silver has been combined with sulphur, but in these ovens a chemical change takes place, the chlorine of the common salt combining with the silver and the ten or twelve per cent. of gold which the ore contains, and the sulphur of the silver combining with the sodium of the salt to make Epsom salt, which goes into the river and poisons the fish. The ore—now a red earth—is then, by means of water and iron balls, thoroughly mixed with a large quantity of quicksilver by the aid of revolving drums. Under this process the quicksilver takes up the precious metal, and when the amalgamation is complete, the drums are emptied and the mud washed away. The combined metals are next treated by hydraulic pressure against a leather sieve, through which free mercury is extruded, leaving a putty-like brilliant white amalgam. Heated in iron retorts, the remaining mercury in the amalgam is driven off into a condenser to be used again; and the resulting lumps of metal having been fused with borax, which brings away some scoræ and other impurities in the form of scum, are run into moulds and sent to the mint at Osaka. The metal contains, in the form in which it leaves Ikuno, about seventy per cent. of silver and ten of gold, the remaining twenty per cent. being nearly pure copper. The power utilised to drive the machinery at the Ikuno mines is mainly water, which is brought four miles and a half in an artificial canal, and may be taken for nine months in the year at two hundred and fifty gallons

per second, with a fall of one hundred feet. During the rest of the year this water-supply fails, and the works are driven by steam. The Japanese government derives a handsome revenue from these mines, which will be greatly increased when the copper is worked independently.

THE ERL-KING.

Wha's ridin' sae fast i' the gloamin's licht?
Wha's ridin' sae late through the mirksome nicht?
A faither, wha clasps aye mair close i' his arm
His ae bonnie laddie, sae bielded frae harm.

'My bairn, what gars ye aye cow'r doun your een?'
'O faither, hand fast! it's the Erl-king I've seen—
The Erl-king, wi' his croon an' his glamourie.'
'My son, it's a driftin' clud that ye see.'

ERL-KING.

'No'er hae I seen sae fair a face!
No'er hae I viewed sae sweet a grace!
O gin ye'll gang wi' me, we'll play
On gowden shores the lee-lang day.'

'My faither, my faither, O dinna ye hear
What the Erl-king whispers sae laigh i' my ear?'
'Noo whisht ye, my bairn—it's some weary win'
That has tint a way whilk it canna fin.'

ERL-KING.

'O come wi' me to my far-af hame!
Ye sall kame your locks wi' a gowden kame.
My dochters their watch by your side sall keep,
An' rock ye, an' kiss ye, an' sing ye to sleip;
They'll rock ye, an' kiss ye, an' sing ye to sleip.'

'My faither, my faither, an' dinna ye see
The Erl-king's fair dochters aye beekon to me?'
'My son, it's but yonder gray willows' saft sheen
Ye tak for the glint o' their starry een.'

ERL-KING.

'It's oh, bonnie bairn, but I like ye weel;
Noo, yield ye, I rede, or my pow'r ye sall feel.'

'O faither, O faither, hand fast by me noo!
For his gruesome han' it lies cauld on my broo!'

The faither shuddered—his heart grew a stane,
But he grippit his bairn, an' mude ne'er a mane.
He sped to his castle wi' meikle drede;
Wae's me! In his arms—the bairn lay doid!

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LIMPETS.

By the outside look of things, there is scarcely a more anomalous creature than a limpet. A mollusc, soft and squashy, without limbs to grasp or horns to push, it has a power of adhesion which resists even a strong man's pull, and clings to its sterile home of slate or granite with a tenacity greater than energy, and more determined than aggression. Nothing short of a trick can whip it from its holding. Like a political party which can be swamped only by a *coup d'état*, a limpet can be detached only by sleight-of-hand, and the crafty insinuation of a 'persuader' unawares, thrust home before the boneless creature has had time to feel and resist. How comes it that an invertebrate like this can be so strong to resist, so all but unconquerable in its tenacity and immobility? A fighting crab can be broken up into little bits where a limpet is secure; but a fighting crab is to a limpet as a grenadier, six feet high and armed to the teeth, is to a little woman four feet nothing, and with no other weapon than may-be her tongue and her determination of Will Not. Yet, in any conflict short of fist-cuffs between them, the little woman will hold on, and the grenadier will be nowhere.

The limpets of humanity are as odd in their own way as their prototypes on the sea-rocks, being for the most part as weak and as tenacious. Do you think that staying-power and having one's own way reside in those men so dear to novelists, whose lowering brows, square jaws, and resolute chins betoken qualities which rule men and fate, and are as the seals set against their charter of supremacy? Not a bit of it! These formidable-looking creatures can be conquered by the molluscs who only hold and resist—say No, and do not fight; and in general they are wise enough to acknowledge their victors. They may be kings of men in their own way, but that way is not one which subdues the limpet; and the fragile little woman with a shrill voice and a sharp nose, or her sister, phlegmatic, tenacious, and unimpressionable, will have the whip-hand of them at all four corners. Neither

kind fights; for fighting implies activity; and the limpet has but the one quality of tenacity and repression—the power of saying 'I will not,' and of sticking to it; which is a very different thing from active contest.

No man has yet known how to influence the limpet to the reception of new methods. Old habits, old places, the forms of thought into which it was born, the range of knowledge to which it attained on its first and final essay up the steep hill of learning, are the foot-holds of security to which it clings as for dear life. Anything beyond is an impertinence if advised, a tyranny if enforced; but who can enforce anything whatsoever against the *vis inertia* which refuses to be moved, and says 'I will not accept?' That *vis inertia* is found for the most part to be superior to any amount of active energy, of brisk aggression; and tenacity wins the day which conflict would have lost. You detail a new truth; you reason it out from the beginning to the end; you shew how it grows by the irresistible process of logic from the premise which is undeniable, that two and two make four, to the conclusion, which is as undeniable, that four and four make eight. You trace it through its various stages of development from root to crowning flower; and when you have finished, your mental limpet looks you blankly in the face and says tranquilly: 'I do not agree with you; and I prefer the theory which springs from the radicle that two and two make five.' For the limpet the circle of the sciences ends at that point when he or she left school; and what more the world has gained since then is assigned without hesitation to Carlyle's Limbo of the Unveracities. Developments are not in his line; neither are aggregations; and he prefers the repose to be found in absolutism and arrestation. The sterile rock whereon he was cast at his birth, and where he manages to gather the poor nutriment by which he lives, is good enough for him; what does he care for the flowery pastures, the sublime heights of advanced science? He prefers his gritty granite and his wave-washed nutriment, brought and not sought; and the nobler forms of

thought—nobler but unsettling, difficult, distracting—may be the property of those who will. Only let him be safe from the whirl of opposing currents, free from the troubles, the dangers of selection from among a multitude of may-bes; let him be bound fast to his stable rock however sterile, and die the mental limpet—unchangeable, uneducable, impossible to influence, and incapable of development—that he has lived!

What is true of new thoughts, and facts even, is true also of habits. No power on earth can make the limpet among men change his ways or adopt strange modes of life and action. He would rather starve in the groove which gives him a scanty crust at just the same time, and served in just the same manner day after day and year after year, than break fresh ground for himself, and go further afield into plenty of a different form and different surroundings from those to which he has been accustomed. Ask a limpet of this kind to emigrate—that is, to go where there is space for all and plenty for those who will work—and he tells you that he prefers to stick to his overcrowded rock at home, where the best will in the world for work cannot give him enough whereby to live as a man should, because there are two men for one job, and the earnings which would be enough for one have to be divided into insufficient portions for many. Paint nature and possibilities at the antipodes as you will, and however splendidly, not outside the truth; shew the one beautiful, fertile, facile, the other such as make men glad and great—he shakes his stolid head, and digs his stick into the ancestral sand, as he replies: 'I prefer home with starvation to foreign parts and plenty.'

As you cannot take him bodily, as the roc took Sindbad, and drop into the midst of the fat lands waiting for men to come and be made happy, you can only leave him to his scanty crust and to the plot of sand wherein he has planted his stick. But you think, when you hear him complain of the difficulties of getting anything to do in this swarming hive of ours, and of the miserable pay for it when got, and his domestic anxieties and his family shortcomings, that his limpet-like reluctance to move is, in point of fact, responsible for his misfortunes, and that, if he had chosen to accept new means, by this time he and his would have been rich and happy. Your only consolation is, that the creature had not the qualities fitted for the career proposed to him. He has just that one kind of strength which comes from inertia, the stability of a mass of dead matter left untouched and to itself; and a life that made calls on his energy would find the draft dishonoured. This molluscous 'inhabitiveness,' as the phrenologists call it, is the strong point of his nature, and he bears anything rather than lose his hold on things and places to which he has been accustomed, for the sake of the wider issues to be found elsewhere.

Women, naturally of a less wandering nature than men, have this kind of limpet-like tenacity to place very strongly developed; and women of the peasant class above all. To them, a removal of three miles from the old home is more than to others is the removal of so many hundreds; while translation from Cornwall to Cumberland is an infinitely more formidable expatriation than is the translation from England to India to their sisters of better estate. We once saw a Cornish woman in the deepest distress because of the migration

of her husband from the little cove where she had been born, and had lived all the thirty years of her life, to another about two miles distant. It was as if she had received marching orders for Timbuctoo, or was doomed to eternal separation from her mother, friends, and home. Her heart was broken, she said between her sobs, and she should never get over her sorrow. Which surely was a development of limpet tenacity, and holding on to the place of one's birth, about as extreme as can be imagined.

Try to teach a limpet new ways, and see where you land yourself. A woman who has been accustomed to feed her children improperly, to clothe them injudiciously, to manage them on wrong principles—shew her new ways and better ones: will she adopt them, think you? Will she do that which is unusual to her, and forbear to do that to which she has been accustomed? As little as her husband will leave his plot of sand at home, for rich acres over seas; as little as the mental limpet will accept new readings of old fables, new faces of old facts! What did for her mother, is good enough for her, she says, as she crams her baby with thick pottage, and lets her little ones get wet with the rain and dry again in the wind. What hawking is this about open drains and polluted water? They have had that ditch before their house ever since she can remember; the well in the yard near the byre served father and mother and all of them long before these new fashions in air and water came up. You may talk till you are hoarse of carburetted hydrogen and the like; what your limpet cannot see, and touch, and taste, that is for him or her a substance non-existing, and the dangers predicated are mere bogles set up to frighten fools. Your limpet will have none of them; so you may spare yourself all trouble, and leave the ditch and the well, the poisoned air and polluted water, where you find them; and when typhus and diphtheria break out in the household, it is God who sends the scourge, not the uneducability of the limpet which fosters it.

Incapable of education or of change, the limpet is also sure to stick when once placed. Woe to the inconstant person who has a limpet on her visiting list! No efforts short of mutilation by violence can dislodge the creature that holds on to the rock, and nothing short of the plain-dealing known generically as 'cutting,' can shake off the acquaintance who sticks closer than a brother, and is as tenacious as a burr. You have no wish to be on such very friendly terms with your limpet. You do not think that a casual acquaintance, made in the press of the season, as half a hundred others like to it have been made, carries with it obligations to which you must make part of your life subservient; and you secretly resent the devotion which demands so much trouble in the reception. Why should your limpet fasten itself on you so pertinaciously? It may be flattering, but all the same it is embarrassing to be made the arbiter of another's soul and life. You have no time to spare for so many requirements outside your own immediate duties; and you find it quite as much as you can do to regulate your own affairs with becoming zeal. To be asked for counsel at every turn, to be besought to guide a career with which you have nothing to do, and wherein you feel only the faintest, most tepid kind of interest, is a nuisance which you must have either an inordinate love of power and

praise, or a supremely kind heart, to endure with equanimity. Are the drawing-room curtains to be red or blue? Shall my dress be white or gray? Shall the dinner be fixed for the sixteenth or the seventeenth? and which school would you advise for Frank, Winchester or Harrow? The questions, small or large, which torment your limpet are made to torment you, on the principle of passing it on; and you have to bear on your own shoulders burdens which you neither packed nor strapped, because your friend is too molluscous to carry them on his or her own.

Your limpet has no sense of times or fitness, of the length of hours or the shortness of the days. He or she pervades your house at all times, from early morning to late at night, and sits as if the spirit of immobility had suddenly become incarnate. It may be that you are asked for direction on some pin's-head kind of event; or it may be that you are not asked even for so much. All the same, the limpet sits, and you have to endure; unless you take politeness and hospitality by the shoulders and sling them out of the window before shewing your sessile mollusc the door. Common-sense would tell you that you were justified in so doing; for time is precious, and your duties are imperative; and really, if limpets will not learn without rough teaching, well—the teaching must then be rough, and the ‘persuader’ to dislodge them sharp and straight! Give a limpet an impression, and try hereafter to efface it. However erroneous it may have been, and however sharp your sorrow for having thoughtlessly given so much increased circulation to a falsehood, however clear your proof that you had been mistaken, and earnest your endeavours to put straight that which you had laid askew, your limpet is immovable. You had told him that Mr So-and-so had been found guilty of card-sharpping, and having told him, he believes what you said. It was you yourself who confessed that Mrs So-and-so was rather more than indiscreet in that matter with young Lovelace; and it is of no good to say that you had been misinformed in both cases. You rubbed the gritty falsehood on to that poor pulpy brain of your tenacious mollusc, and it holds what it has once got. It knows nothing of your plastic ‘yes’ to-day and ‘no’ to-morrow, your nomadic faith that anchors itself on the sand at night, and is flouting in mid-ocean by the morning. What it has heard, that it receives; what it has once believed, that it holds, and no efforts can shake it from its place. Save for the inherent valuelessness of the creature itself, we know of no responsibility more appalling than that of determining a limpet's creed, and giving it a surface whereto its poor, soft, flabby mind can cling, and whence it can never be detached. For with it, first impressions are everything, and the modifying power of reason is nowhere. It cannot shape itself to new conditions, nor accommodate itself to another set of circumstances. The waves which wreck strong ships, dash harmlessly over the passive pulpy mollusc sheltered beneath its shell of defiance, and holding on by its rock; the hand which can wield a sledge-hammer which can strike a man till he dies, cannot, so to speak, detach a miserable tenacious little bit of organised protoplasm, which has simply the force to resist and the power to hold on. It is wonderful; but in it we can read the tremendous force of negation, and what energy it takes

to move the inert mass of men to other regions of thought than those to which they have been accustomed, to lift them to higher states of knowledge than those whereto they attained in their learning days. Limpets as so many of us are, it is well to know the line that should be drawn between constancy and stolidity, fluid incapacity to retain and immovable inability to receive. To hold by that which is good, is one of the means of noble living, but to reject that which is better is the action of a fool. Even high aims are not always proof against this obstinate rejection of new views; as Bolingbroke says: ‘The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life;’ and we all know men who have crystallised into beautiful shape enough—but crystallised once and for all time—at an age when others have not completed half their growth, nor perfected half their powers of evolution. *Tinac et fidelis* is a good motto, but *accelior* is a better.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XIX.—RESUSCITATED.

If the doctor himself had not chanced to have burned his fingers at Commercial Snapdragon, and received not even a raisin for his pains, he would doubtless have been considerably puzzled by the laconic advice contained in the violated letter; but as it was, he could make a pretty shrewd guess at what was actually the state of the case. The *Lara*, he was at once persuaded, was not a ‘young person,’ but some speculative company in which Dalton was mixed up, and of which he would have been willing—if he could—to have washed his hands. Perhaps it was the collapse of this very concern that had brought him to his present pass; and if so, here was a confidential communication bidding him not to abandon hope with respect to it, but to hold on. It might, it is true, be only a word of advice concerning some ordinary business speculation, in which case there could at least be no harm in Dalton's reading it; but the probability was that the tidings were good—calculated to put him in better heart.

Hitherto, the doctor had taken matters very quietly, and may seem to have pushed his philosophy—as philosophers sometimes will do, in the estimation of ordinary folks—to downright brutality; but both head and heart were in truth in accord with this good man, and were working together for good. Now that he had a stimulant—as he hoped—to administer to his patient upon recovery, he lost no time in resuscitating him. Raising Dalton's head, and supporting it on his own knee, he drew from his pocket a bottle of what looked like smelling-salts, except that it was much darker, and applied it to his nostrils. Then he dropped a few red drops from a phial between his lips, whereupon the eyes of the patient opened slowly, stared at his companion without recognition, and then gazed inquiringly about him.

‘This cannot be death,’ murmured he feebly.

‘No; it is not death, Dalton; and if you are a man, you will thank God for it,’ said Dr Cayron gravely.

Not a word was spoken for some moments, during which ‘speculation’ began to gather in the patient's eyes. The miseries of his position, from

which he had in vain attempted to escape, were forcing themselves upon his mind.

'You have deceived me, doctor,' groaned he despairingly. 'What you gave me was not laudanum.'

'I have saved you, rather, my friend, in spite of yourself. If it had not been for my pardonable stratagem—for never had a pious fraud so much of piety in it—you would have been at this moment in Gehenna, among all the other murderers.'

'Murderers! That is a matter of opinion,' answered the other doggedly. 'I should have put an end to my own life, it is true, and I do not thank you for having given me a longer lease of it.'

'Bah! I was not speaking of *your* life at all. When I say "murderer," I mean a man who slays not himself, but another; in some cases (when the thing is comparatively venial) from mere passion, in others with selfishness and calculation; in such a manner would you have slain—your wife!'

'My wife! my Edith! Why, I died for her.'

'You persuaded yourself so, no doubt; yet your death would have killed her. If I did not take you home—as I mean to do—this night, your very absence would go nigh to do it. We men being so worthless, have no conception, sir, at what a fancy price we are estimated by our women.'

'I am worthless enough, utterly worthless,' groaned Dalton; 'and much worse than worthless.'

'Look you here, doctor!' exclaimed he, starting to his feet with sudden anger, 'you have been meddling in matters with which you have no concern, and which it is impossible you should understand. How it was that you guessed my purpose, I cannot tell, but being ignorant of my necessities, you had no right to thwart it. You have done me an injury—which being done, can never be repaired.'

'I know it,' replied the doctor coolly; 'and I am glad of it. Your plan of committing suicide, without its appearing to be suicide, has now failed for good and all. Should you ever again attempt this wickedness, John Dalton, no matter where, I will come, though it be from the ends of the earth, to bear witness to what has happened to-day!—Please to sit down, sir, or you will be observed from the house.'

'And this is one who calls himself my friend!' said Dalton, obeying him sullenly.

'Yes; and it is because I am your friend, and the friend of those who love you far beyond your deserts, that I am forced to do it. Of course, you are in some dire distress.—Nay—for he was about to speak—I do not seek to pry into its nature. I took it for granted that you were pushed very hard, and that you felt it most because it affected others.'

'I did, I did,' answered the wretched man.

'Well, would not those others have those ills to bear, and your loss as well? To one at least, that would have been worse than all other losses. I tell you—I, who know her well—that it would have slain her.'

Again there was a pause, during which Dalton sat thoughtful yet irresolute, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his fingers plucking at the grass.

'How did you come to know that I was thinking of this thing?' inquired he at length.

'From your own words, and manner. I did not believe in your toothache, from the beginning.'

And if you had no toothache, why should you need laudanum? Then again, in our first talk, you said, with respect to having your tooth out, "I cannot take chloroform;" whereby you wished to put the idea of your having heart-disease into my mind, before you came to consult me about your health. These suspicions, slight in themselves, were strengthened and corroborated by your behaviour during our interview. When I asked you, "Is your life insured?" it was not, as you imagined, from any idea that it was in danger from disease, but to discover whether those belonging to you—for I never paid you the ill compliment of supposing those were not uppermost in your thoughts—would reap a benefit from your decease. Your whole manner under the examination was artificial and unlike yourself; and your replies were technical replies—not natural ones, such as are given by genuine patients, but learned out of a book. When I said, "You have heart-disease, you think?" quite suddenly, you did not put your hand there, as a man probably would have done who really had it; yet it was evident to me all along that you wished me to believe so. Then again—in spite of my suggesting other remedies—you reiterated your wish for laudanum, which at the same time you strenuously objected to my putting down in my little account. Taking all these things into consideration, I said with perfect truth, that "I should not be surprised if you died suddenly," for by that time I felt convinced that it was your intention to put an end to your own existence.'

'I thought I had convinced you that I had heart-disease,' observed Dalton naïvely, his mind for the moment diverted from its gloom by the doctor's statement.

'No, my friend; you only convinced me that you wanted to have it. When a man says "I thought," when he ought to say "I feared," as you did, he generally means "I wish." I could not tell you my suspicions, lest in so doing I might precipitate the catastrophe—though, in truth, I never guessed how near it was; but I resolved to tell you my wife.'

'Tell my wife! Why, you might have killed her.'

'What! you can see danger, where you could not see destruction! Do you suppose my hint of what you meditated could have harmed her worse than the news of what you had done? It was my duty, of course, to set her on her guard; to provide her with remedies, in case you should put your rash design into effect; and I was taking her the very things in my pocket with which I have just brought you back to life, when I heard that you had not returned to Riverside. Of course, if it had been really laudanum which you carried away with you from my surgery, no human power could have saved you; but as it is, you are none the worse than you were three hours ago.'

'And none the better,' answered Dalton wearily.

'But others are better—those others for whom you profess to have risked so much.—Come, be a man, since you must needs live on. There is work for you in the world of some sort, as for every one else. And you, of all men, with your troops of friends'—

Hitherto, although striking almost at hazard, the doctor had been very successful in his arguments, but here for the first time he touched a wrong chord.

'Work!' cried Dalton bitterly; 'nay, that is just what is denied me. It is not much, one would imagine, to ask of Fortune, permission to spend one's life in toil, yet she will not grant it to me.'

'Pshaw! she has refused it to ten thousand men to-day, sir, as worthy as yourself, and with more pressing needs.'

'That is impossible, Curzon. You do not know — Well, I will tell you,' said Dalton, suddenly interrupting himself. 'This man, to whom you would apply your maxims of philosophy, whose wife and children—and their needs—you are as well acquainted with as himself—has been ruined. When I say Ruined, I mean it; and by his own insensate selfishness and folly.'

'Don't use such hard names, my good friend,' interposed the doctor quietly, 'because, though you apply them to yourself, they may fit other people. I have been ruined myself by one of the most promising and remarkable mines'—

'Not the *Lara*?' cried Dalton, grasping his companion's arm in passionate excitement.

side,' observed the doctor authoritatively. 'Every minute of your absence, remember, gives a pang to your wife.'

'At once, then,' said Dalton, stepping out, as he spoke, towards home with an elasticity that did not escape his companion's notice. The one tiny spark of hope had already relit the embers of life within him.

'Remember, my friend, you have been seven hours from home, and will have to account for them. You are a married man, however, and doubtless fertile in excuses.'

'Seven hours!' exclaimed Dalton in astonishment; but a look at his watch confirmed the doctor's statement.

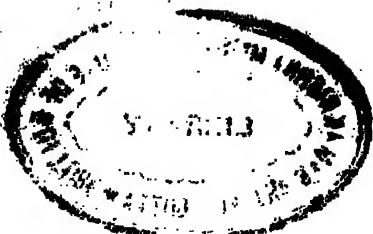
'You would have slept half the night here, had I not awakened you by my incantations,' continued the latter. 'Now, let us both be in the same tale to account for this. You were coming over to Sanbeck to see me about your toothache; and finding me out—you *did* find me out, you know—you waited until I came home, and so you were delayed. But there; your wife will be too wel'



—for if ever there was a case where 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth' might not be told, it was surely his; and in their joy at seeing him, they did not question him very closely. Edith was not down-stairs among the welcomers or reprovers ('A pretty fright you gave us,' said Mrs Campden; 'it is my belief you have come home so late merely to have an excuse for not dressing for dinner'); but was in her own room, waiting for him, with a pale face and anguished eyes.

attain their fifth year, in the worst localities one-half die before they attain that age—'sacrificed as needlessly as if they were taken out on Bethnal Green and shot.'

Dr Smith worked even as he thought, on a grand scale; nothing short of sweeping and sufficient reforms could content him. How successful the reforms then inaugurated have been, the present condition of East London at this moment, as compared with fifty years ago, affords ample tes-



a practical basis. He at once risked three thousand pounds in the experiment, and with the money three houses in Marylebone were purchased—'well-built houses, but in a dreadful state of dirt and neglect. The place swarmed with vermin; the paper, black with dirt, hung in long strips from the walls; the drains were stopped, the water-supply out of order.' All these things were put in order, *but no new appliances of any kind were added*, it being determined that the tenants should wait for these till they had proved themselves capable of taking care of them. 'A regular sum is set aside for repairs, and this is equally divided between the houses. If any of it remains, after breakage and damage have been repaired, at the end of the quarter, *each tenant decides* in what way the surplus shall be spent, so as to add to the comforts of the house.' This plan, says Miss Hill, has worked admirably; the loss from carelessness has decreased to an amazing extent. And the lodgers prize the comforts they seem in some measure to have earned.

tenants. The wash-house, full of lumber belonging to the landlord, was locked up. The dust-bin in front of the houses was accessible to the whole neighbourhood. The state of the drainage was in keeping with everything else. One large but dirty water-butt received the water laid on for the houses. It leaked, and those who did not fill their jugs when the water came in, or had no jugs to fill, had no water. This court is now under Miss Hill's own management. During the four years she has held it, she has *never* allowed a second week's rent to become due. The place has been made to pay itself for new grates and new windows (out of one hundred and ninety-two panes only eight were unbroken); the drains have been put in order, a slate cistern fixed, the yard and foot-path paved, staircases repaired; and—what is the real point of the whole—the tenants (of course subject to ordinary fluctuations) are the same people who lived under the disorder and discomfort of the old régime. Five per cent. interest has been paid on all capital invested; and already interest has been paid on capital spent in building a large room where the tenants can assemble on various occ.

them fit for improved dwellings, by a gradual process, she found, in working the plan on a larger scale, the hopeless condition of much of the cottage property with which it would be necessary to deal: courts so inclosed that the light of the sun could not penetrate; nests of fever, which needed not restoration, but demolition; desirable houses with defective titles; houses radically and incurably afflicted with ground-damp. Some houses were found which might be condemned and pulled down under Mr Torrens' Act; but that Act gives no power of compensating the owner; nor does it empower any public body compulsorily to acquire the different interests in the defective houses, so as to render the desired reforms possible.

In this difficulty, those most interested

which might be purchased and improved; it is the human agency, the whole army of kindly, clear-headed, practical volunteer labourers who are needed.

MY FRIEND OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THERE is no one like him! at least I think so, and I am sure you would agree with me, if you knew him as I do. How and when we met, you would never guess, but you shall hear all about it.

We had started on a summer tour—my father, Sister Alice, Cousin Fred, and I; and after a flying

of the water in a most tantalising manner. Fred, who had made a special purchase of new tackle, selected with much care one of the liveliest minnows from the pail, and handled his rod with all the confidence of an old piscator. He had hardly spun his minnow once or twice, when he exclaimed: 'By Jove! a bite, and a splendid fellow it must be!' It was certainly something out of the common, to judge by the tremendous resistance he encountered; but, alas! he discovered, to his great mortification, that it was only his line which had become entangled among the rocks at the bottom; and when he recovered it, it was minus both bait and hooks. I had always decried angling as a cruel pastime, and declared that I could not understand any one enjoying it; but, alas! for the inconsistency of poor human nature! I soon forgot my compassionate scruples in the pleasurable anxiety

kindly nature; add to these items, hair, moustache, and whiskers of that rare real brown, so much to be admired, and a tall, well-built figure, attired in a very becoming yachting-suit of dark blue, and you have a fair portrait of Roy Percival, as I first beheld him, in one of the loveliest spots that ever gladdened the eye of man.

In due time we were seated at a well-spread table, extemporised out of the seats and cushions of the boat; and never did hungry mortals enjoy a dinner more. Everything was delicious! Such bread, butter, and tea we never tasted before; and as to my fish, the *pièce de résistance* at the banquet, the flavour of it was unanimously pronounced to be 'perfectly elegant!'

After doing ample justice to our repast, we started for a stroll over the island, and I found myself walking with Mr Percival. Observing that I

On the following morning, we resumed our journey, starting by an early boat for Montreal. Of our further travels, which are in no way connected with my story, I shall merely say, that after two or three delightful weeks spent at Lake George, Trenton Falls, and the Catskills, I was glad to return to the old home-life in Brooklyn, New York, where we lived our various adventures o'er and o'er again, in recounting them to numerous interested and sympathising friends; nor did I escape a certain amount of good-natured quizzing about the interesting stranger who had evidently made an impression on me, which assertion of course I indignantly denied.

Months passed away. To the dazzling, sultry

hands cordially with Mr Percival, and speak of the unexpected pleasure of meeting him again.

'Why, I was not aware that Mr Percival was a friend of yours!' he exclaimed. 'You never mentioned him to me.'

Before I could explain, the gentleman in question related, in his quiet, amusing way, the circumstances of our meeting; adding, that he had been unexpectedly detained in New York for an indefinite time on business, and there had met Mr Stanwood at the house of a mutual friend. Being a stranger, he was glad to accompany him on his visiting expedition, without, however, having the least idea that one of the calls would be on our family. Harry, who had nearly two

the prominent features of his character, allied to a genuine kindness of heart, which extended itself even to the brute creation, with which he was an especial favourite. A well-known poet has said :

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

This I firmly believe ; while, on the other hand, one who can be guilty of the detestable cowardice of ill-treating a helpless animal, is in my opinion capable of anything bad.

Of course, I did not find out all this about Mr Percival in a day, nor even in a month ; but from time to time, little by little, as, under varied circumstances, one point of his character after another came out into relief ; and the more I saw of him, and the better I knew him, the more I liked and esteemed him. And he ? I have no secrets from you, gentle reader ; the liking was certainly mutual ; but beyond that, our intercourse was strictly within the limits of simple good friendship, nor had a single word been spoken of a nature likely to disturb the frank and pleasant relations between us. Happy in the present, I cared not to think of

when he said that it was late, and he must go, and actually rose from his seat, my lips quivered, and only with a painful effort could I keep the tears from springing to my eyes.

He came to me last, and said—not ‘good-bye ;’ that I was spared—but, ‘Good-night ; I hope we may meet again, Miss Nathalie.’ I know he held my hand longer than usual ; he seemed to hesitate as he followed the others into the hall, and turning back once more, said again, ‘Good-night, Miss Nathalie ; God bless you !’ That was all.

I know well, for I have seen it, that many girls situated as I was would have sought and found comfort in the sympathy of some dear and confidential friend of their own sex. Far be it from me to censure them, but such was not my temperament. Once conscious myself that I loved, my very first thought was sedulously to conceal the fact from all others. Not even my own beloved and most tender of mothers dare for an instant suspect the existence of a secret which I resolved to bury like a forbidden thing in the recesses of my own bosom. I hold it, there comes a time in the life of every true woman who has ever lov-

thing also disturbed my peace of mind. I have spoken of Harry as a dear and intimate friend; such he had always been to me. Playmates in early childhood, I had ever felt for him simply a sisterly affection, nor for one moment anticipated his looking upon me in any other light; and although, during my acquaintance with Mr Percival, I might have seen somewhat less of him, my feelings were quite unchanged, and I always rejoiced to have him make one of our circle.

A few days before the wedding, Alice said to me: 'Nathalie, I verily believe Harry Stanwood is falling in love with you.'

'What nonsense!' I exclaimed; 'why, we have known each other since we were that high!' designating a very Lilliputian measurement with my hand and the floor. 'We are just like brother

own dear little wife?' The pain he was causing me must have been written in my face, for he continued: 'Do not answer me now: you do not know your own heart; I have surprised you.'

'Harry,' I said, speaking very slowly and distinctly, 'I must say all I have to say now. I am so sorry—very, very sorry—that this has happened. I wish I could have prevented it, for I cannot marry you—I cannot love you as you wish.'

He let go my hand, and turned very pale, but only said in a changed tone: 'Do you then give me no hope, Nathalie?'

'I cannot—I dare not, dear friend. I must be true to myself and to you.'

We spoke but little during the remainder of our ride, and, on arriving, Harry refused to come in. His abrupt departure, and my tell-tale face, quickly betrayed that something unusual had

'Why, among the arrivals in the *Erin* I see the names of Mr and Mrs Roy Percival. If it is the same—and the name is uncommon—he must be married!'

I felt sick and dizzy; for a moment, everything was dark before my eyes; but appearing still intent on what I was doing, I replied cheerfully: 'I guess it is the same; he always had a great fancy for America. I hope he has a nice wife.'

My father coming in at that instant, I left the room upon some pretext, and took refuge in my own little sanctum, which could have told so many tales.

As I knelt down by the open window to let the cool breeze fan my burning brow, the bright sunshine and the merry chirping of the birds in the yard seemed to mock my misery. It was so hopeless now! Yet what else had I been looking for? I had been hoping against fate. What claim had I upon him that he should not marry, and bring his wife to see me, and expect me to welcome her? Would he come? Certainly; for that I prepared myself. Mentally, I rehearsed the meeting; what I should say; with what dignified, yet kindly composure I should receive them; yet, in spite of all my resolutions, every ring at the door sent a shock through my frame, and I trembled for the firmness of my self-command!

The next day was Friday. A sleepless night and so many hours of feverish suspense were more than I could bear; I was really ill; and yielding to the earnest solicitations of my mother, reluctantly consented to remain at home while the others went to the weekly prayer-meeting.

They had scarcely been gone ten minutes, when a ring at the hall-door bell made my every nerve tingle. I had been standing idly at the back window; but hastily snatching some crochet-work of my mother's from the table I had not the remotest idea how to manipulate it—I had seated myself on a sofa with my back to the light, before the girl announced 'Mr Percival!'

As he entered, his face brightened. I never saw him look better, 'nor happier,' I thought, with a pang of jealousy which I could not wholly suppress. My heart beat so violently, I could hardly speak; however, with some faintly uttered words of welcome, I advanced to take the hand which so warmly grasped mine. After various inquiries, which he answered at random, for I did not know what I was saying, he remarked: 'Bye, and 'Sa'—surprised to see me!' 'title. In reality, as we had seen the arrival in the *New York Times*.'

'Indeed! I had not time to look at the papers yesterday.'

'I hope Mrs Percival did not suffer during the passage?' I asked, determined to broach the subject myself.

'Oh, not at all, thank you! She is a capital sailor. She would have come to see you to-night, only she has a bad cold.'

'I wonder, will she like America as well as you?'

'I hope so; though at her age one does not become so easily acclimatised.'

At her age! Then she was not young.

'She is very anxious to meet you,' he continued; 'I have often spoken of you. Won't you soon come to see her?—and Mrs Howard too? I am sure she and my mother will get on famously.'

His mother! What did he mean? Could there be any mistake?

'I hope you left your mother and sister well?' I asked. With what anxiety I awaited the answer!

'Left—my—mother!' he echoed slowly. 'Why, we have been talking about her for the last ten minutes!'

In an instant the truth flashed across my mind. It was his mother, not his wife, who was the lady named in the paper! He also seemed to suspect some strange misapprehension.

'Of whom else could you have possibly thought I was speaking?' he asked, with a funny look in his eyes. 'Come, now, confess!' seeing that I hesitated.

Well, what do you suppose I did then? Alas for my dignified composure! The sudden reaction in my own feelings, and a keen sense of the absurdity of the position, were too much for me; I answered him with an uncontrollable fit of laughter! He waited patiently till the paroxysm had subsided, then quietly repeated his question.

'Well, the fact is,' I stammered out, while I felt my cheek crimson beneath his gaze, 'I thought—that is—from the way the names were in the paper, we were all sure that it was your wife!'

He did not laugh, but looked at me with a curious kind of serio-comic expression in his face, and crossing over to the sofa, seated himself beside me, and began to examine the tangled and ravelled remains of my poor mother's crochet.

'So you thought I was married, Miss Nathalie,' he said at length; 'you were wrong, but I hope soon to be!'

'Is that so?' I asked, bending still lower over my imaginary work.

'I said I hoped, for it entirely depends on you!'

'On me!' I involuntarily murmured.

'Yes, on you,' he repeated, in a voice of deep emotion. 'I ought not—I did not mean to ask you to-night, but I have waited long weary months, and I must speak now. O Nathalie! you little knew how bitter that parting was to me—how I yearned to take you in my arms, and tell you all you were to me; and when I fancied I saw your sweet lips quiver, my firmness nearly failed me. Dear Nathalie,' he continued, in low pleading tones, while he took my unresisting hands in his, 'will you trust yourself to me?—will you now give me the right to take you to the heart so truly yours?'

Mine was too full to speak, and glad tears stood in my eyes; I raised them to his, and he read his answer there.

'At last!' he exclaimed joyously, as he put his arm around me, and gently drew me close to his side; 'my own precious little girl!'

With a sense of unutterable rest and peace, I laid my weary head on his breast; and for some moments we were silent in the intensity of our happiness.

Then, in the deepening dusk, he told me how he had longed for this hour, yet felt that for him it could never come while his helpless father lived; nor would he enter upon any engagement with such indefinite hopes for the future. 'Poor old man!' he said; 'he died just three months ago, with his last breath committing to me, as a sacred charge, the care of his wife and daughter. A most opportune legacy has placed them above all need;

and my sister, who is at present on a visit with some friends in England, will shortly rejoin my mother in Brooklyn, where they purpose to reside.'

All this, and much more, we talked of, as we sat together that blessed evening, forgetful of all else, until a ring at the door announced the return of my parents, who had delayed to visit a friend. There was little need of explanation. Roy's proud radiant face and my happy blushes told the whole story; and never was son-in-law more heartily welcomed than Roy Percival.

The next day he took me to see his mother—a dear old lady, who received me with all a mother's affection; and, as he prophesied, Mrs Howard and Mrs Percival became great cronies. About three months afterwards, we had a very quiet wedding; no fuss nor formality, and only our dearest and most intimate friends to wish us 'God-speed' on our way. We went home at once to our own cunning little house, which we had spent many a happy hour furnishing and fixing to our taste. Mrs Percival boarded at some little distance. Under the same roof with us she would not remain—although we urged her to do so, at least till her daughter arrived.

'No, my dear children,' she said; 'when young birds can do for themselves, the parent bird leaves them to themselves; forbid that I should transgress one of the wisest laws of nature!'

Before concluding, I may as well mention that, about a year later, a paragraph might have been seen in the *New York Times*, to the effect that a certain Mr Harry Stanwood and a Miss Florence Percival had seen fit to enter upon married life.

A word more, and I have done. Among my wedding-presents was one which I dearly prized. It was a beautiful painting by an eminent American artist, and hangs in the most honoured place in my parlour, a delightful reminder of the spot where first I saw my Friend of the Thousand Islands.

CHANGES IN LAND AND WATER.

It is a fact not generally considered, that the surface of the globe is continually undergoing change. Materials washed from dry land are daily hurrying down rivers into the sea, and the sea, while filling up at one place, is encroaching on the land at others. There is a class of phenomena less observable, but equally tending to change. One continent or island is slowly rising, increasing the height of the cliffs, and laying bare a strip of beach previously covered with water; while another is slowly sinking, causing strips of shore to disappear beneath the waves, and lessening the apparent height of cliffs and headlands. What is the nature of the vast internal forces that bring about these changes—whether condensed bodies of air, pent-up subterranean reservoirs of water, gaseous expansions and contractions, or volcanic chemical reactions beneath the earth's crust—science may possibly one day tell us; at present the materials have not been collected for so doing. The rapidity of the changes varies quite as much as their nature. In some localities, men in the middle or later years of life can

remember that the coast-line in their early days was farther out or farther in than it is now; in others, a whole century has been necessary to render the change measurable or even appreciable; while in others the change may have been in progress for thousands of years, for aught we can tell.

The *deltas* of mighty rivers, both in the Old and the New continents, exhibit in a striking manner the kind of action last adverted to—the growth of land by the deposition of mud, silt, and sand. The beautiful Lake of Geneva, upwards of forty miles long, is gradually filling up. The Rhone enters the eastern end of the lake, bringing so much mud and silt from the Alps as to render the water quite turbid; it quits the lake at the western end with the water clear and beautiful. Nearly all the mud has been deposited in the lake itself. As a consequence, the lake is becoming shallower, and strips of dry land are gradually forming at the margin. The old town of Port Vallais was once at the water's edge; it is now nearly two miles inland, the intervening strip having changed its character from sea to fertile land. By the time the same river Rhone reaches the Mediterranean, it has collected a new cargo of silt and sand, which it deposits at the mouth, and is there forming a delta of alluvial soil. What were once the small islands of Mese and Psalmodi are now joined to the mainland by strips of this sediment; and a tower on the coast a century and a half ago, is now a mile or more inland. The Adriatic Sea, eastward of Italy, is gradually being choked up at the northern end by river-silt, mostly brought down by the Po. Adria, Ravenna, Spina, were all sea-side towns when first built; they are now from four miles to twenty miles inland. The ancient hot-baths of Monfalcone were once on an island; the island has long since been connected with the mainland by a grassy plain. The northern parts of Europe exhibit similar phenomena. For instance, the whole of Holland may in one sense be regarded as the delta of the Rhine, formed of the sediment brought down and deposited by that river during countless ages. The Gulf of Bothnia is gradually becoming shallower, and strips of newly formed dry land are appearing; partly from silt deposit, partly (it is surmised) from a slow rising of the earth's crust in that part of Europe.

But what are European rivers compared with those of Asia? The mighty Ganges, during its long and winding course from the Himalaya, brings down enormous quantities of solid matter, which it deposits at its mouth in the Bay of Bengal. Here has been formed a delta called the *Sunderbunds*, once clear open sea, now a wilderness tenanted by tigers and alligators, and permeated by numerous 'mouths of the Ganges.' In round numbers, the dry land has robbed the sea of some two hundred miles' width of margin. The Indus, in like manner, though in smaller degree, is robbing the sea, by forming a delta at its estuary or cluster of mouths. Mud is generally interpreted by us simply as an annoyance, not as a heavy substance; but the weight of mud brought down by some of the great rivers is almost inconceivably great. A calculation has been made, that in a hundred and twenty-two days of the rainy season, the Ganges brings down *six thousand million cubic feet* of earthy matter! Sir Charles Lyell points out that

this would more than equal, in bulk if not in weight, forty of the greatest pyramids of Egypt.

The Athara, a tributary of the Nile, the sources of which appear to be farther and farther away the more our explorers search for them, has formed the fertile Delta of Egypt by bringing down enormous quantities of silt from Abyssinia. It is believed that the Mediterranean once washed the very base of Memphis itself; how far that spot is now from the great sea any map of Egypt will tell us. The whole bed of the lower Nile is being raised by the deposit of millions upon millions of tons of mud after every rainy season. In America, the Mississippi is telling a similar tale.

Many patches of dry land on our own shores are gradually being formed by the subsidence of river-mud, by the deposit of shingle brought by tides and currents, and by slow elevating of the land itself. In the townland of Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, a tract of four hundred acres has, in the course of centuries, been stolen from the Firth of Forth. The Esk brings down a quantity of silt; this, checked by the tide of the Firth of Forth, is deposited on the beach, where, meeting with boulders and shingle, it gradually forms solid ground; and on this ground, once covered with sea-water, the greater part of the town stands. Along the coast of Norfolk are many sandy tracts stolen from the sea, chiefly by the deposit of loose sand across the mouths of rivers, the carrying agent being the tides and currents of the German Ocean. The Wash is gradually silting up in a different way. The rivers Nene, Welland, Witham, and Ouse pour into this wide estuary vast quantities of soil brought down from the neighbouring counties, and deposit it all round the margin. As a consequence, the Wash is becoming shallower and shallower; the bed is being elevated; the outlets of the rivers are nearly choked with mud at low tide; while at high tide, the fertile lands of the interior are in danger of being flooded with a rush of sea-water. Millions of money have been spent in deepening the channels of the rivers, making new cuts to facilitate the outflow, and embanking the silted-up margins of shore. Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire have been well rewarded for the outlay by the fertilisation of long stretches of newly consolidated land, formerly covered by the sea. Patches of dry land have been formed in a similar way on some parts of the coast of Kent. Winchelsea, Rye, and Sandwich were at one time seaport towns; they have now only a faint claim to that title. In some places the sickle and the scythe are seen at work where not long ago was salt sea; at others, the margin can scarcely thus be utilised. Poor Sandwich looks dismally at the wide expanse of mud that fronts the town twice every day when the tide is out; the mud is neither useful nor ornamental; vessels cannot sail through it, nor can crops be cultivated on it.

According to law in the British Islands, the strip of muddy or shingly beach between high-water mark and low-water mark, called the *foreshore*, belongs to Queen Victoria, or to the sovereign for the time being; as also the bed of the sea for a few miles out. So long as these strips are useless, nobody cares about them; but if ever they become dry land, the sovereign claims them. In bygone centuries, many such have been granted away by charter to corporate bodies and lords of manors. The foreshore of Cornwall has in this way been

granted to the Duchy of Cornwall. A few years ago, a curious suit was tried—the Queen *versus* her own son—the sovereign against the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall. Of course, the two august personages had very little to do with the matter; the land commissioners on the one side found it necessary to come to some agreement with those on the other, as to certain doubtful matters of grants and claims. When any reclamation from the sea takes place in spots unquestionably regarded as royal foreshore, an easy money payment, as premium or rental, settles the matter of occupancy.

A counterbalancing loss, however, is going on. As we have observed, if the land robs the sea in one part, the sea robs the land in another. This is familiarly exemplified by the rubbing and grinding away of coasts and cliffs, especially on the eastern shores, by tides and currents. There is a reason for this which we seldom think about. When tides and currents roll in from the Atlantic, the British Islands act as a kind of cutwater, splitting the stream into two parts. One body of water flows in between England and France; then, turning northward, flows up the German Ocean towards the North Sea. The other body leaves the shores of Ireland, the west coast of Scotland, the Hebrides, the Orkneys, and the Shetlands, and then turns down into the North Sea, between Britain on the one side, Norway and Denmark on the other. What is the consequence? Tide meets tide, current meets current; and the coasts suffer in the *mêlée*.

Travellers who have visited the Shetland Islands tell us that the bold cliffs are worn and torn and riven in an extraordinary way. Sir Charles Lyell describes the cliffs as being hollowed into deep caves and lofty arches; headlands and promontories assume the fantastic forms of columns, pinnacles, turrets, and obelisks; huge blocks have been driven hundreds of feet away; and the sea has forced a passage through rocks of the hardest porphyry.

Coming south, to the eastern coast of the Scottish mainland, it is found that the destructive force of the waters is less violent. Where is the old town of Findhorn, in Morayshire? Gone; the sea has ground it away, and then swallowed it. In a similar way has disappeared the village of Muthers, in Kincardineshire. Bending round, past Peterhead and Aberdeen, we find evidences that, near Arbroath, gardens and houses have gradually been submerged. The first lighthouse at the mouth of the Tay was built on a portion of coast which is now quite under water. On the opposite coast of Fife, at St Andrews, the sea is gradually claiming the land; Cardinal Beaton's Castle overhangs the cliff in some places, and must in time resign its stately proportions to the sea; while similar marine encroachments are evident all the way along to Fife Ness. The same may be said of Tantallon Castle, on the coast of Haddingtonshire, whose base the restless tide is gradually undermining. The shore between Newhaven and Leith, near Edinburgh, was until quite recently, considerably broader than it is now; and but for strong bulwarks which were laid just in time, the houses which now overlook the Firth of Forth, must have been undermined and washed away. As it is, the roadway of twenty years ago no longer exists.

The northern counties of England have had to

pass through some such ordeal as their Scottish neighbours; the sea has swallowed down more than it has given up, so far as concerns dry land. On the Northumberland coast, Bamborough has been shorn of much of its original proportions; while Tynemouth Castle, now on the very brink of the sea, had at one time a good stretch of fertile land between it and salt water. The Durham coast, especially about Hartlepool, tells many a similar tale to those who are able to read it aright. Yorkshire has suffered much more decidedly. Where there are cliffs of chalk, such as at Flamborough Head, caves have been scooped out by the waves, and portions of cliff isolated into fantastic needle and obelisk forms. Where the cliff or beach is lower, and composed of a mixture of chalk rubble, clay, gravel, and sand, the destruction has been more marked. We would look in vain for the old Yorkshire seaside towns or villages of Auburn, Hartburn, and Hyde; they are gone, buried beneath the waters. Hornsea, too, with Othwaite and Kilnsea, are gradually undergoing the same pitiless fate; middle-aged men can remember when the coast-line was farther out than it is now, while old men shake their heads at the amount of destruction they have witnessed. Sir George Head, describing what met his view at Holderness (as this part of the Yorkshire coast is called) says, concerning Kilnsea: 'I thought I had never seen human dwellings so critically placed; the houses huddled together on a bleak, bare spot, unrelieved by surrounding objects—a low promontory on a crumbling foundation, against which the waves continually beat with a heavy swell. Indeed, the imagination can hardly depict a more abrupt and daring position. Before entering the village, and immediately contiguous, the road leading to it at one particular part had already gone; while, in a line diverging from the chasms, rails were set up to direct the course of the night-traveller, and to prevent him from walking on straightforward into the sea. . . . Notwithstanding, hitherto such has been the apathy of the villagers, that many rested quietly for weeks together with the spray of the sea-storm rattling against their windows; and thus have remained till the ground has been almost torn from under their beds.'

In Lincolnshire, owing to the extreme flatness of the coast, and the level of many parts of the interior being below that of high-water, the sea has more frequently inundated the land than worn away cliffs; man has battled against it, not by removing houses and villages farther inland, but by raising seaside embankments. But, in Norfolk, the cliff-wearing has been in progress for an unknown number of centuries. The cliffs at Hunstanton are being eaten away yard by yard. An inn at Sheringham, built at what was believed to be a safe distance inland, is now close to the edge. The small pleasure-town of Cromer is *new* Cromer; the old town is now beneath the waves, and the new one seems likely to share the same fate by and by. Reculver is now represented only by the tower of the ruined church; all else is gone, as are the (once) seaside villages of Wimpwell and Shipden. Suffolk is no better off than its neighbour Norfolk. Dunwich has been travelling inland ever since it was Dunwich; new houses, churches, and public buildings having been erected farther back, as the old ones were washed away. Corton,

Aldbrough, Pakefield, and Bawdsey have similarly been disturbed in their quietude.

Coming down to Kent, we find Reculver now represented by a ruined old church, washed at its base by the sea; Horne Bay, once really a bay, now scraped away to a straight line; the North Foreland dug into by the waves; the cliffs at Dover, Folkstone, and Hythe similarly worn; so are Hastings cliffs and Beachy Head. All along the coasts of Hants and Dorset the sea is robbing the land; especially near Lyme Regis, where the waves have wrought changes almost whimsical in their strangeness.

On the southern side of the Isle of Wight, facing the British Channel, sad havoc has been made by the encroachment of the sea. The cliffs being undermined by the tides, large masses have fallen down, and landslips of a picturesque kind produced. Some years ago, when at Ventnor, we observed with some concern that the tendency to destruction was greatly promoted by the mischievous practice of removing sand from the shingly beach, for building purposes. The sand which Nature threw up as a protection from the violence of the waves was systematically carted away. In the local press, we took the liberty of pointing out the danger of so damaging the beach, but without avail. At length, the authorities got a tremendous awaking from their lethargy. A heavy storm beating on the shore destroyed portions of the Promenade, and threatened the very foundations of the town. Alarmed for the consequences, the robbery of sand was stopped, but too late to preserve the original beauty of the beach. On a late occasion, when visiting the spot, it was distressing to see that the shore in front of the town was defaced by rows of stakes driven into the shingle for the purpose of averting any further injury. At much cost the town was saved, but a thing of beauty had from pure greed been sacrificed—a lesson to civic authorities who tamper with what Nature sends as a protection to a foreshore.

Lessons of this kind, however, are perhaps not always either agreeable or acceptable, particularly if it should occur that the parties who are expected to protect the beach from depredation are themselves the depredators, or are at all events lax in their guardianship. The old question arises—'Who are to keep the keepers?' Whoever be to blame, a great and it may be an irreparable error is committed when, possibly from sheer thoughtlessness, sand is removed from places where, besides being an attraction, it happens to serve as a bulwark against the violence of winds and tides. A scandalous case of sand-removal from a sea-shore has lately come under notice in connection with Portobello, a pleasant watering-place on the Firth of Forth near Edinburgh. The most magnificent sweep of sands, as far as we know, in Scotland, was in a wholesale manner made a habitual prey, and carted off without practical restriction, until, roused by the effects of a storm, the inhabitants got alarmed, and the spoliation was stopped. The mentioning of these cases may possibly be useful in drawing general attention to the subject. Where seaside residents are favoured with a fine beach, they cannot, as we think, be too vigilant in its preservation.

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HOME FLOWERS.

No one who is observant of his surroundings in a walk through any great town or city in the United Kingdom can fail to recognise the great increase in the cultivation of flowers, and the adornment of the exterior of houses with devices and arrangements in which shrubs and plants of every description are the prominent features. Those who can recall the condition of things twenty or thirty years ago, tell us of the dull, cheerless aspect of our streets, and the impossibility of seeing a growing leaf in our great cities, save in the conservatories of the wealthy, or the few trees that escaped the axe of the destroyer when some of the squares and streets of cities were formed by the builder. The natural yearning for something green to look upon—for some faint shadow of the lovely buds and flowers which the tired workers in our smoke-darkened atmospheres seldom see—suggested long ago the possibility of protecting these charming children of Nature from the uncongenial surroundings of towns and cities, by placing them in glass cases; and in Wellese Square, close to Smithfield Market, at the top of his house there, an enthusiastic medical practitioner succeeded in growing the denizens of distant lands in beautiful perfection; there he cultivated small palms, cacti, ferns, and exquisite little mosses, as well as tiny roses, heaths, and other flowering-plants. This was the beginning of the now common practice of growing plants in small glass inclosures without the admission of air; and cases so adapted are called Wardian Cases, from the name of their inventor, Mr Nathaniel Ward, the doctor who so loved Nature, that his greatest pleasure and relaxation was to tend and develop her efforts to grow and multiply under the disadvantages of a London atmosphere.

Now that these Cases are so universal, and window-gardens inclosed in glass are by no means uncommon, we almost fancy it was always so; and we do not realise what a source of pleasure would be removed from our daily life if suddenly we were deprived of the many appliances which now

make town-life so much more tolerable, even to the lover of the country, than it used to be. Window-gardens are of so many different kinds, of such various pretensions, that it is difficult to prescribe any one form of arrangement. We know one house in the heart of fashionable but smoky London, inhabited by a skilful dentist, who has the excellent taste so to arrange every window on which the patient, while seated, must gaze, as to be a perfect delight; and we know from experience, that the minutes, or maybe half-hours of discomfort—not to use a stronger term—spent in his terrible chair, are strangely beguiled by the bright and beautiful buds and leaves tastefully arranged in a rock-work kind of setting, and which seem to peep in at you through the window as you bear your tortures, suggesting scenes and days when toothache and all its complications shall have passed away. In the particular house of which I write, each window is filled with a sort of deep zinc tray, supported on the outside by a broad window-sill and iron brackets. It is covered over with glass, which reaches about three feet from the bottom of the window; the inner glass being formed by the window itself, which is left to open and shut easily. A simple sort of rock-work, made either of stones or virgin cork, forms the background; a mossy bed lines the bottom of the zinc tray, which is drained by means of a little trough at the side. In this lining, my dentist friend has planted delicate trailing ivy, bright and tender ferns; and as the seasons change, the scene is varied by the many kinds of cryptogamic plants he finds in his winter walks, or induces his lady-friends to collect for him—the pretty red-cupped lichen, curious mosses and fungi, an early crocus or two; then the lovely primrose, the wood-anemone, and any one or two of the most easily obtained wild-plants of the district within reach. We almost wonder what new floral genus will be in the well-known window to welcome us, when next we take our seat in that inevitable green-velvet chair.

Such pleasure as these simple arrangements afford, is within the reach of every one who loves the beautiful green world well enough to give

a few minutes' attention daily to it; and the variation of the inhabitants of these little window-cases would often form an agreeable object for an excursion into the country, more enticing than the mere exercise of walking. When expense in construction and furnishing is not an object, these window-cases may be made to contain many rare and choice plants; and a simple arrangement for heating them by means of hot-water pipes can easily be effected, and the water kept hot by the use of gas outside. It is quite right that these more ambitious constructions should be attempted and enjoyed by those who can afford them; but the real pleasure of contriving and filling a simple window-case is known best to those who have done it for themselves, to whom every little ivy leaf or fern frond is a familiar friend, and who can associate the remembrance of a pleasant chat, a health-giving breeze, or a thoughtful solitary stroll, with this little clump of moss, or with that little cluster of harebells.

Many an invalid, confined to one room perhaps, and debarred from ever seeing Nature in all her beauty, may derive intense pleasure from these simple contrivances. The dampness necessary to the growth of the plants is shut out from the room by the closed window; and when sunlight shines in, and this window is thrown open, with what joy will the delicate and wasted fingers arrange and tenderly care for the cherished leaves and buds within, seeming to pet them almost as though they had the consciousness to welcome the attention! No companionship is more grateful to an invalid than that of quiet, gentle, unobtrusive nature as seen in the life of plants; and by this device of a window-case outside the room, and yet visible through the window, the conditions of light and moisture necessary to the plant are combined with the possibility of preventing the evil effects of strong perfume or dampness on the inhabitant of the chamber. Were it only that we are now able to enliven and cheer the monotonous existence of the afflicted ones of the world by the sight of living, growing, healthy, and beautiful vegetation in their very chambers, our debt of gratitude to the inventor of these Cases ought to be very great indeed.

In a book before us—*Domestic Floriculture*, by F. W. Burbidge (William Blackwood and Sons)—there are full directions for all kinds of gardening, and for the cultivation of flowers in all possible circumstances; it also contains suggestions from practical experience as to the best plants for each special condition. Mr Burbidge tells us much about the cultivation of plants, the soil and treatment best adapted to each; he also gives excellent and practical hints as to the use of flowers in ornamental decorations in the house, on the table, and about ourselves; and concludes by a long and descriptive list of plants, implements, &c. requisite for every kind of gardening.

But few people, we fancy, exist who do not feel gratified by the presence of bright growing-

plants in their houses; and yet the difficulty of preserving them, and the expense of renewing them, are often serious drawbacks to this pleasure. One of the most fertile causes of disappointment is due to a bad selection of plants; for it is not every plant that will grow either in a window-case or in a room. Another serious interference is the use of gas in rooms where the plants are placed; the slightest escape is sufficient to cause the leaves to wither and fall off, and generally to injure the plant. The better the room is ventilated, the more successful will be the plants in it; and this observation ought surely to teach us a lesson with regard to ourselves and our own health. Though not so sensitive to impure air as our vegetable companions, we are undoubtedly not sufficiently alive to the depressing and injurious influence of an ill-ventilated and polluted atmosphere. Syringing the leaves of plants exposed to the dust of a sitting-room, and washing them carefully with tepid water, assist them to live.

The result of some experience, many disappointments, and much vexation, as to the plants which live longest and best in the atmosphere of a town-house where there is no conservatory to recruit them, is, that pelargoniums, fuchsias, and the whole race of gardeners' greenhouse favourites, are a delusion and a snare, and should only be indulged in with the knowledge that their beauty is but transient, and that they will soon perish. Ferns, grasses, agaves, the *Ficus elastica* or India-rubber Plant; the Umbrella Sedge (*Cyperus alternifolius*) from Madagascar, and some of the *Dracenas*, are more lasting and more satisfactory as indoor plants than any others we have tried. It is difficult to say why this is so; possibly owing to the larger amount of breathing-surface in the leaf possessed by these plants, it being of course essential to keep this respiratory system free from dirt and dust, and able to act freely.

Those who possess conservatories as nurseries for their plants need not be so particular as to their endurance, for on the least sign of sickness they can be removed and exchanged; it is chiefly in those who, like ourselves, have neither greenhouse nor conservatory, and no money to throw away, that we feel interested, and would help to enjoy the luxury of tastefully decorated rooms and the companionship of beautiful plants, without the drawback of extravagance.

For several years we have managed to keep a little sitting-room the object of admiration and envy of our friends, by a little contrivance in its arrangement. During the summer, when there is no fire required, the open fireplace is filled by a frame of wicker-work, which exactly fits it, and is fastened to a trough or *jardinière* of galvanised tin about ten inches deep, in front. This is painted green, and the fender is removed and put aside. Two pots of growing ivy are set in this trough, one at each side, and the branches are carefully trained over the wicker-work, so as to form a green and living screen. The register (damper) of the chimney is left open behind this screen, so as to secure ventilation to the room and the plants. The trough is then filled in with hardy ferns, or such plants as are

found to survive longest, and the pots covered over with moss. They can thus be easily and safely watered, and will live in a London room without any appearance of fading for three months of the summer. Dead leaves must of course be picked off, and attention paid to the plants generally; but they will repay it all by growing and thriving; and if the fireplace be not in a dark part of the room, the ivy flourishes luxuriantly. This arrangement costs but a few shillings, and will last for many years. It has also a decided superiority over cut paper-screens. With the wicker-screen and ivy in front, the fire materials may remain laid in the grate, ready for a chance cold or wet evening. When the fire is to be lighted, the floral screen can be lifted and placed in any part of the room against a wall, with the ferns and flowers in front as they were.

All decoration is so much a matter of taste that it is difficult to prescribe rules for it; but a few practical hints are often valuable to those who have sufficient ability to carry them out, though not to originate them. In Mr Burbidge's book is a very pretty drawing of a mirror draped with ivy, which is kept alive by a little tin receptacle for water hung on a nail in the wall at the back. The same suggestion is applicable to a picture-frame; and surely the portrait of a beloved face gone from us, perhaps for ever, around which fresh green leaves and tender flowers are allowed to cluster, harmonises well with the feelings which arise as we look on the well-known features!

Another plan is to have a little trough suspended in front of the picture, which can be filled with moss and flowers according to the season; and we fancy that, of all places in the house, this will be the chosen one for the earliest spring flowers and the brightest blossoms throughout the year—a loving task for the hands that can no longer minister to the pleasure and comfort of the dear one whose likeness is so precious, even if it be but a photograph. It is a very convenient and tasteful contrivance to fill a soup-plate or dinner-basket with moss, which can be kept well moistened, and in which any wild-flowers or pretty buds or leaves gathered in a country walk can be placed. Here a few wood-anemones, a dozen primroses, a twig overgrown with a curious lichen, or a fungus with an unknown name, may be grouped so as to remind one of the lanes and hedgerows whence they came.

Surely one great delight in surrounding one's self with flowers is that of association; certainly it is so with wild-flowers; their beauty is not their only attraction, but the renewal of life they seem to bring with them. There they are, the same as when we were young; the tiny harebell, with its pale-blue cups and cobweb stems, is just as it was in the days when we fancied we could hear the silver music they made when the good fairies

Rang their wildering chimes to vagrant butterflies!

Even the bright and common buttercup recalls the joy of a summer holiday in the fields, and we find ourselves, with gray streaks in our hair, laughing once again over the recollection of being convicted of fondness for 'butter,' and blowing the silver down off the stem of the dandelion to see 'what o'clock it is.' No gardener's art has changed these lovely children of nature; they are like the early and true friends of youth, untouched by the hand

of Fashion, and telling only of simple love and purity; just as they were half a century ago, when life was so bright in anticipation, and we only knew that flowers were beautiful, and that we loved them.

The practice of growing flowers in the windows of cottages is a very ancient one, and we read of the campanula being a favourite window-plant as long ago as the time of old Gerard the botanist. Window-gardening has now spread from the humble cottage to the largest mansion, and we cannot pass through a square or street in London, or any of our great cities, without seeing balconies covered with bright green leaves, and growing-plants and flowers garnishing many windows. From many a dark and gloomy area may now be seen ascending healthy and bright creeping-plants, such as the Virginian creeper, jasmine, or ivy. These cover the soot-begrimed walls, and cheer the eyes of those who seldom leave the lower rooms of the house; and if the roots and lower branches be well cared for, they grow on higher and higher, till they cover the bare house-front, peep into the dining-room windows, and carry freshness and adornment from Betty's humble domain below, up to the threshold of beauty and fashion. This custom of surrounding the house with growing-plants is common on the continent. In France and Germany, many of the houses are adorned by one or two beautiful oleanders in large painted tubs on each side of the entrance, and possibly several aloes or other hardy plants arranged on the door-steps. In our crowded city streets, space is too valuable to allow of this sort of decoration, and we are generally obliged to confine ourselves to boxes filled with mould and placed on the window-sills outside. These may be filled with a succession of flowers as the seasons advance, and require only the attention of watering and removing the dead leaves or flowers as they appear. When the atmosphere is densely thick and dirty, the protection of a little glass case is of course very desirable.

In all window-boxes it is very desirable to mix the fresh green foliage of small shrubs with the bright flowers of what are called 'bedding-plants.' It is a mistake to fill the box with a multiplicity of colours and shades mixed indiscriminately. It is better to use a few distinct flowers, and to arrange the colours in tolerable masses.

Many people still hold by an old prejudice against having plants in such rooms as are constantly used or slept in; but, as is the case with most prejudices, no reason is given for their objection. It is thought to be unhealthy; and if we take the trouble to analyse the objection, we find perhaps that strong perfumes are disagreeable, which is quite possible, and should therefore be avoided. The objection to cut flowers may arise from the fact that the stems often decay and decompose in the water, if neglected, especially such flowers as wall-flowers, hyacinths, bluebells, and the like, with succulent and leafy stems. No room is so bright and pretty as it might be without a few nicely arranged flowers disposed about it, and no table can be said to be complete without a glass containing a single flower, if no more.

As it is with individuals, so it is with nations, we are inclined to think—the love of nature, and the study of her ways and laws, increase as civilisation advances. Balcony and window gardening,

and the companionship of beautiful flowers, are delightful and refreshing, and in some degree are open to every one to enjoy; but it will readily be believed that some acquaintance with the real nature and habits and constitution of the things we so much admire must add to their interest. The germination and growth of a seed is a subject for study and thought. The examination of the various phenomena which take place even in a window-box of plants, must suggest many questions to the thoughtful mind. Here is a green leaf. Why is it green? Why does it turn yellow? How is it that a plant only lives in the light? How does it use the air that we breathe? It retains in its tissues the carbon, and returns oxygen for our use. It is, then, a purifier and health-giver, and performs in its little sphere the same functions as those of the noble oak in the forest which has defied the blasts of centuries.

The subject of domestic floriculture is full of interest for all who aspire to elevated pursuits. The pleasure of planting some tiny seed is only equalled, if it is not excelled, by watching its early peep-of-day and daily progress thereafter: be it hyacinth, or crocus, or snowdrop enshrouded in their narrow earthen bed, the first suspicion of green that breaks the superincumbent earth, brings to the expectant owner a *something* difficult to express. Nor need he be overburdened with this world's gear, for many a working-man has been a true student of nature, and has found happiness and pleasure unknown to those of baser tastes.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XX.—DALTON TAKES THE BIT BETWEEN HIS TEETH.

THERE were now but two or three days remaining to be spent at Riverside; the Daltons had been there for some time, but Holt had come towards the end of their stay, and was to return to London in their company. It was a strong proof of the popularity of the former that they were importuned to make a longer visit, notwithstanding that such an arrangement would have involved keeping Mr Holt, who had already over-stayed his welcome. There was nothing about him even negatively offensive—such as is seen in the tone, or look, or manner of many men; but he had not succeeded in ingratiating himself with any one of the party. The man who disliked him most was undoubtedly he who had been the cause of his admission into the Riverside circle—namely, John Dalton himself; yet he now sought his companionship more than ever, and more than that of his own belongings. He was the only one in the house, save Edith, who could appreciate—even if he did not sympathise with—his miserable position; and with Edith, conversation was too painful. And Holt, on his part, feeling perhaps somewhat *de trop* in the company of the rest, or perhaps for more substantial reasons, was glad enough of his company. Of Dalton's conversation—once so brilliant and so fluent, even with a companion such as he—he did not get much; the two men sat opposite to one another for hours together in the morning with their cigars, dropping a remark not much

more frequently than they dropped the long ashes of their intimidada.

'By-the-bye,' said Holt on the morning after the event recorded in our last chapter, 'this dreadful *Lara* business has swallowed up all other affairs, like an Aaron's rod, or I should not have omitted to tell you that poor Astor has left us.'

'Left you? I suppose you mean that he has had his *congé*. Poor Philip! The family, it seems, are coming to grief all round. Perhaps, if he had won his cause, he would not have kicked down the whole property, as I have done.'

'Well, he squandered whatever he could get, you know.'

'That's true,' answered Dalton indifferently. He had always felt much sympathy for his half-brother, besides exhibiting it in a more practical way; but his own circumstances were too desperate to admit of much feeling for him now. 'I am afraid he is an impracticable fellow. I believe I did all I could for him *when* I could,' and Dalton sighed to think how incapable he had become of helping even himself.

'Impracticable; yes, that is just the word. I found it was quite impossible to get on with him any longer. I bore with him more than I could have done for any other man, for your sake.'

'I daresay,' said Dalton coolly, and not with much graciousness, that must be owned. 'And where is the poor fellow gone to now?'

'I cannot tell. There was no absolute quarrel between us, you understand, but we did not part on such good terms that there was any confidence. I believe, however, he has gone abroad—to seek his fortune; rather a vague phrase with anybody, but in the case of such a rolling-stone as Astor'—and Mr Holt executed his favourite continental shrug.

'If I was a free man, and if I could leave my wife and children with enough to live upon in comfort, that is what I would do myself,' said Dalton thoughtfully.

'What would you do?'

'Go abroad and seek my fortune; and when I say "abroad," I mean across the world, and as much as possible out of it. I would fly from Civilisation, Luxury, Society'—

He stopped, suddenly conscious that he had a listener—a very earnest and attentive one, with a look upon his face that seemed to ill conceal something of satisfaction, if not of downright triumph.

'What the deuce is there to grin at?' asked Dalton savagely.

'I was not grinning at all, my good sir,' answered the other. 'I was, on the contrary, deploring within myself the cruel mischance that had brought a man like you, the pet of the bower and the hall—how does it go! to wish yourself out of society. You wouldn't like to become a savage, surely, to have only two coats—of paint—one for peace and one for war.'

'I shall not long possess two coats of any other kind,' said Dalton bitterly.

'Oh, come, come; there you exaggerate.'

'I am stating the simple fact, and you know it, Holt. Supposing that mine turns out as worthless as we believe it to be, I shall, literally, not have a coat to my back.'

'A bad mine is a deuceful bad hole to get into, no doubt; but still, there are ways out of it.'

'Not honest ways,' answered Dalton sternly; 'you know we have exhausted that subject.'

'Yes; but we were talking then of your slipping your head out of the collar. Now, supposing you got somebody else to take the shares upon his own shoulders. Of course, you would get nothing for them, but it would at least limit your responsibilities.'

'But who on earth would be such a fool as to take shares in the *Lara*, now?'

'Well, there are always speculators,' answered the other coolly 'not fools, by any means, but men who will take some risk upon themselves, where the expenditure in the first instance is little or nothing.'

'Have you a friend in the City who wants *Laras*?' inquired Dalton with a forced laugh. The words of warning in the letter of the previous day, 'Stick to the *Lara*,' rang in his ears. Was it really possible that the man who had pronounced the mine to be hopeless, and likely to prove worse than hopeless, ruinous, was desirous to obtain shares in it? The suspicions that he had of late entertained of Holt, recurred to his mind with terrible violence; he had no more ground for them than before, unless that single line of anonymous advice could be so termed; yet he felt convinced, as he had never been before. 'Have you a friend in the City who wants *Laras*?' was, he was aware, a question which, under the circumstances, involved an insult; yet he had not hesitated to put it.

'You are not serious, I am sure, Dalton,' said the other quietly; 'if, at least, you mean by that, do I want *Laras*. The mine is, in my opinion, a mere dangerous hole. At the same time, I believe I know people, or can find them, who think otherwise; who are confident that they can avoid the danger, and have hopes of getting something out of the hole. They are rash, no doubt, but they are accustomed to risks; and if they choose to take this particular one instead of you, that is their own affair. You surely need have no scruples in this case.'

'They are not scruples, but doubts'—

'Doubts, Dalton?' interrupted the other quickly. 'Doubts of whom?'

'Well, I cannot say of whom, because there may be a lot of people mixed up in the affair, and I don't happen to know their names. You were good enough to say, the other day, that you would hold me harmless—out of old acquaintance' sake—from further liability as to the *Lara*; and here, it seems, are others, who have no such acquaintance with me, offering to do me the like favour. Under these circumstances—moved by so singular a coincidence—I think I shall stick to the *Lara*.'

'You will do as you please, of course, my dear Dalton; but the question is whether you can afford to stick to it. That every shilling will have to be paid up, is morally certain.'

'I can pay every shilling.'

'My dear fellow, there is no occasion to be so brusque; I do not doubt that you can pay it. But when you were so good as to repose some confidence in me the other day respecting your affairs, it was made plain to me that the payment would leave you without much margin as to means.'

'You need not be so delicate about it, my good

sir,' laughed Dalton bitterly; 'it will leave me penniless.'

'Not quite that, I hope, Dalton.'

'Quite that, Holt. Whatever remnant may be left, I shall set apart for my wife and children, and only taking for myself so much as will pay my passage out, and keep me for a few weeks, when I have landed, I mean to go abroad, like Philip, and seek my fortune. It is, as you have said, a vague term; but it is at all events better than staying here and cutting my throat. It is out of the question that I should remain at home and be a burden to my dear ones—for a moment his lips trembled, his voice failed; then, as if ashamed of his own weakness, he added sharply 'and therefore I mean to go abroad.'

'But surely not without an aim?'

'I did not say that,' answered Dalton coldly.

'My dear fellow, I am the last person to be inquisitive, or to press for confidence which is withheld from me; I was only about to observe, that the difficulties which even you may experience in getting a home appointment of any value, would disappear if you could be content with a place abroad. There is not the same importunity for them, and at the same time they are in many respects more advantageous. There is many a consulship, for example, at places to which one would scarcely like to bring one's wife and family, where, nevertheless, a man might find himself very comfortable *en garçon*, and make—or rather save—a good deal of money.'

'I daresay,' answered Dalton with indifference. He had hardly heard what the other said. The intention which he had just expressed of leaving England, had seized him upon a sudden—while Holt was talking to him, and had been in part suggested by his talk; and though he was quite resolved to put it into execution, the magnitude of the matter overwhelmed him. It was only with a small part of the world that he was now concerned; it did indeed consist of but four persons; those always loved ones were dearer to him now, than when the rest of the world had been something to him: they were his all-in-all, and now he must needs part from them—perhaps for ever. It was curious that when he had been cutting himself off from them (as he thought) *with certainty*, he had been less moved; but then he had known, or had persuaded himself, that it was for their own good; and now he could not be sure of this. Sure? He could be sure of nothing. His whole life had become a hideous chance, in which the odds were fearfully against him; and those he loved he had set upon the hazard of the die—as men he had read of, vile and worthless men, had staked their wives and children against gold, and lost. His brain seemed all on fire.

'I have only to repeat, Dalton,' he presently heard the other saying, 'that I hope to be allowed to shew myself your friend. If you do go—no matter where—I shall be still here, in England, at your command, and at the command of those you leave behind you.'

'True, true,' answered Dalton, walking up and down. Holt looked at him inquiringly. They were strange words in which to acknowledge such a friendly offer. If he could have looked into the other's thoughts, he would have read something of this kind: 'Yes; he will be here

when I am far away; they will be poor, sweet souls, and he will be rich. He will dare what he has hitherto not dreamed of daring. He will ask her to become his wife—my Kitty! and she will spurn him; then she will taste of the bitter cup of penury and dependence, and he will importune her, and perhaps she will not spurn him. My God, it is terrible!

'I hope you will do nothing rashly,' observed Holt, doubtless alarmed by the wild looks of his companion.

'I hope not,' was the cold reply: 'unless, that is, you consider what is soon and sudden to be necessarily rash. I shall probably go at once.'

'But arrangements will have to be made with respect to your family—I mean business ones,' added the other, seeing Dalton's brow grow dark; 'you can't get away all in a hurry, even if it were only for this *Lara* business. I don't mean to say the law could stop you; but by leaving England at such a moment and supposing things came to their worst with the mine you would expose yourself to the suspicion of having done that very thing which, when I proposed that you should do it—although in a very modified form—you were ready to fly at my throat for the bare suggestion. Now, if you could get rid of the shares, with all their liabilities, as I honestly believe'—

'Once for all, Holt,' interrupted Dalton angrily, 'I shall not part with those shares; so it is idle to discuss the subject. As you say, there are many arrangements to be made, and quickly, so that I have no time to waste.' And with that he pitched the remains of his cigar out of the window, instead of placing it in its proper receptacle, and marched out of the room.

'*Qu'allait il faire dans cette galère?*' inquired Mr Richard Holt, when he found himself alone. He prided himself on his French accent to that extent that it pleased him to mouth the language, even when no one was at hand in whom to excite admiration by it.

'What maggot has he got into his head now?' mused he. 'The idea of a man like him, who has never been without kid gloves and a silver fork, expecting to make a fortune at the antipodes! Well, well; he may take his own way, with all my heart; and the sooner he goes, and the longer he is away—whether measured by time or space—the better I shall be pleased. Hunger, they say, will tame a lion; and poverty is a certain sort of hunger, and will tame most things, including a woman's heart.'

His face softened—all but those unsympathising eyes—and the man of scrip and share seemed to give himself up for a time to dreams. His fingers played softly on the table before him, as though in time to some unseen musician, and his lips followed an unheard song. Then something roused him: it was but Dalton's whistling to a spaniel upon the lawn, but he rose at once with a frown and watched him. The ruined man, with head depressed, and one hand buried in his pocket, was about to enter the shrubbery, doubtless for a solitary ramble. In his loneliness and melancholy, it seemed that he even sought the companionship of a dog.

Mr Holt, however, if he thus translated his friend's action, was by no means moved by it to pity.

'Hang the fellow, I don't know what has come to him,' muttered he, as he gazed out on his retreat-

ing figure: 'he used to be as malleable as clay, but now he is stiff against the potter. What on earth can have made him sweet upon these *Laras*? There's not a man in England—not now—who could have told him that they were not worthless, and worse than worthless. That is the evil of having to deal with a man that is not practical. All the arguments may be against him, yet he will stick like a leech to his own instincts, and sometimes, egad! and here Mr Holt grinned rather unpleasantly—'he may be right in so doing, in spite of himself and of his friends.'

Unconscious of this doubtful compliment, John Dalton had plunged with his four-footed companion into the mazes of the 'wilderness,' as that part of the shrubbery at Riverside was called which ran at the base of the hill behind the house, between the park and 'the grounds.' It was an artificial sort of place, plentifully provided with nooks and seats—perhaps in anticipation of some love-making in the family—but it was at present as solitary as Sahara. Here Dalton wandered for hours, forming the scheme, he had so suddenly determined upon, into a particular shape.

It is incredible to prosperous persons to what slender hopes men who have been overwhelmed by misfortune will cling, and especially if those hopes are few as well as slender. If their woes—God help them!—be exaggerated, as their friends are so prone to say, it is certain that they exaggerate their chances of redemption likewise. As prop after prop is torn away from beneath the superstructure, those which still remain are credited with a strength which, when they stood shoulder to shoulder with the others, would have seemed preposterous; and when all have been swept away save one—that one, like the last book of the Sibyl, is rated by its unhappy possessor at the same value as all the rest. Now, the last hope that was left to Dalton, in his own view at least—for we have heard another express an opinion that it was a source of apprehension rather than of comfort—was his interest in the *Lara* mine, nearly half of which indeed was his own property. He had been induced to invest in it by Holt's representations; and even now, though he harboured such strong suspicions of his conduct, he believed that those representations had been genuine. At one time, it was certain that Holt had himself purchased largely in the mine, and whatever might be wrong with the man in morals, his judgment in business affairs was undoubtedly sound. He was by no means rash in his investments, even where the prospect of gain was very tempting; and it was hard to believe that Holt would have held possession—even for an hour—of what, as it now turned out, might have ruined him root and branch. It was true that he had got rid of the shares, and even that he had advised his friend to do the like; but he had been by no means urgent about the matter, as would have been the case if he had suspected danger; and danger of this desperate kind (so Dalton thought) could hardly have existed without Holt's suspecting it. If the *Lara* was really the empty hole which Holt had described it, and which the papers had stigmatised it as being, he (Dalton) was ruined indeed beyond redemption; but if his own instincts about the matter, so curiously corroborated by his anonymous correspondent, and also by Holt's own unexpected offer to take the shares off his hands, were to be relied upon, things were not

so bad with the *Lara* as they seemed, and as some persons perhaps were interested in making them appear. The truth of the matter was only to be arrived at by visiting the mine itself, and this was the course that Dalton had made up his mind to adopt. In his hand was the advertisement sheet of the *Times* newspaper, in which he had already marked the sailings of the steamers for Rio. He would start by the very first, if his wife would let him. Not that his wife had ever opposed herself to will or whim of his; he meant rather if his love for his wife would let him; if he could bring himself to break this resolve of his to her ear—sweet unsuspecting son!—and then to put it into execution. To leave her in her penny and woful change; upon the brink, too, of her woman's trial—the time of all others when she would yearn for his comforting presence. If Dalton was of the silver-fork and kid-glove school, as Holt had said, his feelings were natural and wholesome. He loved his wife and children as much as if society had had no charms for him, nor he for it. The hardships that would lie before him in the new life that he was contemplating would probably be hateful to one nurtured and brought up as he had been, but they never crossed his mind. If he thought of himself at all, it was only in connection with those dear ones from whom he was about to tear himself; and even then, his main thought was, not how bitterly he would feel the wrench, but how it would rive and wound those hearts that were bound up with his. Could his darling Edith—bowed down, as he knew she was, notwithstanding her brave bearing, by their ruin—endure his absence upon so vague a quest, so far, and perchance so long? When her hour of anguish came, would she survive?—He had no courage to finish the dire foreboding, but threw himself on a garden-seat and hid his face, while the dog looked up at him in wistful wonder. From the park above, came the 'chip-chop' of an axe, indicating that the master of Riverside was engaged—quite independently of the time of year—in his self-imposed task of thinning the timber. 'What a life of ease does yon man lead!' thought Dalton bitterly. To him, indeed, it seemed that all men were free from burdens in comparison with the heavy load that cruel Fate had imposed upon his own shoulders, or rather—which was worse—that he had himself placed there. There was no one, down to the gardener's lad, whom he had just seen tending the mowing-machine upon the lawn, with whom he would not have exchanged places. The transformation that he had already suffered was greater than that would be, by far. If an ape's head—which he had richly deserved—had been substituted for his own, he could not have become more completely another man, except (alas!) that he was recognisable. He would be pointed at by every finger, as he went slouching by in his rags, as the man who had once been John Dalton.

He rose from his seat with a passionate curse; but the next moment his anger passed away. What did it matter if he did sink so low? It was only what he merited. He might stop and starve in England, and would deserve no pity. But for the sake of others, it behoved him still to try to hold up his head, and that could be done only by going elsewhere. On Sunday week a vessel sailed for Rio Janeiro from Southampton, and he would

go in that; not to seek a fortune, but upon an errand that he strove to think not quite so hopeless—to recover the one which he had lost.

ANIMAL POWERS OF OFFENCE AND DEFENCE.

THERE can hardly be any greater diversity observed in the animal series than that exemplified in the various means whereby animals are enabled to assume an offensive or defensive aspect. From the lowest to the highest grades of animal life—excepting perhaps man himself—we find ample provision made for the exigencies of animal existence, in so far as these exigencies demand the use of apparatus which gives its possessors some advantage or other in the 'struggle for existence.' Undoubtedly, in his superior intellectual organisation, which enables man even in his rudest state to avail himself of almost every feature in his surroundings for advantage and defence, the human subject has been endowed above all other forms; and he therefore compensates himself by varied arts and stratagems for the want of the more rigid and natural appliances of lower forms. But if it be true that art is most to be admired when it closely imitates nature, then the policy of man in his imitation, conscious or unconscious, of the many offensive arts of his humbler neighbours, must claim from us a fair share of favourable criticism.

Thus, it is a striking fact, that very many human means of defence or offence find their prototypes, or at least strangely analogous features, in the extensive armoury of the animal world at large. The lasso may be found in the apparatus whereby such a simple form as the *Hydra*, that tiny Fresh-water Polype, secures its prey. Or, when human sharpshooters think to conceal their whereabouts most effectually from the foes they purpose to annoy, and clothe themselves in garments of neutral tint, the hue of which shall most nearly resemble that of the objects amidst which they are located, this principle of imitation of natural objects again finds a strict parallelism in the animal world. For it is a familiar fact to all observers of nature, that the colour of most animals resembles more or less that of their natural surroundings. The colour of the Sand grouse, for instance, and other species of grouse, of partridges and other birds inhabiting heaths, or of flounders and other fishes inhabiting the sand, strictly approximates in character to that of their dwelling-places, and serves to conceal and protect such beings. And when we further discover that, in not a few cases, this principle of similarity to their surroundings is carried in some animals—such as the Leaf-insects and Walking-stick Insects—to the extent of close and actual *mimicry*, our surprise is increased.

Or lastly, when we find, as in the latest phase of modern warfare, that the concealed torpedo is used as a subtle and powerful means for effecting the destruction of whole fleets, the fact cannot but call to mind the electrical apparatus of some fishes—and notably that of the Torpedo or Electric Ray—which exists as a natural means of defence, the powers of which, few, if any, of their less-favoured neighbours care to test or provoke.

Whilst the consideration of the more prominent and typical means of defence in animals may very reasonably occupy our brief attention, a few words

on the subject of mimicry in the animal series may also prove interesting, more especially as this form of protection, through imitation of their surroundings, forms a simple yet effective means of defence to many organisms. We have already referred to the readily perceived and very general correspondence in colour seen throughout the animal world between animals and their abodes; and of the more general aspects of this condition nothing further need be said. The more special and striking developments of mimetic resemblances are found in cases in which not merely the general colour of their environments is imitated, but where resemblances of a close, and sometimes of a very extraordinary kind, to other animals, to plants, or even to inorganic objects, are to be noted. In the Leaf-insects, which are included in the same order as Locusts, Crickets, &c., for example, the wings are not only coloured to resemble leaves, but their structure imitates in the most exact manner the appearance of the veins of the leaf. Nor does the principle of imitation end with this sufficiently remarkable effect. In some Leaf-insects the colours of the leaf-like wings actually change with the season of the year; as if in the most perfect sympathy and harmony with the alteration of colours in the actual leaves. And the mimicry becomes of still more perfect kind, to our thinking, when we find that the wings of the Leaf-insect exhibit even the characteristic markings we are familiar with in leaves as produced by the attacks of minute insects; Nature thus imitating not merely the natural structure of the leaf, but the very imperfections to which the leaf is subject. It has been suggested that the little leaf-eating insects may be themselves deceived by the mimicry of their larger neighbours, and may actually eat into the wings of the latter, and thus produce the eroded appearance. But if this latter view be correct, it only makes out a stronger case for the perfect reproduction of the leaves in the wings of the insect. Mr Wallace has given us a very typical example of another such case of the imitation not only of leaves, but of the natural parasites of leaves, in a butterfly, the wings of which, on their under-surfaces, resemble leaves; whilst the imitations of decay of leaves and of the fungi that appear thereon, are so close, that, as Mr Wallace remarks, 'it is impossible to avoid thinking at first sight that the butterflies themselves have been attacked by real fungi.'

The Walking-stick Insects, as they are called, in their turn imitate, in the skeleton-like structure of their bodies, the appearance of dried twigs; and it is a singular fact that even in their awkward, ungainly manner of walking, the resemblance to the chance movements of twigs is clearly perceptible; the mimicry being rendered more realistic through this latter phase. Then, also, we find certain harmless groups of Moths imitating closely the outward appearance of species of stinging Bees and Hornets. And one remarkable case of mimicry is the well-known instance of some perfectly inodorous South American butterflies, which perfectly reproduce the external appearance of other butterflies which emit a most offensive odour; the reason assigned for this latter phase of mimicry being the very feasible one, that the inodorous forms are protected from the attacks of birds by their resemblance to their strong-smelling neighbours. As a last instance of this curious phase of animal organisation, we

may note the example furnished by those curious little fishes, the *Hippocampi*, or Sea-horses—so named from the obvious resemblance of the form of the head to that of a horse—the bodies of which become covered with long streamers of certain kinds of seaweed; so that when these fishes rest amidst the seaweed-covered nooks of their marine grottos, the presence of their streamers serves to render detection by their enemies no easy matter.

Referring to the explanation, if such can be afforded, of these mimetic resemblances, there can be little doubt that, viewed as to its ultimate use and purpose, the condition of mimicry serves in the most effective manner as a means of defence and protection to the animals so endowed. The resemblance of the colours of birds to that of their habitat, presents an obvious instance of this purpose; as also does the more complicated example of the imitation by scentless butterflies, of their odorous neighbours. But as regards the exact means whereby the condition of mimicry is induced and perfected, or concerning the exact causes of its assumption and development, natural history science in its practical aspect remains silent; although the bolder march of theory and speculation may indeed lead us for a little way towards the solution of the problem. At anyrate, there can be no difficulty to our clearly appreciating the workings of a great law of purpose and design in the production of mimicry, as serving to protect the weak and less powerful against stronger and better-provided animals.

Turning now to some lower forms of animal life, we find in such forms as the *Hydræ*, or common Fresh-water Polypes, the Zoophytes, Sea-anemones, Jelly-fishes, and allied forms, excellent examples of very specific means of defence and offence in animals. Within the tissues of the bodies of the foregoing organisms, when these tissues are microscopically examined, numerous little sacs or cells, varying in size and form, may be observed. To these cells, the appropriate name of 'thread-cells,' or *cnidæ*, has been given. When their structure is investigated, each little cell is seen to possess an elastic wall of double nature; the inner layer of the wall being strong, whilst the outer one is of thinner and more delicate texture. The upper or open extremity of the inner layer of the sac is prolonged to form a kind of sheath, which protects and gives origin to a thread-like filament, from the presence of which, indeed, these cells derive their name. This thread, in the ordinary condition of the cell, is coiled up within the interior of the sac, and around its own sheath; and in many cases both thread and sheath may be discerned to be provided with minute spines or hooks. The coil itself, in addition, contains a fluid, amidst which the thread is submerged.

Such is the essential structure of a thread-cell in its normal state of what we may term repose. When such a structure, however, is pressed or irritated in any way, the cell ruptures or bursts, the contained fluid escapes, and the thread and its sheath are quickly protruded or thrown out from the opening in the cell. If now, the thread and fluid are observed to come in contact with any body of appropriate and assailable kind, such a body will exhibit certain symptoms which will indicate to us the probable nature of these curious cells. Thus, when the tentacles or feelers of the Sea-anemone, or of any of the Zoophytes, come

in contact with a minute or susceptible organism adapted for food, the organism is first observed to struggle to escape from the entwining filaments which encircle its body. Soon, however, its active exertions cease, and the victim appears paralysed and incapable of helping itself, or of struggling longer with its captor. The thread-cells, in other words, have been discharging their miniature darts or 'threads' into the body attacked; the fluid—in all probability, of acrid or poisonous nature—has been poisoning the tissues of the struggling organism; and the observation has revealed to us that the functions of the cells are undoubtedly analogous to those of the serpent's fangs and poison-gland, in that they serve to paralyse and kill the prey.

As might naturally be supposed, the power of the thread-cells varies in different species and groups of the animals that possess them; but there are some forms of Cœlenterata—for thus the Hydree, Sea-anemones, and their allies are collectively named in which the stinging-cells are of sufficient size and power to inflict severe pain on man himself. Aristotle was fully aware of this latter fact, when he named the Jelly-fishes and their allies *Acalephe*, or 'Nettle-like' animals. And bathers and swimmers, through instinct, if not through zoological knowledge, generally and wisely contrive to give the Jelly-fishes a wide berth in their marine meanderings. The late Edward Forbes, in his humorous manner, says of one species of jelly-fish, that, 'once tangled in its trailing "hair," the unfortunate, who has recklessly ventured across the graceful monster's path, too soon writhes in prickly torture. Every struggle,' he continues, 'but binds the poisonous threads more firmly round his body, and then there is no escape;' for, as the naturalist informs us, even when the arms or tentacles are cast loose from the body of the jelly-fish, they 'sting as fiercely as if their original proprietor itself gave the word of attack.' The Abbé Diequemare, an observant French naturalist, found that some species can only sting the more sensitive parts of the body, such as the eyes. But Forbes's remark of the Abbé's experiment, that most people would prefer 'keeping their eyes intact, to poking meduse into them,' will coincide, we imagine, with the opinions of most of our readers. It is equally worthy of remark that 'appearances' in natural history, as in ordinary life, are apt to be 'deceptive;' and looking at the grace and beauty of the Jelly-fishes, we could hardly credit them with such virulent powers.

The most notable offenders of the Jelly-fish class, in respect of their stinging powers, are the *Physalia*, or Portuguese-men-of-war, as they are popularly termed—a group of beautiful oceanic forms, met with floating far out at sea, especially in tropical latitudes, and presenting the appearance of a bladder-like structure, provided with a crest and trailing streamers, and coloured of the most ethereal and beautiful of hues. When the tentacles of a *Physalia* are allowed to come in contact with the human skin, the thread-cells—which are of large relative size, and measure in diameter about the three-thousandth of an inch—sting so severely, that the effects of the irritation may persist for a considerable time, and may give rise in some cases to very painful after-effects. The thread-cells in the tentacles of the common species of Sea-

anemones have no effect on the skin of man; but as the writer has frequently demonstrated on his own person, if the tentacle be allowed to touch the more delicate mucous membrane of the lips, a slight stinging sensation, accompanied by temporary numbness, may be felt. To the curious, this is worth trying.

Passing in review the higher groups of the animal kingdom, we find an endless variety of contrivances subserving offensive purposes, or limited to the milder purposes of defence. Shells, scales, and plates of every kind, with special modifications for special purposes, may thus readily be selected as examples; spines and allied armaments of all shapes and sizes; poison-secretions and fangs of centipedes and serpents, and the sting of scorpions and bees, possessing sure and sometimes deadly effect on those they attack; and, in quadrupeds, strong claws and teeth united to equally powerful muscles—such are a few examples of the endless stores of weapons contained in animal armouries.

THE FEAST OF FIRST-FRUIT.

A KAFFIR FESTIVAL.

As the matter of the Kaffir chief with the unpronounceable name, *versus* the Colony of Natal, has attracted a good deal of attention in this country, it may not be uninteresting to relate my experiences when visiting Langalibalele in person, for the purpose of witnessing the *unkosi*, or great spring feast, which he was then holding.

This ceremony, which takes place in February or March, earlier or later according to the district, or the forwardness of the season and the consequent ripening of the crops, and upon which the commencement of the native year depends, is held at the principal residence of the chief, and, being a sign of royalty, is not permitted to take place within the precincts of the colony without the consent of the lieutenant-governor; before it no natives ought in theory to taste the new crop, though in point of fact they do so, as in many instances starvation would be the alternative. I had never seen it, and as I was only about thirty miles distant from Langalibalele's chief village, I sent a messenger announcing my desire to attend, and asking for information as to the day fixed for its celebration. Not long afterwards the man returned with a civil answer from the chief, saying the great dance would take place on the following day but one, and that, if I would come and sleep at his village the night previous, he would be glad to see me. Few preparations are needed in Africa, a blanket strapped on to the saddle sufficing for bed and bedding, and hospitality being trusted to for all besides; so next morning I started on horseback, merely accompanied by a native boy with a spare horse, and after a pleasant ride of some six hours, including a short halt at midday, we arrived at our destination.

It was quite evident, as we approached the place, that something unusual was going on: natives were clustering about the outer fence like ants on a disturbed ant-heap; the great cattle inclosure, round which the huts are built, was black with heads, excepting a small spot at the top, where, from the respect shewn it by the natives, I rightly guessed the chief must be. As soon as I had reached the main entrance, and had

dismounted, I was met by two officers sent to take charge of me and conduct me to the chief. It would have been utterly impossible to have forced a way through the inclosure itself, where several regiments were drawn up four or five deep, in half-circles facing the chief; and it was with very great difficulty, and by a very liberal use of the sticks they carried, that the officers cleared a passage outside; many a not very complimentary remark about myself in particular, and white men in general, meeting my ears from the rather outspoken young soldiers through whom we passed; though, in justice to them, I may mention that they probably did not imagine that I understood their language, so rare, even at the present day, is that accomplishment. At last, making use of the private entrance to the inclosure at the top of the village, we found ourselves in the presence of Langalibalele, who was seated surrounded by a number of his sons and principal men.

The usual native salutation was offered me, as I came up, by the chief, rendered into English for my benefit by an attendant clothed in a hut and pair of trousers.

'Sar, king say, how you do?'

'Very well,' I assured him in the same language.

'Sar, king say, you like see blacky nigger dance?'

I told him that at present I had no other object, and then seated myself in a chair, which had in the meantime been brought for me. The chief thought he had done his duty in the conversational way; but his sons and officers proceeded to catechise me on every subject their curiosity could suggest, still making use of the interpreter, whose renderings were often so far-fetched and ridiculous, that had I not understood the original, the conversation would perforce have come to an untimely end, and which so amused me that some of the people began to say that evidently I was a good-natured white man, as I laughed so much when I talked.

The attention of all was, however, soon engrossed by the black mass of soldiers which filled the whole area of the inclosure before us; who, laying their shields down in front of them, and the half-dozen heavy sticks and knobkerries which each of their number carried by their sides, began as one man to sing one of the songs which had been composed for the occasion, and consisting of a series of unceasing eulogies of the chief.

This, sung soft and low, to a not unpleasant though simple tune, by the united voices of some two thousand men, women, and children, had, despite the singularity of the words, a soothing and grateful effect in the still evening air, though the constant repetition soon became wearisome. I was therefore not sorry when, suddenly ceasing as the chief rose, they sprang up, and brandishing their sticks, filed by regiments out of the inclosure, each, as its turn came, rushing forward, shouting their war-cries, or defiantly singing regimental songs, while the long and heavy sticks of their officers rattled on their shields in a vain attempt to maintain order and discipline.

The chief now addressed me in person, saying that he had assigned me a hut in the private royal apartments, and that, after I had rested and been provided with food, he hoped to see me in his own hut. I looked about; the tall interpreter in the wide-awake and tattered trou-

sers had disappeared, so I was obliged to ejaculate, in his own language, 'Very well, chief, and thanks.' Upon which a sudden creaking all about me indicated that every neck had been twisted round to look at me, amid astonished exclamations of 'Fancy! why, it can speak!' This astonishment soon gave way to delight on the part of Langalibalele and his people as I convinced them, by going on talking in their own language, that I was as thoroughly at home in it as they; this feeling expressing itself by remarks that, 'Really he is quite a man, and not a wild beast;' 'You would think he was a black man, and not an unlimbe' (or manufacturer, as whites are often called).

Politeness and etiquette are, however, prominent features of a Kaffir's character, and the impropriety of keeping me waiting outside, after the chief had intimated that my hut was ready, was soon seen and redressed. The word 'village,' I may remark, except in its primary meaning as an assemblage of dwellings, conveys but a faint idea of an African's residence. It is in truth nothing more or less than a wanderer's encampment become permanent. In the olden days, while these tribes still lived in tents, and moved from pasture to pasture with their flocks and herds, the tents were planted in a circle, with a space left inside, where the cattle could pass the night in safety. When they ceased wandering, the same circular form was still retained, the tents became huts, and two fences, one confining the cattle inclosure, one the entire kraal, were added. Such is, to the present day, a Kaffir village; but, in the case of one belonging to a chief, a large portion sacred to his wives and children, has come to be fenced off at the upper and most important end, in which huts of superior size are erected, and it was to one of these that, as a distinguished guest, I was conducted. Food, in the shape of beer made from millet, and cooked goat, was brought me; while a few minutes after, sundry bleatings announced the arrival of a live goat, with a message from the chief to say that here was a 'chicken' for my present consumption, and that to-morrow he would look me out a 'goat.'

One great advantage of being in the royal apartments, was to insure me privacy; and though an occasional slave-girl would drop herself on to her knees at the entrance, and peer in, yet, as the king's wives and children were all aware that I was eating, and it is considered rude to intrude upon any one of position while thus engaged, I was left pretty much to myself for an hour or more, until an attendant came with a message from the chief requesting my attendance. On entering his hut, which was nearly double the size of any of the others, I found Langalibalele sitting alone on one side, while the other was crowded with a number of the principal men of the tribe drinking beer. A couple of candles dimly lighted up the smoke-blackened interior, and, as they flickered in the draught, gleamed fitfully on the black, grease-besmeared skins of the natives.

Beer-drinking in enormous quantities was the order of the evening, the amount drunk by each man being something extraordinary; and at last the noise and confusion of voices became so great, that, though all were perfectly polite to me, I was fain to excuse myself to the chief on the plea of being tired, and retire to my own hut. On going outside I discovered that the noise was far

from being confined to the royal apartment; a tremendous medley of sounds rising from the cattle-inclosure, which was, I could see, lighted up by several large fires. Not feeling much inclined for sleep, and enjoying the coolness of the evening after the stifling heat of the crowded hut, I turned out of the 'palace,' and passing through the upper entrance into the inclosure, stood watching the curious scene, myself unobserved. There might have been a thousand men and boys congregated round the carcasses of a couple of oxen, at which they were hacking with their spear-heads; the elder cutting off slices and handing them to their boys, who threw them into the fires, which crackled and hissed with every fresh addition. A number sat squatted on their haunches earnestly watching the culinary operation, while others were bolting huge mouthfuls of half-cooked meat from which they knocked the clinging embers. No tongue was silent; singing, shouting, and quarrelling were all going on; and it says a good deal for the noise in the chief's hut that they had been inaudible there. Altogether it was a wild, and a wholly African scene. Next morning, the first sound that caught my ears was the hum of many voices coming nearer and nearer. It was the soldiers who had slept where they had gorged, under the covering of heaven, and were now coming to salute the chief.

After a time there came a message from the chief that all the regiments were going to march to another of his villages and back again, and that, if I chose, I could accompany his eldest son, who was going to ride there with them; an invitation which I was not slow to accept.

For the first half-mile after issuing from the mpangweni, the men, in default of a band, kept up the droning hum of an old war-song, but after that they marched silently and steadily along. Now and then could be heard the voices of the officers ordering the companies to 'close up,' or the rattle of their sticks as they drove a laggard forward, or stopped the head of a regiment pressing too nearly on to the next. Nothing of note occurred until we reached the village for which we were bound, from whence we had to fetch three regiments stationed there in default of room for them at the mpangweni. As our front files came into view of their destination, they struck up one of the great war-songs, which was instantly taken up by the whole column. We could see the hurried rush of the surprised occupants of the kraal, as they fell into their respective companies and marched out, forming in a semicircle in front of the main entrance, maintaining silence, and drawn up with great regularity, with their shields half-concealing their bodies. These shields are about four feet high, and some thirty inches broad in the centre, being oblong in shape, and made of the thickest portions of an ox's hide. The chief's son with whom I was, now assumed command, and as each regiment came up chanting the war-song, it was drawn up where he pointed out, silence not being enforced until the men formed into line; the ultimate result being that he and I were left sitting on our horses in the centre of a vast ring of troops, only a small space being left between those who had arrived with us and those who were stationed here. He then gave a few directions, after which we returned homewards in much the same manner as we had come.

Breakfast, which I had been unable to get before

our early start, occupied my attention immediately on our arrival; while the men, breaking up into small parties, buzzed in and about the kraal seeking what they might devour, nearly a thousand women and girls having arrived since our departure, bringing food of various kinds for their relations, as the chief, beyond an ox or two, never attempts to cater for his troops. My own wants were amply provided for, the *pièce de résistance* being a sort of bread made from very young maize, which was very sweet and pleasant to eat, though podgy and probably rather indigestible.

The time for the work of the day—the great dance—had, however, now arrived, and when I went out of the chief's residence, I was surprised to find how many of the womenkind of the tribe had already assembled to witness it; several thousands having taken their stand on a rising ground a little above the kraal, from whence they could see everything. Langalibalele had told me on no account to leave him, or to mix among the soldiery, as they were so unruly and excited on these occasions that I should probably meet with insult, if nothing worse, and he therefore had a chair for me placed by his own on the spot where the dance was to take place. The various regiments, after appeasing as best they might their ravenous hunger, had taken up position wherever shade could be found within a few hundred yards of the village, and were now gradually mustering. The ground chosen for the dance was a great flat sward not far from the principal entrance, and to this Langalibalele, attended by all the great men of the tribe who were not in command of regiments, and his elder sons, and accompanied by me, now bent his steps. The dress he had assumed for the occasion differed but slightly from his everyday garb except in richness of material, but, much as illness had altered him, nothing was needed to tell the stranger that there stood a great Kafir chief, a man accustomed from his birth to slavish deference and obedience. He could not be called handsome, the inclination to obesity which the life of all Kafirs of position seems to induce, spoiling what would otherwise have been fine proportions; but his face was intelligent, though worn-looking, and rather spoilt by an expression of cunning. When we reached our chairs we found some of the older regiments already drawn up, several deep, in front of us, while the others were filing up, chanting their songs, to take up such positions as were pointed out to them; the general plan being to form a large inclosure of which our party would form the head; the picked troops, the main body, in front of us, and the younger regiments the two wings. Once I thought we were in for a general row; two of the younger regiments had come up together, and drew up almost facing each other, waiting for orders about taking position. As usual, they were all shouting their war-cries, and at last one of the men, excited beyond control, sprang forward and performed the bravery dance under the very noses of the opposite company; the furor spread; half-a-dozen men sprang out from each side fairly boiling over; a possibly accidental collision occurred, a blow was struck, and in half a second more the front companies were fighting fiercely. Langalibalele jumped up, called the principal regiment, composed of men of between thirty-five and forty—fine, tall, well-built fellows they seemed—and rapidly ordered

them to 'make peace' by 'thrashing those boys.' Half a second sufficed for them to rush forward in column, and in less time than it takes to write it, they were drawn up in two lines, facing the half-cowed 'boys,' some dozen of whom with broken heads lay about on the ground. The officers of the two rival regiments then began to thrash all and sundry who seemed inclined to create further disturbance, and each was marched off to its respective place, while the quellers of what might have ended (as indeed it did later on) in a serious row retook their former position.

The ceremony then commenced by Langalibalele in person rising and starting the *Ungoma* or great war-song—which no one dares to sing except by the order and in the presence of the chief. It was short and very monotonous, its gravity seeming to affect the limbs of the performers, who marked time with their arms and feet with the greatest solemnity. It is this marking of time that is the chief feature of native dancing, which is nothing more than a song accompanied by certain gestures of the arms and body, while time is also marked with the feet; the unison of every stamp, both as regards time and the particular foot used, being wonderful. The whole vast semicircle move hand, foot, and arm in accord, while at the same time there is much scope left for individuality in the performance.

This over, another war-song composed for the occasion was sung, and had the effect of gradually working up the passions of these savages to a state of frenzy; they broke their ranks, and, dancing forward in the most furious manner, the whole ground soon became a mass of legs, and arms, and hands with sticks in them, working up and down in the most dire confusion. The black bodies shining with perspiration, the madly waving plumes and fantastic ornaments, combined with the echo from the trembling ground, as every foot, still keeping the most perfect time, was brought down on it with redoubled force, the rising dust half-concealing the whole scene, made it one of the most curious I had ever witnessed. In time, it was evident the dancers were becoming exhausted, as before long the voices died away, and left nothing but a hum, more than half-drowned by the heavy, dull, but regular thud of thousands of feet; but still they danced madly on, while the chief's attendants surrounded us, and dealt blows with a heavy hand at all who dared approach too close. This lasted for upwards of half an hour, by which time the men were fairly beat, and were glad enough to form line again, and stand at ease. Another and yet another song and dance succeeded, though none equalled the first, until at last the chief, taking up his position in the centre of the circle, called to such of the principal warriors as he chose to name to come out and perform the bravery dance before him, each company cheering vociferously any of their number who was thus summoned. Once, rival braves came to blows, but the application of many sticks soon drove them back into their respective lines. The bravery dance merely consists in springing forward out of your rank, and 'playing' at performing some deed of valour, shouting meanwhile your war-cry; and the natives often get so frightfully excited while doing it, that they are undoubtedly, for the time, in a state of mental frenzy.

This part of the performance, lasting for two

hours or more, became decidedly monotonous; and though it closed the ceremony of the Feast of First-fruits, I was not sorry when it was over, the old chief having first danced in person, amid the united yells and shouts of the assembled tribe. The moment, however, that the regiments moved off the ground, the two which had already fought began bravery dancing in defiance of each other, marching meanwhile in parallel lines; and before long it was evident that they only wished to get far enough off to make sure of no interference before having it out. The chief, of course, sent down half-a-dozen officers to keep the peace; but the dance was over, and, so long as he did not get into trouble with the government about it, no doubt he rather enjoyed the idea of the young regiments learning a little practical fighting, as they very soon did, for in another ten minutes they were at it again, tooth and nail, the sticks rattling on the shields like hail, and the men fighting most pluckily and determinedly; until, after watching it for some time from the head of the village, the chief sent out orders for all the regiments to go and *lamula* (make peace), which they did by thrashing all they could catch, though, as the fighters ran away when they saw them coming, they had not much to do. Several men were, however, dangerously hurt, some very nasty wounds having been inflicted with knobkerries.

It being a fine moonlight night, I determined to ride back that evening; and, after a farewell visit to the chief—who, whatever his sins against the colony at a later date, had certainly treated me most kindly—I got my horses, and proceeded homewards.

LITERARY IMPOSTURES, CONCEALMENTS, AND MYSTERIES.

A curious chapter in literary history relates to wilful falsification, wayward deception, misconception of an author's identity and meaning—one or all of these according to circumstances. Sometimes a writer claims as his own a production that proceeded wholly or in part from another brain. Sometimes an author has professed to make a journey to a distant and little-known region, and has published a description of it, due wholly to his own invention, or amplified by bits taken without acknowledgment from other books. Many instances are on record in which a writer assumed a name that did not belong to him; while still more numerous are those wherein an author, for reasons sufficient in themselves, leaves just so much mystery as to give rise to a wide range of conjecture.

About the middle of the last century, one Mr Lauder startled the literary world by the publication of a circular in which he accused Milton of having borrowed from a previous author some of the versified materials for *Paradise Lost*. It was easy to accuse a man who had been dead three-quarters of a century; nevertheless, Milton's reputation stood too high to permit this charge to be passed over in silence. Lauder named the author, and quoted passages strikingly like some of those in the great English epic. Dr Douglas took the matter up. He obtained a copy of the work with some difficulty, and went through it line by line, without finding any such passages as the accuser had professed to quote. What he *did* find was

this—that one Hogens had translated *Paradise Lost* into Latin in 1690; that Lauder had taken eight lines from this translation, and stated that he had found them in the works of Staphornius, a Dutch poet and divine. Meanwhile, not knowing what Douglas was doing, Lauder obtained subscriptions for a new edition of Hogens' poems, or that part of them which contained the passage supposed to incriminate Milton. When the work was actually printed, the result of Dr Douglas's examination was made public. The publishers, Messrs Payne and Bousquet, insisted that Lauder should place in their hands the veritable book from which his excerpts had been made. He then confessed that the whole affair was an invention. The publishers issued a small edition of the work, but inserted this prefatory note in each copy: 'As this man has been guilty of such a wicked imposition on us and the public, and is capable of so daring an avowal of it, we declare that we will have no further intercourse with him; and we now sell his book only as a curiosity of fraud and interpolation.' Dr Johnson, before the cheat was discovered, had so far been imposed upon as to furnish a preface and postscript to the work. Lauder endeavoured to ward off public censure by giving first one motive, then another, for his conduct. He fell into obscurity, and died in great poverty about twenty years afterwards.

Book-buyers were invited, in 1701, to purchase a *History and Description of the Island of Formosa*, by George Psalmanazar, a Christianised native of that country. The work made a great stir. It was vividly written; the details were minute; and numerous engravings depicted the houses, vehicles, shipping, &c. of the Formosans. There next appeared *Dialogues between a Japanese and a Formosan*, concerning religious matters; together with a grammar of the Formosan language, a vocabulary for the use of strangers visiting that beautiful island, and a series of translations of prayers and short sentences. The reading public were greatly interested in learning so much concerning a remote region until then little known except by name. A few better informed men suspected that all was not genuine. George Psalmanazar mixed openly in society, and bore with great ability the questionings and cross-questionings to which he was subjected. After two English editions, and two or three foreign translations of his principal work had appeared, the bubble burst; conscience pricked him, and he confessed that he had been deluding the public. Full particulars of his life were never obtained, nor was his real name known; but it was accepted as probable, from facts one by one ascertained, that he was a native of Switzerland; that he had great natural abilities, and had received a good education; that for some years he led the life of a vagabond adventurer, living by various impostures in several countries of Europe. His Formosa fraud was known to and encouraged by an army chaplain in Holland, who brought him to England, and obtained for him those high recommendations which so advanced his schemes. His 'last will and testament' contained expressions of deep contrition for the reckless and dishonest conduct of his early years.

In 1700 a small work was published, purporting to be a translation into English of a Gaelic poem written by Ossian in the third century; and these were followed by a few other specimens soon after-

wards. They excited great interest in Scotland, on account of their alleged antiquity; and the translator and editor, James Macpherson, a Highland schoolmaster, acquired notoriety. Critics, however, especially critics conversant with the Gaelic language, suspected that all was not as it should be. Macpherson had obtained the good opinion and aid of Home, the author of *Douglas*, and had been assisted with funds to enable him to travel about the Highlands, as a means of collecting specimens of early Gaelic poetry. What he had published had been translated from his English into French, Italian, Danish, and Polish; and 'Ossian's poems' began to take a place in European literature. It was therefore desirable to settle whether they were authentic or not. The Faculty of Advocates sent him on another tour to collect further specimens; he apparently reaped a rich harvest, but nobody could tell *where* he found what he pretended to find—ancient Ossianic manuscripts. Lord Kames, Sir John Sinclair, with the poets Blair and Gray, contended for the authenticity of the publications; while Dr Johnson, David Hume, Malcolm Laing, and Pinkerton, more or less openly accused Macpherson of deception, in having written English poems, and palming them off as translations from very old Gaelic. As Macpherson scorned, or at anyrate refused, to reply to any accusations against him, the controversy went on without his assistance. About twenty years afterwards, Mr Shaw, author of a Gaelic Dictionary and Grammar, published a vigorous onslaught on the Ossian poems; declaring that internal evidence shewed them to be modern instead of ancient; and pointing to the fact, that Macpherson had never publicly shewn the old manuscripts which he professed to have discovered. Malcolm Laing, an historian of Scotland, adverted to inconsistencies and even impossibilities in the alleged poems. Wishing to set at rest a question naturally so interesting to Scottish men of letters, the Highland Society, in 1804, drew up a series of questions, printed them in circulars, and sent these circulars to every part of the Highlands and islands of Scotland. They asked whether any persons had ever heard any poems, long or short, in Gaelic, attributed to Ossian; and whether they could repeat what they had heard. Slowly did the replies come in, and the members of the Society were unwilling to come to an unfavourable decision on the subject. Though the controversy has of late been again raised, Scotland has arrived at a pretty unanimous verdict that the poems published by Macpherson are a cento or patchwork, partly fictitious (that is, written by himself), and partly copies or adaptations of poetry orally current in the Highlands.

We must not call the *Letters of Junius* a deception; the writer merely wished to keep secret his own identity, but left the world to conjecture at leisure as to who he might be—the name of 'Junius' being a fanciful one. A literary conundrum were these 'letters,' and such they still remain. They were published a little over a century ago, between 1769 and 1772, and produced amazing excitement in England by their brilliant satire, scathing denunciation, and polish of style. More than forty theories have been put forward concerning the name of the author. The balance of opinion has long tended towards Sir Philip Francis; but the matter is not even now settled.

For reasons which seemed to him sufficient, Scott concealed for many years the authorship of the *Waverley* novels and romances. He did not make the truth known until the curiosity of the entire reading public had been raised to a feverish height. If at any time he were asked point-blank whether he was the author, a few twinges of conscience may have troubled him at the necessity or temptation to tell an untruth on the subject; but this is an annoyance likely to befall any great writer who maintains the *anonymous* for a series of years.

Thomas Chatterton, who in one sense lived a long life before he was eighteen years old, was one of the most extraordinary literary deceivers on record. Born at Bristol, in 1752, he was taught a small routine of knowledge at a parish school, and then belonged to the Colston School from his eighth to his fifteenth year; afterwards he led the life of a drudge in an attorney's office. Antiquities, especially of an artistic or poetical kind, were the special objects of his liking; and in this direction he manifested at once his genius and his fraud. In 1763 a new bridge was opened at Bristol; and there appeared, in *Felix Farley's Journal*, a translation of an ancient manuscript, under the title 'A Description of the Fryars passing over the Old Bridge.' The antique phraseology, and the vividness of the description, attracted general attention; but the whole affair was the product of Chatterton's own brain, although he indulged in plentiful lying when pressed for an explanation. This first deception marked his sixteenth year; and the remaining two years of his brief career may be characterised as one continued falsification. He handed to a Bristol tradesman a pedigree, tracing his ancestors back to the Norman times, and claiming to the astonished shopkeeper relationship with many a noble and knightly personage in past ages. He produced the *Bristol Tragedy*, and other poems, declaring them to have been written by one Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. He brought forward some old parchments, descriptive of the principal churches and chapels in Bristol; they were wholly his own production; but by discolouring them with smoke and ochre, and imitating old writing, he completely deceived Mr Barrett, who was at that time writing a history of the city. He wrote to Horace Walpole, inclosing pieces of ancient writing, purporting to be biographical sketches of Bristol painters, scarcely if at all known to the public, and offering to place in his hands a large collection of such papers. Walpole, who was at that time preparing his *Anecdotes of Painters*, entered upon the subject with great interest; but his critical judgment soon detected the fraud, and he shook off the impostor. Some London booksellers made Chatterton an offer which tempted him to come to the metropolis, where he was chiefly employed in writing satirical party articles. The attention they attracted gratified his enormous self-conceit; and in a wild burst of excitement he said to a friend that he hoped, 'by the blessing of God, very soon to be sent prisoner to the Tower, which will make my fortune.' The 'mad genius,' as he was called, had long brooded on suicide; and he put it into effect at a squalid lodging in Brook Street, Holborn, and did not live to see his eighteenth year.

Another of these strange palterings with truth is

known as the 'Ireland Shakspeare forgeries,' a publication that scandalised all literary men who possessed any reverence for truth. Samuel William Henry Ireland, born in 1779, was the son of Ireland the engraver, respectably though not eminently known in his profession. The father's love for relics and memorials connected in any way with great men was the bait that tempted the son into dishonesty. The two visited Stratford-on-Avon in 1795, with the main purpose, on the part of the senior, of bringing out a description illustrated by his sketches and engravings. Young Ireland, who had been articled to a conveyancer, after their return told his father that he had accidentally found, among some law-papers, an old time-worn deed or lease containing Shakspeare's autograph. The father, overjoyed at such a find, urged him to search for further memorials of the great poet. 'An unfortunate request, as the result speedily shewed. Young Ireland pretended to find one curiosity after another, until enough had been collected to form a volume. He caused it to be noised abroad that one of the newly found treasures was a tragedy by Shakspeare, bearing the title of *Vortigern*, but that he would not publish it until it had been acted at one of the principal theatres. Sheridan, though not without misgivings as to the quality of this dramatic composition, fell into the trap, and gave a considerable sum for the copyright. John Kemble undertook the principal character; and, public curiosity being excited, there was an immense house. The audience waited and waited for touches of Shakspeare's genius, but waited in vain; for the piece was one of the baldest and most inane. The curtain fell amid a storm of hisses, and *Vortigern* at once disappeared. Meanwhile Malone and other critics had disputed the authenticity of the so-called Shakspeare discoveries generally. The too credulous father, rendered uneasy by these things, insisted on the son giving full particulars of the when, the where, and the how of his findings. The young cheat then made a clean breast of it, and confessed that they were all mere inventions.'

OUR ONLY SNAKE.

A TALE OF THE MAURITIUS.

WE were a party of four—made up of our host, old Dr Fairbairn; young Thompson, assistant-surgeon of the —th, quartered at Mahébourg; Captain Blogg, of the same distinguished corps; and myself. We sat in the verandah after dinner, smoking and half-dozing, when the doctor suddenly said to his brother professional: 'By the way, Thompson, I had a fine specimen of the cobra da capello given me to-day by the skipper of the vessel that arrived with coolies from Madras.'

'Ah, really; you must let me see him.'

'And what may that be you're talking about, doctor?' said Captain Blogg, as a sound like the booming of cannon ceased in the corner at which he was seated; for he was a heavy sleeper.

'A species of snake,' replied Dr Fairbairn.

'A cobra, did you say? The deuce and all! A snake here!—a live one, d' you mean?'

The doctor nodded.

'Well, now, I've always maintained that if there was one redeeming point about this precious

island, that point was the absence of snakes. Another illusion destroyed! Mauritius, I give thee up!

'But, Blogg, one snake can't make a colony, you know.'

'I don't know. I'd believe anything about snakes.'

'The species is very venomous, I've heard, doctor,' squeaked in a shrill treble the assistant-surgeon, who was an earnest young man, and ardently devoted to his profession. He had a nervous cough and wore spectacles.

'I believe you. You should have seen the Creole at the Custom-house jump as he opened the box in which the skipper had carefully placed the glass case with my specimen. It saved the skipper some duty on trinkets and filigree-work, I expect, for the box passed without further inspection.'

'And do you mean to say that this venomous reptile is under the same roof with us, and only a bit of glass between us and it?' and Captain Blogg appeared disquieted.

'True, O king! But the glass is very thick, and—'

Smash! There was a cry and a scuffling of feet.

'Lui fin allé lui fin sauvé, m'sieu!' cried a servant, running in with affrighted looks.

'Who's gone—who's escaped, 'cré Malabar?'

'Pambo, Sahib,' cried an Indian servant.

'How did it happen, *crétin*?'

'Moi n'a-pas connaît, m'sieu. Le p'tit gokhra lui cassé!'

'Oh! no doubt. Of course, it was the gokhra that did it all, and you lazy wretches are as innocent as doves. Be off at once. Search the house; and if you find it, kill it at once, d'you hear?'

'Oui, oui, kill him, kill him, I say!' shouted Captain Blogg as the fellow disappeared. 'Pon my word, the idea of a snake or gokhra, as that fellow calls it, makes me quite nervous.'

'Well, you're all right anyway, Blogg, for they've made your bed up in the pavilion to-night. If the thing gets out of the house at all, you may be sure he's had enough close confinement, and will be off for the jungle at the back, or down to the river at his first chance.'

'Yes; my theory is that, in his present famished condition, he should first make direct for your hen-house.'

'Oh, hang your theories! You look as wise as an owl, Thompson, but you ain't as cunning as a serpent. My peace of mind has gone for the present.'

'Well, my wife will give you a cup of tea to restore it,' said the doctor; and we went in to the drawing-room.

Captain Blogg, though generally a very entertaining person—not so much from wit in himself as from being the 'cause of wit in others'—was by no means an amusing companion during this evening. He planted himself carefully in the middle of the room, on the stiffest and most uncomfortable chair he could find, avoiding cushions or antimacassars, or anything that might harbour an unwelcome intruder. His glance fell restlessly upon the floor and corners of the room. He turned pale, as a skein of dark wool fell across his knees from the table; the familiar and harmless lizards darting across the walls in chase of moths, assumed startling shapes to him; and when a dark moving

something gradually protruded its increasing length beneath the door (it had been raining heavily), with an exclamation of 'Jump for your lives!' he bounced to the top of his chair, and hurled a photographic album of Mrs Fairbairn's at the object. The object proved to be nothing more alarming than a meandering stream of water that a leak in the verandah had admitted. At which he revoked, trumped his partner's trick, and paid no heed to the common rules of the game—errors, which when committed by others, he was wont to declaim with all the authority of a member of the Portland. It was a relief to everybody when the time came to retire to rest; and Captain Blogg and I betook ourselves to the pavilion, a wooden erection apart from the house, and divided into two compartments, which served for sleeping-rooms when the house was full.

The night was oppressively hot, and I sat for some time in the pavilion verandah, where darkness proved something of a shelter from the mosquitoes, with which the place abounded. Blogg wouldn't sit up, and had gone to his room at once. I was in the middle of my second cheroot, when an unearthly yell from the direction of Blogg's room startled me, and in a few seconds he was standing before me, while he leaned one hand on the back of my chair, and whispered in a hoarse voice: 'The snake! I'm bitten! Quick; bring the doctor at once.' As he sunk into a chair, I hastened off, and having wakened Fairbairn and Thompson, we were soon again at his side, our hands full of restoratives, our tongues full of inquiry.

'Oh, there's no mistake about it,' said poor Blogg. 'I heard the thing give a hiss, and then felt the bite. I was half asleep, and had thrown my leg over the side of the bed. Look here; here's the mark.' And he pointed to a livid spot on the calf of his leg. The two doctors examined it carefully.

'D'ye see any puncture, Thompson?' said Fairbairn.

'No; but that's of no importance,' replied Thompson, whom I had heard muttering as we came across from the house: 'Poor old Blogg. But snake-bites ain't met with every day; very interesting; I'll take notes.'

Meantime, a jorum of about half a tumbler of whisky had been administered to the patient, and Thompson had made a note of his temperature, the state of his pulse, and had flicked the candle about in front of his eyes, to ascertain the state of the pupil—a manner more suggestive of an 'interesting case,' than of sympathy for the victim, and which the victim resented.

'What are you fooling me about for like this, I say, Thompson? Can't you do anything to help a fellow?'

'Temper irritable,' noted down Thompson in a few hieroglyphics in his book.

'Can't do much for you, I'm afraid, poor old chap,' he continued. 'We're going to inject ammonia beneath the skin presently. You don't feel your tongue swelling at all, do you, or a creepy sensation down your back, or anything?'

'O dear, O dear!' groaned the sufferer, heedless of these professional inquiries, and thinking of approaching dissolution.

Presently he gave a roar as Thompson gave him a sharp prod with a needle.

'All right, all right,' said the latter cheerfully; 'no loss of sensibility--yet.'

Dr Fairbairn was hard at work pressing and cleansing the wound, uttering at intervals various consolatory expressions, and had administered another dose of the whisky, which by now was having visible effect on the captain. His utterance became thick.

'Do you remark,' said the junior to Dr Fairbairn, 'thickening of speech--sensory-motor nerves affected?' and down went his pencil to paper. 'I say, his teeth look fixed, don't they?--tetanic spasms commencing;' and he rashly applied his forefinger to the barricading teeth, which the captain very naturally kept closed, to avoid an attack with forceps upon his tongue; but the 'tetanic spasm' was insufficient to prevent the ardent young surgeon from receiving a smart bite from the patient, who feared that there was a design upon his tongue.

Captain Blogg had now become alternately querulous and maudering. 'Thompson, you're a foolish cold-blooded pill-box. No; I shan't be quiet; and you ain't going to squirt that stuff into me, I can tell you. Dush hypodermic injections! Yes; I *can* wink with one eye, and be hanged to you; and I don't feel a numbness in my lower extremities. I shay, Fairbairn, ain't he a brute? Fancy dying in this way, eh? Shpose Shmith'll get the step. Don't like Shmith. Make my will, eh? That's a good un! Got nothing to leave but a few debts, and a case of three star Hennessy. Thompson can have the debts, and you may have the brandy, old chap. Can I walk? Yes, I can walk;' and rising to his feet, he reeled from one side of the verandah to the other, and finally brought up short against one of the supports, which he embraced tightly.

'No co-ordination of movement--mischief to the cerebellum,' said Dr Thompson, as he and Dr Fairbairn went to the patient's assistance. By this time the whole house was up; servants were running about more noisy than useful. Mrs Fairbairn had arisen and made anxious inquiries as to the accident, when we were all surprised at a merry peal of laughter, which proceeded, without doubt, from that excellent lady.

'Most unseemly!' said Dr Fairbairn.

'Horrid, cruel, most unfeeling shex!' moaned the captain.

'Odd!' said Dr Thompson.

'William, William, come here!' cried the lady, as soon as laughter permitted her to speak; and Dr Fairbairn, with an angry look, asking me to take his place, went out. He returned, however, with his own face distorted with laughter, and going straight to the room that Blogg had occupied, shouted out: 'All right; here's your snake, Blogg. I've got him!' and giving a hurrah, and a bang with a stick, a goose waddled from under the bed and flapped her wings about the room, hissing angrily at the treatment.

Captain Blogg's bed had been made up by an intelligent servant over a tub in which a sitting goose had been placed. The captain's overhanging leg had offered an irresistible mark.

He didn't appear at breakfast next day, but went off early. Pressing duty, we afterwards learned.

Dr Fairbairn's cobra was never heard of again, but doubtless had a merry time of it amongst the jungle-pigs and rats.

SPRING.

Spring! harbinger of joys renewed,
Of earth by smiling heaven wooed,
Of sweet full-throated harmony,
Waking to song each budding tree,
Ere yet the leaves have music made,
And learned to throw a whisp'ring shade
O'er the chequered ground which lies
Beneath their woven canopies.

To thee, I ween, the feathered choir
Carols its sweetest, and desire
To do thee homage prompts the song
Which trills the fields and woods among,
When softer suns have bidden shoot
The timid blossom, and the root
Has trustful given to the air
The blade that frosts retreating spare.

Sailing athwart the lucent blue
That peeps the cloudlets' silver through,
The rook right busy homeward steers
To where, through cycle of long years,
Th' elms have ever branched 't' entwine
The wind-tossed cradles of his line.
A tend'rer herbage springs apace
To feed new scions of the race
Which thronging speak the sunlit green,
And wanton where of late hath been
Chill snows that penned the bleating plaint
For freedom 'mid the pastures faint.

With clearer wavelets speeds the rill
To join the river that will fill
The sov'ran sea with tribute-tide,
Yet loves it on its way to hide,
And, rippling, tell each idle stone
And sleepy branch, that now has flown
The frost which checked its highland source,
And stemmed its long impatient course.

With fairer hues the young earth glows,
And presage gives what summer-shows
Of flow'ry splendour soon will burst
When June, rose-baden, is the first
To tempt the amorous nightingale
To warble forth his nightly tale,
If love, not sorrow, be the note
Which, swelling, strains that quiv'ring throat.

With softer tones the sweet West plays
Amid the trees all through the days,
Which lengthen slowly, till once more
Gray twilight's hour ne'er dies before
The curfew, and the bats 'gin glance
Full nimbly after winter's trance;
Then comes again the lovers' hour,
When loving eyes have brightest pow'r,
And low-breathed vows may best be heard,
And inmost chords most gently stirred,
For magic's rife in twilight's mirk,
And what more magic than love's work?

Spring's eloquence alone can tell
What sweets with her fair self do dwell;
'Twere vain for any mortal hand
To sweep the lyre, when her own band
Of choristers proclaim the joys
Her bounty brings. Mere jarring noise
Were mortal song, when ev'rywhere
One burst of music fills the air,
And drowns all meaner notes that vie
With Nature's one great symphony.

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OLD TIMES AND NEW.

IN the present day, when one seldom or never hears of anything like peculation and fraud in connection with the administration of public affairs in England, it is apt to be forgotten that this species of integrity is but of comparatively modern date; for readers of history well know that there was a time, not so very long ago, when among the higher classes in England, as well as Scotland, there prevailed quite as despicable a species of corruption and double-dealing as is now lamentably visible in the United States. Going back no farther than two hundred years ago, we find instances of peculation, fraud, and barefaced deception so very astounding as to be scarcely conceivable—men of the highest title and position, when they had a chance, pocketing money not their own, and selling themselves to rival parties and dynasties with as much complacency as is now exhibited by the meaner order of voters at an election in Norwich. The grotesqueness of the whole affair is enhanced by the fact that the period notable for these delinquencies was peculiarly signalled by fervid ecclesiastical wranglings. Men who would have suffered death rather than give up their cherished religious distinctions, did not scruple to rob and plunder at all suitable opportunities. There was no want of ecclesiasticism, but wonderfully little morality.

Summoning up an array of departed greatness united with profound villainy, the first who presents himself in the spectral throng is that heedless and incorrigible being, Charles II. Devoid of principle, he sold Dunkirk to the French for five hundred thousand pounds, and pocketed the money, instead of paying it into the national exchequer. That, however, was about the least of his treacheries. During his whole reign, he privately accepted a pension in the form of a bribe from Louis XIV. James II., his brother and successor, was equally base in becoming a dependant of the French sovereign. The conduct of these two, the last of the reigning Stuarts, who brought ignominy on their race, can be looked

back upon only with sentiments of unutterable detestation. When kings were so far forgetful of honesty and self-respect, what could be expected from the statesmen and other public officials of the period? Among those who come gaily to the front as deprecators is John Churchill, who ultimately became Duke of Marlborough. Born of a good but impoverished family, John got so little education that he was never able to spell. But wholly unscrupulous, he sacrificed his honour in a way we refrain from mentioning in order to be appointed an ensign, from which position he, by court-favour, rose to be a captain and lieutenant-colonel. Marrying Sarah Jennings, a lady as remarkable for her beauty as for her talents and imperious disposition, Churchill was raised by James II. to the peerage as Baron Sundridge. Never for a moment losing sight of the main chance, he ostensibly deserted the cause of James, when that luckless monarch fled to France, and passing over to William, Prince of Orange, he was made by him Earl of Marlborough. While in the service of William, he greatly distinguished himself in fighting against the French, yet all the time by secret manoeuvres he fraudulently kept up an intercourse with James at St Germain. It was a beautiful case of double-dealing. According to Macaulay, who has tracked him out by ransacking the 'Stuart Papers,' Marlborough had no sense of probity. He cared neither for Whig nor Tory. The only thing he cared for was money. 'All the precious gifts which nature had lavished on him he valued chiefly for what they would fetch.' With the most winning manners, he cheated right and left. As a military commander, he drew a large allowance, under pretence of keeping a public table, but he never asked an officer to dinner. He made up fraudulent muster-rolls. He pocketed pay in the names of men who had long been dead, killed in battle in his own sight years previously. There were twenty such names in one troop, and thirty-six in another. The historian offers proofs of these villainies, but a more magnificent act of villainy is still to come. In the whole round of state annals there

is perhaps nothing to match it. As a revelation of the depths of avarice and treachery in the human heart, it is invaluable.

King William determined to send a powerful naval expedition to attack the French at Brest. The command was given to General Talmash. At this time, 1694, Marlborough was in London, dancing attendance on the court, and under civil as well as military allegiance to King William. Having furtively discovered the purpose of the expedition, he sent intelligence of the attack to James at St Germain, in order that it might be communicated to the French government. The result of this nefarious transaction was that the English force on trying to land at Brest was cruelly defeated, Talmash was mortally wounded, and four hundred sailors with seven hundred soldiers were killed. With his last breath, Talmash exclaimed that he had been lured into a snare by treachery. Loud were the expressions of grief and indignation. No one could be fastened on as the author of the calamity. 'The real criminal,' says Macaulay, 'was not named; nor till the archives of the House of Stuart were explored, was it known to the public that Talmash had perished by the basest of all the hundred villainies of Marlborough!' The explanation given of the treachery is simply this: Marlborough had two years before been set aside from active duty, and wanted to get the post occupied by Talmash, so that he might carry on his old system of plunder by drawing pay for men who did not exist. Subsequently, as is well known, this able but bad man distinguished himself in the war of the Spanish Succession, was raised to a dukedom, and died full of riches and worldly honour in 1722. The truth has now come out regarding him. With all his brilliant talents, he was a cold-blooded, scheming traitor. Such was the great 'Mallbrouk,' of French ironical song.

At the close of the late Franco-German war, when accounts were overhauled by the French authorities, there were some amazing disclosures of fraud; one of the worst being that of an army contractor who had supplied to the soldiers shoes with paste-board soles, which went to wreck almost immediately on being used, and whole regiments, though apparently wearing shoes, were really marching barefoot. Tricks of this kind, either through the connivance or folly of commanding officers, were quite common in England towards the end of the seventeenth century. Arthur Herbert, Earl of Torrington, as First Lord of the Admiralty, and Admiral of the Fleet, was so careless of his duties, that the sailors under his command were nearly starved. The dealers who contracted to supply the navy sent casks of meat from which even dogs turned away in disgust, and also barrels of beer which smelt worse than bilge-water. So badly were merchant-ships protected by Torrington, that their proprietors glully paid immense bribes to secure the convoy of Dutch privateers.

The contests between the Old and the New East India Companies (1693) were a fertile source of demoralisation. The Old Company wishing to preserve its valued monopoly, never hesitated, as occasion required, to purchase the favour of men in power. They scattered bribes wholesale, but perhaps never so profusely as when an endeavour was made to get a renewal of their charter. Fearing that the charter might not be renewed, the Directors put a

hundred thousand pounds at the disposal of Sir Thomas Cook, an eminent merchant in London, to be distributed among the great men at Whitehall, and for which no questions would be asked. Among the parties who participated in this shameful bribe was the Marquis of Caernarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds. The charter was secured; but the corruption that had been practised was ultimately disclosed, and Leeds only escaped impeachment by sending the principal witness against him out of the way. Cook, the distributor of the bribes, was sent to the Tower, but was so fortunate as to secure a bill of indemnity by offering to tell all he knew of the business. In the whole case we are reminded of that in which General Belknap and certain state officers at Washington have lately and very painfully been mixed up.

It appears to have been quite customary for navy and army contractors to give bribes in money to officers to pass their accounts, in which articles of a worthless kind were charged at extravagantly high prices. Henry Gey, a member of parliament and Secretary of the Treasury, received a bribe of two hundred guineas for some jobbery of this nature, and the delinquency being discovered, he was sent to the Tower. About a month later, Craggs, who had begun life as a barber, and risen to the dignity of an army-clothier, was sent to the Tower on a charge of corrupting the colonels of regiments with whom he had dealings. The pillage that went on in all departments of the state proved a source of extreme vexation to King William, who felt himself to be surrounded by little better than a band of robbers. It was difficult to say who could be trusted. Professed Whigs and professed Jacobites were alike deceitful. The precincts of Whitehall and of Holyrood swarmed with politicians as corrupt as could now be found in Athens, Washington, or New York. There was a state of universal corruption. The leading men about the court, including Russell and Godolphin, were, like Marlborough, see-sawing between loyalty to James and William, and a deep stain has accordingly been left on their character.

In these Old Times, as has been often observed, the Scottish nobility and gentry shewed an immense aptitude for bribes to soothe their feelings when changing, or pretending to change, their politics. If anything, they were more rapacious than their English neighbours, because they were more needy; but, to do them justice, they were generally satisfied with smaller sums. One of the least scrupulous of the wretched set was Campbell, Earl of Breadalbane, to whom, under the Revolution Settlement, was assigned the onerous duty of pacifying, more properly, buying up, the Jacobite clans. For this purpose, a large sum, said to be twenty thousand pounds—which would go the length of three times that amount in our days—was put at his disposal. He succeeded in quieting for a time a few turbulent chiefs, but never gave any explanation of what he had done with the money; and it has always been the universal belief that he kept the greater part of it to himself. The melancholy fact is, that during the whole affair, while professing loyalty to William, Breadalbane was carrying on an underhand correspondence with St Germain, and contriving to bring about a rebellion. At the outbreak of 1715, he sent five hundred men to join the standard of the Pretender.

Burton, who has the merit of having brought to light a vast number of curious particulars concerning Scottish history, tells us to a penny the amount in sterling money given by the English government to buy off the opposition of certain Scottish noblemen and gentlemen to the Union. To make things look decent, the cash was imparted in discharge of illusory accounts. A few, such as the Duke of Athole and Marquis of Tweeddale, got a thousand pounds each; the greater number had from two hundred to three hundred pounds; one had fifty pounds; and Lord Banff received the more pitiful sum of eleven pounds two shillings. The Earl of Marchmont stands at the head of the roll as having pocketed £1,104, 15s. 7d., and so nicely 'had he estimated the value of his conscience, as to give back five-pence in copper, on receiving £1,104, 16s.' The sum-total which was distributed among these needy opponents of the Union was £20,540, 17s. 7d. The English may be congratulated on having made so good a bargain; and the Scotch of the present day have no reason to be dissatisfied.

Modern novelists seeking about for a plot, would have an excellent choice in the history of the period in which the austere but upright William was beset by crowds of titled penulators—Marlborough, of course, in the foreground, with the voluptuous Torrington, the treasonous Russell and Godolphin, and the avaricious Leeds, followed by Gny and Creggs, commencing on their misfortunes in the Tower. As regards inferior characters in the piece, some fun might be extracted from Taaffe, a Roman Catholic priest, who turned Protestant, and set up the business of an informer on unfortunate Jacobites. Artistically, a good deal could be made of Taaffe. How he persuaded the Secretary of State to send him with a body of officers to search for evidences of treason in the mansions of noted Jacobites in Lancashire; how, when the officers were searching for concealed stores of arms, Taaffe went into the private chapels and adroitly pocketed silver crucifixes and other articles of value. And then what a splendid dénouement! Taaffe selling himself to the poor Jacobites, whom he had plundered, and stating at their trial at Manchester that all he had reported against them to the Secretary of State was a downright lie; whereupon the court breaks up, and the unfortunate judges are hooted and pelted out of the town. With such interior furnishings, the story would be as amusing as *Peveril of the Peak*; and it might at least, in a graphic way, give an insight of the manners at the court of William and Mary.

But long after the taciturn Dutchman and his affable English consort had passed away, corruption continued to flourish in high quarters. It was rife in the reign of Queen Anne, though not always successful in escaping detection. Sir Robert Walpole, while a member of parliament and Treasurer of the Navy, was found guilty by the House of Commons of 'a high breach of trust and notorious corruption,' and accordingly was expelled the House and sent to the Tower (1712). Restored to fortune on the accession of George I., Walpole rose to eminence as a statesman; but till the last—and perhaps impelled by the difficulty of securing friends to his administration—he reduced corruption to a science by a skilful adaptation to individual wants: to one a bribe in money, to another a place, to a third a title, and so on, till all in turn

were pleased. The plan was eminently successful. Peace was secured by what, after all, was no great outlay by the state. Few prime ministers have been so distinguished for his ingenious artifices as Sir Robert Walpole. In our own times he is best remembered as the author of the saying sadly humiliating to human nature, 'that every man has his price.'

It would be a fine theme for a philosophic essay to trace the gradual extinction of corrupt practices in the English administration along with the growth of an acute sense of honour in all public transactions. A man of any mark high in office would be now loath to have his name associated with acts of bribery and corruption such as were by no means uncommon in the reign of George II. The writer of any essay on this subject, while speaking of the influence of moral agencies, would not forget to shew that very much of the delinquency of past times was a direct result of balancing opinions and interests between two rival dynasties. For fifty years after the flight of James, there were lurking hopes of a Restoration; and not until these hopes were stamped out on the field of Culloden was there anything like a distinct progress in those virtues which now distinguish the best order of society in Britain. Under later auspices, our country, in all departments except among Stock Exchange gamblers, Prospectus-mongers, and the very meanest of the population, has happily and so effectually thrown off the scandals which discredited the conclusion of the seventeenth and the early years of the eighteenth century, that a disclosure of what took place in Old Times will appear to be scarcely credible. Corrupt administrative practices of superlative extent and magnitude, it is sorrowful to think, have found a home in other lands where a keen sense of personal honour is lost in party struggles, and where leading officials seem, from all accounts, to be but imperfectly acquainted with the elements of social and political probity. w. c.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE POWER OF 'OLD TIMES.'

'FORRU, darling, I have thought of a plan.' This was the way John Dalton 'broke it' to his wife in her chamber that afternoon; he felt that with her it was no use to silver the bitter pill, for that her love, no matter what disguise they wore, would detect the aloes.

'A plan, dearest?' answered she, in trembling tones. There was something in his voice, though he had made it as buoyant as he could, that presaged to her of ill.

'Yes, love. The more I think of that Brazil mine, the more I cling to it. I think with you, that that strange warning, not to deem all as lost there, came from a friendly hand; and though I do not say that Holt has played me false—I have no proof of that, you know.'

'Never mind Mr Holt, love, now,' interposed she calmly.

'Well, I have come to the conclusion that the best and only course that now lies open to me is to see after the thing with my own eyes—to go to Brazil.'

'To go to Brazil!'

How faint and full of fear that echo was! She had been standing by his side, with one hand

resting on his shoulder, and he felt her clutch it, to save herself from falling.

'Yes, dear; why not?' he went on in cheerful but caressing tones. 'It is what men of business are doing every day: a few weeks out, a few weeks home again. We miss them at the club for a month or two, and then they are back again so soon, it seems impossible they can have gone so far—not that it is really far away nowadays,' he added hastily. All his fineness, all his dexterous phrases, had clean gone from him. The despair in his wife's eyes had disarmed him of all those weapons which he had been wont to wield so well.

'If you think, darling, that I had better stay at home—that is,' added he with a wan smile, 'in England, and trust to the chapter of accidents; to the possible aid of friends, or the special intervention of—of Fate' (it was curious how the spectacle of his Edith's misery made him rebellious against the *Ilum* which, if it had not caused it, still had not warded it off, and how again her sad reproving glance brought him back in an instant to submission)—if you have any reasonable expectation that things may mend with us; that to-morrow will be not like to-day, and yesterday, and all other days since this befell us, void of help and hope—I will stay on. Or, if you feel that the parting from me—for six months at most—is more than you can bear'—

'No, no!' she murmured hoarsely, while her face, sharp, anguished, racked with woe, denied her words. He did not look upon it, but kept his eyes upon the pattern of the carpet, though one hand clasped her own, and one was thrown about her waist and held it close.

'I am yours, God knows, Edith, in any case, but having lost your all, the least I can offer is myself, to go, to stay, exactly as you choose to order it—only this seems the best. Iolt cannot tell—or will not—how matters at St José really stand. No one in England seems to know about it, and none has such cause to care as I. It will at least be movement, action. I shall feel that I am doing something, striving to build up a little what my folly has destroyed; I shall not, as now, be sitting with folded hands, watching the gathering clouds before they burst and overwhelm my dear ones—O Edith, let me go!'

'Go, dearest, go,' said she. 'If any hope lies that way, go—to Brazil. We shall not our hearts at least will not be parted: all day my thoughts will be upon you, and all night, if sleep should come, my dreams will be full of you. O God, protect this man,' exclaimed she passionately, 'whom Thou hast given unto me to be mine own, and bring him back to those he loves!'

She had fallen on her knees upon the footstool by his side, and on her upturned face the sun was shining. No pictured saint with glory on her brow ever looked more pure and fair.

'What am I, what am I,' thought Dalton, 'that this sweet soul should importune Heaven for me? What are we all—we men—that our women should do the like for us? And would they do the like if they knew what we were?' "To those he loves," she prayed, but not "to me." He took no note of that when the words were spoken, but yet they lived with him, and looked at by the light of things to come, had afterwards a keen significance.

'And when is it you think of'—

'The steamer by which—subject to your wishes, dearest—I design to sail leaves Southampton on Sunday week.'

'So soon!' sighed she. 'But you know best.'

'Nay, darling, I know nothing. But it seems to me that what I am to do, if it is to be done, should be done at once. Iolt tells me that there is no means of getting information—except by telegraph—from the agent at St José, or from the English expert who was sent out to see about the mine. Now, I'm sure if I asked Campden, he would say at once: "Go and look into this matter with your own eyes. Search your well for the truth while the water is clean, which it may be the interest of some people to sully." There is no doubt that the whole affair is a swindle, but still there may be some advantage in getting to the bottom of it.'

Mrs Dalton sighed. It might be so, or it might not, but her mind reverted to the times—not so long ago—when her husband had had nought to do with any such matters.

'If your time is so short, darling, would it not be right to let the dear children know? Every hour that they now pass away from you, in ignorance of its preciousness, they will regret hereafter. "We might have been with dear papa," they will say, when you are far away, John.'

'Let us wait till we get home, dearest. It is but two days more. If we told the girls and— and Tony'—their very names melted the waxen heart within him 'they would never keep the secret. I don't want Campden to know it, and especially that woman'—it was thus I am afraid that Dalton, although unconscious of his disrespect, indicated his hostess 'while we are still their guests. We will part company just as usual, and then I will write and tell him.'

'The girls will be very brave, John—of that I am certain; and as for Tony, except for the pomp and circumstance of being an Eton boy, he has no ambitions to be shattered. As for his education—at all events for the present—that will be superintended by Jenny, who, he has always protested, has taught him more than all his other teachers put together.'

'Poor Jenny, poor Jenny!' murmured Dalton. To his heart of hearts, his invalid daughter was the dearest of all his little flock; and when he shewed it, it was gladly pardoned to him by all the rest, by reason of her infirmity. 'O Heaven!' cried he in anguish, 'that I should have brought my Jenny to such a pass as this!'

'Jenny will do very well, John,' returned his wife with cheerfulness.

'What!' exclaimed he, almost in anger; 'without doctors, or sea-air, or comforts such as she has always been accustomed to, and which she needs more than all the rest? No, Edith; she will die, and it will be her own father who has'—

'John, this must not be,' interrupted his wife reproachfully; 'if you break down like this, what will become of us?'

'That is what I am thinking of,' answered he bitterly.

'Well, and I have been thinking of it too, and have hit upon a scheme for the future, which I should have told you a while ago, only your great plan put my little one out of my head. My notion is, that when we have got rid of our house, which of course must be done as soon as possible,

we should all go and lodge with Mrs Haywood. The dear old woman dotes upon the girls, as much as when she was their nurse, and I am sure would be delighted to have us. I think we could live in Brown Street as cheaply as anywhere.'

It was wonderful to see how this fragile and delicate creature, bowed down by present misfortune, and full of worse foreboding for the future, rose up to confront the evil day, and make what provision she could against it.

'It would be cheap, no doubt,' observed Dalton ruefully. 'Let me see; she lives somewhere out Pentonville way, does she not?'

'You ought to know, John, since you furnished the house for her. She, poor dear old thing, always speaks of you as though you were a sort of deputy-Providence. We could all be housed safely and snugly there, you see, till you came back again, and you would feel quite comfortable in your mind about us. With a good house over our head, and the dearest old landlady in Christendom to look after us, and Tony's education going on, why, there will not be so very much to complain of, after all.'

Dalton's mind had wandered to Brown Street, which, in spite of his late inquiry, he remembered very well. When Kate and Jenny emerged from childhood, and Tony was sent to school, and there was no longer need of Nurse Haywood's services, instead of pensioning that faithful and affectionate woman—the same who had given Jenny, by-the-bye, her favourite desk—Dalton had bought the lease of a small house for her, and fitted it up for the reception of lodgers. The old lady preferred to get her own living—she always 'liked to be doing summat,' she said; 'and could never abide being idle'—rather than 'to take wages for doing nothing;' and it was now fortunate indeed that she had been provided for in this way. The happiest days of her life were those in which her old mistress or her young ladies would drop in to take a dish of tea on an afternoon, in her back-parlour, and talk over old times, while their fine carriage stood outside her door to the admiration of the neighbours. As a general rule, 'carriage-people' did not come to Brown Street, which was not in a fashionable neighbourhood. It was in a northern suburb, new, and therefore comparatively clean, and Mrs Haywood's little mansion was the pink of cleanliness; if she ever used strong language it was excited by the indignation against 'them dratted blacks,' which she regarded as a 'Southerner's' the living negro in rebellion. But this was a feature into which Dalton did not go; it was the insignificance of the place and the poorness of its surroundings—not its cleanliness—that presented themselves to his mind. He beheld his Edith, accustomed to luxurious dwellings, raiment, food, living out in this poor spot the remainder of her years; gradually forgotten by the world in which she had moved and been admired; he saw his Katy, already the belle of many ball-rooms, though so young, become a household drudge; he saw Jenny—the bright, courageous, stricken girl—fighting in vain against such enemies as poverty and solitude; he saw Tony, shut out from the class to whom he belonged by nature as well as birth, and growing up a City clerk. It was a picture, every detail of which inflicted upon him pain and remorseful pity. He could not face his Edith's future with the courage with which she faced it for herself.

When she said that 'there would not be so much to complain of, after all,' he could not mirror back her smile, nor add one word of comfort to swell the meagre stream of her content. Her plan, however, pitiable as it might be, was practicable; and all that could be *done*, that could be set about with hand or brain, in his sad case, was welcome to him. He wrote at once to his lawyer, with regard to the immediate disposal of their house in town, and his wife wrote to Nurse Haywood, as she was still called. By the time their replies could be received, there would be no reason for further concealment; and if it were possible, Dalton wished to see matters arranged for his dear ones before quitting England.

Alas, how much precaution, prudence, providence for others is thrown away in this world; though, let us hope, the affection that has dictated them will be taken into account by Him who provides for all. What tears are shed for only seeming woes! What bulwarks are set up with infinite pain and loss, when, in fact, there are no assailants! What energies are wasted for a shadow!

That very day, when the afternoon post came in, John Dalton marked his friend and host look up at him from a letter with a look that told him his secret was discovered. He was always on the watch for such a look. It seemed to him strange that even the very servants were unaware that he was a ruined man; and now it had come at last. It was scarcely to be expected that some echo of the tidings which he had confided to so many would not return to Riverside before he could get away; and so it had happened.

Holt and Tony were in the room at the time; the boy had just received a letter from a school-friend, who had preceded him to Eton, which painted the joys of that famous school, and he read scraps of it aloud in triumph. 'What fun it must be, papa, must it not?'

And with no unusual tenderness (though his heart was nigh to breaking) he had answered: 'Yes, my boy;' and then stepped out of doors alone, in expectation of Campden following him, which he did immediately.

Dalton heard the familiar footsteps on the gravel-walk behind him moving quicker than usual, and felt the friendly hand laid upon his shoulder; and he stopped, but did not turn his head. Perhaps, he had some suspicion—so bitter had he become of late—that his old friend's face might be already changed towards him.

'Why, Dalton, my dear old fellow, what is this? A man has written to me this afternoon, and tells me'—

'It is true, Campden,' answered the other hoarsely: 'I know the news he gives you. I am ruined.'

'Ruined, John! I hope things are not so bad as that!'

There was a genuine and tender sympathy in the inquiry, and yet there was something too that jarred on Dalton's ear, so sensitive had sorrow made it.

If things had not been so desperate with him then, it seemed this man would have taken the matter coolly enough.

'Things are quite as bad, Campden; they could scarcely be any possibility be worse.'

'That is what one always thinks when one is knocked over for the first time. Yet one often

finds there are no bones broken, after all. How has it all happened? My correspondent writes it was a mine: things, in my opinion, as dangerous in speculation as in warfare.'

'Yes; but, unfortunately, I did not consult you,' answered Dalton coldly.

'Well, my dear fellow, do it now,' returned the other good-naturedly. "'Two heads are better than one," even though the one may be the longer. Don't be savage with me, for it is I, remember, who have cause for annoyance rather than you. I mean,' added he gently, since Dalton remained silent; 'I might well complain, as your oldest friend, that you have been applying to others for assistance in this matter, instead of first coming to me.'

'I knew you could not help me, Campden--except in one way,' answered Dalton in a softened tone; 'and I was proud, and wished my ruin to remain unknown until I had left your roof.'

'I should have hoped that my roof would have been as your own, John, and myself as yourself. There, there--let us come into the shrubbery. How about this mine? Where is it? Or does it exist at all? Sometimes they don't.'

'It is in Brazil--the *Lara*. Near the great St José mine.'

'The *Lara*! Why, my good fellow, that has burst up altogether. It was a plant, it seems, from the very first. How, in the fiend's name, did you ever get connected with such a thing?'

'It is scarcely worth while to go into that,' replied Dalton doggedly. 'I am connected with it. Everything I have in the world is in it.'

'Then you have been swindled.'

'Very likely. I am not quite sure, however, how the matter stands. I am going over by the next Rio mail to see after it myself.'

'You are going to Brazil?'

'Yes; that is fixed. It is at least better than going to perdition, which I should feel that I was doing every day that I stopped here in England with my hands before me.'

'And your wife?'

'She knows it all--knows that I have lost my fortune and her own by my cursed folly; and that I have just this slender hope left of retrieving it. She has made up her mind to part with me. She has ten times my courage, and a hundred times my worth. God help her!'

'I say Amen to that, Dalton. But why should she not stay here--she and the girls--while you are away? I am sure Julia!'

'Thank you, but that is impossible,' interrupted Dalton. 'It is, nevertheless, an unspeakable comfort to me to know that I leave her and hers with such a friend to counsel and assist them as yourself. You will be true, and tender to them, I know; you will remember old times, George, and your old friend, even if you never see him more.'

'By the help of Heaven, I will, John!' answered the other.

The two friends grasped one another's hands in silence. Neither of them were men much given to sentimental reminiscence; but at that moment the door that shuts out the Past swung back upon its noiseless hinge, to each disclosing many a sunny picture: a grass plot in a college court; a lime-walk musical with bird and bee; a river running under many a bridge, past sloping gardens; sung chumbers, loud with youthful revelry. They had lived among such scenes together

long ago, and had had such joys in common as only youth, on whom no shadow of coming care has need to rest, can know. 'The hand that reaches through the mist of time, and touches hearts, was on them both. For half a second they were boys again; then habit resumed its sway.'

'You will draw on me of course, Dalton, in case you should need money out yonder,' observed Campden; and he threw his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the geographical position of Brazil.

'I hope that will not be necessary,' said the other, smiling.

'I hope so too; no one *wants* to be drawn upon; only, if you require a banker, at least give me the refusal.'—

'Hollo, Tony, what is it?'

It was a relief to both men, but especially to the one who had thus tendered his good services, and was beyond measure apprehensive of being thanked, that their conversation was thus interrupted. The boy ran to them eager-eyed and flushed with haste—a very Ganyমেদে of a messenger.

'Please, papa, mamma wants you when you are disengaged.'

'And what is your hurry about, young master?' inquired Mr Campden.

'Dr Curzon is here, and he says I may ride his pony.' He was off again like a shot.

'That is a likely boy of yours, Dalton.'

'Yes, poor lad. He little thinks that he will never see Elton.'

'But why should he not? It's a pity such a clever little chap as that—quite a chip of the old block, I'm sure—should be deprived of his schooling. Come, I'm his godfather; let me take so much at least upon my shoulders. You are not too proud for that, surely. If you are, I shall see what Mrs Dalton can do with you.'

'You are most kind, indeed, George; the fact is, Elith and I had arranged that Jenny was to be his tutor for the present; but I should be very glad to spare her.'

'Then, that's settled. Nay, I won't keep you from your wife another moment, so let's say no more about it. The boy shall not be balked of going to Elton.'

ARTIFICIAL STONE.

In the *Journal* of December 25, 1875, page 831, the following paragraph appeared: 'In Saxony, a method of hardening sandstone has been tried with success. The stone is soaked in a solution of alkaline silicates and of alumina, which penetrate some inches, and impart so great a degree of hardness to the surface that it will bear polishing, and has the look of marble. If exposed to great heat, the surface vitrifies, and may be coloured at pleasure.'

The paragraph, although not introduced for such a purpose, suggests occasion for doing justice to an eminent inventor, and offering a few notes that might serve for an interesting chapter in the 'History of Inventions.' These purposes will be effected by a brief account of the inventions and processes by which Mr Frederick Ransome, of the well-known Ipswich family, preserves natural stone and manufactures artificial stone. The same

essential principles are involved in each process; and from a description of his mode of making artificial stone, his method of preserving natural stone may be readily inferred.

Mr Ransome commenced his toilsome and difficult career as an inventor in 1844. He received his inspiration from observing a workman at the Ipswich works renewing the worn-out ridges of a buhrstone for a flour-mill. The hard siliceous prominences and the softer parts of the stone alike had to be cut down to the same level; and the first step in his inventive faculty was the desire to produce a homogeneous stone of uniform texture throughout. The thought led to action. It was easy enough, as may be supposed, to find the materials for the basis of such a stone; but the discovery of a cementing agent to bind together the particles, constituted the grand difficulty. He had then only a slight acquaintance with the respective properties of mortars or cements of any kind, and had not as yet got beyond elementary knowledge in chemistry or mineralogy. He tried in succession as a cement plaster of Paris, shellac, glue, isinglass, mastie, lime mixed with bullock's blood; but all these were failures. He next added a portion of pulverised glass to the sand, subjected the mixture to hydraulic pressure, and exposed the moulded blocks to the heat of a furnace. This was a step in the right direction, but still a failure. The moulded pieces broke up in the furnace, or ran into vitrified masses. He then commenced operations upon flints, in the hope of obtaining a species of liquid glass. Having mastered certain chemical facts, he put a quantity of flints and caustic alkali into an improvised Papin's Digester. He tied down the lid of the pot with wire, but by and by, fearing that it might burst, he flung it into a cistern, when it flew to pieces, and happily disclosed by its contents that his labours had not been all in vain—the flints had been reduced to slimp; and he now knew that he could reduce flints to about the consistency of melted glue. In short, he had found the cement he needed for his pounded stone or grains of sand.

This was the first decided step towards the attainment of the greatly desired end. By combination of this semi-fluid—obtained from silicic acid, flint being really an acid and soda, he had found a means of uniting sand, gravel, or other material, for the manufacture of artificial stone. For this invention he took out a patent in April 1845, in which he merely claims as his invention the use of soluble silicate of soda as a cement for binding together the particles of sand, pulverised stone, detritus of stone, or other similar materials; the material so produced to be subjected to pressure in the moulds, and dried in an oven. This method and these materials were defective in two important respects; the dried stone was liable to be again dissolved, and the drying was attended with great difficulties, inasmuch as the surface took a hard texture, impermeable to the moisture in the inner parts of the stone, which could only escape by fissures, injurious or altogether destructive of the production. These difficulties were, by improved modes of desiccation, overcome to a great extent; but the materials and process were still defective. His achievements up to this point, however, commanded so far the attention of scientific men, that in 1848 he was awarded the Telford Medal by the Institution of

Civil Engineers, for his paper on the Manufacture of Artificial Stone.

It was probably consideration of the best means of arresting the decay of natural stone that stimulated Mr Ransome in the direction that led to the most important of his discoveries. About 1852, before the Houses of Parliament were finished, the ornate carving and even the plain portions of the façades had begun to fall into decay, and stones in all parts of the grand structure were rapidly disintegrating. The indurating applications to stone had hitherto been of resins, oily, or other organic substances, that were readily acted upon by atmospheric influences, and in their application caused discoloration that was highly objectionable. Mr Ransome felt that his colourless soluble silicate, or solution of flint, was the proper preservative agent to be employed, and concentrated his attention upon the endeavour to overcome the chief objection to it, to remedy its avowed defect, namely, that it was in itself soluble, and would in time succumb to the humidity of the atmosphere. He had by this time made great progress in his studies in chemistry, in so far as that science bore upon his special pursuit; and from a sound basis he evolved important practical results by a process as beautifully simple as it is important. His numerous experiments and labours in the laboratory were about 1856 specially directed to the discovery of means for converting the soluble into an insoluble silicate, that would withstand the attacks of moisture, smoke, acid vapours, or saline influences. He bethought him of the mortar used by the ancients in buildings that have for many centuries resisted the attacks of the tooth of time, and he rightly judged that if he could produce the same binding and invulnerable agent—compound silicate of lime—in the structure of his stone, he would achieve a great success, inasmuch as he would then have a cement not only insoluble but such as would envelop and bind together indissolubly the particles of which the stone is composed. His pursuit of this object was zealous and unwearied, and a successful issue was at length attained. On the 27th September 1856 the inventor took out a patent for his process—to wit, for 'Improvements in the Manufacture of Artificial Stone, and in rendering it and other building materials less liable to decay.' His invention consisted in 'the application in succession of two solutions, which by mutual decomposition produce an insoluble substance, which is deposited in the substance and on the surface of the stone or other material.'

Under the direction of the eminent architect the late Sir Charles Barry, Mr Ransome applied his process to a portion of the river-front of the Houses of Parliament. It has also been applied, with uniform success, to numerous public buildings, mansions, and other structures. Twelve years after its application to the stone-work of the museums in Trinity College Dublin, it was officially reported as having 'proved most successful'; and similar testimony of its high excellence has been offered from various quarters both at home and abroad.

As a proof of his readiness to maintain the accuracy of his theory against learned contradiction, Mr Ransome procured a lump of magnesian limestone from the Houses of Parliament, pulverised it in a mortar, and by the application of his solutions, re-incorporated the particles into cubes that were much harder than the original natural

stone. At a meeting of the Royal Commissioners, appointed to inquire and report on the decay of the stone in the Houses of Parliament, Mr Ransome produced these cubes; and 'the result,' said Professor Kerr, 'was as we have seen. He astonished the doctors, and they accepted defeat. His own astonishment he kept to himself, and took out a fresh patent.' Specimens of this new production were exhibited in the International Exhibition of 1862, for which the jury awarded the prize-medal to the inventor. He was also awarded the prize-medal for his artificial stone by the jury of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Dr E. Frankland, F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, London, in December 1861 tested Mr Ransome's artificial stone, along with eight samples of the best natural freestones, for porosity, for degradation by immersion in acid solutions, boiling, drying, and brushing. The results placed the qualities of the artificial stone far above those of the natural samples. Mr Adam Sedgwick, M.A., Woodwardian Professor of Geology, Cambridge, pronounced it 'of good colour, and well fitted for solid walls or delicate architectural decorations. It is hard, and capable of resisting an enormous power of compression. . . . I believe it will be as strong and durable as the first-rate freestones found among the old strata of our country. This is my honest opinion.' Bramley Fall stone has been tested for resistance to crushing weight, which it has resisted up to 5120 pounds per square inch; Portland stone of the same sectional area has been crushed at 2630 pounds; whereas Ransome's stone has resisted crushing pressure up to 7145 pounds to the square inch. A four-inch cube of Ransome's stone, made for three months, has resisted crushing weight up to 63 tons.

Mr Ransome's process is based upon one of the most beautiful of chemical reactions; and his artificial stone is in its composition, mechanically and chemically, quite the same as that of the best building-stones known. It is perfectly homogeneous; and in its plastic state, in the earlier process of the manufacture, can be moulded into the most delicate forms, almost as sharp and clean as can be produced in metal. It is also tractable under the chisel, and is applicable to a great variety of uses severely utilitarian, as well as elaborately ornamental, from the blocks under steam-hammers to the splendid screens designed by Sir Digby Wyatt, and fixed on the end-walls of the Indian court at Whitehall. Thousands of grindstones have been manufactured of the material, and curiously enough, a large number of these have gone to Newcastle, the well-known producing and distributing centre for grindstones. Ransome's are prized by some of the great engineering firms there for their keen cutting properties, freedom from liability to clog, durability, and the absence of 'yolks' in their composition. The material has unsurpassed powers of resistance to the smoke and deleterious gases in the atmosphere of large cities and towns, to the influence of tidal alternations, of Indian summers and Russian winters, and of various other kinds of trial and attack, mechanical and climatic. Hence, the material has been extensively used abroad, as well as in London and the provinces, including amongst others, the India Offices, the London Docks, St Thomas's Hospital, the Brighton Aquarium, the Albert Bridge, Chelsea; and numerous churches and other public and private buildings.

Space will not permit of our enumerating even a few of the many difficulties this inventor had to encounter while toiling steadily to mature his work. To most men they would have proved insurmountable; but he was as fertile in resources as indomitable in perseverance; and although constantly confronted by much that was discouraging, he toiled on, studied hard, experimented untiringly to the extent of his knowledge, altering his processes as experience and fresh discoveries suggested. His progress was slow and painful, still it *was* progress; and at last his toilsome and meritorious labours have met with that success which perseverance in a useful cause invariably insures.

AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

At the time my story commences, I was one of six midshipmen on an Indiaman outward-bound for Calcutta, touching at Plymouth and the Cape. The vessel was one of the fine old frigate-build, with a high poop and top-gallant forecastle, and her main-deck was pierced for twelve guns. Her name was the *Bangalore*. She was built of teak, and was as strong as wood, copper, and iron could make her. The ship was owned by a well-known firm in London, and was chartered by government to take detachments of troops from Plymouth to Bengal. The captain's name, of which he was very proud, was Robertson Benbow. He was a middle-sized, bulbous-looking man, clean shaved, with both hair and whiskers plentifully streaked with silver. His complexion was of a rich, deep yellow, almost the colour of his own Madeira, a wine to which he was not impartial. He was between fifty and sixty years of age, and at Calcutta, was almost as well known as the Viceroy or Government House itself. He used to boast that he had in his time taken out and brought home the principal civil and military men in the country. Many of these had gone out to Bengal with him as young men, and returned with Old Bobus, as he was called, to retire on their pensions. Old Bobus was in his way a character; he was pompous in his manner, and very tenacious of his dignity, and had mixed so much in the society of civilians and military men, and others high in authority, that he had adopted not only their manners and customs, but even their mode of speaking, and was well posted up as to all appointments and promotions in the Bengal civil service. Below the rank of a commissioner, a colonel, or a judge, Captain Benbow seldom made free with any of his passengers; and young officers, or grills, as he called them, going out to India for the first time, were objects of his particular dislike.

The *Bangalore* seldom left Gravesend without two or three, sometimes half-a-dozen, young ladies being placed under the captain's charge, consigned to Calcutta; and he took as much care of them as though they belonged to himself. The ship was at Plymouth, lying in the Sound, and we were busily employed taking on board ammunition, fresh provisions, passengers' luggage, fresh meat and vegetables, prior to embarking the troops. We were to sail at two o'clock the next day, and the troops were to embark in the morning.

The name of the chief officer was Blake; he was a little square-built man, with a large Roman nose.

He was forty years of age, and was the echo of the captain, with whom he had made several voyages.

Mr Sparks, the second officer, was the very opposite to the chief. He was a red-haired man, with a gravel-colour complexion, and whiskers to correspond. He had a bullying way with him, and a violent temper, and possessed a voice that was perpetually heard fore and aft all over the ship. Though rough and ready, Roaring Sparks, as he was called, was the smartest officer and best seaman on board.

In addition to the third and fourth officers, there were besides six midshipmen, who were learning their profession on board this vessel; and the senior of these was a remarkably well-built, stylish-looking young fellow of nineteen, with a profusion of dark wavy hair, and a pair of very piercing dark-brown eyes. He was a clergyman's son, and had been partly educated at the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, his only brother being a lieutenant in the service. It was said that Vaughan had left the college prematurely, through being expelled, but for what reason I never heard. Although not twenty, there was scarcely a vice with which this youth was unfamiliar; but withal, he had talent, humour, and wit. His manners were frank and engaging, and his bearing peculiarly graceful, and he had also great determination; but of power to regulate his passions he was entirely destitute. Vaughan had been nearly four years at sea, was a capital yachtsman, and from infancy had been familiar with nautical matters.

While off Mount Edgecumbe, we embarked about six hundred troops, chiefly detachments for service in India, a number of officers, a judge, and about a dozen ladies; some of these were going out to rejoin their husbands, and others were the wives of officers on board. The commanding officer was the Honourable Colonel Boyle, who had seen service in the Crimea, and was going to join his regiment at Dinapore. He was accompanied by his wife, who was very thin and tall, and generally carried a small walking-cane. The lady was attended by an ayah, and was more military in her conversation than the oldest soldier on board.

The morning of the day we got under way was beautifully fine, and Vaughan was on duty at the gangway, and the troops were expected on board in the afternoon. It was ten o'clock when a man-o'-war's gig came alongside; and escorting a very stylish young lady up the gangway ladder was an elderly gentleman in the dress uniform of a post-captain. On reaching the gangway, he saluted Vaughan, and asked: 'Is Captain Benbow on board?' but just as Vaughan was about to reply, Old Bobus himself appeared, and the naval officer whose name was Nugent, stepped forward and said: 'How are you, Benbow? Glad to see you here again—wish I was going passenger with you. Allow me to introduce you to a very charming young lady, who has just completed her education, and is going to join her father in Bengal. Miss Talbot, Captain Benbow.'

'What!' exclaimed the captain; 'the daughter of my old friend, the judge at Moorshedabad?' Old Bobus looked at her for a minute, and took her hand in his, and said: 'When you were a very little girl, and could hardly speak a dozen words, I brought you home. Twenty-one years ago I

took your father out to Calcutta, when he had been appointed by the India House; and I took your mother out to him in the *Taj Mahal* to be married. Bless me, how the time gets on!' Then turning aside to her guardian, he continued: 'You should have seen her mother, Nugent; she was a perfect picture! The first time she was presented at Government House, in Lord Auckland's time, I was present. She seemed so pretty and fresh, and had such a silvery, hearty laugh, that every one was in raptures about her. The natives all thought she was a goddess.'

'You will have another acquisition at Government House,' said Captain Nugent, 'or I am much mistaken.'

Old Bobus then proposed to shew them his ship and all its wonders; and Miss Talbot and Captain Nugent assenting, he led the way.

Miss Talbot was a bright blonde, with large violet eyes and a charming little mouth, and absolutely perfect figure. She had not been on board more than a few hours before she was the centre of attraction and admiration of all the military officers on board, and was evidently envied by the ladies, especially the younger ones. Her father was a judge in an important district, and had been brought up at Haileybury with Captain Benbow's brother. The judge's wife had died fifteen years before at Calcutta, of cholera, after a few hours' illness, leaving the judge with an only child, his little daughter Blanche, who had been sent home with an ayah and an English nurse, in Captain Benbow's charge, when he commanded the *Taj Mahal*. An aunt at Bath, sister of the judge, had undertaken the charge of the motherless girl until her education was completed.

Miss Talbot, at the time of her setting foot on board the *Bangalore*, was about eighteen years of age. Captain Nugent having inspected the vessel, went into the cuddy with Captain Benbow, and in a glass of his famous Sercial Madeira wished him and the young lady a pleasant voyage. Having called for his boat, he took his departure; but before going down the ladder and shaking hands with Old Bobus, he carelessly remarked: 'That is a smart-looking youngster at the gangway, Benbow.'

'His father was chaplain in the service with Dundas, and asked me as a favour to take him.'

'Ah, well, I hope he is as good as he is smart,' added Captain Nugent. '*Bon voyage*.'

No sooner was he gone, than the captain called for the carpenter, and gave immediate orders for the fitting up of Miss Talbot's cabin, which was the next to his own. Until that work was accomplished, both the carpenter and the stewards had but a sorry time of it.

The steam-tug came alongside with troops, and then with baggage. With the troops were some passengers who joined at Plymouth. It was a Saturday afternoon, about 2 P.M., when we hove up anchor and got under way; the wind was moderate from south-east, and the weather beautiful. We had all plain sail set, and sailed slowly out of the Sound, and were soon out in the open channel, with the Eddystone lighthouse on our starboard quarter. All hands had been hard at work securing boats, lashing spars, and getting the anchors on board and making all snug for sea. It was a beautiful evening, and the quartermaster had

struck eight bells. The watches had been set, and before the starboard watch went below, Vaughan hove the log. The poop was crowded with passengers, when Mr Sparks, who was in charge of the deck, inquired at what rate the vessel was going, whereupon Vaughan replied: 'Seven knots, sir.'

The second mate laughed sneeringly, and in his off-hand way said: 'Tell that to the marines.'

'Tell them, then,' said Vaughan, 'and leave it yourself.'

Here two or three passengers who were watching the proceedings laughed. Mr Sparks called the after-guard, and hove the log, and then declared that the vessel was barely going six-and-a-half; and turning to Vaughan, ordered him off the poop, saying that he should report his behaviour. He did not forget his promise; and the chief officer at once sent for Vaughan, and after severely reprimanding him, told him that unless he immediately apologised to Mr Sparks, he would report him to Captain Benbow. Vaughan did apologise, but did it in such a manner that it only seemed to aggravate the offence. From that night there seemed to be a feud between Vaughan and the second officer, which increased daily; and, to do him justice, Mr Sparks lost no opportunity of shewing his authority; but that did not mend matters. When Vaughan came into the cockpit, he said: 'If that second mate thinks that I am to be running-footman to him, he will find himself mistaken; and if ever he strikes me—it will be the worse for him.'

In fine weather, Old Bobus made his appearance on the weather-side of the poop, dressed in a blue frock-coat, white waistcoat, with treble gilt navy buttons. He wore very high shirt-collars, and a large black silk tie. His linen was irreproachable. He always wore gloves, and a black silk hat minus the cockade, like an admiral. In the forenoon he would parade the quarter-deck, sometimes in company with the judge, sometimes with the colonel and his wife, and very often with his ward, Miss Talbot, of whom he appeared very proud. He would never tire of telling her anecdotes about her parents, besides stories by the score of half the people in Chowringhee. Among the lady passengers on board there was a Mrs Silver, who was going to rejoin her husband, who was captain in a Ghooorka regiment. She flirted desperately with the military officers on board, and especially the sub-alterns, who spoke of her as a nice creature. Miss Talbot, when on deck, was generally the companion of Mrs Boyle, the colonel's wife, who seemed to have voluntarily undertaken the part of chaperon. The two ladies used to sit on the lee-side of the mizzen-mast in their deck-chairs, and Captain Stammersleigh, who was an experienced hand and thorough ladies' man, would often read Byron or Tennyson to them. As for the junior officers, they were to a man smitten with Miss Talbot, and all anxious to pay their respects and shew her attention. She was equally fascinating to all, without shewing preference to any.

On Sunday it was the custom on board the *Bangalore* for the captain to invite one of his officers and two midshipmen to dine at the cuddy-table. When Mr Vaughan was asked, he not only shewed a joyous alacrity in accepting the invitation, but also in decorating himself for the occasion. It was upon one of these occasions, when Vaughan

was dining in the cuddy, that the conversation turned upon theatricals and charades, and Captain Hastings, who had had much experience in these matters, proposed that they should get up a charade or play, and finally, proposed to select one if Miss Talbot would take a part in it.

'All we want,' continued Captain Hastings, 'are a couple of scenes.'

'I hear,' suggested Mrs Boyle, 'that Mr Vaughan, among his other accomplishments, is very clever with the pencil and brushes.'

Mrs Boyle took up the matter promptly; and her pressure and that of the other ladies being put upon Old Bobus (that officer being secretly only too glad to keep his passengers amused), gracefully consented to allow Mr Vaughan to paint the scenes, saying, however, that he must not waste too much time upon them. A piece was soon selected by Captain Hastings, and approved by Mrs Boyle and the other ladies. While the scenes were being painted in the stern-cabin, and dresses planned and discussed, Vaughan, with his easy flow of conversation and engaging address, contrived to get Mrs Boyle much interested in him; and as that lady was usually accompanied by Miss Talbot, it was no wonder that she too, being very romantic and fresh from school, took much notice of him. He designed this young lady a very pretty costume, and found a sempstress among the soldiers' wives to make it up. The piece selected was *The Lovers of a Lover*; and Vaughan seemed to know more about it than the stage-manager, Captain Hastings. Mrs Boyle was frequently called away to be consulted by him and the other ladies who were taking parts in the piece, and the consequence was that Vaughan and Miss Talbot were much left together. 'It was,' said Mrs Boyle, 'such a pity that such a superior young man should not have a better profession to follow than that of the sea; or, at all events, if he did follow it, why did not his friends get him a commission in the navy?'

At seven bells it was customary for all the midshipmen to muster on the poop with their sextants, for the purpose of making observation of the sun's altitude; and directly after giving the quarter-master the order to strike eight bells, it was Captain Benbow's custom to retire to his stateroom and work out the latitude; and one of the midshipmen—lately, Mr Vaughan—had taken it upon himself to take in the log-slate with the dead-reckoning worked up, as the passengers were assembling at the cuddy-table for tiffin.

On these occasions, after he had finished attending to the captain, Mr Vaughan frequently met either the colonel's wife or Miss Talbot, who did not scruple to ask him about the position of the vessel, or how the scenes were progressing. On one of these occasions, Vaughan, amongst his other sketches, exhibited a very spirited water-colour in miniature of the scene he was preparing.

'How very nice!' said Miss Talbot; and Vaughan thereupon asked her to accept the sketch as a souvenir of the voyage. The young lady did so, and declared that directly she arrived in Calcutta, she would have it framed. While Miss Talbot was examining the drawings, suddenly one dropped from the side-pocket of the portfolio; and as she picked it up, she coloured deeply, as, on looking at it, she recognised a sketch of herself. 'Who is that?' she said naïvely.

'It is an endeavour to realise a dream,' replied

Vaughan; and the young lady coloured again, but made no reply.

These apparently accidental interviews occurred once, twice, and sometimes oftener every day. That Miss Talbot was interested, not to say partial to Vaughan, was no secret on board to nearly every one, except the colonel's wife and Captain Benbow. These worthy people considered that with a young lady under their protection wrong-doing or indiscretion of any sort was impossible. It was in vain that Stammersleigh, Cager, Parker, and all the younger military men paid her the most assiduous attention; theirs created not the slightest impression.

On one occasion, little Farquhar, the junior subaltern on board, after declaring to Cager and several others who were in his cabin that Miss T. was really the only girl he had ever cared for in his life, got so chafed for his pains, that he resigned himself to melancholy, and consoled himself for the remainder of the voyage with a favourite meerschaum, consuming tobacco almost sufficient to unsettle the nerves of a rhinoceros.

Although they never appeared to speak to one another on deck, yet, whenever Vaughan made his appearance there, Miss Talbot would change colour, and appear to be deeply absorbed in her needle-work or book. She now seldom walked the deck with Captain Benbow, and astonished that commander by telling him that he rolled so that she could not keep step with him.

There is an axiom founded on experience, that what a man has steadily set his mind upon doing, he is sure to do. He may have to wait for years before the opportunity arrives, but if his mind remain fixed in the same direction, that opportunity will assuredly come. I mention this, as Vaughan—though carefully attending to the navigation of the vessel—seemed like a man who was working out a scheme. At night, when it was his watch on deck, he would often steal down to our berth, and, taking down the cockpit lantern, would bring his writing-pad, and write a little note in pencil. After writing one of these, he would very often destroy it, and commence another. We were now getting down to the southward, and hoping in a very few days to be in the latitude of the Cape.

About a week after I had first seen Vaughan writing those notes, it was a dark night, and raining heavily; it was his middle watch on deck. He was in the starboard-watch with the second mate. The watch were setting a topmast studdingsail, and were shouting as they hauled on the halyards. It was about 2 A.M. when he rushed into the cockpit with his oilskin on, and taking down the battered old lantern which was suspended from the deck, carefully opened a little pink cocked-hat note, and read it over several times, smiling and looking very pleased as he did so. At last, he tore it up, carefully putting the pieces into his pocket. He then produced from his waistcoat another little paper, from which he took a lock of pale Saxon hair, and this he deliberately tied round with a piece of blue silk thread, and kissed; then opening the locket he always wore round his neck, he inclosed the lock of hair, and replaced the locket round his neck. He was absent from the deck about ten minutes, and had just rehung the lantern in its place again, and was going on deck, when a stentorian voice roared out:

'Skulking again! Come out, you scum of a fish-pond, and go and loose that main-royal;' and at that minute the head and shoulders of the second mate appeared enveloped in oilskins. He was crimson with rage, and loudly added: 'I've put up with your monkey tricks long enough.'

'If you are speaking to me, I should advise you to adopt a different tone,' said Vaughan. 'Recollect that you are not in the fore-castle now, though it certainly is your proper place.'

Although Vaughan appeared to be cool, he was evidently in much the same temper as the second mate, who sang out: 'By Jove! I'll make you swallow those words;' and with that he rushed in and seized Vaughan by the collar, and dragged him on deck.

'I'm ready for you,' said Vaughan, and giving a sudden spring, closed in with him like a tiger.

They were now both locked together, reeling and scuffling, and each trying to strike the other. Though very active, Vaughan, in strength, was no match for the second mate, who was the most powerful man in the ship's company; and it was evident that Vaughan was getting the worst of the encounter, when in his passion he suddenly made a spring and snatched a belaying-pin out of the rail, and quick as thought, struck Sparks a fearful blow with it across the forehead. The second mate dropped senseless on the deck, smothered in blood, and the scene of confusion that ensued baffles description. Clere, the fourth officer, followed by several of the watch, rushed up to stop Vaughan; but he stood at bay, with his back to the bulwark, and ejaculated: 'Stand back, or I will give any man the same who dares to lay a finger on me.'

Sparks was carried by Clere and some of the watch, unconscious to his cabin, with his head bound up in a silk handkerchief; and the doctor, who had been called out, had some doubts at first whether his skull was not fractured. It was some hours before he came round; and several days elapsed before he was able to appear on deck again and resume duty, and when he did so, he was marked and disfigured for life.

When this incident occurred, it was about half-past two in the morning. All the passengers and troops were below and asleep in their cabins. The chief officer was not very pleased at being disturbed from his watch below; he was, however, quickly on deck; and after calling up Vaughan, and hearing his statement, ordered him off duty, and kept the remainder of the watch himself until Captain Benbow should come on deck.

As eight bells were sounded in the morning, Captain Benbow made his appearance on deck, clean shaved, his clothes well brushed, and looking as fresh and bright as though he had enjoyed his night's rest. He was in a very good-humour. The watch had finished washing the decks, and were coiling down the ropes, when Mr Blake reported to him the particulars of the encounter during the middle watch, and also stated that he himself of late had been dissatisfied with Vaughan's conduct; that disrespect to the officers of the vessel was a bad example to the crew, and if not effectually checked, would be subversive of all discipline on board.

Old Benbow listened attentively, for he had a great opinion of his chief officer; and then getting very red in the face, said: 'Of course, of course!

Why, it's mutiny—rank mutiny—and by a youngster too. Send in that fellow to my cabin at once.'

When called up, Vaughan, in his defence, said that from the very commencement of the voyage the second officer had systematically persecuted and bullied him, till at last, in a moment of passion, when assaulted in a cowardly way by him, he had attempted to defend himself, and that Mr Sparks' wound was more the result of accident than design. He then detailed Mr Sparks' language to him, and also repeated his former statement, that he would not allow any man on board to lay a finger upon him. He had no sooner made this unlucky speech, than Captain Benbow, with the air of a judge, said: 'Silence, sir! If you dare to speak to me in that tone, I will have you put in irons at once. I did expect better things from you; but since you have chosen to mutiny on my ship, and strike one of my officers, you must take the consequences; and as you don't know how to behave as a gentleman, you must live in the fore-castle, and do duty before the mast as an ordinary seaman; and I caution you that, should I hear of any more assaults by you on my officers, I shall have you put in irons, and hand you over to the police at the Cape.'

Vaughan was beginning to reply to his sentence, when the captain said: 'Go forward, sir; I never allow replies. Go forward, and do your duty.' He then gave an oration on discipline to the officers and midshipmen assembled, which he said he would have maintained on any vessel which he commanded, or know the reason why! He then dismissed every one but the second officer, whom he severely reprimanded. 'Coarse manners, execrations, and abusive language,' said the captain, 'render men discontented, and degrade the officers, no matter how good they may be as seamen; and I trust, Mr Sparks, that I shall not a second time have to speak to you on this subject.' Sparks was about to reply, when Captain Benbow reminded him that he never allowed replies from either officers or men, and desired him at once to return to his duty.

NEST-BUILDING FISHES.

ONE of the most common of our British fishes, the tiny stickleback, has attracted considerable attention on account of its curious habit of building a nest—rivalling in intricacy the homes of our feathered friends—in which it deposits its eggs, and over which it keeps watch and guard till the tiny family are able to enter on the responsibilities of stickleback-life. Such precautions are unusual among the finny tribes, whose eggs are generally left to chance, or, in some cases, adhere to friendly weeds till they hatch out, and the young ones face life in the world of waters, without a parent's care to guide them. The lovely salmon makes an apology for a nest by scooping out a hollow or 'redd' in the gravel bed of the stream which it ascends for the purpose; but this, compared with the beautiful workmanship of the stickleback, is as the rook's collection of sticks to the mossy ball prepared by Jenny Wren for her bantlings.

The instances of nest-building fishes are rare, and it is among tropical species that the majority of them occur. One of these—whose lovely colours have caused it to be christened the 'rainbow fish'

—has lately been introduced in limited numbers into Europe, where its beauty has created quite a *furor* amongst the aquarium-keepers, and where it excites additional interest on account of its possessing the peculiarity of building a nest for the reception of the eggs. Probably the first person who has watched the whole of this operation was Monsieur Carbonnier, a French naturalist, who lately gave an account of his observations before the Paris Acclimatisation Society.

As in the case of the stickleback, it is the male fish which performs the principal duties of nurse and cradle-keeper; but the nest of the rainbow fish differs from that of the stickleback in the fact that it floats on the surface of the water, whereas the latter is built among the weeds beneath. The approach of breeding-time is marked by the increasing beauty of colour in the male fish, who dons his best robes in order to find favour in the eyes of his mate. His scales then assume all the varied tints of the rainbow, every movement causing them to scintillate with a metallic lustre and ever-changing hue, now flashing forth with increased splendour, now dying away for a moment, only to reappear with greater variety and intensity of colour.

But his time is not all given to courting. He enters on the duties of his prospective position with vigour; and his instinct, amounting almost to sagacity, is thus exemplified in Monsieur Carbonnier's narrative. The weeds growing in the aquarium in which some of his specimens were confined were of a kind which would not float. The fish tore off bits of the leaves in his mouth, and expelled them towards the surface; but their specific gravity was too great, and his efforts were unavailing. Monsieur Carbonnier, with a quick perception of the fish's wants, replaced the plants with others of a finer texture, and then had the pleasure of seeing the fish renew its attempts with complete success.

But the fish was too cunning an architect to trust to the natural flotation of his building materials, and after placing a few pieces together in position, he formed several air-bubbles in a viscid secretion, which he was able to eject from his mouth, and placed them in contact with his floating nest. Just, in fact, as engineers among ourselves have proposed to raise the *Vanguard* by means of immense air-bags, the rainbow fish, wiser than ourselves, formed his air-bags and attached them to his ship as a precautionary measure, to prevent its sinking from natural instability, collision with piscine *Iron Dukes*, or other untoward causes.

Day by day the work of knitting together the little morsels of weed progresses, till a floating domed island three inches in diameter is formed (the fish itself is not more than half that length); but this is, so to speak, only the foundation of the edifice, the roof being in reality constructed before any other part. Beneath this roof a complete circular nest is built, which the fish welds together with the greatest industry and patience; and not till it is complete does he seek his companion. All this time the female has kept aloof, neither assisting her companion nor encouraging him by her presence in the work of nidification. But now she is induced to visit the home of her future progeny, and the labours of the exemplary parent are redoubled. When the minute eggs

are laid, he collects them in his mouth, and places them carefully within the nest, which he continually supports with fresh bubbles, lest the precious cargo should overweight it. When all is safe, he stations himself on guard before the only opening in the nest, and awaits the course of events, ready to defend his handiwork against all comers, while his better-half retires altogether from the scene. In about three days the eggs begin to hatch out. The parent fish then destroys a number of the supporting air-bubbles, causing the nest to sink deeper into the water, so that none of the young ones may be 'drowned' for want of water. As long as he can, he prevents them from escaping from the paternal roof—the title is hardly appropriate, however, for neither father nor mother has inhabited the house: but their strength rapidly increases; and, just as boys and girls leave home to better themselves, the young rainbow fish burst from the father's apron-strings and are soon exulting in their new-found freedom.

MATCH-MAKING IN ROSCOMMON.

In the west of Ireland, the feelings of the young woman are seldom consulted in matters matrimonial. Her father being the best judge of what is for his daughter's advantage, opposition on her part is of very rare occurrence, except where she has taken the precaution of providing herself with a husband beforehand. When a match is made and the bargain concluded, if the girl declines to accept the husband selected, she quickly loses caste, the young men considering that a disobedient daughter must of necessity make an uncomfortable wife.

Still more exceptional is any objection on the part of the young man to the wife selected for him by his father, as he feels quite satisfied that experience enables his parent to judge of the temper and qualifications of a woman much better than he possibly could. Moreover, the father has the advantage of being able to examine her merits with a perfectly impartial and at the same time fairly critical eye. Interest and inclination alike lead him to make the best selection; he does it only after an infinite amount of cogitation; but when his choice is made, it is unalterable; and he will obstinately contend for his son's interest, without a single thought of the young woman's inclinations, taking it for granted that they will be in accordance with her father's wishes. The mother has little to say in the matter on either side. She never goes match-making, and is not in any way consulted, being only acquainted with the intentions of her husband for their son, when he has made up his mind. Marriage is a matter of business, and it is like any other bargain, made with the shrewd humorous calculating caution which characterises the Connaught man. Marriage gifts such as pigs, poultry, a cow, &c., play an important part in the arrangements; and the girl's father has been known to refuse to give her a single penny of fortune until the bridegroom's parent had conceded to her a favourite hatching goose! The following is a specimen of the way in which matrimonial affairs are managed west of the Shannon.

'Get out my Sunday clothes, Judy,' said old Corny O'Byrne, one evening when he returned from

his work. 'I'm goin' over to Pether Linskey's to-night.'

'Musha, Corny, an' what are ye goin' for?' Judy asked, as she unlocked a large deal-chest painted red, which stood near the fire-place, and carefully took out a blue frieze tail-coat, with bright metal buttons, a pair of light-coloured cord knee-breeches, ribbed worsted stockings, a pair of strong shoes, and a billycock hat, which, with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief with a flowered border (which he carried in his hat), and a stout blackthorn shille-lah, constituted Corny's Sunday suit.

'Sure, I'm goin' to make a match between our Dermott an' Katie Linskey,' he said at last in reply to his wife's question. 'She's a purty colleen, an' the boy is mighty plased with her, intirely.'

'So she is, Corny, a lankie little girl, an' she'll have a sung fortune, maybe. Pether is a decent honest man!'

'Faith, Judy, an' he is that same, or it isn't Corny O'Byrne that would "cut, shuffle, or dale" with him or his; an' Dermott tells me Katie likes him.'

'An' why wouldn't she, Corny? There's not as purty a boy in the parish; nor a better,' Judy said proudly.

'Thrus for ye, asthore: give us out the ould stockin', an' we'll make a match of it this Shrove-tide, with the blessin' o' St Pathrick!' Corny replied.

From the furthest corner of the chest, Judy drew out carefully an old worsted stocking, and handed it to her husband, who weighed it in his hand, and then, with a sly wink, buttoned it into one of his pockets. 'This'll do the business, Judy,' he said, as he left the house, with many *Banoughth-Laths*—God prosper, or be with you—from his wife.

Peter Linskey was a small farmer living about a quarter of a mile from Corny's cabin. He had several sons, and one daughter, Katie, who was considered the 'beauty' of the village of Ballymoynce. Her eldest brother was about to be married, and bring his wife home; and her father considered it would be very advisable to get Katie married and settled before the arrival of her sister-in-law; and Dermott O'Byrne—a fine, strapping, young fellow, very 'steady' and good-natured—Old Peter thought would make a very good husband for his girl (especially as he was an only child), if no better suitor offered.

When Corny O'Byrne reached Peter Linskey's cabin, he put in his head over the half-door, and said in Irish: 'God save all here!' the customary form of greeting in that and many other parts of Ireland.

'God save ye kindly, Corny,' Peter replied from the chimney-corner: 'come in and take a sate.'

Corny entered with both his hands behind his back, took his seat on a three-legged stool that Mrs Linskey had pushed in front of the fire for him.

'Fine weather for the crops, Corny,' Peter said, poking up the fire with his shoe. 'An' Mary, throw on a couple o' sods o' dry turf, an' sweep up the hearth, will ye?'

Mary did as her husband desired; and then going to a recess in the wall by the fire-place, took out from thence a new clay-pipe and piece of tobacco (probably got at the last wake she had been at). 'Will ye light the pipe, Corny?' she said, handing them to the old man, who took them with a nod

and 'Thankee kindly,' and filled slowly, kindled with a coal from the hearth, blew a few whiffs in grave dignified silence, and then handed it to Peter, who in equal silence smoked it for a few moments, and then handed it back to Corny, and proceeded to light his own pipe.

They both smoked steadily for a time, then Mrs Linskey pulled a small table between them, produced from her chest a stone jar of potheen, and a couple of cracked glasses, which she set on the table with a noggin of cold water; and taking up her pail, proceeded to the barn to milk the cows.

'That's a purty colleen of yours, Pether!' Corny said after a long silence.

'Thine for ye; an' a good, sensible, little girl into the bargain: it's happy's the man that'll get her,' Peter replied, after due consideration.

'That's what I said myself; an' I come over to see if we can't make a match between my Dermott an' herself!' O'Byrne said after another interval.

'He's a likely boy,' pursued Peter reflectively.

'Ye may well say that, Pether; an' he'll make a good husband, no doubt, for he's a good son. What do ye say to it?' Corny asked, leaning forward on his stool.

'I'm pleased'—

'God save all here!' said a harsh grating voice, and a head appeared in the doorway: 'Good-evening to ye, Pether!'

'Good-evening, kindly,' Peter returned. 'Come in and take a sate, Tom.'

The new-comer entered, and took a stool, and casting a questioning glance at Corny O'Byrne, proceeded to light his pipe, and smoked for some minutes. He was a stout, harsh-featured man, with a loud voice. He was not much of a favourite in the village—and especially disliked by Corny O'Byrne—who never lost an opportunity of annoying Tom Dillon. He was a comfortable farmer, and one of his sons had been 'making up' to Katie Linskey some time before. After a silence, during which the three old men smoked energetically, Dillon cleared his throat two or three times, and then said abruptly: 'Pether, I want to make a match between your little girl and my Martin; have ye anything to say agin it?'

'Sorra one word, Tom; only me neighbour Corny O'Byrne an' myself were speaking o' the same thing when ye come in!' Peter replied, with a shrewd glance at them both.

'First come, first served, Pether,' Corny said, shaking the ashes from his pipe, by knocking the bowl against his thumb-nail; 'mind that!'

'To be sure, to be sure,' Peter replied; and there was another long pause.

'An' we may as well clinch the bargain at onct,' Corny continued.

'To be sure, to be sure,' Peter again assented, smoking steadily.

'Ye have nothin' agin my Martin, have ye, Pether Linskey?' Tom Dillon said, laying down his pipe.

'Agin him? No; he's a nice decent boy, an' I have a great regard for him,' Peter answered.

'An' he has a great regard for your little girl, an' sorra a day's good he'll do till he's married,' ejaculated Tom, bringing his fist down on the table. 'He set his mind on it, an' I'll back him out!'

'Turf an' tundther! Tom Dillon, didn't Pether Linskey tell you I came match-making for my Dermott?'

'Tundther an' turf! Corny O'Byrne, don't I tell you that I come to do the same thing for my Martin; an' I suppose a Dillon may ask a Linskey in marriage any day—an' he can afford it too!' Tom added, slapping his pocket.

'An' let me tell ye, an O'Byrne can put down pound for pound with a Linskey any day; or, for that matther, with a Dillon,' Corny said, with a scornful glance at Tom, who was in his working clothes.—'Pether,' he continued, 'ye know what I came for; what fortune are ye goin' to give Katie?'

Peter took out his pipe, emptied it, proceeded to refill it leisurely, poked the fire, relit the pipe, settled himself back in his corner, and said slowly: 'Fortune, Corny! Katie is a fortune herself. I'm a poor man, an' the times is bad; an' beyond a new gown, a couple of fleeces of wool, an' a hank or so of yarn, I can't give her any fortune!'

Corny looked astonished, and pushed back his stool, as much as to say that all further negotiations were useless; when Tom Dillon said: 'Never mind, Pether; there's them as'll be willin' to take her without any fortune, an' an' afford it too!'

'Thine for ye, Tom Dillon, an' one o' them is Dermott O'Byrne. *We're not dependin' on a few bare pounds—not but what it's well to have something to put by for the childer;*' he added cautiously.

'To be sure, Corny, to be sure,' Peter assented.

'Well, Pether, is it to be me or Corny? Is a Dillon to be put behind the door for an O'Byrne? Isn't my Martin as likely a boy as there's in the barony? He'll take your colleen without a brass penny, an' do well for her. What do ye say to that?' Tom asked, slapping the table.

'Bedad, then, Tom, I'm in a fix intirely. Here's Corny, a decent old man, with a fine steady gossoon of a son—he's first; an' here's yourself, an honest man an' a good neighbour sorra better—an' sure Martin is the pride of the parish on a Sunday! I'm bothered intirely, an' *what can I say*, but settle it betune ye! Whichever of ye can do the best for her, take her, in the name of St Patrick!' and Peter resumed his pipe, and snuk back into his corner.

The two old men eyed one another silently for a few minutes, then Dillon pulled a little bag from his pocket, opened it deliberately, and took out another, from which he drew forth a third, made of purple stuff, fastened with a piece of red braid. Very slowly, his eye still fixed on Corny, he pulled out a sovereign, and laid it on the table. 'Shew Pether Linskey what ye mane to do, Corny O'Byrne,' he said.

Corny smiled scornfully, produced his old stocking, and taking from thence a five-pound note, put it beside him, and nodded his head defiantly. Tom drew forth four more sovereigns, clinked them one after another on the table, and nodded his head. Old Peter smoked away in his corner without uttering a word.

Corny waited for a moment, and then said: 'Is that all you're goin' to do, Misther Dillon?'

Tom threw down another sovereign—Corny followed his example, till they had each laid twenty pounds upon the table.

'Is that all you're goin' to do, Misther Dillon?' Corny repeated.

'In ready-money, it is, Misther O'Byrne.'

'Then I bate ye at that!' Corny cried, throwing down another pound.—'I bate him in cash, Pether; do ye mind that?'

Pether nodded, and smoked away.

'I'll take the girl in, an' share the best we have with her, an' give Martin two acres of land, an' a couple of *bonives*' (little pigs), announced Tom Dillon.

'Dermott 'll have my land when I'm gone, every rool,' cried Corny.

'I'll give a heifer in! Twenty pounds, share of a house, two acres of land, an' a heifer.—What do ye say, Pether?' Tom cried. 'Not bad for a colleen without a penny!'

'Thrus for you, Tom,' Peter assented.—'What 'll you do, Corny?'

'Twenty-one pound—down, the day they're married, a house an' home, a feather-bed, an' the finest mule in the parish—that's what I'll do!'

'But the land—Tom is giving two acres,' Peter observed: 'think of that, Corny!'

'Dermott 'll have the land afther me, an' enough to eat of it till I'm gone. I have no one but him. Tom Dillon has three more to provide for!'

'An' plenty to do it with; an' I'll make it three acres, Pether, of the best upland in Ballymoyné?' Tom replied.

'It's very fair, an' I'm obliged to ye, Tom,' Peter said slowly.

'I'll make it twenty-five down, an' throw in a heifer!' Corny cried.

'It's very decent, Corny, an' I'm obliged to ye,' Peter quietly observed in the same tone.

'I'll throw in a calf!' exclaimed Dillon. 'Twenty pound, three acres of land, a bonive, a heifer, an' a calf. Now, Pether—done or not?'

'I think ye spoke of two bonives, Tom?' Peter said quietly.

'No, no; only one. It's all I can spare; an' I think it's not bad, Pether!'

'Bedad, Tom, I think ye said a couple of bonives,' Peter said again.

'*Nabackish* [never mind], Pether. I'll throw in a *clutch* [a whole brood] o' ducks—take it or lose it! Twenty-five pounds down the day they're married, a house an' home, a feather-bed, a fine mule, a heifer, an' a clutch o' ducks!' said Corny, putting his money back into his stocking.

'Faix, an' a clutch o' ducks isn't bad,' observed Peter. 'They're better than a calf to them that hasn't a cow to feed it; an' Corny's is the best house, an' Katie 'll have it all to herself. When your Matt an' James marry, it'll be mighty narrow for ye all!'

'James is going to America, Pether,' said Tom.

'Well, that makes a differ. But isn't there anything else yer inclined to offer? Dermott is the best match at this minute!' observed Peter.

'I'm done!' said Tom. Then suddenly starting up, he cried: 'Wait a minute;' and ran out of the house, returning in a quarter of an hour, staggering under a great sack of seed-potatoes. 'There! Corny O'Byrne; put *that* in yer pipe an' smoke it!' he cried exultingly.

Corny, at first sight of the sack, started to his feet, and put on his hat. 'Wait a minute, Pether,' he cried; 'I'll not be long'—and running all the way home, he was soon there.

'Get me a sack, Judy—the meal-sack—an' be quick, *asthore*!' he cried excitedly.

'Arra be aisy, Corny, shure an' the male is in it.'

'Betther an' betther,' cried Corny, going into the room which served as dairy; and without vouchsafing another word to the astonished Judy, he shouldered the sack, and trotted off with it as fast as he could.

Completely out of breath, he reached Peter's, bathed in perspiration; but on entering, he unluckily tripped over the door-step, and fell with the sack full length into the kitchen. The string round the neck of the bag gave way, and covered with the meal, he groaned and stammered breathlessly: 'Th-ther, Pe-pe-ther Lins-ke-y! Wh-while the *praties* was gr-growin', the meal woud keep them alive! W-what d' ye say, Pe-pether?'

'Begorra, Corny, I say what I often said before, that yer a decent man—an' yer boy is welcome to Kate Linskey.'

'What do ye mean, Pether?' cried Tom Dillon.

'What I say, Tom; nor a more nor less. The childer might die o' the *faregurth* [a fainting brought on by hunger, or over-fatigue without proper sustenance] while the *praties* was growin'. Dermott O'Byrne can best provide my little girl with comforts, an' he's welcome to her.'

At that moment a merry laugh caused the three old men to look round, and Corny tried to scramble to his feet. In the doorway stood Katie Linskey, her hands pressed to her sides, and tears of mirth coursing down her pretty face. 'I'm sorry for your trouble, Corny,' she said, advancing; 'but I could not help laughing, you looked so quare;' and she burst into a fresh peal.

'Be quiet, Katie, an' come here,' said Peter, beckoning his daughter to his side. 'I was match-making for ye; an' the bargain is closed betune me an' Corny for you an' Dermott O'Byrne!'

'Ye don't mane it, father!' said Katie with a comical glance at Corny and Tom Dillon.

'Shure enough, I do, ma colleen; have ye anything to say agin it?' replied Peter, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

'Musha, not a word at all, father dear; only—only!'

'Only what, Katie?'

'Only, I was married last Tuesday to Jack Mangan the painter!' she replied with a loud musical laugh, which brought her husband to the door.

'What!' shrieked Tom Dillon.

'What!' echoed Corny.

'Oh, Pether Linskey, Pether Linskey, yer afther humbugging us!' cried Tom reproachfully.

'Ay, humbugging us!' echoed Corny mournfully; and Peter, who was a sly old humorist, put his head against the wall, and laughed heartily at their astonishment.

The two ambassadors silently took up their respective sacks, and slowly departed, each thinking himself much injured, and in their mutual discomfiture forgetting their animosity. As for old Peter, he was only too well pleased to have his daughter well married and off his hands without even the 'new gown' or the priest's dues—though he could afford to give her a good fortune—as good fortunes go in that part of the country.

When next Corny went 'match-making,' he took care to find out beforehand if the young woman was 'willing;' and as for Tom Dillon, he vowed it served him right to be 'humbugged,' as he only

wanted to bother his neighbour, Corny O'Byrne (with whom he was ever after good friends), and he declared that in future his 'boys' might match-make for themselves.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

UNDER the inspirations of a diseased religious feeling, aided by gross ignorance, there seems to be no end to human folly. A new 'Peculiar People' have come into notice at the antipodes, of which our readers may have heard something in the newspapers. We shall summarise information on the subject.

A few years ago a young woman of the name of Maria Heller, who lived in a small village near Hainau in Silesia, had several epileptic fits; and while she was under their influence, she pretended to receive divine inspiration and to be able to prophesy. As some of these supposed prophecies on local matters were verified, many of the villagers in the vicinity began to believe in her; and, when at last she foretold the Franco-German war, and that came true, their belief was much strengthened. Later on, some time in the year 1874, Maria announced that the Lord had revealed to her that a dreadful war would soon break out, and devastate the whole of Europe, and that Australia would be the only secure place of refuge in the world. She exhorted the villagers, therefore, to accompany her to Australia, holding out a promise that after remaining there ten years she would bring them to Jerusalem as a second resting-place, and subsequently they should return to Germany, where peace and plenty would then be found. Many of the ignorant peasantry believed, and commenced preparations for the journey. They put all their money into one common fund, and leaving themselves to Maria's guidance, proceeded by way of Hamburg to London, whence they took steamer to Melbourne. The party, numbering sixty-four souls, reached Melbourne in April 1875. Here, however, their number was reduced to sixty by the secession of four of them.

At this time, all they possessed was a little over two hundred pounds in money, and some household effects which they had brought from their German homes. They at once made their way to the Benalla district, where two of their countrymen, of the name of Berndt, had settled. From one of these (Mr Carl Berndt) they received great assistance, as most of their business had to be done through him, they themselves not being able to speak a word of English. After vainly persuading them to throw off the authority of the woman Heller, and to submit no longer to her authority, he at last declined to have anything further to do with them. They consequently became much straitened, and were nearly reduced to starvation. Their settlement is divided into two encampments, about two miles from each other, and they have built themselves bark huts to live in. They have altogether eight hundred acres of land, which they have now commenced to cultivate. Their gardens promise to be productive; but towards the end of last year, provisions were running short, and they were sore pressed. Eight of the party had died, and others were ill. One of the party who had seceded, and taken service with Mr Berndt, says that Maria has great control over them all,

that she does no work, and that under her they all run great risk of starving.

Some of these particulars having come to the ears of the police of the district, an inquiry was set on foot; and from the report made, we gather that the party were living almost entirely on 'damper' or bread, but that there were no actual signs of starvation, for the children appeared to enjoy rude health, and most of their elders seemed well, although having a worn appearance. Supplies of provisions were sent them sufficient to last until their harvest could be got in.

The party are described to be Lutherans; but they seem to have greater faith in their prophetic utterances than in anything else. They believe that during her trances, she has conversations with spirits, and that God speaks to them through her. They left their homes and native land because they believed it to be the command of the Almighty. Maria herself says that she has had these trances since childhood, and believes that God speaks to her in them.

Maria Heller is described as a little over thirty years of age—looking, however, nearly forty—not at all of a prepossessing appearance, and with a rather suspicious uneasy look. There is some doubt as to whether she is married or not, as one of the seceders from the party stated that she selected one of their number for her husband, because she had received a 'message' that she was to do so, and that they lived together; that this man had since died, and she had selected another of the party, to whom she was then engaged. Maria herself, however, indignantly denied having ever been married, or having lived with any one as if married.

Whether this small infatuated band will gain any new adherents, it is hard to say. It is more than likely, however, that the party will dwindle down into insignificance from secession or other causes, or perhaps become entirely broken up if anything should happen to their leader. But this little episode shows how, in our enlightened nineteenth century, people can be worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to leave their homes on the faith of a promise supposed to be divinely revealed to them through one of their own flesh and blood. True, the people were poor ignorant peasantry; but it affords evidence that fanaticism still rules rampant in many quarters, and requires but the stimulus of a charlatan to carry it to extreme length. And yet, strange to say, there are many otherwise sensible folks who will regard Maria Heller as a spiritualistic 'medium' sent for the special furtherance of a noble cause!

SPRING'S GIFTS.

Come, when the Spring the leaf unfolds,
And calls the swallow from afar;
When earth the flower no more withholds,
And beauty wakes in bird and star.
In vain the star's soft ray,
In vain the wild bird's lay,
Unless thou come,
Thou wanderer, home;
Thou, to my heart new life to be,
Spring, with thy gracious gifts to me.

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MAY.

THE first cold streaks of gray are travelling slowly from the east as Night sweeps the veil of her dusky hair from her brow, and stoops to kiss the Dawn with her pale cold lips—a kiss that brings a faintly roseate flush into the tender dappled sky—a flush that though so faint at first as to be a mere suggestion of warmth in the mind, grows and spreads and brightens till the heavens reveal themselves a vast canopy of painted air—glowing with every conceivable colour and combination of colours, gathering in intensity from the scarce defined, neutral tints in the west, up to every shade of green and blue, purple and rose, till in the east, in fiercest yet tenderest glory of crimson, gold, and orange, the god of day first raises his ruddy rim above the horizon, and the face of all heaven greets him with a joyous, dimpling smile. The Morning star, last of Night's fair jewels, fades beneath the sun-god's ardent beam, and finally drops below the horizon and disappears. The lark sings overhead as the maiden goes forth to wash in the early dew—and with a throb and murmur of delight, Morning has awoke, and May-day is born.

For it is May at last, and all the world is young and fresh and fair. Cold, stern Winter, who has held the earth imprisoned in his chill embrace so long, has at last relaxed his hold, and gathered up his skirts, from beneath which the pale snowdrops peeped, looking like flakes of snow, left to be his sweet remembrancers. The Spring was a mere child when the snowdrops bloomed, and staggered painfully on through bitter March winds and April showers, towards the warmth and sunlight of the May. But constantly retarded by late frosts and sharp blasts though she be, still, wherever her baby fingers press, a little flower springs into life; and where her weak footsteps pass, Nature hangs her mantle of tender green on every tree and hedge, and the fields grow fair with 'crimson-tipped' daisies and yellow buttercups. Our gardens have grown gay with crocuses and tulips; sweet daffodils wave their golden heads, and the pale narcissus nods at us as we pass.

The hedges are white with hawthorn, and the tall grasses wave above the purple violets and the faint sweet lady-smocks. The woods and valleys are very miracles of fresh fragrant beauty. The lovely yellow-greens of the trees seem alive with the twittering and singing of the birds, and humming of insects, who can all rejoice in the awakening of Nature. The scent of the young ferns, which are slowly uncurling their brown twisted fronds, comes to us on the breeze with the heavier, fainter odour of the wild hyacinths, which have spread their carpet of white and purple bells above the mosses and the grasses, where they stand waving their graceful heads in the breeze, looking down at their humbler sisters, the violets and primroses. The wood-anemones, in their thin robes of mauve and white and pink, dance on their fairy stems for very joy, and wave and flutter in all their ample foliage; and high above all, and sweeter in fragrance than all beside, the honeysuckle twines her myriad arms around hedge and sapling and cottage porch, and nestles her curly head on the broad breast of forest trees.

And far away up in the colder, sterner North, sweet Spring has done what she could to wake the earth from the enchanted ice-bound sleep in which Winter chained her—for on the storm-blown hills, and in the vast, silent forests, the larch has hung forth all its delicate tassels, and the dark fir boughs break into verdure; the pines clothe their dusky limbs in fringes of softer green, and the mosses are bright as emeralds, and the lichens shew purple and yellow and crimson. On many a rugged scarp the snow melts beneath the warm kiss of the sunshine, and from every mountain brow, and forest spring, and shady cove, come river and stream and fount, rejoicing noisily in their new-found liberty—all flashing and sparkling in the sunlight, and flinging their foamy spray on the mosses and lichens and the willows, as they sweep onwards to the sea.

In the sunny South, Spring has an easier task, and speedily clothes her woods and valleys in a summer-like wealth of flowers; her fields and plains dazzle the eye, and intoxicate the senses with their

luxuriance of verdure and variety of colours and scents; and through the forests, the chestnut buds have burst like magic into odorous blossom, and draped them in a mantle of exceeding beauty.

But exquisite as is a southern Spring, England's, though not so complete in fulfilment, is greater in promise. In the South, there is so little left to the imagination; the Spring is so sudden and so bountiful; Nature traces her meanings and intentions so clearly on every blossom and tree, and is so lavish in what she gives, that there is no room for hope: the mind is so overwhelmed and enervated by the generous warmth and rich profusion of treasures displayed on every hand, that it can desire nothing more. In Spain, the Spring is born a full-grown, beautiful maiden, perfect as she is; whilst in England she appears to us first a timid little child, that finds the road weary and rough to her baby feet, and has often to sit down to rest and weep by the way. We watch her tender growth from day to day, and see her gradually become stronger and sweeter and fairer as she advances through the months; and we rejoice and love her as we see some new beauty of hedge, and wood, and field, ever springing up at the tread of her childish feet. Each day her cheeks glow with warmer colour, and her lips curve into happier laughter; and in her eyes heaven's blue shines deeper and brighter, as though they had caught an anticipated warmth and radiance from mid-summer skies.

In spring-time, all Nature heaves and throbs with hope, for it is the birth-time of the year; and what tender fancies and loving hopes do not attend the advent of every soul! And who can say that the year has not a soul that lives on through the countless ages? for like the phoenix, it dies at last, old and worn out, to the dirge of wintry winds, only to rise from the ashes of its decay, fresher and fairer than ever. Spring is a time of infinite promise, of infinite possibility and patience; as each blade of corn peeps up green from the soil, and every fruit-tree decks itself in plummy blossom, we know it is another earnest of the abundant harvest of fruit and grain that we hope to reap, when Spring and Summer have gone; and so hoping, we are content to wait and enjoy the gradual sweet unfolding of the year.

If the spring-time means hope and promise to all, it means also love and joy to all animated nature; and is of especial delight to children. The swallows and other welcome comers prove the truth of the French adage—'*On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*'—by returning to our shores and twittering merrily in our caves. All the birds (saving those who have been in too great a hurry to begin, and have done it already, and the excepted cuckoo) build their nests, and the woods echo with their clear songs as they swell their little throats, and break forth in a psalm of rapture, and woo their mates with melody. Presently, the nests are filled with eggs, and then with little hungry mouths, and the cares as well as the happiness of the parent birds increase. In the fields, little long-tailed, thick-legged lambs sport and frisk beside their mothers; and the woods and lanes everywhere echo with the happy voices of children, who, with their ruthless fingers, and keen desire to possess what they admire, gather the new-born flowers by handfuls, only to fling them aside for fresher prizes, leaving them to

wither and die on the ground; and so the growing tide of death and suffering and decay, which, by a painful law, the mystery of whose nature we do not understand, and which it is so hard to reconcile with the idea of an all-powerful and beneficent Creator, must always go hand in hand with what is most fair and beautiful. The boy robs the nest of its pretty delicate eggs, and never thinks of the pain he causes to the little creatures whose blithe song he has so often heard; the cuckoo, 'darling of the Spring'—whose remorseless bantling ousts the rightful occupants from their nest, to make room for its lazy self—gives no heed to the little frail bodies broken and dying on the ground beneath, but calmly goes on its way, making the woods and valleys echo to the monotone of its minor third.

Though Spring is rich with hope and promise, it is also heavy with a vague sadness. Everything around us is so very fair, so delicately bright and beautiful, that it grieves us in an impersonal way to think of the swift decay that must surely follow on the footsteps of so much loveliness. The snowdrops peep forth from the hard ground, and gladden us with their pure beauty; we long to keep them with us in our journey down the year, but they perform their little part, and live their little life, and die; and we are inevitably led to think of ourselves—of the young lives that seem rich with promise, cut off before their time; of the many fair hopes and budding aspirations that never may reach their blossoming. When our darlings fade and die, and escape the loving hold that would fain keep them back from the shadowy land, we are apt to feel it but poor comfort to be told that it is those whom the gods love, who die young. For sad as many, and indeed most lives are, still, had they lived, their path might (if only by the strength of our loving endeavours) have been more thickly strewn with flowers than thorns—who knows? So, when we see the typical lives of Nature's children dying all around us, it saddens us, and we are fain to cry to them, as Herrick did long ago to the daffodils:

Fair blossoms, we weep to see
You haste away so soon.
We die, as your hours do, and dry away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again!

The idea of sadness as associated with the Spring, and especially with May, is of very old as well as modern date, and of wide acceptance, for the writings of both ancients and moderns tell us that May is considered a peculiarly unpropitious month both for births and marriages; which opinion seems to differ widely from the teachings of Nature, as shewn us by her dealings with the brute creation.

But although this almost spiritual veil of vague, imaginative sadness does seem to brood over the Earth in this her glorious youth-time, it has always shewn itself hand in hand with its more joyful and tangible sister—Gladness; for, indeed, in May a very spirit of mirth seems to have possession of the children of men, prompting them to do honour to all the gracious loveliness and fair promises that Nature so lavishly pours at their feet, by all manner of festivities and holiday recreation. Long

ago, before the advent of Christ's gentle life on the earth, the expression of men's emotions was so bound up with the deep religions, or rather superstitious, feeling of the day, that it became a mere vehicle for paying honour to some favourite deity of their pantheistic mythology. Thus, the first of May was once sacred to Diana.

In our own history, from times very far back, May-day was celebrated throughout merry England with gorgeous pageant in every town and on every village green, special customs and observances of considerable importance holding sway in different parts of the country. Many of these customs were participated in by all alike, but some were peculiar to certain classes of people, such as the milkmaids' garland, and the masking procession of chimney sweeps. By a slight stretch of fancy, we can imagine what a strange gay scene it must have been in smaller, jollier Old London, when every door and window was decked out with plummy branches of sweet-scented lilac and rosy may; when every hat and head was bright with flowers; and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian, with their accompanying maskers, revellers, and morris-dancers, were playing their merry antics round the garlanded May-poles set up all over the city. How jovial, bold Robin must have looked in his coat of Lincoln green, with his trusty bow of yew, and arrows winged with peacock feathers; and near him, crowned Lady of the May—

With wreaths of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
sweet Maid Marian, where,

With eyes of blue,
Shining through dusk hair, like the stars of night,
And habited in pretty forest plight,
Her greenwood beauty sits, young as the dew.

Those old May-day pageants were very charming, as is every custom that tends to increase the poetical feeling of the common folks, and, without detracting from their simplicity, to soften the rudeness of their manners; and it is matter of regret that those sweet old rural usages are rapidly falling into disuse—a disuse which is partly attributable to the increasing, steady flow of the country towards the towns, and of its consequent adoption of their manners and amusements, together with the losing of their primitive simplicity, which has made the rustic population more expensive and artificial in their tastes and pleasures.

The onward march of civilisation, all important and beneficial though it be, seems, when looked at from close at hand, to bring a very appreciable residuum of evil in its train, and to be blotting out much that is fair and good from our sight for ever. Yet, could we but view the wonderful age in which we live from some distant stand-point, from whence should appear its whole extent, with all its multitudinous waves and counter-waves, the evil might shew itself but as the merest transient ripples borne along and swallowed up by the grand onward sweep of the mighty waves of Progress. A wall, so close to us that we can touch it, and have to look upwards to its top, hems us in, and seems an impassable barrier that shuts out from us the fair, broad prospect beyond; but from the summit of yonder hill, that dark, high wall appears in its true proportions, and we see it but as a trivial accident in the wide, sunny landscape.

But we are forgetting that it is May-day, and that, instead of moralising, we ought to be singing with the revellers on the flower-sprinkled green—

The May-pole is up;
Now give me the cup—
I'll drink to the garlands around it;
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crowned it.

For, after all, more general and important though these flowery feasts were in the olden time, still, even in these modern days, there is a certain amount of pleasant, simple rejoicing to be found in our country towns and hamlets; and in many places the old observances are adhered to, and the old games and songs and even dances, kept up. At Helstone, for instance, a curious time-honoured May-day measure is performed, which is taken part in by all the inhabitants, gentle and simple, and is danced to a quaint monotonous tune some centuries old. The whole town and the houses in it are thrown open, and are danced through in a long procession of couples, which ceremony does not terminate until the gloaming falls and the stars begin to glimmer in the lift, when the poorer people dance away to their homes, and the gentles close the performance with a ball.

But even when all actual festivity shall be but a tradition of the past, bright May herself will still live on in poets' mouths, and in our hearts, and in nature, as fair and rich and beautiful as ever, bestowing her kindly influence upon all. Year after year the earth will still be the stately, beautiful structure, round which sweet May will twine her riches of flowers and leaves; and all the glory of o'ercoming sounds and scents and colours; and she will still be crowned with her cloud-flecked skies. This yearly returning festival of Nature's keeping, how beautiful it is—how bright and dewy are the tender flowers, how green the trees; and when at length the day is done, and twilight falls, and the silver stars peep out one by one from the empyrean, and with deepening glow of gold, spangle the falling veil of Night; when the crescent moon mounts the steep of heaven and shines aloft, bathing the earth and the sleeping flowers in a dim, tender radiance, and a hush falls on all Nature then suddenly will the woods be thrilled as Philomel tunes her throat to song, until anon even she is hushed, and all is peace and rest.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXII.—MRS CAMPDEN'S VIEW OF THE MATTER.

NEVER since that crushing blow had fallen upon his fortunes, did John Dalton feel so light of heart as after those few words from his old college friend. From him at least he had met with genuine and hearty sympathy; his assistance had been not only readily offered, but had been such as he could accept; and behind all that frank manifestation of generosity he felt there lay a fund of kindly feeling towards his dear ones, upon which he could rely with confidence when he should be sundered from them. True, he had had no cause to believe that things would have been otherwise; George Campden had always shewn himself a generous, manly fellow, but the occasions when he had done so, had offered themselves so long ago, that Dalton, sore

with the rûls of Fate, and prone to suspicions, had almost doubted him: twenty years of married life might well, he had thought, under the circumstances, have altered the man, and made him cold and prudent. But now he felt that he had done his old friend wrong.

Edith, as he had concluded, was in her own room, for when they talked together now, it was never, as of old, in apartments where they were liable to interruption; and he ran up-stairs, as he had been wont to do before misfortune clogged his heels, three steps at a time. He had some good news to tell her at last—namely, of the generous kindness of 'Uncle George,' who had been always a great favourite with her; and he was eager to see her smile again. To his astonishment, he found the two girls with their mother.

'O papa,' cried they, throwing their arms about his neck, 'we are so sorry.'

'What, you have told them, Edith!' exclaimed he reproachfully.

'It was better they should learn it from my lips than from any other's, dearest,' answered she, 'and that they would have done to-night. I am almost sure that Julia heard of it by this afternoon's post.'

'That is strange, for so did Campden.—Well, my darlings, so your mother has told you all. Can you ever forgive your father?'

'Forgive you?' answered Kate.—'What does he mean, mamma?'

'Then you have not told them the worst, Edith.'

'Yes, indeed, she has,' put in Jenny quickly, 'and that is what we are crying about. To think that you should be going to Brazil!'

'But, my poor Jenny, do you know why I'm going?' inquired Dalton in desperation.

'Of course we do: to get back the money that has been so unfortunately lost. You don't suppose Kate and I were crying upon account of the money!'

'Alas, my sweet children, I have ruined you!'

'Not at all, papa; we are going to be poor, like many other people much better than ourselves—or at least than myself'—continued Jenny, modestly correcting herself. 'This state of poverty will not last long, because either you will be coming back to us from Brazil with a gold mine in your pocket, or Kitty will marry the Marquis of Carrabas; and even if those events don't happen, I can make lace, which Mrs Campden says her good friend Lady Mary prices at six guineas a yard; I can make a yard in three days, which is twelve guineas a week, even without being driven to work on Sundays.'

Dalton understood it all, as he thought; it was a conspiracy of the girls with their mother to put the best face they could upon affairs, in order that he might keep up his heart; but as a matter of fact, there had been no such arrangement. The first thought of both the girls had been for their parents, and their bitterest reflection was, that their father must needs leave them all so long, and at such short notice. 'What will mamma do without him when baby comes?' was the question that each put to herself, and did not dare to answer.

'To think that the first tears I have ever caused my darlings to shed,' said Dalton, still embracing them, 'should be such bitter ones!'

'I am not going to cry any more at all,' said Jenny, wiping her eyes, and speaking very boldly.

'Only, you must submit to be made as much of as possible by all of us until you go, papa.'

That was to be his punishment, it seemed—so far as they were concerned—for having ruined them all.

'Does Tony know?' inquired Dalton gently.

'Well, not the worst—not about your going to Brazil,' said Kitty. 'We informed him that we had lost all our money; and he said he was very sorry; but the fact was, he was so impatient to have a ride upon the doctor's pony, that he could not afford to give much attention to the other matter.'

'But when you just sent him, Edith, to say you wished to speak to me, do you mean to say—'

'That he knew we were all ruined? Oh, certainly,' put in Jenny, laughing. 'Perhaps, if we had told him that he would not now be sent to Eton, that would have dashed him a little; but the boy looked so pleased and eager about his ride, that we had not the heart to tell him that.'

'That is fortunate,' said Dalton, smiling, 'for as it happens, it will not now be necessary to do so. His godfather has volunteered to put him to Eton.' Then he related to them how splendidly 'Uncle George' had behaved in the family crisis; tidings which were received with rapture, but without surprise.

'Whenever Uncle George is left to himself,' said Jenny confidently, 'he always does the right thing.' This invalid young lady had a way of dispensing praise and blame which suggested finality, if not infallibility; and in the present case there was universal adhesion.

'The doctor is here, you say,' said Dalton; 'have you seen him to-day, Jenny?'

'O yes, papa—that is why mamma sent for you.'

'Good gracious! what is the matter?' inquired Dalton anxiously.

'Nay, my dear, there is nothing wrong with Jenny,' put in her mother assuringly; 'the doctor had something to say upon quite another matter. Do you know, I am pretty sure that he knows, or at least suspects'—

'Very likely,' said Dalton, as indifferently as he could, but not without a blush, as he thought of how, but for that same doctor, these dear ones would have had what would have seemed to them a worse thing to battle against than ruin. If his going to Brazil affected them so much, how would it have been with them had he died! Wife and children, he now understood, took a different view of life from that which his own stand-point had presented to him; and as he had nothing but the interests of those belonging to him at heart, he was thankful for their sakes that his intention of quitting existence had been frustrated. He had not yet owned to himself that he was ashamed of having entertained it, yet he blushed to remember that the doctor knew of that attempt to cut his cable. Edith naturally misconstrued his rising colour.

'You mustn't mind the doctor, John: if we could confine the knowledge of our calamities to such men as Uncle George and him, it would be a comfort indeed. What he came to tell us was, that old Mr Landell was dead; "And if you happen to know of any one," he said, "who wants to rent a charming little residence as cheap as dirt, quite out of the world, and in a little paradise of its own—with the best of living doctors within ten minutes' walk of it—there is the Nook in

Sanbeck vacant." I am almost certain, by his manner, that he intended the proposition for our personal consideration."

"Perhaps he did, my dear," said Dalton thoughtfully: "it is, no doubt, a matter to be considered. Your letter has not yet gone to Nurse Haywood, and we must think about it. It is a question of town or country."

"We could live in Sanbeck," said Edith, "as cheaply as in Brown Street, I should suppose."

"And you would be near your friends, my darling—Campden and his wife; you would not be without society."

"I shall not care much about society, dear John, till you come home again," answered Edith gravely; "I shall be quite content with the companionship of the girls and Tony, and shall have no wish for more."

Dalton and his wife were not quite at one in this matter: he was speculating as to whether this friend and that would drop away from them in their altered circumstances; while with her, friends had become of small account; she clung more than ever to her own belongings; and hence it was that her husband's sudden determination to go abroad had so utterly prostrated her. She fought on bravely, as we have seen, but it was almost like the brave Witherington in the ballad.

"But think how charmingly out of the world we shall find ourselves at Sanbeck!" put in Jenny quickly; "it is not likely that any one will come and look after us there, unless they are really fond of us. And what beautiful scenes there will be for Kitty to sketch!"

"And think how full the house will be of books, mamma, since, I suppose, we shall take it furnished," urged Kitty; "so that Jenny will be in the seventh heaven!"

They knew that their mother preferred the country to the town, but also that she would never allow herself to be influenced by her own predilections; she would be moved, however, easily enough by the wishes of her girls, and therefore they thus pleaded, each as her nature dictated, for the other.

"Of course it must depend upon the rent and so on," said Mrs Dalton, yielding with the difficulty she always experienced, when what was sought was in accordance with her own sweet wishes. This plan of burying herself and the girls in this secluded valley until her husband should return and disinter them, recommended itself to her very strongly. She had never liked London, notwithstanding that she had met with such welcome there, and but for her husband's sake, would have always sought retirement. "There will be certainly one great advantage: we shall always have kind Dr Curzon near us, for dear Jenny."

Jenny was generally somewhat impatient of being supposed to need medical superintendence, but in this case she made no protest; it was, in fact, an inexpressible comfort to her to think that Dr Curzon was to be near them, not upon her own account, but on her mother's, about whom she had sad misgivings; apprehensions, indeed, so terrible, that she scarcely dared to contemplate them, even in her prayers.

Then the doctor was admitted to the family conclave, and made his statement. Old Joe Landell had died that very morning; and his widowed sister from London, Mrs Grant—who had been

staying in the house during his late illness, and who was his sole relative and heiress—had been very communicative to him at various times. She had informed him, amongst other things, that she should let the house as it stood, if she could find a tenant who would not be too exacting in the matter of repairs. As for the old books, she was told they would not pay carriage to London, and might 'bide' where they were. She had a sort of hereditary pride in the place, which prevented her from parting with it altogether; yet she had but small expectation of letting it, except to 'some artist or such-like,' in the summer months; so that it was certain she would welcome a yearly tenant almost at any price.

"I thought you might be acquainted with some family, my dear Mrs Dalton," concluded the doctor indifferently, "with whom economy might be an object—for certainly there is no cheaper place than Sanbeck in all England: you can't spend money there even if you would—who like retirement, and have a taste for the picturesque; who are studious, and capable of amusing themselves when left to their own resources: moreover, if any member of it happens to require medical attendance, the very best advice is almost within call."

"You seem to have got it all up very pat," observed Dalton, rather audaciously, considering what had caused his friend to take so great an interest in the matter.

"Why, the fact is, I promised to write an advertisement out for the disconsolate heiress. She is one who takes time by the forelock, and is not so much inclined to give way to morbid sentiment as some of us," answered the other significantly.

"Come, doctor, confess," said Mrs Dalton, laying her hand upon his arm; "you had us in your eye for this strong-minded widow's tenants all along."

"My good lady, I don't know what you mean by 'all along':" if you would suggest that I killed off poor Jonathan Landell in order to accommodate my friends with a residence in this county, I reject and repudiate the imputation. He died in a natural way, poor fellow, by the visitation of Dr Jefferson."

The effect of a vigorous and wholesome mind—which is at the same time sympathetic—when it is brought into connection with minds depressed, is like that of a disinfectant among impurities; it begets a purer and lighter atmosphere; and thus, after half-an-hour's talk with the good doctor, who was full of practical ideas of all sorts, the entire Dalton family found themselves in better case: he had lifted the whole house—as the 'removers' do in the United States—on to another stand-point, from which the future looked more tolerable. Perhaps one of the strongest reasons that actuated each of them, more or less, to take the doctor's advice as respected the Nook, was the consideration that they would thereby secure for themselves—independently of his professional skill—so friendly a neighbour. The profession of medicine is not socially thought very highly of, notwithstanding that 'the first true gentleman that ever breathed' was also the Great Physician; and yet I know of none the members of which have so good a right—if delicacy and generosity can confer it—to hold the highest place. At the great Day of Account, when the

Tables of Precedence are otherwise arranged than by the Herald's College, it is my belief that there will be a *bouleversement* as respects the Faculty.

At the front-door stood the doctor's pony—a good deal warmer than usual from his unaccustomed exertions under Tony's guidance—and that young gentleman himself, in a great state of excitement, frou having taken a successful fly over a hurdle, held up for him for that purpose by Jeff and a groom.

'Well, Tony, did you enjoy your gallop?' inquired his father.

'O yes, papa.'

'I am afraid you will never have a pony of your own, my boy, as we once intended,' said Dalton, patting his glowing cheek.

'I know that, papa, and I don't mind a bit; I was just telling Jeff so.'

'Oh, Mr Dalton, I am so sorry,' said Jeff; and the young man held out his hand.

If there had been fifty thousand pounds in it, the action could not have been more gracious, or the tone more tender.

'You are a good fellow,' said Dalton warmly; and nothing more was said between them about the change in his circumstances.

But by this time there was tattle enough about it at Riverside. Some may pronounce the sagacity of vultures, for detecting what is amiss, to be unparalleled; but the manner in which a man's misfortunes get abroad, and are pounced upon by other members of the human family, is remarkable also. Whether by eye, or ear, or sense of smell, the thing is conveyed, I know not; but not a soul in Mr Campden's household was ignorant of what had occurred to 'those poor Daltons' within half an hour of his own discovery of the fact.

Of course Mrs Campden was among the first to know it; her husband told her, in fact, when he came in from his talk with Dalton, making a most unaccustomed visit to her boudoir for that purpose.

'Alas! Julia, is it not terrible? Our poor friends are as good as ruined.' And then he stated the whole circumstances.

'It is very deplorable indeed,' returned his wife, but without shewing any excess of sorrow in voice or gesture; and yet not so sad as it is wicked. I should think that men would never forgive himself. The idea of his squandering his wife's money, as well as his own. I call him a scoundrel!'

'You had better not do so before witnesses,' observed her husband dryly, 'because it is libellous.'

'But don't you call it most wicked and most unprincipled, George, yourself?' inquired Mrs Campden, with a little less acidity. There was something of unaccustomed independence, and even worse, in her husband's tone, that alarmed her; his motto was ordinarily 'Defence, not defiance;' but on the present occasion he seemed to have adopted a bolder cognisance. She was almost certain he was in one of those rare fits of 'obstinacy,' to which he had not given way for years, and which she had flattered herself her skillful treatment had eradicated.

'Have you any excuse to make for such a man, Mr Campden?'

'I am not thinking of excuses; I am thinking of how to help him,' was the quiet rejoinder.

'I hope you are not going to lend him anything,

because that would be sending good money after bad.'

'No; I am not.'

'And as for giving him any sum right out, that would be an absolute encouragement of gambling and dishonourable conduct. Indeed, I should hope Mr Dalton would be too much of a gentleman to take it.'

The arguments were mixed, and even a little inconsistent, but it was impossible to doubt the conviction of the advocate.

'I don't know, Mr Campden, whether you are paying me the compliment of listening to my expostulations.'

'Yes, yes; I hear you. You need not be afraid of my giving John Dalton money, because he would not like it. I did offer to lend him some—I should have been ashamed of myself not to have done as much for so old a friend—but he refused it.'

'Well, well, I am glad he has shewn some good feeling,' said Mrs Campden, in a tone of unmistakable relief. 'I am sure, whatever we can do—in reason for his wife and children, I shall be glad to further.'

'For any sake, be kind to them in your manner, Julia!' said her husband pleadingly.

'In my manner? Well, really, Mr Campden, I think you might have dispensed with that piece of advice. I hope I know how to behave myself towards my guests, and especially when they have been stricken by misfortune.'

'Doubtless, my dear—doubtless.' The momentary courage with which commiseration for his old friend had inspired him, was gradually ebbing away from him; the impress of that worn, pained face, as he had just seen it (and that he had remembered in its youth so bright and sparkling), was fading from his retina, and in its place were this woman's hard, pale eyes and imperative glance; he felt, with a sort of shame, that he was returning, under their influence, into slavery. 'You mean, I am sure, nothing but kindness, Julia.'

'Mean! Mr Campden; I have never expressed anything else, I hope. I may have had my own opinion concerning Mr Dalton, all along; but I have treated him with a courtesy that was, I am sorry to say, not at all times reciprocated. You have always entertained what I believed to be an exaggerated opinion of his talents'—

'My dear, all the world was of the same opinion,' put in Mr Campden.

'Well, let us hear what the world says now. Foolish people, of course, are easily dazzled by a superficial sparkle that passes for wit; but I have heard persons of judgment and high position—such as Lord Wapshot say they could never understand what there was to admire in the man.'

'I believe that,' said her husband gently; 'poor John had his detractors, no doubt.' She looked at him suspiciously, but the twinkle that usually accompanied his little strokes of satire was not in his eye.

'Of course he had, Mr Campden, and deserved to have them. Indeed, when this disgrace comes to be known'—

'I did not say there was any disgrace in the matter, Julia.'

'No, George; but I did; and most people, I fancy, will be of my way of thinking. At all

events, the man has speculated not only with his own money, but other people's.

'I never heard that. It is true he risked his wife's money; but I thought—perhaps it is only a fiction of the law—that man and wife were one.'

'If you choose to split hairs like that, Mr Campden, it is idle to argue with you. The plain fact is, that Mr Dalton's rashness—or gambling or disgraceful conduct of some kind, call it by what name you like—has brought himself and his family to utter ruin; and the question is, how we ourselves ought to proceed in the matter.'

'You mean, I suppose, as to how we can best help them?'

'I mean nothing of the kind. Of course we shall help them. You are always thinking of pounds, shillings, and pence, Mr Campden, and rarely look beyond them. But to me at least, the matter presents itself on much higher grounds—that of principle.'

'Then they'll never get anything,' observed Mr Campden naively. 'I beg your pardon, my dear,' added he hastily, though the thunder gathered on the little woman's brow, and the lightning darted from her eyes; 'I mean nothing offensive, I assure you; but I have observed that when anything is done "on principle," it is always a hard thing: the word is never used except to palliate something harsh or unjust, or to excuse a man from putting his hand into his pocket. And—and—I wish you wouldn't be so fond of using it, Julia.'

'Well, upon my honour! Mr Campden, are you in your seven senses?'

'Unfortunately, I am,' murmured the unhappy man; 'I wish I had but six of them. When a man falls in love, he is blind, they say, though his eyes are opened very soon afterwards. When he is married, he should be deaf.'

'I have never been so insulted in my life, sir!' continued Mrs Campden in a voice shrill with passion, 'and all because of a worthless fellow. I have the misfortune to be distantly related to Mr Dalton, but that is no reason why I am to put up with his impertinence; and no reason why we are to impoverish ourselves in order to replenish his purse, and supply his defalcations. I shall let him know his true position, you may depend upon it; he shall not give himself any more airs of superiority here.'

'Take care what you do, woman—yes, woman! Hang it, madam, you shall find I am master in my own house for once. If you insult my old friend—in his ruin—under my roof; if you take advantage of his fall to wreak your spite, and pay out old grudges; if you dare to do it, madam!—Here he stopped, overcome with a passion to which hers had been but as water is to wine.

'You had better not say anything more, George,' observed Mrs Campden. Her tone was far from menacing; she wore an 'injured' air; for the first time in her life she was frightened at her husband.

'I hope it will not be necessary,' returned he with a certain dignity. 'I have done. Our guests are probably leaving us in a day or two. Dalton is going to Brazil, perhaps never to come home again. Be kind to him, if not for his own sake, yet for mine; I ask it as a personal favour. As for his wife and children, the innocent victims of his rashness, I need not bespeak for them your

tenderest sympathy.—I am sorry if I have used any expressions which have given you pain, Julia; and Uncle George held out his hand.

'I am sorry too,' returned Mrs Campden stiffly, and taking no notice of the olive branch thus extended to her. 'The conversation was none of my seeking.—That is Mary's step coming along the passage.'

It was seldom indeed that his daughter's presence was not welcome to Mr Campden; but on this occasion he passed out of the boudoir by a side-door, and thereby avoided her. The good-natured, honest fellow was full of chagrin and discontent; angry with his wife, but still more with himself. He felt that he had mismanaged matters; perhaps his little woman—as he was wont to term her when matters were going well between them—had not been so much to blame as his own clumsiness; he had obviously alarmed her too, and it was a cowardly thing for a man to frighten a woman. His intention had been to bespeak all her good offices in favour of this unhappy family, and he felt that instead of that, he had aroused a slumbering enmity against its head. She would be good, of course, to his wife and children; but he knew that he should feel a sense of relief when his old friend, John Dalton, had left his roof.

WHO OWNS THE NORTH POLE?

No human eye has ever seen the North Pole, so far as historical testimony goes; and fancy may hence indulge itself freely as to what that said mystery really is. We most of us know that it is simply a spot as far as possible northward on the earth's surface from the equator; that the South Pole is a corresponding spot in the other hemisphere; and that each has (in geographical language) 90 degrees of latitude, or, in other words, is situated respectively about six thousand miles north and south of the equator. Whether dry land, salt sea, or eternal ice occupies either or both of the spots, no one yet knows. Possibly Captain Nares may tell us, when the *Alert* and *Discovery* return from their arctic explorations.

The attempts to reach the North Pole, or at least to make some near approach to it, have been going on through a long series of years; more or less combined with other attempts to find a westward route to China and India round the northernmost coast of America. The readers of this *Journal* are tolerably familiar with the second of these two kinds of enterprise, generally known as North-west Expeditions—from the days of Ross and Parry to those of McClintock and Allen Young. There have also been several north-east expeditions, towards the northern coast of Russia and Siberia; and others more professedly due north, in search of the mysterious Pole itself.

The approximations to the North Pole, as denoted by higher and higher latitudes, have certainly not been very rapid. Brave old Baffin reached the very top of the bay named after him, in latitude 78 degrees, so far back as 1616. Spitzbergen, as high as latitude 77 degrees, was known

to Barentz in 1596; while Hudson and later navigators traced it up to 80 degrees. After the recommencement of such expeditions about sixty years ago, advancements farther towards the north were few and far between; whereas those to the north-west, by the many inlets and straits on the western side of Baffin's Bay, were numerous. Buchan and Franklin tried the northern route in 1818, between Spitzbergen and Greenland, but were speedily brought to a stop by large fields of ice. Franklin, Richardson, Ross, Parry, Hoppner, and Lyon, between 1818 and 1825, made extensive westward explorations and discoveries, without increasing our knowledge of very high latitudes, while Wrangel about the same time was exploring round north-east to Nova Zembla and the arctic coast of Siberia. In 1827 Parry made his remarkable attempt to reach the North Pole by boat-sledging due north from Spitzbergen; he reached the unprecedented latitude of $82\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, but there, while still some five hundred miles short of the goal, he found that the ice-field under him was floating south as fast as he was sledging north, inasmuch that he would have got no nearer the Pole by continuing his exertions. John and James Ross between 1829 and 1833 discovered much and suffered much, but did not attain a high latitude. The same may be said of Back between 1832 and 1837, of Dease and Simpson about the same period, and of Rae in 1844. At length came the momentous Franklin Expedition of 1845. Neither the *Erebus* nor the *Terror* was ever again seen by European eyes after the autumn of that year; nor the brave commanders, Franklin and Crozier; nor any one of the hapless crews of one hundred and twenty-eight men. What they did, how they suffered, where and when they died, we have not here to tell; suffice it to say that they did not reach a greater latitude than 77 degrees north—nine hundred dreary miles short of the Pole.

Then came the wonderful series of expeditions in search of poor Franklin and his heroic fellow-sufferers. We know, from the ample narratives which have appeared in print during the last thirty years, that in 1848 Kellett and Moore went to Behring's Strait, to pick up any possible news of the missing ships; that in the same year Richardson and Rae, travelling through the Hudson's Bay territories, examined much of the north coast of the American mainland; that in 1849 James Ross visited most of the straits, gulfs, and sounds which it was supposed Franklin had probably traversed; that about the same period Saunders, Goodsir, Pullen, Forsyth, De Haenen, Kane, and Griffin joined in the search; and that in 1850 and 1851 Austin, Ommaney, M'Clintock, and Sherard Osborn made extensive discoveries towards the west of Baffin's Bay. But of one and all of these this may be said—that they presented no example of a nearer approach towards the mysterious North Pole. Again and again were new expeditions sent out—Penny and Stewart in one direction, John Ross in a second, Collinson and M'Clure in a third.

Mostly the English government defrayed the cost; but some of the ships were fitted out by private subscription, especially by the noble-hearted Lady Franklin, who clung to a belief that her husband was still living, how much soever surrounded with perils. Kennedy, Bellet, Inglefield, Maguire, Belcher, Anderson, Allen Young, Hobson—all are to be added to the names of the brave men who, with their daring crews, joined in the good work, at various dates between 1852 and 1859. Still, however, the same thing has to be said as before; no nearer point to the North Pole was reached.

'Our American cousins' must be credited with the favour now bestowed by the best arctic authorities on what is known as the Smith Sound route. Leaving the English to search for Franklin, the Americans sought to push on towards the Pole. In 1853-4-5, Kane advanced farther north up that Sound than any predecessor; and a sledge-party from the ship, under Morton, reached what appeared to him like distant indications of an open Polar Sea. Hayes, in 1860 and 1861, went considerably beyond Kane and Morton, planted the American flag on the northernmost land up to that date visited, and saw a white headland at about $82\frac{1}{2}$ degrees latitude. And lastly, Hall followed the same route in 1871-2-3, attaining to about the same latitude as Hayes. From the drift of the ice and the set of the currents, more importance is now attached to that route than to any other, as a possible means of reaching the Pole. Captain Nares (if alive) is on that route at the moment we write; whether in Smith Sound, Kennedy Channel, Hall Basin, Lincoln Sea, or even beyond that limit, we know not. His two stout fortified steamers, the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, are to aid each other; but the government have wisely left to his own discretion the determination of the spot or spots where to 'winter,' and the arrangements for spring-sledging. If he finds open sea before him next July or August, onward he will go with one of the ships, with the possibility of reaching—who can say what?

The continental folk are also contributing towards the search for the much-talked-of North Pole—keeping east or west of Spitzbergen instead of trying the Baffin's Bay and Smith Sound route. Forell, a Swede, in 1861 reached north-west of Spitzbergen to a latitude of $80\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. Norden-skiöld, in the Norwegian vessel *Sofia*, excelled this in 1868, attaining $81\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. He claimed this to be the most northerly point ever reached to that date by a ship, as distinguished from a boat or a sledge. Expeditions from Bremen and Norway went out in 1869 and 1870, but without reaching a high latitude. Lastly, the Austrian expedition under Weyprecht and Payer, in the *Tegethoff*, had much success in 1872-3-4, reaching a little over $81\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, and discovering a large island north-east of Nova Zembla, to which they gave the name of Franz Josef Land.

Well, supposing any of these hardy commanders and men really to reach the North Pole, what then? What will they do with it? How will they treat it; and if they do not keep it, to whom will they give it? The same questions might be asked concerning the South or Antarctic Pole, which occupies but little of public attention, because only a few expeditions have gone out in search of it. No higher latitude has ever been

reached in that region than 78 degrees south (about eight hundred and thirty miles short of the mark), which was attained by James Ross thirty-four years ago, when in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

When, or if, either pole is reached, ownership will depend on dry land. Should the spot at 90 degrees latitude be covered with sea or with ice, it will belong to all the world. In the case of water, a buoy; in the case of land, a staff, might display for a time the nationality of the discoverer, as denoted by a hoisted and unfurled flag; in the case of ice, no one would care to dispute with the seals or walruses for ownership. Should the spot, however, be dry land, an island or part of a mainland, the discoverers would certainly like to land upon it, and have the honour of taking possession in the name of the nationality represented. Beyond all possibility of doubt, if an American ship be the first to reach that long-sought goal, the stars and stripes will speedily wave in the wind. Equally certain is it that if the *Alert* or the *Discovery*, or a boat-party or a sledge-party from either ship be the first, the British flag will be hoisted.

The learned men who have treated of the law of nations, the general law which bears on the relations between one country and another, as distinguished from those existing among the inhabitants of any one nation, have not failed to see the importance of settling this matter of the rights of discoverers. Shall it be 'first come first served,' 'finding's keeping?' Vattel, a great authority on all those subjects, tells us that 'all mankind have an equal right to things that have not yet fallen into the possession of any one; and these things belong to the persons who first take possession of them.' So far plain; and then for the practical application. 'When, therefore, a nation finds a country uninhabited and without an owner, it may lawfully take possession thereof; and after it has sufficiently made known its will in this respect, it cannot be deprived of it by another nation.' Therefore, if England finds land at the North Pole, she may keep it, provided she thinks it worth while to maintain the claim. Ownership, however, is one thing, sovereign rule or government is another. But it appears that the discoverer possesses both: 'when a nation takes possession of a country to which no previous owner can lay claim, it acquires both the domain and the empire or sovereignty.' Therefore, if and when we lay hands on the North Pole, we may impose any laws on it we please—albeit, there may be no native or aboriginal inhabitants whatever living there. We have certainly done this with regard to the Auckland Islands.

But what if there be, in the newly discovered land, aboriginal dwellers whom the discoverer chooses to call barbarians or semi-barbarians? Here we have a condition of things which has given rise to much contention and bloodshed. Captain Cook might have 'annexed' many of the islands which he discovered in the South Sea; but he was not authorised by his sovereign to do so; moreover, it is not clear that the sovereign would have had a right of appropriation, seeing that the islands already contained inhabitants. The violent deaths of Captain Cook himself, of John Williams the missionary, of Bishop Patterson, and of Commodore Goodenough, are in themselves sufficient to testify that aboriginal natives

are not very ready to admit the superior rights of strangers who come to them from Europe—despite the kind motives that brought the visitors thither. We had almost endless troubles with the New Zealanders on this ground, not terminated without the expenditure of much blood and treasure. New Holland or Australia gave but little trouble, the blacks being so few and so unready to shew themselves. Pitcairn Island was uninhabited until the mutineers of the *Bounty* landed there; they took the property to themselves, and their descendants were quite delighted when Queen Victoria consented to be their sovereign. Many of our settlements in Africa, America, and the adjacent oceans were claimed as the result of discovery, notwithstanding the knotty fact that the black man or the red man was already a denizen there. International statesmen have had some difficulty in laying down a strict rule for guidance in this matter; but Vattel puts the case thus: 'A nation may lawfully possess some part of a large country in which there are none but earlier nations whose scanty population is incapable of occupying the whole. Those nations cannot exclusively appropriate to themselves more land than they have occasion for, or more than they are able to settle and cultivate; their unsettled habitation in such regions cannot be accounted a true and legal possession.' Nice points these, if the country happens to be fertile, rich in minerals, or well placed for commerce. Discoverers have, hitherto, not been very particular in ascertaining how far the aborigines are able to occupy and cultivate the soil; they are prone to take what they are strong enough to hold, and stretch the right of discovery about as far as it will bear. We shall not have much trouble, in this respect, with the possibly-to-be-discovered North Pole. If Captain Nares succeeds in getting there, if he finds it to be land, and if he meets on that land say Ooloulouk the Eskimo with his wife and family, those interesting people will not prevent him from planting the British flag on the island, whether he leaves it behind him or not.

Be it known to all buccaneers, pirates, filibusters, and adventurers, that the law of nations does not allow *them* to hold the ownership and sovereignty of any new lands they may discover. They must work for some state or power recognised by other nations, else they may at any time be dislodged. 'Navigators going on a voyage of discovery, furnished with a commission from their sovereign, and meeting with islands or lands in a desert state, may take possession of them in the name of their nation; and this title has been usually respected, provided it was soon after followed by a real possession.' The constitutional lawyers of the United States at one time pressed this claim too far. In reference to the Oregon territory, an American ship, whether commissioned or uncommissioned, was declared to have equal power. 'The first discovery, even by an uncommissioned merchant-ship, gave priority to the claim of the United States in that region.' It gave rise to a knotty controversy between English and American diplomatists.

All things considered, the North Pole will not be a very eligible property to the first comer; and we are not likely to quarrel with foreign nations for the possession of it. The British flag may perchance wave there in triumph some day, and we hope it will; but the great interest attached to

the expedition now out in these regions, and to others of similar kind, is based upon far higher considerations than the ownership of a (possible) patch of sterile land.

AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER II.

AFTER hearing his sentence, Vaughan went to our berth, and threw off his cap; and pulling off his uniform jacket, took out his knife, and after carefully cutting off all the gilt buttons from his jacket, and likewise removing the badge off his cap, went to the vessel's side and threw them overboard. He then put on a blue serge shirt and pair of dark blue trousers, and said with a laugh: 'Bye, bye, boys; I am going before the stick, and have got Irish promotion. But I've not done yet; so some of you look out.' He seemed perfectly reckless; and asking young Lullin, the junior mid, to lend him a hand with his chest, threw it over his shoulder, and marched boldly into the fore-castle with it, and within ten minutes had slung a hammock there. From that day, Vaughan altered much for the worse. The affair with the second mate, and consequent disgrace, occasioned much excitement and discussion among the passengers; the ladies especially, who sympathised with their interesting friend. There was, however, one on board who felt Vaughan's disgrace far more keenly than he did himself, and that was Blanche Talbot. The day that he was sent forward she did not appear on deck, and remained in her cabin, saying that she was unwell; and Mrs Boyle, although a strict disciplinarian, privately interceded for Vaughan with Captain Benbow, but without success, as the colonel and the judge approved strongly of the action taken by the captain. The subaltern officers, however, said that it was a shame, and that Sparks had deserved all that he had got.

Under the plea of indisposition, Miss Talbot declined to play in *The Loan of a Lover*; and as the scenes were unfinished, and no one but Vaughan could paint them, the entertainment did not come off; and so a concert was substituted, which, owing to the indifference of the ladies, turned out the reverse of successful.

We were in the latitude of the Cape, and bowling along before a moderate breeze, with studding-sails set on both sides. It was about three in the afternoon. The captain was in great good-humour, and said that he never remembered making a voyage with so little bad weather, and was looking forward to arriving at the Cape in a couple of days. This voyage, he said, was to be his last, prior to his retirement from the sea. While seated at the table, one of the stewards came hastily to the chief officer, and whispered to him that he was wanted on deck. Mr Blake rose from the table, went up the companion-ladder, and in a few moments returned and whispered something in the captain's ear. What that something was, no one heard, but the old captain turned very red, and said: 'Excuse me, ladies, but I am wanted on deck.' He neither finished the story he was telling, nor his curry.

'Are we near land?' asked Miss Talbot; but the captain apparently did not hear her, for he seized his cap and rushed out of the cabin on to the main-deck.

'I hope,' said the colonel's wife, 'that nothing has gone wrong; it is so unusual for the captain to be called away.'

The dinner begun so pleasantly, ended abruptly. The captain did not return, conversation stopped, and every one hastened to get on deck.

'The ship is on fire!' was the startling announcement whispered by the chief officer to the captain, adding, that the fire had only just been discovered in the forepeak among the boatswain's stores.

The shrill pipes of the boatswain and his mates were then heard calling all hands on deck. And those on deck were busy dragging the hose along, fitting the pumps and manning them, and plugging the scupper-holes. The startling news had already reached the passengers, and produced the greatest excitement among them. How the fire originated no one seemed to know. The facts, however, were simply that the boatswain, under the instructions of Mr Sparks, had ordered Vaughan to go down the peak, get some tar, and tar down the top-gallant and fore-topmast rigging. This was intended as a punishment for further disrespect to the second officer that morning. Vaughan took a lantern from the gunner's house, and being in one of his vile tempers, disappeared, muttering curses on the second mate as he did so. The tar was kept in the boatswain's locker, and had to be drawn from a cask. It was the duty of the boatswain or his mate to have done this, but the boatswain was engaged setting up the main rigging; so Vaughan finding the locker open, helped himself. In about ten minutes he returned, bringing the tar-pot and the lantern with him, and then went aloft to commence his task.

About twenty minutes after this incident the look-out man on the fore-castle gave an alarm of fire, and as he did so, smoke was seen ascending from the fore-part of the vessel, and on lifting up the cover of the booby-hatch the hold was discovered to be in flames. Captain Benbow, for the first time during the voyage, now appeared on the fore-castle, followed directly afterwards by Colonel Boyle, for the news had spread through the vessel faster than the fire itself. Captain Benbow looked very anxious, but he gave his orders promptly and with firmness: 'Mr Blake, take in all studding-sails. Haul up the courses, and stow them. Keep her before the wind.—Now, colonel, let your men man the pumps, and keep them going.—Mr Sparks, direct the hose.' While these orders were being executed, what with the sailors shouting, while hauling on the clewlines and buntlings and reducing sail, and the confusion and consternation among passengers and troops, the greatest excitement prevailed. The poop was crowded with ladies and officers, and the main-deck with troops, all equally terror-stricken. When the fire was discovered, the vessel was going eight knots, but when the studding-sails were taken in, and canvas reduced, she fell off to five knots. The clank of the pumps could be heard above all the din and noise of the people. Colonel Boyle ordered the bugler to sound 'Parade,' and the troops who were not pumping, formed line. He then made a short stirring speech to his men, and told them that the only chance of saving their lives was in maintaining discipline, and obeying and carrying out the orders of the captain; and he told them that under any circumstances he trusted they would behave as British troops had behaved before on a

similar occasion, and made touching allusion to the loss of the *Birkenhead*.

The cargo of the *Dangalore* consisted of pitch and turpentine, wine, spirits, piece-goods, books, and a quantity of ammunition belonging to the troops. The captain ordered the first two named articles to be thrown overboard, but being at the bottom of the hold, they were difficult to be got at. All the pumps were double manned and in full play, and both soldiers and sailors were working as men only work when they are trying to save their lives. The main-hatches were taken off, and the third officer with a large gang of men commenced breaking out the cargo, to get to the powder, for the purpose of throwing it overboard. This was a work of difficulty, although four sets of hose were playing down the fore-hatch. The smoke was so dense and stifling that it was evident that the pitch and turpentine were on fire. I saw Vaughan for a minute on the fore-castle; he was as black as a sweep, and his clothes were singed and burnt. When the chief officer dropped senseless on deck, overpowered and choked with the smoke and fumes, it was Vaughan who took the hose and actually jumped down the hold and directed it. He was hauled up again, by order of the captain, but not before he had narrowly escaped being suffocated and burnt to death. Vaughan was no sooner pulled up on deck than there was a great explosion of a cask of turpentine; and after this catastrophe, it seemed as though the fire got the better of the water and labours of the crew. The smoke got denser and thicker, and it was almost impossible to stand or breathe on the fore-castle; and though soldiers and sailors, officers and men, vied with each other in endeavouring to stifle the flames, it was evident that the fore-castle must very soon be vacated. At this juncture, Captain Benbow ordered Clerc and the quartermasters and midshipmen to get the covers off the boats, and in case they were wanted, have all ready for lowering. In spite of all efforts to subdue it, the fire seemed fast increasing and to have already reached the fore-hold. The second mate was to the fore everywhere; he had been down the hold with wet blankets, endeavouring to stifle the flames, which were issuing from the mass of burning pitch, tar, oil, &c. But wherever the second mate was, or whatever he did, Vaughan seemed to rival him.

At the request of Captain Benbow, Colonel Boyle had placed sentries over all the boats, with orders to use their bayonets upon the first man who attempted to get into them without orders. On the main-deck, although flooded, the heat was almost unbearable. Still the clank of the double action main-pump was heard, and troops and sailors vied in keeping this going. Through the exertions of Vaughan, who seemed to work with the energy of three men, the powder had been found and reached, and he and a number of men were busy passing it on deck and throwing it overboard. There seemed to be some hope of saving the vessel, when, without any notice, and with a terrific crash, the foremast fell over the side; and with a roar, accompanied with dense clouds of smoke, the fore-part of the vessel burst into a sea of flame, which, seizing the rigging, ran along the shrouds and stays. There were five men in the fore-top when this occurred. The capital discipline which had up to this been maintained was now at an end. When the foremast fell, there was a general rush

of troops and sailors to the poop; the sentries were swept away, and there was a cry for the boats. Captain Benbow, who was on the poop, now gave the order to get the ladies and children into the boats, and with a ship's pistol in his hand, declared that he would shoot the first man who commenced rushing. The ladies were mostly huddled together on the poop, many of them in tears, and several of them were praying. Several of the soldiers' wives crowded round the captain and implored him to save them. Said Captain Benbow: 'All depends on my orders being obeyed. I trust that everybody will be saved, and I shall stay and see all in the boats myself.' But there was no time to be lost. All canvas had now been taken in, and the vessel rolled heavily. Some of the men who had been passing up the powder, had broached some of the cases of liquor, and were almost mad with drink.

'Lower the starboard boats and pass them astern,' shouted the captain to Dodman, the third officer; 'pass the ladies through the stern-ports.' The sentries did their duty, and were gallantly supported by Colonel Boyle and others of the officers. The chief and second officers were still working with some of the crew to keep the flames forward, so as to allow the passengers time to get into the boats. As the breeze was moderate and the weather fine, the boats, with the exception of two, which were lying bottom up and on the skids, and were burnt, were lowered in safety; and under the supervision of Captain Benbow, and owing to discipline, coolness, and example, there was not one life unnecessarily or unpreventably lost. There was a beaker of water in each boat, and most of the soldiers had filled their canteens with water. It was now about 7.30 p.m., when, having fought the fire for three hours, troops and passengers commenced embarking in the boats. A raft was also being constructed by the boatswain, carpenter, sailmaker, and a number of the sailors, when all at once a panic seemed to seize both soldiers and sailors: the flames had seized the main-hold, where there was still powder, and one of the men said that in five minutes they would all be blown up. Vaughan was still working in the main-hold, when the men who were with him, and who were sober, suddenly left him, and rushed on deck, and began to make for the boats which were towing astern. The instinct of self-preservation seemed taking possession of officers as well as troops, especially when it was apparent that there were not sufficient boats; and among the males especially, every one was afraid of being left behind; and to this fact, and the fear of being blown up, must be attributed the absence of discipline which now unhappily prevailed. Dodman, assisted by two of the military officers, was calling out the names of those that were to get into the boats; but many of the troops and sailors, in spite of orders or threats, slid down the tackles and jumped into the already crowded boats. The gig was a small four-oared whale-bout calculated to hold eight. This the captain ordered to be reserved, intending it for Miss Talbot, himself, the midshipmen, and the ship's papers. From the observations taken that day, we were in lat. 33° 10' S., long. 17° 20' E., or about the latitude of the Cape. Mrs Boyle suddenly called to Miss Talbot, who was standing by the stern rail, that the colonel had reserved a seat for her in the lifeboat, and begged her to come at once before it was too late.

The captain answered for her, and said: 'She will go with me.'

Captain Benbow, as became the man and his name, declined to leave the vessel until all were embarked in the boats. He seemed dejected; but it was enough to make any man sad. This was his last voyage, and with a long experience at sea, this was the first time that he had ever lost a vessel. He had, too, on board all his silver, and a valuable collection of charts; and then there were the chronometers and ship's papers. These last *must* be saved. The gig was still hanging to the stern davits, when the captain turned to Miss Talbot, and said: 'Here, Blanche, get into the boat; don't be afraid!' and he helped her and Mrs Silver to their places.

Mr Blake reported: 'We have launched the raft, sir, and I think you have done all that can be done.'

'No,' answered the captain; 'I must have the manifest and chronometers. Blake, see the ladies safely lowered, while I go and get them; and let the quartermasters get in, and have all ready for pushing off.'

They were shouting from one of the boats: 'Chief officer wanted on board.' Blake, however, stuck to the captain; and after lowering the boat with the quartermaster, he ran down the stern companion-ladder to help the captain with his chronometers. He had no sooner descended, than Vaughan came rushing across the poop as if possessed, and shouting to the quartermaster who was waiting for the captain: 'Over for your life!' jumped overboard. He had scarcely disappeared, when an explosion of a terrific nature was heard; and a long spiral pillar of smoke and a terrific flame of fire shewed that powder in the hold had taken fire, and that Captain Benbow had found his funeral pyre on board his own vessel. At the same moment the mainmast fell lengthways on the poop. The flames had now caught the cabin, and were issuing from the ports. Vaughan had no sooner jumped overboard, than he was quickly on the top of the water again, and was pulled into the boat by two of the midshipmen. 'Pull round to the quarter,' he said; 'the captain will be burned alive.' They hauled the gig under the captain's port. 'Captain Benbow!' shouted Vaughan. There was no answer. The quartermaster also hailed with the same result. 'Good heavens!' said Vaughan, 'he will be burned alive. Captain Benbow!' he roared out again; and getting hold of one of the davit-falls, hauled himself up, and looked through the port of the captain's cabin. There was no sign of him: the floor was strewn with charts; two of his chronometers were missing.

'Is he there?' called Miss Talbot.

'The cabin is on fire,' returned Vaughan, 'and he went in that last explosion. There was all the ship's powder in the lazarette.'

There were two midshipmen and two quartermasters in the gig. The boats and raft were so crowded that it was impossible to hoist a sail or to use the oars. In the long-boat, in which were the colonel, his wife, the judge, and several ladies and officers, besides a number of soldiers' wives, it was impossible to move, much less to row, and the boat lay like a log upon the water. This boat was to have been commanded by the first mate, but as that officer had perished with the captain, the third officer, Dodman, took command of her.

In the gig, Miss Talbot and Mrs Silver sat in the stern-sheets. Miss Talbot seemed much distressed, but Vaughan assured her that they were in the track of vessels; and hoisting the lug-sail, the whale-boat began to skim along, a course being shaped for the Cape.

The *Bangalore* was now almost burned down to the water's edge, but every now and then the flames burst out afresh. Mr Sparks, who was in charge of the cutter, ordered the boats to keep near the burning vessel, thinking that if any vessels were in sight, they must be attracted by the flames. No one knew that the captain was not in the gig. The ladies and women suffered great discomfort from crowding, and all were longing for daylight. It was about 4 A.M. when one of the cutter's men shouted: 'Steamer's lights ahead!' There was much excitement at this announcement, and the men involuntarily gave a cheer. In a few minutes the three lights of a steamer were now distinctly visible, and in about fifteen minutes she was almost abreast of us. On she came, with a stately, steady swing, the steam roaring from her pipes, and lights shining from her port-holes. She was steering for all that remained of the *Bangalore*.

With the exception of the captain's gig, all the boats were picked up, and the castaways were embarked on board the steamer, and treated with the humanity usual on such occasions. The steamer put back to Table Bay; and upon her arrival there, and knowledge of the cause, the greatest rejoicing and excitement prevailed at the merciful deliverance from what threatened at one time to be a dreadful catastrophe. There were missing the captain, chief officer, Miss Talbot, Mrs Silver, two midshipmen; and about twenty of the troops, petty officers, and sailors. These last were supposed to have helped themselves to the cased spirits in the hold, and drunk themselves to stupor, and perished in the flames.

No sooner were the crew and passengers landed, than they began to talk among themselves as to the origin and cause of the fire; and the boat-swain, who was one of the saved, told his story about ordering Vaughan to get the tar from the forepeak; and the second mate did not scruple to aver that it was purposely done by Vaughan, to get clear of the vessel, and revenge himself for his punishment.

Vaughan in the meanwhile was in charge of the gig. He took the tiller, and seemed to have such confidence in himself, and to know so well where he was, that both the ladies were reassured. Whatever happened, he made the best of it, and almost seemed to make light of their misfortunes. He said that they were in the track of vessels, and that if they were not picked up, in two days he would make Table Bay.

We had been in Cape Town some two days, when the *Marlborough* Indiaman, outward-bound from London to Calcutta, brought up in Table Bay, having picked up the boat containing Miss Talbot, Mrs Silver, and the quartermaster. Vaughan had navigated the boat so well, that when picked up, he was only one day's sail from Simon's Bay. He narrated the history of the burning of the vessel, and death of Captain Benbow and the chief officer. The captain of the *Marlborough* knew Old Bobus well; and when he heard that the young lady who was saved was the daughter of

a judge, his politeness and attention were very marked. Miss Talbot attracted as much attention on the *Marlborough* as she had done on board the *Bangalore*; and on arrival at Table Bay, the news soon spread of the missing gig having been picked up, navigated by Mr Vaughan. For the short time that Vaughan was on board the *Marlborough* he was a great favourite; by the ladies he was looked upon as a hero of the most approved type; while the officers envied him in having rescued such a young and charming lady. Directly the *Marlborough* came to anchor in Table Bay, she was boarded by Colonel Boyle, his wife, and the judge, who had come to look after Miss Talbot and Mrs Silver. The colonel took Vaughan on one side, and although congratulating him on having safely brought the gig and its occupants through their dangers, told him that there were some ugly stories afloat of his having wilfully set the vessel on fire, and that the papers had published the account.

'However,' said the colonel, 'we shall all be glad if you can exonerate yourself.'

Miss Talbot, who overheard this remark while talking to Mrs Boyle, burst into tears, and said: 'Colonel Boyle, you little know how nobly Mr Vaughan has behaved, or you would be one of the last to credit such things.' And Mrs Silver vowed that she never could forget his having saved their lives, and his noble attention and delicacy. The colonel and his wife were disposed to be friendly to Vaughan, although many of the passengers and crew were wroth at having lost all clothes and possessions, and were anxious for him to be brought to justice. They took Miss Talbot and Mrs Silver with them to their hotel. Arrangements were made for forwarding as many of the *Bangalore's* passengers as possible to Calcutta by the *Marlborough*, which was to sail in three days; and many of the officers and passengers were occupied in getting fresh outfits.

There was at this time lying in Table Bay a French transport, *Le Cerf*, which had put into the Cape, being short of water, and having lost a number of her men with small-pox. On board this vessel Vaughan at once enlisted. He spoke French well, and as the transport was on the point of sailing, and was short-handed, there were no objections raised by the French officers. That day, a warrant was issued for his apprehension, on the charge of wilfully setting fire to the *Bangalore*, and causing the loss of the vessel and the death of a number of people. All the hotels were searched, all the resorts of sailors, but without success. Indeed, there were some who did not scruple to say that the colonel had helped him, and that he had gone into the interior, to avoid being sent prisoner to England.

The crew and officers of the *Bangalore* were forwarded home by steamer; and the death of Captain Benbow created much discussion among shipping circles in London, and the underwriters raised difficulties in paying the vessel's insurance. Advertisements were inserted in the *Times*, and principal papers in India, Australia, and the Cape, with a description of Vaughan, offering a reward for any information respecting him. The reward, however, was fruitless: nothing was seen or heard of him. Meanwhile, in due course, the *Marlborough* arrived out safely at Calcutta; and Miss Talbot was met at the Sandheads by her father the judge, who went down the Hooghly in a tug-boat

to meet her. He was introduced to Colonel Boyle and his wife, and was much shocked to hear of the death of his old friend Benbow. 'I should have liked,' said he, 'to have seen and thanked that young fellow Vaughan, to whom I feel I owe my daughter's safety.'

Miss Talbot had not been long in India before she was, as predicted, not only a favourite at Government House, but the acknowledged belle of Chowringhee. She had many offers; and within a few months after her arrival, made a brilliant marriage with a civilian of high standing, though twenty years older than herself. The marriage was brought about by her father.

It was about twelve months after her marriage, that Lady Goldsack, late Blanche Talbot, the admiral and lovely wife of Sir Parkie Goldsack, was reclining in her canoe-shaped carriage at the Band Stand of the Eden Gardens at Calcutta, listening to the band of the Highlanders, and also to the compliments of several admiring civilians and military officers, when her eye fell upon the figure of a young man dressed in black, remarkably good-looking, with a profusion of dark curly hair. There was no mistaking him; it was Vaughan, well-dressed, and looking, if anything, better than he ever did before. He had been calmly watching Lady Goldsack from a short distance for the last ten minutes, when a syce, in a handsome livery, came up, and making a salaam, said that the Burra Mem Sahib desired to speak to him. He approached the carriage, and after being very warmly greeted, gave an account of himself from the time he left Lady Goldsack at Cape Town. He had, he said, at the risk of being shot, deserted from the French transport shortly after her arrival at Pondicherry, and managed to get a passage to Calcutta on board an Arab *macoda*, and had, as soon as it was in his power, kept his promise to meet her in Calcutta. He expressed his surprise to hear of her marriage, but what followed need not be recorded. Suffice it to say, that, through Lady Goldsack's influence, Vaughan was speedily advanced to the command of a steamer of the inland service of the Bengal marine.

He would doubtless have obtained other advancement, had he not been recognised in Calcutta, and warrant for his arrest obtained by the agents of the *Bangalore*. The particulars of his arrest, as reported by the *Englishman* and *Bengal Hurkaru*, attracted much attention in Calcutta. On the case being tried in London, the only important evidence against him was that of the boatswain; and as there was no actual proof of his having wilfully set the vessel on fire, Vaughan was acquitted. The owners did not press the charge, and for the loss of an old vessel obtained the price of a brand-new ship.

The owners, who were interested in Vaughan, offered him an officer's berth in their fleet. This offer he declined; and having signified his intention of proceeding to Calcutta, they presented him with a free passage to that port. On his arrival there, he enjoyed the friendship of Lady Goldsack and her husband until his death, which happened in the well-remembered cyclone of 1864. The steamer which he commanded, when full of passengers, foundered in the Bay of Bengal on her homeward voyage from Rangoon, not one soul surviving to tell the tale. Among the many

monuments in the Hourah Cemetery is one remarkable for its classic simplicity. At the base there is a profile medallion in marble, and underneath are the words, 'In Memoriam DESMOND VAUGHAN, drowned October 1864. "And the sea shall give up its dead."' The work was executed in England; and when completed and placed in position, a lady, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, came to look at it. She seemed much affected, and left a wreath of immortelles at the foot of the monument. Lady Goldsack when last heard of was at Simla, and was a centre of attraction at that well-known hill-station. She has no family, but has apparently recovered the effects of her first romance. Yet among her private possessions, and not the least valued, are two water-colour drawings: one a portrait of herself, and the other a landscape. Both are signed 'D. V., BANGALORE.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE good ship *Challenger* sailed from Monte Video at the end of February, and will probably arrive in England next month. Her voyage has hitherto been eminently successful; and when the details of her three years of exploration come to be published, the additions to our general and scientific knowledge will be surprising. A Report from Professor Wyville Thomson to the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, was recently read at the Royal Society. Among many interesting facts, the Professor states that, in company with one of the lieutenants, he visited the crater of the ever-active volcano Kilauea, in Hawaii. From a ridge they beheld the two lava lakes which have been boiling for many years without change. 'We were greatly struck,' he says, 'with the fluidity of the melted lava, which washed about with very much the appearance and sound of water. The night was perfectly still; and the two glowing lakes tossing like the sea in a storm, and a red surf dashing against the encircling rocks, and springing forty or fifty feet into the air in wreaths of fiery spray, produced a strangely impressive spectacle.'

In another place, Professor Thomson touches on a question which has been much debated of late—namely, the circulation of the water throughout the ocean: the presence of cold currents especially has been made a subject for theory. 'I am every day more fully satisfied,' argues Professor Thomson, 'that this influx of cold water into the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans from the southward is to be referred to the simplest and most obvious of all causes, the excess of evaporation over precipitation in the northern portion of the land hemisphere; and the excess of precipitation over evaporation in the middle and southern part of the water hemisphere. After this I need scarcely add, that I have never seen, whether in the Atlantic, the Southern Sea, or the Pacific, the slightest ground for supposing that such a thing exists as a general vertical circulation of the water of the ocean depending upon differences of specific gravity.'

This calling in question of a theory of ocean currents, reminds us that the discovery of the first of fossil animals has also been questioned. It is not very long since that a description was published of the *Eozoon Canadense*, or Dawn-animal of Canada, so named because it had been discovered, as the finder announced, in the serpentine rock of Canada. That shapeless creature was supposed to be the earliest form of organic life; hence its name. But now a learned German, Mr Otto Hahn, after painstaking investigation, shows that the naturalists who accepted the *Eozoon* suffered from a *deceptio visus*, and that all the appearances which they took to be evidences of animal structure are really proofs of mineral structure. Of course there will be a discussion; but thus it is that the truth is finally discovered.

Certain experimentalists in the United States think they have discovered a 'new force,' and after a series of test observations, they come to the conclusion that it is a 'radiant force, somewhere between light and heat on the one hand, and magnetism and electricity on the other, with some of the features of all these forces.' Will the conclusion be accepted by physicists on this side of the Atlantic?

Mr Prestwich, Professor of Geology at Oxford, has published his lecture on the water-supply of that ancient town, which is worth reading by all persons who do not like to drink diluted sewage, and who desire to know the geological conditions which should be taken into account in choosing a site for a dwelling-house or for a town. In too many instances the conditions have been entirely disregarded, and ignorant builders dig wells and cesspools side by side in a porous soil, as if for the purpose of poisoning the water. This abuse, as Professor Prestwich points out, is 'common to the whole kingdom. It prevails in crowded towns, in sequestered villages, in isolated country houses, and in princely mansions.' The obvious remedy is to bring pure water from a distance. It appears that there are in the oolite district above Oxford, springs which yield about sixty million gallons of good water every day, while other springs in the chalk escarpment of Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire pour out thirty million gallons.

As regards the royal river—Mr Prestwich informs us that 'the Thames water contains more organic nitrogen at Lechlade than just above Oxford; less again at Abingdon; more below Reading, and then a decrease to the Oxford standard at Windsor; while at Hampton, the river was found to be chemically purer than at any other part of its course.'

Dr Acland, also an Oxford Professor, has delivered a lecture on 'The Relation of Modern Engineering to Public Health and Local Government,' in which he draws a picture of Oxford that makes one shudder, for the conditions were such that at any moment there 'needed but a chance combination to decimate the town with typhoid.' Referring to the water-supply, he mentioned that he had once walked 'along the whole length of the splendid aqueduct on the north coast of Africa, which, taking its rise on the hills of Zagouhan, supplied a vast stream to Udina and to Carthage. . . . It is remarkable that round [the headwater] a spacious and solid edifice was raised, shewing with what religious care the

source of the water-supply was protected from contamination.'

Dr Acland believes that the task of providing a healthy home for every man, rich or poor, remains as a crowning triumph for the civil-engineer. But he says: 'For my own part, I retain the conviction of many years, that the true policy for securing the national health lies in the steady education of the people to take a thorough intelligent interest in perfecting, under local management and central or imperial advice and supervision, their local sanitary arrangements. I am more convinced than ever that coercion, even if attempted, will in the end retard progress.' Some remarks on sanitary reform will be found in another article, 'The Poor of London.'

There is something in the last Annual Report of the Registrar-general on births, deaths, and causes of death in London in 1875, which completes, so to speak, the preceding statements. The quantity of water supplied to London in that year was nearly five hundred and thirty thousand tons every day, being three hundred and sixty-eight tons a minute. In one hundred thousand tons of the water so supplied, there are from twenty-seven to forty tons of other matters; and it is these other matters that are to be guarded against. 'Soft water,' says the Registrar, 'is the most suitable for ablution, washing, cooking, and all domestic purposes; but for other purposes hard waters answer sufficiently well. There is no proof that small quantities of the saline matters in the Thames and Lea are actively noxious as drinking-water; but it is the organic matters from sewers, especially in the form of ova of worms, cells of typhoid fever, of cholera, smallpox, scarlet fever, and other zymotic diseases, that are to be dreaded. For these zymads the living organism is the only known test. Neither chemistry nor pathology, armed with the most sensitive taste, and with the highest powers of the microscope, has yet succeeded in distinguishing these bodies from each other, or from ordinary animal excretions. So the right policy for a town is to secure sufficient supplies of water as pure as possible.' Not a doubt of it. But why do not some of the young experimentalists, who, as we are told, are pining to distinguish themselves—why do not they set themselves to discover a way by which those deadly 'zymads' can be detected and identified?

Londoners pay yearly £1,131,023 for water, and £2,981,389 for gas and meters: a total of more than four million pounds sterling. The net profit made by the gas and water companies is £1,627,454. If London would only do what some provincial towns have done, and supply itself with gas and water without the help of companies, the great city would save one half of its present enormous outlay for those two articles. But London having nearly four million inhabitants, is very sluggish in matters municipal.

Flood-water means muddy water; and some rivers are always muddy, to the great inconvenience of the people who are dependent on them for water-supply. It is of little use to attempt to filter this muddy water: the first thing to be done is to make the mud fall to the bottom. This can be done by mixing with the water a very small quantity of chloride of calcium, or of caustic lime; the mud then speedily settles at the bottom, and the water can be readily filtered. A small provi-

sion of either one of these substances, by travellers and new settlers in wild countries, would save them at times from the necessity of drinking foul or noxious water.

In a paper read to the Philosophical Society of Manchester, Dr Angus Smith has called attention to peat—a natural product which appears to have been too much neglected. Regarded from the economic and sanitary point of view, peat is valuable as fuel; it contains oils and resins; it grows rapidly when properly cultivated, and could thus be used to fill up wet grounds and swamps. And further, it removes swamp-fever, which, according to Dr Smith, 'was never found, at least in the northern peat-bogs,' and never, as he believes, 'in the true peat-bogs.'

We are further informed that peat grows more combustible matter in an acre than forest trees do, and it is argued that in parts of the country where coal is dear and land of small value, peat might be grown with great advantage, and in time black peat-bogs would 'become for us rich coal-fields, oil-wells, and whale-fisheries.' As is well known, some peat-bogs hold large quantities of water, as a sponge; and Dr A. Smith suggests that 'water-reservoirs could be grown at a cheap rate, instead of being banked in or dug at a great expense. A reservoir formed of peat ten feet thick would hold as much as a water-reservoir seven and a half feet deep, and still be easily walked over.'

The President of the Manchester Scientific and Mechanical Society pointed out in a recent address that numbers of young men might benefit themselves by becoming members of the Society. The faculties of individuals are often lost for want of opportunity for development or exercise. The Society affords that opportunity. 'Besideas,' said Mr Leigh, 'every man has a far better chance of making his way in the world indirectly, if he is known to belong to a Society like this. It stamps his respectability; it shews him to be a man of superior understanding. It is a passport for him either in matrimony or to a situation of trust. Places are continually falling vacant in every great commercial city, and are always filled by men of this kind, who are naturally selected in preference to others.'

If air be suddenly rarefied, the consequent lowering of temperature occasions precipitation of the watery vapour which may be present, in the form of cloud. But there are conditions under which cloud cannot be produced: when the vessel containing the air has been standing for some time undisturbed, and when the air has been burnt or filtered. It seems that there must be floating particles of some kind in the air, in order to produce the formation of cloud; and readers who have bestowed attention on the recent discussion of the Germ theory, will see a relation between motes being necessary to produce disease, and floating particles visible or invisible being necessary to produce cloud. The question is curious, and requires further investigation.

Professor Alexander Agassiz records a series of observations on hermit crabs, which may be interesting to general readers. He reared a few of the creatures from their youngest stages to the time when they require a shell for their protection and further development; and took pains to watch their behaviour when shells were first placed in the glass dish in which they were living. 'Scarcely,'

says the Professor, 'had the shells reached the bottom before the crabs made a rush for them, turned them round and round, carefully examining them, invariably at the mouth, and soon a couple of the crabs decided to venture in, which they did with remarkable alacrity; and after stretching backward and forward, they settled down into their shells with immense satisfaction.' Others of the shells contained a living mollusc, and the crabs which could not find an empty shell, waited till the molluscs died, when they tore them out, devoured them, and immediately took possession of the shells. Professor Agassiz questions whether this is to be regarded as a case of instinct. On the subject of hermit-crabs, some interesting observations will be found in an article in this *Journal*, entitled 'Curious Companionships.'

Mr J. A. Broun, F.R.S., has been investigating the effect of the sun's rotation and the moon's revolution on the earth's magnetism. The effect is variable, and depends on the position of the moon, as well as on the movement of the sun. Cuses have occurred of large and sudden diminutions of the earth's magnetic force, and these are found to fall at intervals of twenty-six days, which is about the time of the sun's rotation on its axis. Mr Broun thinks that there is some ray-like emanation from the sun, which causes these changes in the earth's magnetism; and he finds that the moon has something to do with them, for they occur mostly when she is farthest from the equator.

Professor Perrey of Toulouse has devoted many years to the study of earthquakes, and has communicated the results to the Académie des Sciences at Paris. In his last Report he states that there are more shocks at new and full moon than at the quadratures, and that, of the earthquakes reported between 1843 and 1872, 3290 occurred when the moon was nearest to, and 3015 when she was farthest from, the earth.

A WORD ABOUT 'THE DRAW.'

WE have been amused by receiving the following note from a correspondent on the power of 'Draw.'

'In *Chambers's Journal* for May 30, 1874, appeared an article entitled "A Draw," dealing with the great evil of giving money in charity without sufficiently considering whether those people for whom the charity was intended will benefit by it; and pointing out how, in very many cases, so far from relieving the necessitous, the effect is that you really are encouraging laziness and roguery.

'A striking example of this danger came across my notice some years since, when I was chairman of the Out-relief Committee of the City of London Union; and as it goes far to confirm the opinions expressed in the article, I venture, though rather late, to trouble you with this description. It is the custom at the casual-office to give some temporary relief to applicants who are supposed to be on the tramp from one parish to another in search of work. One of these paupers while receiving relief was suffocated by a piece of bread sticking in his throat. An inquest was held on the body, and the jury, in giving the verdict, expressed an opinion that it was cruel of the guardians to provide nothing but dry bread for the poor. At the next meeting of the Board, much doubtful philanthropy being

talked, an order was passed that, in future, all casuals applying at the out-relief station were to be provided with a basin of hot soup besides the usual allowance of bread.

'The Scotch gardener was not far wrong when he said, that wherever there is a pond there will be frogs; and here was established a pond of soup, and to it came hurrying from all parts of the metropolis shoals of human frogs. In a short time the number of candidates for this new luxury so increased, that it was necessary to more than double the staff at the office, and men were at work from morning till night serving out soup to an endless string of applicants. As this soup had to be brought from the workhouse at Bow, the expense to the ratepayers may be imagined. In a short time these "poor people" became dangerous, and there was no other alternative but to remove the "draw." I need hardly say that the number of applicants for relief lessened daily. To prove how little this kindness on the part of the guardians was appreciated by those benefited by it, I will add that I was informed by an officer of the Bethnal Green Workhouse, who was a candidate for a vacant office in the City of London Union, that he heard men (casuals) bragging that they had had soup five times in one day by the simple expedient of changing coats and hats! The office in Northumberland Alley they named the "Luncheon Club!" and merely laughed at the guardians for their simplicity. It is scarcely necessary to add that a like philanthropical experiment has not been attempted since.'

T O ———

How tenderly my bosom heaves,
When thou, dear maid, art near to me;
My heart beats twice for every thought
I have of thee.

I dare not ask thee to my dreams
Some little meed of hope to deign:
I could not love thee more, didst thou
Me love again.

But with ennobled thoughts and pure,
I see thee pass thy onward way;
Content if for thy welfare I
May only pray.

Then still, sweet maid, the guerdon rare
Of noblest womanhood be thine;
Until at last thy heavenward feet
Reach God's own shrine.

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- 2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.
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NAME-LENDING.

WHEN a man finds himself advancing in the world, and getting a little towards the front, he begins to discover that his name is in request for the purpose of sanctioning a great variety of objects with which he has no proper concern, or at all events cares little about. He is asked to allow his name to be put into lists of committees, managers, or patrons of schemes good, bad, and indifferent; some of them speciously philanthropic, others as speciously commercial and advantageous. To render requests of this kind agreeable, an assurance is perhaps given in a polite and considerate way that no personal trouble will be involved, no responsibility incurred. All that is wanted is a loan of your name. It would be a great favour if you would permit it to be used along with the names of a great many other persons of high station who have obligingly consented to let their names be employed on the occasion.

At first, there is felt to be something flattering in the request. You are made aware of being no longer an obscure individual, but a person of some note. Then arises the pleasing thought of seeing your name flourishing in a list of people of rank and title, such as earls, baronets, and lieutenant-generals. The prospect is very inviting. There is to be no pecuniary responsibility, while something may be reaped as regards popularity. And it is so *very* hard to refuse a request couched in terms so courteous and respectful. Accordingly, from these and other considerations, you allow the use of your name, and possibly give yourself no further trouble in the matter.

There can be no doubt that in innumerable instances, no injury whatever is sustained from the lending of names, while, on the contrary, much good may be effected. The practice, however, of giving your name to projects of which you know but little, and over which you exercise no sort of supervision, appears to us to be objectionable in principle. As is seen by almost daily experience, it is fraught with dangers absolutely appalling. By indiscreetly allowing names to be

employed in schemes of a visionary, or it may be fraudulent, nature, not only fortunes but reputations are sacrificed beyond recall. Cases of this nature are becoming so clamant as to invite a consideration of the whole system of name-borrowing and lending. Public morals as well as private sufferings are conspicuously concerned in the question.

There can, we think, be but one proper rule of action. That is, on no account to give your name to any project whatsoever unless well assured of its integrity, and unless you are able to exercise some control over the proceedings. Merely to give your name, and take no part in the way things are conducted, is to run unnecessary risks; for you cannot tell how things may be mismanaged, and how your reputation may be less or more compromised. You, in fact, leave matters to chance. At the best, you allow yourself to be put forward as a lure - a bait to catch some paltry patronage for a thing which ought in justice to stand on its own merits. Such seems to us to be the true view of the matter: names to be given only to what is ostensibly creditable, and to what the owners of the names give also a fair share of personal attention. Of course, the refusal of your name must, in a variety of cases, be far from agreeable. You can clearly see that you will be set down as a savage, or at least a very eccentric personage, who does not readily fall in with the fashions that prevail in society. Very hard, truly, to feel that you are warring against the edicts which prescriptively hold rule in Vanity Fair! Yet right is right, all usages notwithstanding. And is it not better to suffer a little present inconvenience than the future twinges of conscience, or a loss of self-respect? Out of false shame, to do what you know to be wrong, is to act under the most pitiful of all motives.

Properly considered, one's name is to be deemed more precious than his money. He who steals our purse, as Shakespeare observes with proverbial wisdom, steals trash, but he who filches from us our good name, makes us poor indeed. Yet persons are often not only regardless of the appropriation

of their name, but voluntarily contribute to the depreciation of what they should hold in so much esteem. It cannot escape notice that a name which is lent on all occasions ceases to be thought much of. Seen times without number in connection with a multiplicity of affairs, the public come to treat it with ridicule and indifference. It is a name—perhaps a good name—weakly thrown away. The truth of this may be pressed on the notice of kind-hearted people who are apt to come frequently before the public with complaints as to something which needs to be redressed. Their name gets so hackneyed, that when they have to remonstrate on matters of serious concern, nobody minds what they say. They have damaged a good cause by habitual indiscretion. A wise man nurses his name, and employs it—or allows it to be employed—only with the strictest regard to propriety. By a disregard on this point, a man is apt to become known only as a rash enthusiast, a buffoon—or a fool.

We happen to have known some amusing instances of persons of title making a kind of business of lending themselves out to dinner-parties. The borrowers were usually tradesmen who affected to have high-class acquaintances. They wanted a titled name to be shouted out when the honoured guest entered the drawing-room, and to have the pleasure of often addressing him by name at the dinner; as, for instance: 'Allow me to help your lordship to a slice of the turkey.' Or: 'Will your lordship be pleased to take a glass of that dry champagne? genuine Louis Roderer, Carte Blanche.' In London, some years ago, we knew a baronet in somewhat decayed circumstances, who dined out daily in houses where the host was glad to have him for the sake of his name. Another case which came to our knowledge was that of a lord with a fine sounding title, who may be said to have got his clothes for nothing from a fashionable West End tailor, on the understanding that he was to dine at the tailor's house when invited on any special occasion. Woe be to his lordship if he ceased to accept the invitations! A tremendously long bill running up as high as four figures, would soon have been brought unpleasantly under his notice. Such may be deemed melancholy specimens of men of good social position trading on their name. No doubt, hundreds of such cases are familiar to fashionable diners-out, as well as to the *habitués* of evening-parties. In fact, at the west end of the metropolis, beginning, say, at Berkeley Square, you are never sure that half the people you meet at these parties are not invited for the mere sake of their high-sounding name. We need hardly say that the hosts are of the parvenu order, whose aim is to make character by the distinguished names of their guests. It will be recollected that Mrs Hudson, wife of Hindson the 'Railway King,' who, in his latter days, was supported by charity, had the amazing tact to entrap the Duke of Wellington—the Great Duke—for one of her magnificent evening-parties. A splendid catch of a name that, seldom equalled before or since.

From the small sin of heedlessly lending names to float off balls, fancy-bazaars, and such-like petty affairs, there is a considerable stride to floating off and abetting a class of undertakings which involve a loss of many thousands of pounds to the poor dupes who are allured by false representations to their destruction. Here, the indiscretion rises to a participation in crime. Silly lords and baronets, members of parliament, officers in the army, and clergymen, possibly in the hope of securing some little pecuniary advantage, become the associates of swindlers, and condemn themselves to life-long regret, along with the consciousness of social disgrace. Is this not true? Can it be denied that apparently at requests preferred in a few smooth words, and from the miserable bribe of a guinea, or so, for attending meetings of directors, men of hitherto unstained character are known to imperil not only available means, but the precious reputation of themselves and families? Sad climax in an honourable career, to sink to the position of what is facetiously called a 'Guinea Pig!' Yet, that is too frequently done, if not from necessity, at least from choice. London is full of these Guinea Pigs, or Name-lenders. They swarm everywhere. They are seen in the grandest houses. Connected with dozens of schemes got up to pick money from the pockets of too-confiding investors, they seemingly realise an income, such as it is, from the business of name-lending, which in the ethics of fashion is not deemed particularly scandalous. Think of a man who lives by the wages of systematic plunder, figuring within, or upon the verges of, Mayfair, as one of the reputables of society!

But beyond this there is a loftier vision. It is a contemplation of that magnificent class of 'Promoters,' men who devise and float projects, to whom the small-minded Guinea-Pig order of beings are slavishly subservient. Among this exalted class who far and away take the shine out of Englishmen is a colony of German adventurers, who, struggling manfully away from indigence in their own country, and with abilities more intellectually acute and varied than morally sensitive, carry all before them in the profound art of money-making, no doubt to the extreme disgust of their more soberly disposed countrymen. Their names may sound harsh to English ears, and not very suitable 'to conjure with,' but what more easy than to change a name in adaptation to ordinary conceptions! The German names are accordingly anglicised, and for the most part in that ingenious way that preserves the initial letters. Change of name may not in special cases be unreasonable. It is, however, a very different thing if names are altered for certain purposes connected with the floating of questionable schemes on the Stock Exchange, in which Germans happen to be peculiarly proficient.

To this race of enterprising foreigners, England has offered a favourable field of operation. The floating of foreign loans has obviously been brought to a high state of perfection under their auspices, in conjunction with the facility for deception on the Stock Exchange. There is, however, another species of flotation in which Promoters, native and foreign, shew a masterly dexterity. This consists in the art of floating Joint-stock Companies (Limited). Therein lies a perpetually welling spring of financial manipulation.

Plain ordinary business requiring painstaking industry, such as we are accustomed to, is pronounced to be slow, humdrum, and contemptible. The right thing to do is to get hold of a decent steady-going concern, and transform it into a Joint-stock Company (Limited), and by the operation clear fifty thousand pounds at a whip. One may ask how this magical result is to be effected. The answer is simple. Taking advantage of the profusion of capital seeking investment, Promoters issue a flauntingly seductive Prospectus, offering the concern in shares; they get names to futher the company as directors, which it is not difficult to do in the well-replenished market of titled Name-lenders, and the thing is done. The shares being taken up and paid for, the Promoters complacently walk off with the plunder. What is to be the reputation or the fate of the Joint-stock Company (Limited), which has thus been floated from pure greed of gain, is a matter of indifference. The end has been gained. The plunder has been safely pocketed.

That is what is styled doing business smartly, and in a way worthy of the age. The invention, as is well known, is American. Primarily, it had in view the co-operation of men with small means; but from this simple aim and organisation it has very much passed into the hands of skilled manipulators, by whose avaricious and scandalous performances, aided by name-lending, it has been grievously outraged. We would by no means say that the plan of Joint-stock Companies (Limited) is universally to be held up to derision and obloquy; but all who read the daily newspapers must know that what we have faintly pictured is too truly borne out by facts. That the more odious of this class of proceedings are greatly facilitated by persons notably respectable lending their names as directors or trustees, is unhappily beyond dispute. We have it in evidence in one of the painful cases brought into public notice, that a lady was induced to venture hundreds of pounds simply on the grounds that a clergyman whom she named was avowedly one of the trustees of the concern. One cannot but wonder at the credulity of investors in taking for gospel all that is put forth in Prospectuses. Blinded by greed, they rush onward to ruin. Their weakness, however, does not extenuate the Name-lenders who have been mainly the cause of their misfortune. In the case just instanced, the clergyman whose name acted as a decoy cannot, if he has a spark of conscience, fail to suffer the pangs of remorse for having aided in the robbery of his fellow-creatures. He was mistaken. That, presumably, is his excuse. But it is no excuse at all. He ought not on any account to have verified with his name that which was, on the face of it, ridiculous, and could on no proper grounds be substantiated. He has, in short, been as surely guilty of a moral wrong as if he had led the blind into a pit.

Whether the Legislature will be invoked to remedy the prodigious abuses incidental to the form of joint-stock partnership we speak of, seems to be doubtful. Certainly, from recent revelations in the course of proceedings before the Lord Mayor and otherwise, it is time that some effective remedy should be applied. Meanwhile, what strikes us with astonishment is the countenance given by some of the higher classes of society to the whole fraternity of Name-lenders and Promoters—apparently

from no other reason than that they live in splendid mansions and give splendid entertainments. A reform in this particular is admitted to be as much wanted as legislative interference. W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A PATRONESS.

If any one could have proved to demonstration—could have brought it home to her that Mrs Campden of Riverside had committed even so much as a peccadillo, she would have been astonished with a great astonishment. It was true, whenever she went to church—and she went thither with the utmost regularity—that she called herself, or permitted the clergyman to call her, without remonstrance, a miserable sinner. But those words are always used, or at least applied by those who hear them, in a certain parliamentary sense. Mrs Campden often thought herself miserable, but never a sinner. She could thank Heaven—people had heard her do it—that she had always done her duty in that elevated station of life to which it had pleased Providence to call her. She supported the rector, she patronised the curate, she was affable to the doctor; she not only, as I have said, went to church herself, but was the cause of going thither in others; the bread and blankets which she distributed in sufficient quantities at Christmas were reserved for those poor folks alone who attended the parish church; she did not heap coals upon the heads of those undeserving ones who attended chapel, or resisted the temptations of all places of worship equally; her right hand knew very well what her left hand was about, and neither indulged in indiscriminate almsgiving. Whatever she did, as she had justly boasted to her husband, she did upon principle—and also what she left undone. If she did not command respect, she was at least eminently respectable. That she had once inspired love in a man like George Campden was one of those inexplicable social phenomena at which we stand astonished as at a conjurer's trick; the thing has happened, for we have seen it with our eyes, but how, in the name of wonder, did it come about? Don't we see, every day, genial, good-natured men tied for life to abominable women—scolds, grunblers, affected dolls, viragos; as we see—though much more rarely—charming women mated with dullards or scoundrels. Opportunity, a limited range of choice, a pique, must be, as old Burton says, 'causes.' If there was no other class of woman in the world but that—unhappily a large one—to which Mrs Campden belonged, and if the responsibility of carrying on the human race rested with myself alone, the world would come to an end; I would never marry. If she importuned me, I should reply: 'Madam, I must decline the temptation—upon principle.' Fortunately, tastes differ; and this class of woman does get married. I believe I know—though I have not the courage to write it—how it is done.

Of course Mrs Campden was jealous of her husband; and since he gave her no cause in the way of flirtations, she grudged him his friendships. She had accused him a hundred times of letting John Dalton 'come between her and him.' When a man marries, she gave him to understand, he should cleave to his wife, and cast off all old entanglements of every description; and how he

could sit in the smoking-room talking over old times with his friend—she had no high opinion of college life, and called them ‘humiliating antecedents’—in place of retiring at a reasonable hour in well-principled company, was inexplicable to her. Of Mrs Dalton she was jealous in another way: it was impossible that the most jaundiced eye could find fault with Edith’s manner, which was the perfection of gentleness and sweetness; but she was envious of her popularity. She could not say that she laid herself out to secure the affections of her host; but she resented her winning them, all the same, as she resented her winning those of everybody else. It was wormwood to her to be obliged to confess to herself, that not only in her own household, but in ‘the county’—where, above everything, she wished to shine pre-eminent—Mrs Dalton was by far the greater favourite. Lady Wapshot had actually complimented her—Mrs Campden—upon her being able, summer after summer, to secure such charming guests as the Daltons at Riverside. ‘They are certainly the most striking family—quite too delightful,’ had been her ladyship’s verdict. ‘I am told, that except Lord Clarendon, Mr Dalton is the very best—what do you call it?—*raconteur*. I confess I am quite in love with him. Then his wife, who I should be afraid is a little consumptive, is so sweet. And then Kitty—I assure you that last season, I have been informed, Kate Dalton might have’—and then she had whispered into Mrs Campden’s ear the rumour of a very magnificent *parti* indeed.

‘I don’t believe it,’ answered that lady, a little rudely, considering the rank of her companion, and her own veneration for it; ‘at least, I can hardly credit it.’

‘You may do so, however, for I had it upon the very best authority: the *very* best, Mrs Campden—*his own*.’

Mrs Campden did not believe it any the more for this audacious corroboration; but the fact that such a story should have got abroad, and be repeated by such a person as Lady Wapshot, shewed what a sensation Kitty Dalton must have made.

Now, Mary Campden, though a little older, had ‘come out’ in the same season as Kate, and had fallen, metaphorically speaking, rather flat. It was no wonder, then, that the maternal heart was sore as respected her child’s successful rival.

As to Jenny, Mrs Campden thought there was ‘a great deal too much fuss made about that girl and her ailments;’ she could not help being an invalid, of course; but she should bow to the dispensations of Providence, and since it had pleased it to afflict her, she should be afflicted; not come into society upon a spring-couch, and carry on conversation on her back, in such a curious and alarming manner. Tony was little more than a child, and Mrs Campden did not take much notice of children; but from what she had seen of the boy, and his affection for Geoffrey Derwent, she regarded him with little favour.

Thus it happened that Mrs Campden—who had no great love, I think, for anybody save one individual—‘I can only place my love,’ she used to say, ‘where I feel respect;’ and then she would stroke and straighten herself in a very self-appreciative manner—entertained a feeling that was almost hostile towards her guests, the Daltons. She would indeed have been shocked if any one had suggested

that she rejoiced in their ruin; but since it had pleased Heaven to thus afflict them, she was not one to find fault with its dispensations. Whether her husband had appealed to her or not, she would undoubtedly have assisted them; but the pleasure that she professed to derive from it was not that of doing good, but of conferring a favour—perhaps even an obligation. She was certainly not displeased at suddenly finding herself in a superior social position to the woman whom every one pronounced perfection, and whose daughter had cut out her own in London society. If the misfortunes of our friends give us pleasure, is it to be expected that those of our enemies—of those at least with whom we have any cause of quarrel—should not be grateful to us! Undoubtedly, too, Uncle George’s well-meant intercession had done his clients harm. The only contest with her husband in which Mrs Campden had been worsted—had been silenced by the great gnaw of his passion—was upon the Daltons’ account; and she was not a woman to easily forgive those who had been, however innocently, the cause of such a disgrace.

She did not acknowledge, even to herself, that such was the state of her feelings; but over her hard and bitter nature, there had suddenly grown, as respected her unhappy guests, a hard and bitter rind. It would have been difficult for some of them to have touched her heart with pity in any case, but it had now become impenetrable to all.

‘Mamma, may I come in?’ cried Mary, in tones of quite unaccustomed flurry and excitement, and not even waiting for an answer, she came quickly into the room.

‘What is the matter, my child?’ was the quiet reply.

‘O mamma, such a dreadful thing has happened, such a shocking misfortune! Dear Katy has just been telling me that—that they are all ruined;’ and the girl broke into a sob, overcome by genuine sorrow for her unhappy cousins.

‘It is very sad, of course, my dear Mary—*very* sad,’ said Mrs Campden, smoothing the folds of her dress as she sat in her chair, while Mary stood in tears by the mantelpiece; ‘but I cannot say it is altogether unexpected. I suppose Katy did not tell you how it happened?’

‘Well, yes. It seems Cousin John’—

‘You mean Mr Dalton,’ interrupted her mother. ‘It is not on *his* side of the house, remember, that we are related to the family.’

‘Well, it seems he was taken in by some wicked people in a speculation. But, however, it matters little now, since they have lost all their money.’

‘Pardon me, my child; it matters a good deal. There are higher things in the world—as I have sometimes occasion to tell your father—than pounds, shillings, and pence. All persons who speculate are wicked; and as for their being taken in, that is what the people who lose are always ready to say. Of course, Katy would not tell you—perhaps she does not know—how much Mr Dalton is to blame in the matter; but I know. My dear, that man is a scoundrel!’

‘O mamma! Cousin John a scoundrel! That is impossible. We are all so fond of him, from papa down to the very servants.’

‘The friendship of the world, my child, we have the best authority for knowing, is not a proof of good principles.’

‘Well, he is going away—at once—to Brazil,’

answered Mary, with a fresh access of grief. Brazil seemed to the girl so far away, that the sentiment *Nil nisi bonum* applied to it, as to the grave itself. 'Katy says her mother is almost broken-hearted; and if you could have seen Katy herself just now, while she was telling me—' O mamma, fancy if papa was going to Brazil!

'I hope, my dear, your father will never put himself under the necessity of going to any such place,' returned Mrs Campden with dignity. 'I am not reproving you for exhibiting such sincere sorrow—on the contrary, it does you credit; but you should learn to put a little more restraint upon your feelings. After all, it is principle alone, remember, that should guide our actions.'

'But if Mr Dalton has acted ever so wrongly, what have his wife and children to do with it? We should pity them the more, since it is surely all the worse for them to feel that he is to blame; though, for my part, I can't think such bad things of Cousin John. I am much rather inclined to believe that that stiff, hard-eyed Mr Holt is at the bottom of it all.'

'My dear Mary, I cannot listen to this,' said her mother, rising majestically. 'Whatever we say or do, let us above all things be charitable. For all we know, Mr Holt may be a very respectable person; Mr Dalton if that goes for anything—always said he was, in his own sphere of life. He has nothing but his character to maintain him; so, pray, be careful what you say. It is very unlikely, I must also take leave to say, that so very clever a man as Mr Dalton is allowed to be, should allow himself to be taken in by anybody. However, as you were about to say, Heaven forbid that we should visit his crimes upon the heads of his unfortunate wife and children! Of course, they will have to give up their house in London—which will make us later, by-the-bye, in going to town than usual—and live in a totally different way, in lodgings somewhere.'

'They are going to live in Sanbeck, mamma; that is the one bit of good news in the whole black budget. Old Mr Landell is dead, and his house is to be 'let—' "The Nook," you know—and they are all thinking of living there while Cousin John is away. It was that dear Dr Curzon who suggested it; and won't it be delightful!'

'I can't tell that, my dear,' returned Mrs Campden with gravity, 'till I have seen how matters turn out.'

'But, at all events, mamma, we shall be able to see much more of them at Sanbeck than if they were up in town—and to do much more for them. Why, Kitty and I can run over and see one another any afternoon; and they can come and dine with us as often as they please.'

'My poor child, in your haste to be all that is kind,' said Mrs Campden, kissing her daughter's forehead, 'you lose sight of what is practicable. Your cousins will soon be very poor: they could not come over the crags to dinner at night, but must drive round by the road; and how are they to afford a horse and fly?'

'A horse and fly!' repeated Mary lugubriously. If her mother had said 'a one-horse hearse,' it would scarcely have been a more melancholy suggestion. There were two little old maids from the county town—the Misses Bilger, daughters of Sir Robert Bilger, Baronet, who had ruined himself by keeping the county foxhounds, and whose memory,

therefore, gave a certain aroma of consideration to his offspring; and these shabby-gentle spinsters used to call once a year or so at Riverside, in a one-horse fly. A more graphic description of actual poverty could scarcely have been given to Mary than this reference to that dreary vehicle which for the future her cousins would not be able to afford to hire. It brought their utter ruin home to her imagination for the first time. 'Surely, mamma, we could send a carriage for them,' said she presently, yet feeling, even before her mother's reply, that even that step would not meet all the exigencies of the case.

'Of course we could, my dear, and no doubt we should do so occasionally; but people don't like using other people's carriages, especially when they cannot afford to give a fee to the coachman. There is a sense of obligation!—'

'O mamma! what! with us?'

'I think you will find it so, my dear, unless I have quite misread Mrs Dalton's character. Whatever we do for her and hers must be done very delicately; and I have a plan in my head, which, without making them seem indebted to anybody, will be of the greatest help to them—indeed, will go a good way to restore what Mr Dalton has so wickedly squandered.'

'Oh, what is it?' cried Mary, clapping her plump hands, and quite forgetting, in her joy at the prospect of this remedy for his woes, to protest against the condemnation of her cousin. 'How nice of you, dear mamma, to have hit upon it.'

'It was only my duty to cast about for any help for these poor people,' returned Mrs Campden modestly; 'but as for the plan itself, that must remain a secret until I find an opportunity for getting it carried out.—Where is Mrs Dalton, my dear? I almost think she might have come to me herself, under circumstances so momentous.'

'Indeed, mamma, I think she is hardly equal to doing that: Kitty says she is sure she is only keeping up by a great effort. But if you would go and speak to her in her own room, I am sure she would take it kindly.'

'Then, of course, I will go, my dear,' answered Mrs Campden, rising; 'in cases of trouble such as this, it is not for a person in my position to stand upon etiquette. My cousins will find me exactly the same in every respect as though this misfortune had not occurred to them.'

As the good lady had no suspicion in her own mind but that this was a very commendable observation, it is to be hoped that it was credited to her as such in the celestial ledger; and it is but fair to add that, though never more conscious of her position in the 'county' than at that moment, she had never felt more truly affable. If you had heard her hesitating knock at Mrs Dalton's chamber-door, you would have thought it was that of a country maid who had not yet acquired confidence in her intercourse with her superiors; and the voice in which she said 'Cousin Edith, may I come in?' was the voice of a poor relation and dependant rather than of the mistress of the house—and the situation. The knock and the voice were, however, sufficiently recognisable within to send the two girls flying into Jenny's room, so that when Mrs Campden entered, she found her kinswoman and guest alone. That she had been weeping, the intruder could perceive with a half-glance, but there

were no tears in her eyes now; indeed, her wan grave face wore a smile as she rose up to meet her hostess—a gentle smile, yet not one of pleading, still less of apology or humiliation. If she and hers had been ruined by her husband's rashness, that was no business of other people, and least of all of people who looked on her husband with disfavour. She was of too fine a nature to take it for granted that her cousin had any such notion in her mind at such a moment, yet she could not forget the conversation they had held but yesterday together on board the yacht, and the expressions of opinion which had fallen from Mrs Campden respecting a certain supposititious state of affairs, which had since been actually realised. If one word of reproach against John should fall *now* from Mrs Campden's lips, his wife would well know how to defend him. If she were told *now* that he was without excuse, she would reply, that he did not need excuse, since all those who had any right to look for one were satisfied.

It was curious that so quiet and sweet a face should say all this in bidding another woman welcome, but it did say so, and that so plainly, that her visitor perceived it on the instant, and altered her whole tactics; changed front in the face of the enemy. She had intended to be patronising; but now she touched another spring in her mental machinery—which was arranged in a very handy and simple manner—and became sentimental on the spot. She began to gush.

'My darling Edith!' cried she, embracing her; 'this news has overwhelmed me quite.'

'Indeed, Julia, I hope not,' smiled the other, returning her caress, though with a little less of demonstration. 'We have had a crushing blow, but it has not prostrated us, and I hope it will not bear more hardly on our friends.'

'Ah, my dear, you are so courageous. I always said you would be the bravest of women, if a necessity arose for your being brave; though, of course, I could not foresee what a misfortune was in store for you. It is a comfort, indeed, to see you so steadfast; my only fear is that it is the excitement which keeps you up, and that, when that has passed away, and the dull sense of calamity settles down upon you— But there, why should we anticipate such a misfortune?'

'Why, indeed, Julia? Only, you should rather say, Why should *you*? for indeed I, for my part, have no intention of succumbing, as you suggest. The children'—her voice sank a little here—'have quite made up their minds to make the best of it; indeed, their cheerful submission to what will without doubt be a hard and unlooked-for fate, tells me how much we have yet to be thankful for.'

'And your husband, I hear, is going to Brazil?'

That was a deadly thrust; only a woman hard of heart and reckless of tongue could have given such a stab as that, just because she had found independence where she had expected submission. The opportunity had been chosen with devilish sagacity; she had struck at the moment when the other was weakened by that reference to her children. Even that bosom, guarded as it was by its brass of 'principle' and pride, felt a touch of natural pity as she saw the colour fade from the other's cheek; the haggard look of each delicate feature, as the shadow of the coming woe fell over it; the sense of devastation and despair.

'Yes,' answered Mrs Dalton in a low faint voice, such as tortured martyrs use who are asked upon the rack to deny their faith, and will not; 'my dear husband has to leave us: that will be the hardest thing of all.'

'But let us hope he will soon return,' said Mrs Campden cheerfully. She must indeed have been touched by the other's agony, or else she would surely never have expressed such an aspiration. 'A voyage in these days, even to Brazil, is a mere nothing. You will be occupied too—and nothing makes time pass like occupation—in getting into your new house. I have just heard that you are all thinking of becoming our neighbours at the Nook. I may truly say, in that case, so far as we are concerned, that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."'

'You are very kind,' said Mrs Dalton, though she did not think so. It was borne in, even upon her gentle spirit, that no true sympathy was being administered to her. The conventional phrase, the rapid stream of talk—the continuity designed to preclude any interchange of genuine feeling—the tone and manner of the speaker, all convinced her of this; yet she was grateful for such civility as was expressed, and also perhaps not displeased that the other's condolences wore such an everyday garb, since it was not necessary for her to play the hypocrite in acknowledging them.

'You will stay here, of course,' continued Mrs Campden, 'until your arrangements for entering upon your new house are completed.'

'I fear that will make some trespass on your hospitality, Julia: we are rather a large party,' said Mrs Dalton, hesitating. As a matter of fact, since her hostess had often importuned her to make a longer stay before returning to town, she had taken this offer for granted; she had not understood how, in the case of such old friends, a reverse of fortune should place their mutual relations on another basis, far less that they should commence anew.

'Don't speak of trespass, my dear Edith. In an establishment like ours, a few persons more or less make no appreciable difference; while to put off our going to London for a week or two would really make no difference to us worth mentioning.'

This was perfectly true—if it is necessary to say so of any speech made by a person of such high principles as Mrs Campden; it certainly would make no difference, as the departure of herself and her husband for town was to be delayed, in any case, for a month to come. It was only Mary who had been going up at once with the Daltons.

'From what Dr Curzon tells us,' said Mrs Dalton, 'I think we might be able to take up our quarters in the Nook within three weeks. John thinks it would not be necessary for me to return to Cardigan Place; but he will run up there to-morrow, and make arrangements for the sale, and and for securing his berth on board the vessel. It is very hard to be parted from him just now, when he is so soon to leave me; but my accompanying him would cost money, and I don't feel justified'—

'You are quite right,' broke in Mrs Campden approvingly; 'one can't begin the work of retrenchment too soon. I am so glad—though I quite expected it—to find you so wise and prudent in this matter. I dare say, my dear Edith,' added she, dropping her voice, 'you have had the courage

to look not only the present in the face, but the future also.'

'Of course, I have thought of the future—God help me! how could I help thinking of it?' answered Mrs Dalton, with just the least touch of bitterness. These platitudes of the prosperous woman were growing almost insupportable to her. 'Do you suppose that I have not reflected how ten days hence, I must stand alone in the world, with my poor children clinging to me?'

'Just so; it is about the children—at least one of them—that I was thinking.'

'O yes; about dear Tony,' said Mrs Dalton, brightening up. 'I ought to have thanked you for your husband's kind intentions to him. His offer to send him to Eton was most generous, and has of course been gratefully accepted by us.'

'To Eton!' said Mrs Campden quickly.

'Yes. Was it not just like your husband's kindness? What! has he not told you? But that is like him too. He would conceal his generous acts, if it was possible, even from his wife herself.'

'Yes, Edith, it is all very like George, as you were saying,' observed her hostess gravely; 'he is impulsive and lavish enough, goodness knows—Pray, don't imagine,' added she, as she saw the colour rush into her companion's face, 'that I could grudge anything my husband did for you and yours. He should send Tony to Eton, by all means—if it would benefit the boy; but consider—with his altered prospects—how unsuitable such an arrangement would be. I for my part should consider it a positive cruelty. The poor boy would only imbibe a taste for luxury that could never be gratified, and make acquaintances from whom circumstances must always separate him in after-life.'

'There is much, of course, to be said on that side of the question,' returned Mrs Dalton coldly (the word 'lavish' had wounded her to the quick, and if she had followed her own impulses, she would have declined all offers for Tony's benefit upon the spot); 'but on the other hand, John has many friends who have sons at Eton, and he thinks it would be well, if he himself must needs drop out of the sphere in which he has always moved, that the connection should be maintained through Tony, for the boy's sake. Fortune may smile upon us, even now'—

'My dear Edith,' interrupted Mrs Campden, 'most earnestly do I hope it will. But let us not be the victims of illusion; an expensive and fashionable school like Eton unless, indeed, the lad is to be a collegier; of course, if it is proposed to place him on the foundation, that is quite another matter.'

'I understand it was Mr Campden's intention, Julia, to place him in the same position as that he would have occupied if this misfortune had not befallen us.' Mrs Dalton's tone was calm, but her heart was failing; she had no false pride; but she well knew that the life on which poor Tony had set his heart—which it was such an inexpressible comfort to have heard that Uncle George's kindness had secured for him—was not such as is passed by boys on the foundation; the letters he had had from his young friends at that seat of learning had enlightened her upon that point; above all, he was delicate, and there were hardships to be endured by 'collegers,' to which 'opidians' were not exposed. It was foolish of her, of

course, to entertain such a predilection, but it must be remembered that she was a woman and a mother.

'Then, I must confess, Edith, I think my husband's offer has been very injudicious,' observed Mrs Campden confidently. She was thoroughly aware of her companion's reasons—if they could be called so—for her opinion, and would have entertained it herself, had their places been reversed; so that she was able to rebut her arguments without their having been stated—a great advantage in all discussions. 'I have always heard,' continued she, 'that collegers are just as well born and as well bred as others, only their parents have but moderate means. Surely, my dear Edith, it will be among these that Anthony' (the idea of shortening names 'for love and euphony' was repugnant to Mrs Campden) 'will find his more suitable place; and though, doubtless, an opidian's life is the more luxurious, is it judicious to allow a poor boy to be petted and pampered for a year or two, who will afterwards have to make his own way in the world and rough it?'

The mistress of Riverside had always confidence in her own view of affairs, but it was not always, as in this case, that the strength of the argument did really lie upon her side. Her opponent, too, was secretly conscious that it did so; perhaps the strongest motive she had had for accepting Mr Campden's offer on behalf of Tony was that, for the present, one member of her family at least should have no cause to drink of the cup of bitterness that must needs be the portion of all the rest. Why should the smile be banished from the face of her beautiful boy, since it could be kept there, perhaps, till smiles returned to all of them?

'I am sure you perceive the reasonableness of what I have pointed out,' continued Mrs Campden, clasping her hands in triumphant superiority, and regarding her victim, with head aside, like a magpie who has just picked another bird's eye out.

'Perhaps we had better leave the question of the boy's schooling to our husbands,' sighed Mrs Dalton; 'I think men know more about such matters than we do.'

Mrs Campden smiled a scornful smile. She had always despised her companion for having neither a proper spirit nor a will of her own; but this open acknowledgment of inferiority to the opposite sex was in her eyes something worse than contemptible.

'Well, well, my dear, we will discuss this matter another time. To benefit your boy will be only one of our pleasures as respects you and yours. I hope I shall be able to do something, and much more than this, for another.'

Mrs Dalton looked up quickly with inquiring eyes. There had been an unmistakable significance in the tone of her hostess. It was clear that she had some particular benefit in her mind, or a benefit to some particular person. Her face was indicative of a certain sense of her own sagacity, which announced a plan fixed and approved, and her eager eyes evinced her desire to communicate it.

Yet, so far from giving her any encouragement, Mrs Dalton replied, a little hurriedly: 'You are very good, I'm sure, Julia. I have promised to see Dr Curzon again before he goes about the Nook; so perhaps you will excuse me for a few moments; and without further apology, she quitted the room.'

'I think she guessed what I was going to say,' mused Mrs Campden grimly, when she found herself alone. 'I am afraid she has a weak nature to thus shrink from a subject simply because it is disagreeable. It must, however, be discussed sooner or later; and at all events, I have put a spoke in the wheel of that young gentleman's being sent to Eton at our expense. I never heard of such unprincipled folly. It could not be done under a hundred and fifty pounds a year at the very least; but when people get poor, they immediately begin to think that all their friends are made of money.'

GREAT GUNS AND ARMOUR-PLATING.

THE 'wooden walls' of Old England are declared to be wholly useless for naval attack or defence. Nothing will now do but vessels coated with thick iron plates, and carrying guns of enormous dimensions. Very good; but here comes the dilemma. Some other nations are just as able and disposed to adopt these ponderous and costly novelties as England. And, in point of fact, there is now going on an extraordinary rivalry as to who shall have the thickest armour-plated war-vessels and the biggest engines of destruction. It is altogether a queer struggle, dating from about the time of the Crimean War, when guns of large size began to be experimentally made, before there were suitably strong ships ready to receive them. Nasmyth's big gun was the talk of its time; Horsfall's gun was looked upon as a marvel, because it could fire a ball of two hundred and eighty pounds through four and a quarter inches of iron; and Clay's gun triumphed with a three-hundred-pound shot. Then came the beautiful inventions of Sir William Armstrong and Sir Joseph Whitworth, carrying the art of gun-construction to a degree of perfection never before attained. Next occurred the American Civil War, which startled our Admiralty by showing that no ship whatever, unless thickly jacketed with plates of iron, could resist the shots fired by the *Monitor* class of vessels. Therefore, we rushed into two expensive adventures at once—building *Monitors* armed with a small number of very heavy guns; and clothing a large number of our ships, some timber-built and some iron-built, with armour-plates. As, happily, we have not had to fight any great naval battle for twenty years, we could not try our big guns against an enemy's ships; and, therefore, targets were built up for the shot to bang away upon. Meanwhile, the navy yards were required to construct ships of war that would carry the largest guns mechanical skill could produce, and the thickest armour-plates that Sheffield could send forth. So matters have gone on year after year; ships, guns, shot, and armour-plates aiding in the struggle to determine whether the attacking power can be made greater than the defensive, or the defensive greater than the attacking.

Loud was the jubilation when, after the construction of several half-clad ships of the *Warrior* class, the Admiralty set afloat three fully plated iron-clads of the *Minotaur* class, with the enormous length of four hundred feet. It was fondly believed that no fighting-ships in the world would ever excel these. Experience shewed, however, that such very long ships are not handy for steering

and turning; and the Admiralty adopted a shorter standard for the *Hercules* and *Bellerophon*. Then came Captain Cowper Coles's revolving turrets in which to place the guns, instead of ranging them broadside. Then the announcement by Sheffield firms that, by rolling instead of hammering, they could produce armour-plates tougher and thicker than any before known. Then the completion of magnificent arrangements at Woolwich whereby the Fraser guns (a modification of the Armstrongs) could be made of vast size and enormous strength, on account of being wholly wrought, not cast. The 'Woolwich Infant' has become a favourite epithet for the monster gun of the present day; and a most extraordinary sight was presented to the 'zar of Russia, when he visited our great arsenal in 1874, in the 'Infant School,' where were ranged a selection from all the great modern guns that Woolwich could shew.

And so matters went on stage by stage—ships, armour, guns, and shot becoming alike larger and more powerful—until the momentous days of the *Devastation* arrived. Men really did think that at length we had arrived at such a pitch of destructive and defensive force combined, that further progress would hardly be sought. We shall see presently how far this supposition was correct; meanwhile it may be well to give some account of the points of difference between this famous iron-clad and those that preceded it.

Towards the close of 1869, the First Lord of the Admiralty, with all the pomp that usually distinguishes such a ceremony, laid the first keel-piece of the *Devastation* at Portsmouth. The theory of very long iron-clads had gone so much out of favour, that the length of the *Devastation* was settled at two hundred and eighty-five feet—more than a hundred feet shorter than some of its predecessors; the breadth sixty-two feet, rather more than one-fifth of the length. Its displacement—that is, the weight of the water which it displaces—exceeds nine thousand tons; and the steam-engines are capable of working up to six thousand horse-power. An ugly affair it is, without any masts proper, having a mass of ironwork on deck which would have puzzled Nelson or Howe beyond measure. This ironwork marks the strange changes which have been made in the arrangement of the armament of such vessels. The earlier iron-clads were broadsides, with a horizontal row of big guns peeping out on each side. Then came the revolving turret on a flat ship rising but a very little way above the surface of the water—a 'cheese-box on a raft,' as some one called it, with two enormous guns mounted in the 'cheese-box.' After various modifications and combinations of the broadside and the turret, Mr Reel, the Chief Constructor for the navy, introduced something new in the *Devastation*. There is a kind of armoured wall inclosing a space in the middle of the upper deck; the space occupies nearly three-fourths of the length, and one-half the breadth of the entire area of the deck, and the iron wall around it is seven or eight feet high. Within this space are two turrets or circular towers, and various structures and gangways connected with the navigation of the ship and the accommodation of the officers and crew. Each turret rotates, not on a central spindle, but on numerous rollers which work on the deck; and each, thirty feet in diameter,

contains two 'Woolwich Infants' of formidable character. No wonder that the entire mass has been compared to 'a raft with a heavy deck-load in the centre.' Upwards of twenty steam-engines are provided for working the ship in various ways.

We have said little yet about its armour and armament. When the *Devastation* had been a few months in hand, the nation was distressed by the loss of the costly turret-ship *Captain*, with all hands—including Captain Coles himself; and the Admiralty caused a thorough investigation to be made into the probable merits of the different classes of iron-clad. The result was favourable to the *Devastation*; but certain changes of plan were deemed desirable. When laid down, it was believed that the armour would resist the shot of a twenty-five-ton gun, the largest at that time ventured on in any navy; but improved gun-powder, in cubes, called 'pebble-powder,' had so increased the velocity and force of the shot as to render greater resisting power necessary, and so the *Devastation* was clothed with armour no less than twelve inches in thickness, carried down five feet below the water-line; the turrets have armour averaging thirteen inches thick; while the wall or breast-work around the inclosed space on deck is also formed of armour-plates. Compare this with the five-inch armour of the once-mighty *Warrior* and *Minotaur*, and we see what a stride has been made; no wonder that such a ship displaces nine thousand tons of water! Two guns of thirty-five tons were planned for each turret; but by introducing hydraulic gear for moving the turrets and their contents, thirty-eight-ton guns have been introduced—the heaviest adopted down to the time at which we are writing, with a twelve-inch bore, carrying a seven-hundred-pound shot. The *Thunderer* and the *Devastation* are sister-ships (if such savage monsters deserve to be called by so gentle a name as sister); and with alterations gradually made, they are approaching the maximum of twelve-inch armour at the sides, fourteen-inch armour around the turrets, carrying two guns in each turret, the guns thirty-eight tons weight, twelve and a half inches calibre, firing shot of eight hundred pounds.

And now, what do we hear? Woolwich pooh-poohs her own thirty-eight-ton 'Infants,' and is bringing others into existence more than double the weight—namely, eighty-one tons—a hundred and eighty thousand pounds of iron and steel in each gun! If told that these will cost five thousand pounds per gun, need we marvel?

When anything goes wrong in life, we are prone to ask who's to blame; and when told that the thirty-eight-ton gun is now looked down upon, a similar question suggests itself to the sorely perplexed tax-payer who has to provide the money for all these luxuries. The truth appears to be, that armour-plate makers can now go very far beyond the twelve inches of thickness that was lately their maximum; and that unless armour is eventually to defeat guns and shot, the Woolwich Infants must be more Brobdingnagian than ever. And so we come to the *Inflexible*, destined to be released into the water by the fair hands of a princess. This mighty ship will be double-screw, double-turret, with a load displacement exceeding eleven thousand tons. The length between the perpendiculars, three hundred and twenty feet, and breadth seventy-five feet (almost

equal to one-fourth of the length). Each turret will carry two guns of eighty-one tons, twenty-seven feet long, and sixteen inches bore, firing a shot of twelve hundred and fifty pounds! Those in the secret assert that such a shot, coming from such a gun, and fired with the improved gun-powder now manufactured, will have an impact or momentum equal to the whole ramming force of the *Iron Duke* that ran down the luckless *Vanguard*. The steel tube that forms the innermost part of each gun excels in size every single piece until now made, being twenty-five feet long, and twenty-five inches external diameter. When coil upon coil of tough iron have been wound round the middle and breech of this steel tube, the exterior diameter will vary from twenty-five inches to six feet. The government pay Messrs Firth of Sheffield sixteen hundred pounds for the solid mass of steel to make one inner tube, the boring-out being done at Woolwich. It was last September that the first of these huge guns was tried in the marshes at Woolwich; how long a time must elapse before all four will be ready to be mounted in the *Inflexible*, the future must shew.

When we are told that the original estimate for the hull and engines of the *Inflexible* was five hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and that the armament and fittings are not included; and when we bear in mind that the actual outlay always exceeds the estimates in these matters—we may guess, if we can, how far this ship will go to affect the pockets of John Bull.

Have we even now come to the end of this costly contest between the attacking and the defensive power of ships of war, this rivalry between guns and armour-plates? Engineers and naval constructors do not believe in any such finality. Their fertile brains are teeming with new schemes—more especially on the part of the makers of great guns, who manifest an increased confidence that they can more than keep pace with any increase in the thickness of armour-plates. Russia has established a naval arsenal at Nicolaieff, near the mouth of one of the rivers flowing into the Black Sea, where iron-clads of the largest dimensions can be constructed; and she has also provided herself with a factory in which great guns and ponderous armour-plates can be fabricated. Indeed, we owe to Russia (for good or for bad) the incentive to the planning of the eighty-one-ton gun. The *Peter the Great* (an appropriate name for the Czar's mightiest ship) has been planned to carry twenty-inch armour, at a time when a shot from our thirty-five-ton guns could only penetrate a fourteen-inch plate. What was to be done? Woolwich was consulted, and replied that a gun of something like eighty tons weight would be required to carry a shot which would pierce twenty inches of armour. There was no existing furnace that would heat, no existing steam-hammers that would forge the masses of iron necessary for such a mighty gun. New furnaces and new hammers were thereupon set up at a cost which we are afraid to mention; the guns are being made, and perchance—who knows!—may one day try their strength against the iron sides of *Peter the Great*. Russia has already a vessel carrying guns exceeding our *Devastation* and *Thunderer* guns—namely, the *Admiral Popoff*, the strange circular ship, with six keels, eighteen-inch armour, and two guns of forty-two tons each.

Sir W. G. Armstrong is trying his skill on a seventeen-inch gun that will carry a two-thousand-pound shot. Mr Fraser at Woolwich has broached the idea of a one-hundred-and-sixty-ton gun, to carry a shot of two thousand two hundred and forty pounds, with such velocity as to smash in the side of any ordinary iron-clad even at a mile distant; while Sir Joseph Whitworth, using an hexagonal bore of compressed steel, and a flat-headed elongated shot, entertains a firm belief that a gun on his construction, far less weighty than eighty-one tons, would vanquish an armour-plate even twenty-four inches in thickness.

Since writing the above, we learn that M. Krupp, the famous gun-manufacturer of Essen, has actually commenced making a monster of one hundred and sixty tons—an 'infant' double the size of those designed for the *Inflexible*. It is as well, however, to add, that no ship large enough to accommodate this piece of colossal ordnance has been as yet designed.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE CLYDE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THERE is no luxury the Glasgow citizen values more highly than that of having a summer residence at the 'coast.' He can attend to business all day in the hot dusty city, and in one hour can be transported from the smoke of its factories, the clang of its hammers, the hurrying crowds of its busy streets, to where the dirty, narrow river has widened into a broad, beautiful estuary, whose shores are studded with many a pretty town and village and splendid mansion. There he can breathe the fresh invigorating sea-breeze, and watch it filling the sails of fairy-like yachts, and blowing about the smoke from the funnels of the steamers which sweep along, leaving long tracks of white foam on the clear blue water. He can watch the splendour of the western sunsets, when the outlines of the rugged and picturesque mountains are thrown out clear and sharp against the opal-tinted sky; when the floods of rosy light reflected from the sea, seem to fill the air with a luminous haze.

As a rule, the city man is not poetical, and perhaps is deep in the 'money article' as the setting sun sheds its glory over him; but he fully appreciates the change from the hot dusty city, and enjoys the fresh air and the laughter of his children, who, relieved from the social pressure of town-life, which is as hard on the bairns as their elders, paddle barefooted among the wavelets and the sand. So he locks up his town-house, puts brown paper in all its windows, and shaking the dust of the city from his feet every afternoon, joins his family at the seaside.

My brother and myself, being old Glasgow folks, of course conform to the usual custom; but in choosing our summer residence, we select a quiet in preference to a fashionable place, and for this reason Lunellan was one of our favourites. It is a good deal changed now; and the staring plate-glass villas have increased and multiplied so that I hardly recognise the old place; but ten or fifteen years ago, its whole trade was represented by one or two shops of the omnium-gatherum sort. Its pretty white houses looked so bright and pleasant in the midst of their flower-gardens, gay with roses, tree-fuchsias and rhododendrons, with the dark background of trees, and the rugged heath-clad

hills stretching away up behind. We used to enjoy the Sundays there so much. The female element predominated rather largely during the week. Groups of bright young girls might be seen rowing about on the water, or seated on some rocky perch with novel or fancy-work; mammas sitting watching the children at play; and old maids like myself wandering about, talking of nothing in particular.

The sterner sex is, now as then, only represented by a few boys or retired old gentlemen, till the half-past five boat from Wemyss Bay brings the city men back from business. To watch the return of that boat is the great event of the day; to go to the pier to meet it, and get the gentlemen to put away their newspapers and talk, is the only excitement. But on Sunday, no early steamer sweeps up from Rothesay, warning the dilatory gentleman, by the dash of her paddles, to bolt his roll, swallow his coffee, and rush to the pier, to be carried back to the worry and toil of business. The great world, with all its cares and anxieties, is quite shut out. No railway has ever penetrated these hills behind us, no stage-coach crawls up their sides; no Sunday steamer is allowed to approach the pier; so that neither letters, telegrams, Sunday visitors, nor half-tipsy excursionists, can come across the bright waters to annoy us. We have the gentlemen all to ourselves, which of course makes a great difference. But I think the most anxious day I ever remember to have spent in my life was one Sunday at Lunellan nine or ten years ago.

At that time, we (that is, my brother, his only son Tom, and myself) found ourselves located in a semi-detached villa. It had two doors in the middle, within a foot of each other, and a mutual scraper stood between. There was an oriel window on either side the doors, and a flower-garden in front, divided by a joint-stock gravel-walk; and each detachment had a mutual interest in the green, with the clothes poles behind, where croquet was sometimes played, when people could be got to overlook such little inconveniences as ill-kept grass and ground rather on the in-line. We took possession of our share of this desirable sea-side residence on the first of June; but several days passed before the other half was occupied. I began to feel a great curiosity about our future neighbours—a curiosity I made so manifest, by indulging in certain wonderments and speculations concerning them, that I laid myself open to a good deal of teasing from my nephew Tom (who, by the way, has a wonderful talent for teasing), and his first salutation, on his return from the city every evening, was: 'Well, auntie, any news of the semi-detachments?'—'What a meddling old maid you are!' he would sometimes say. 'I really believe your only reason for taking this house was that these oriel windows afford such excellent opportunities of prying into the affairs of your neighbours.'

To tell the truth, the provoking fellow was not far wrong. Though I have the very great privilege of looking after the dinners and shirt-buttons of my brother and nephew, I would have many a lonely hour, were it not that I take an interest, a kindly interest, in my neighbours. I don't care to know what they have for dinner, or what are the most glaring iniquities of their servants. I am by no means a meddling old maid; and Tom, who likes to have a monopoly of all the saucy

things said to me, would seriously resent the epithet being applied to me by any one else; but I do like to be taken into people's confidence, and to have my advice asked; and the thought did cross my mind in taking the semi-detachment—as Tom called it, though its name is Rose Villa—that it would be very nice to get friendly with the people next door. I knew nothing about them except that they were a Mr and Mrs Nisbet, from Glasgow. The landlady had told me so much when I took the house. But having very little else to think about, I thought a good deal about them, and always looked at their windows, the first thing when I returned from my walks, till the arrival of the people next door became an event of great importance in my eyes.

At last one evening, nearly a week after we came down, just as I was sitting down to a solitary cup of tea, the gate opened, and a tall, pleasant-looking gentleman entered, with a pretty, dark-eyed, rather delicate-looking young lady on his arm. 'Ah,' thought I, with a sense of disappointment, 'they are newly married people, and won't want to say anything to me. But no; here comes a girl carrying a baby, and another servant with a lot of rugs and shawls, and a porter with a barrow-load of luggage.' I was so delighted, I had almost rushed out to welcome them; but reflecting that such a proceeding must necessarily seem a little absurd, I contented myself with rubbing my hands and watching what was going on, standing back a little, that they might not see me. They looked so nice, and the baby too. Nothing could have been better. 'She will be sure to want to know what is the matter with it when it cries, and will ask my advice on hundreds of points concerning it, when she knows I have brought up such a fine young fellow as Tom.' I felt quite excited, and could not settle to take tea; a happy thought struck me. The poor young mamma looked pale and tired; perhaps I had better ask her and the baby in, and give her a cup of tea, till they get the boxes unboxed and things put straight. I did not give myself time for a second thought, but passed immediately from my own door into theirs, which stood open. The hall was full of boxes; and the lady was sitting on an easy-chair in the dining-room, wearily taking off the baby's wraps; while the husband, who had just taken off his hat and overcoat, stood wondering what he should do next. The two servant-girls were on a voyage of discovery in the back settlements, under the guidance of the woman in charge, whose voluble explanations were quite audible where I stood. I advanced a step, and said (a little timidly), for I did not know what they might think of my intrusion: 'I beg your pardon for my unceremonious entrance; but my tea is just on the table, and I thought the lady looked tired, and might be the better of a cup.'

They both looked a little surprised, as well they might, at this incoherent invitation to tea. The lady smiled, and said: 'You are very kind, I am sure!' and then looked at her husband, as if asking his opinion.

'You must think me a very strange person,' I went on hurriedly, 'to come down on you in this abrupt fashion; but I live next door. You may perhaps know my brother—Mr Mackinlay of St Vincent Street.'

'O yes,' said Mr Nisbet, interrupting me; 'I have met him on business several times. I am

delighted to make your acquaintance.' And turning to his wife, he introduced her, and told her she had better accept my kind offer.

In a very few minutes, she was sitting by my cosy dining-room fire; for it was often cold on these June evenings, and I liked the cheery blink of a fire. She was a little shy or stiff at first, and kept apologising, and wanting to relieve me of the baby; but I would not hear of it till she had taken a cup of tea. 'Indeed, you will make me feel very uncomfortable if you say any more about it. I certainly took a great liberty with you,' said I.

'Oh, don't say that,' she answered. 'You are excessively kind; but I see you will not believe I think so, unless I take the fullest advantage of it,' she continued, taking the cup in her hand with a bright smile; not the little conventional one she had favoured me with before, but a smile that lighted up her whole face.

We soon began to get quite friendly over the tea; and then there was the baby to praise, and of course I let her know how I had brought up Tom from babyhood, and was a person of some experience in the ways of babies; and so the time passed very pleasantly till she rose to go. 'I have felt so much refreshed with the tea,' she said. 'I was just sitting wishing I had a cup, when you popped in, offering it me, like a fairy in the story-books.'

'Yes,' I said, laughing, 'it was quite according to precedent that the fairy of the teapot should appear in the shape of a little old woman.'

Of course I told the whole story of the arrival to Tom and his father when they came home, including my rôle of good fairy; and Tom drew a caricature of me with a pair of wings at my back, huge spectacles on my nose, and a teapot in one hand, and a big scone in the other.

By-and-by we saw Mr Nisbet walking in the garden, smoking.

'Hollo! it is that young fellow Nisbet they have lately taken in at Ferguson and Frost the tweed-merchants in our street,' cried Tom.

'So it is,' said my brother. 'He bears a high character as a business man, and a nice young fellow into the bargain.'

'Come then, father,' said Tom, 'and let us be civil to him. We ought to let him know that the good fairy of the teapot is related to a most respectable Glasgow merchant, and has a nephew who will smoke as many pipes as he likes with him.'

I was not disappointed in my expectations with regard to Mrs Nisbet. She appeared to be as glad of my society as I was of hers. She knew no one in Inverleith, and very few in Glasgow; for Mr Nisbet had been so long in London, that he had few acquaintances except business ones; and Mrs Nisbet had never been in Scotland till her marriage, about a year before. I believe she would have been very lonely when Mr Nisbet was at business, but for me, and then she had always something concerning baby to consult me about; so that we soon became great friends. She was very gay and lively too; and I used often to be amused at the way in which she would turn Tom's somewhat clumsy banter against himself, much to that young gentleman's benefit and discomfiture; for, with the absence of formality which marks one's social intercourse at the sea-side, in the course of a few days

we all got to be very friendly with each other; and not only did Mrs Nisbet and I spend our mornings together, but the evenings also were spent in each other's society, along with the gentlemen; and many a pleasant crack we had over the nightly glass of toddy. Every one has had experience of these mushroom friendships—pleasant while they last, but forgotten almost as soon as formed, as this too might have been, had it not been for an adventure, which drew out our sympathies, and turned our holiday intercourse into a strong and lasting friendship.

When we had been at Tunellan about three weeks or so, Mrs Nisbet told me one morning that the next Sunday was the anniversary of her marriage, and she wanted to prepare a little surprise in the shape of a dinner, which she meant to lay out like a wedding dinner. She had brought her wedding-dress, and was going to wear it, and hoped we would not think it wrong to come and dine with them.

'It is a pity it falls on a Sunday,' she said; 'but I can't help it, you know; I was married on a Friday; and as this is leap-year, that makes the anniversary on a Sunday. I remember people saying Friday was such an unlucky day to be married on; but it has not proved so with me. John and I have never had the slightest quarrel, nor has he ever vexed me in any way. I sometimes wonder if there are many people in the world as happy as I am. The only thing I have to wish for is, that my brother Charley knew him a little better, for I sometimes fear he does not like him.'

'What does he dislike him for?' I asked.

'Oh, I don't know; he never said anything against him, but I can see he thinks him frivolous, or something. They have not been much in each other's society; but he is to be here this week, and they will get better acquainted, I hope.'

She had been talking a great deal about this visit of her brother's, whom she had not seen since her marriage, he having been abroad.

'Yes, if Charley only knew John better, I should not have a single thing to wish for; my happiness would be perfect,' went on Mrs Nisbet.

'Hush!' I said, almost involuntarily. 'It always seems ominous to hear people talk of perfect happiness.' But noticing her scared look, I hastened to reassure her, and bade her not mind an old woman's nonsense, but to let me hear all her arrangements for Sunday. I heartily regretted my unfortunate slip of the tongue, for I saw it had troubled her. The cloud soon vanished from her face, however, as we talked about her brother and about next Sunday.

'I wonder if John will forget the day?' she said; 'it would be such fun, if he did! He would be so surprised, when he and Charley returned from church, to find me in white silk, and the dinner-table all decorated with white roses. If I find that he has forgotten the day, I shall compel him to go through the ceremony of marrying me over again.' And so the young wife chatted on, laying her innocent little plans with all the mystery of a conspiracy.

Mr Methven, Mrs Nisbet's brother, duly arrived on the Friday afternoon, and was as duly brought in to be introduced. He looked several years older than his sister, whom he rather resembled. He

had not such a frank expression as his brother-in-law. If Mrs Nisbet had not mentioned it, perhaps I would not have noticed that there was a slight tone of contempt in his voice when he spoke to him. But we were all talking and laughing in our usual merry careless fashion, and Mr Methven's manner was not much observed. I thought he might well have trusted John Nisbet's clear honest eyes, and his voice, that had the ring of truth in it, if ever a man's voice had. I am rather given to jump at conclusions, but my brother knows that my instincts are seldom at fault. We parted, laughing and talking as usual, on the door-step. But these two men knew each other better when we were destined to meet again.

Next day was Saturday; and the Nisbets had arranged to take a trip round the Kyles of Bute in the *Iona* (prince of steamers), and we were to spend the day at Kilm. As we started rather early, driving—for there was a picnic we were expected to join—we did not see any of our neighbours before we left. It was getting late when we returned—between ten and eleven o'clock. The wind had risen, and a nasty wetting rain was blown in our faces; and we could now and then see a great shower of white spray dashed up as the waves thundered on the rocks. We were very glad, when we drove up to the gate, to see the cheerful light from our dining-room fire glancing on the wet gravel and the dark leaves of the evergreens. I noticed a white figure at Mrs Nisbet's drawing-room window, which we supposed was her, and waved a good-night; but she did not open the window or speak. We sat for about half-an-hour or so, as my brother made his usual tumbler of toddy, and then we separated, and went to bed.

After I had gone to my room, I could not help recalling Mrs Nisbet's solitary figure at the window, and wondering how she came to be sitting there alone. Just then, a timid little ring at the door-bell startled me; and hastily throwing on a dressing-gown, I ran down-stairs with the candle in my hand; and opening the door, I found Mrs Nisbet on the step looking as pale as death, and trembling all over.

'Why, what is the matter?' said I, drawing her into the dining-room, where the fire still sent a ruddy glow over the carpet.

'O Miss Mackinlay, John and Charley have never returned! You hear how stormy it is; I fear they are drowned.' And she threw herself on a chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst out sobbing as if her heart would break.

I tried all I could to soothe her; but I could not in the least understand what had happened; and she was too agitated to speak.

Presently, my brother William came down: he had heard the ring and the door opened, and he had risen to see what was the matter.

'My dear Mrs Nisbet,' said he, 'I am sorry to see you in such distress. What has happened? Can we help you in any way?'

'She fears that Mr Nisbet and Mr Methven are drowned,' I said; for Mrs Nisbet was struggling to compose herself, and could not speak yet.

'Drowned! How? Did you not go in the *Iona*, as you intended?'

'O yes,' she answered; 'we went; and got home all right about four o'clock; but this was later, when I went to put baby to bed. They thought

they would take the small boat, and go out for an hour's fishing. I said: Did they not think it a little stormy? But they said it was nothing, and they would not stay long. So I went off with baby, who was very restless, and cried a good deal; and I could not get him to sleep till after nine; and when I came down-stairs, I was surprised to find they had not returned, particularly as it was getting dark and had begun to rain. I put a shawl over my head, and ran down to the beach, to try if I could see anything of them; but there was no sign of their having returned. The boat had not been brought back, and there was nothing visible on the water; but it was getting so dark we could not see any distance. The old man we hire the boat from said it was a nasty night to be out in them wee boats; but no one could give me any information; and I have sat watching at the drawing-room window ever since. Do you think they will ever return?' she faltered, looking at us so piteously with her large dark eyes full of tears.

'Why, yes; they will be sure to return. You have sat alone till you have made yourself nervous. There really is no reason why you should distress yourself so much,' said my brother. 'Why did you not call to us as we came in?'

'Till then,' she said, 'I expected them in every minute, and I thought it a pity to trouble you; and then, as I watched the light from your cheerful room streaming out on the darkness, I could fancy I saw you all sitting round the fire chatting and laughing, and Mr Mackinlay mixing his toddy; while the wind shook the window against which I was leaning, and howled and shrieked among trees and round the house, and I could hear the angry dash of the waves on the beach. Suddenly the thought came into my mind with all the force of a conviction, that they never would come back again, and that I would sit listening for their footsteps in darkness and sorrow, watching the light from other people's happiness, which never would shine on my life again.' Her voice sank into a low mournful wail as she finished speaking, and she leant her head and her folded arms on the table, and gave way to a fit of sobbing.

My brother and I looked at each other: we had neither of us fancied there was such depth of feeling and imagination hidden in her usually merry heart; and a line from a poem I had been reading came into my mind:

Ah, friend, I fear the lightest heart
Makes sometimes heaviest mourning.

'Come, come, Mrs Nisbet,' said my brother, 'you really must not give way like this. Think how vexed Mr Nisbet and your brother will be when they return (and they may now be on their way) to find you distressing yourself so. You will find that they will return all right. I have often heard of boats being unable to make to the shore when the sea was running high, and the tide against them; but they generally manage to run in somewhere, and get back all right.'

'But sometimes they never come back at all,' said Mrs Nisbet, with a hopeless, despairing look, that went to both our hearts.

'Sometimes not,' said my brother gravely; 'but very, very rarely. Why should you persist in looking at the darkest side? I assure you I would not bid you hope, if there were no grounds for it. I am quite sure we shall have them back to-

morrow, if not to-night, relating their adventures in the best of spirits; and I am certain their greatest trouble, at this moment, is thinking of the distress a certain lady, dear to them both, may be suffering on their account.'

A feeble little smile, like a wintry sunbeam, played for a moment on her face at these words.

'That is right,' I said. 'You must try to keep up. I am sure William is right; and I can assure you, my dear, he is not the man to delude you with false hopes. You have let your nerves get the better of you, with sitting so long alone; and the wind and the waves together appear to have played very unkindly with you, putting all sorts of dismal fancies into your head. If you had only come in, instead of sitting brooding all by yourself, your convictions would have taken a more hopeful aspect; but you see what comes of a want of neighbourliness. And now, if you will excuse me till I go up-stairs for some clothes, I will go in and stay with you, and see if we can't find a less dismal version of "What are the wild waves saying?"'

PAINTERS' PLEASURES.

EVERY toil has, more or less, its attendant pleasures. The writer weaving his story, essay, or history, would not care to exchange his occupation for any other, far less for a state of 'shapeless idleness,' any more than would the sculptor, giving to inanimate clay the semblance of palpitating life. Still less, we fancy, would the painter exchange for any other toil that with which, as with a magician's wand, he conjures up with his brush upon the blank canvas, and brings into warm breathing existence, the creatures of his brain, or the loveliest images and forms with which the face of nature teems.

Whenever we go forth upon our country jaunts, it is seldom that we light upon a pleasanter incident than one of the brethren of the brush, seated before his easel in the open air. The sight of his white umbrella in a moment excites our interest and curiosity. May it not be, too, that there is a touch of envy mingled with these feelings, after a respectful visit to his encampment? Nearly all of us wish we could do likewise, and say so; shewing clearly that we look upon him as an essentially lucky fellow; and so he is. Truly, he, no less than other mortals, has a fair share of difficulties, disappointments, heart-burnings, and doubts, incidental to his business; physical disagreeables to undergo, and mental distresses to overcome; notably, the never-ceasing one of his efforts falling short of the standard of excellence he sets up for himself to attain to. But he has this one never-to-be-forgotten point of supremacy—he is sure to love his labour as himself. Unless he does, his handiwork will be of little worth, he is no true artist, and we are not considering him here.

Let us follow one of the right sort, then, through a few of the pleasant phases of his career. It is early spring, say; he hails the promise of genial weather with eager gladness, and is off upon the first opportunity to the yet leafless woods. The enthusiasm with which he opens his outdoor campaign is not one of the least interesting aspects which he presents. Watch him when he has settled down to a subject such as this, for instance: A

straggling mass of young oaks stretches across the middle distance; one or two ancient monarchs of the forest, gnarled, angular, and sturdy, nearer to him, are the leading features; whilst a broad, open glade of the park, terminating with a line of rook-nest dotted elms, backs up, together with the tender-toned sky, the myriad interlacings and network of the bare branches. Here, verily, is

A glimpse of spring, with flush of promise,
Falling on the fretwork of unnumbered boughs.

Primroses, bluebells, and violets in the foreground, assert themselves in bright specks of colour on every ridge and nook of the crumbling gravelly bank, and amid withered grasses, dead ferns, and rotten russet leaves. Fresh shoots of emerald grass and purple browny buds all about, give hope and promise, unfelt in autumn, to the scene. And it is not unlikely that, through some gap or vista, is to be had a distant peep of gable, roof, ivy-covered turret, quaint chimney, and a wreath of blue smoke, telling, as it curls upwards amidst the surrounding woods, of home and comfort. In such a spot as this he pitches his tent or umbrella for a longer or a shorter time, according as sketch, study, or finished picture is his purpose.

The gradual growth of the one or the other, however, so absorbs him that time becomes as nought, and all he thinks of, beyond what he is doing, is the pleasantness of the place, or the trivial little incidents that occur, perhaps, as the dappled deer, unconscious, till they are close upon him, of his peaceful presence, start off pell-mell down a drive; or the rabbits, towards evening, come out to feed, and lend a feature to the foreground, of which he takes advantage; or the gamekeeper's children come to pick up the crackling, fallen twigs, or the interest provoked by the doings of a pair of squirrels high aloft. Of the pleasant sounds, too, he will not be unconscious. The whole region is alive with melody: blackbird, thrush, and the rest of the airy choristers are giving vent to a joy that can but little exceed his, at the return of sketching weather. The varying tints from morn to mid-day and evening take up all his attention, and set him thinking how he may best utilise them. The pipe here, no doubt, will be called in as an aid at intervals, and after the mid-day snack. An indispensable agent in your artist's thoughtful moods is his pipe; and you must not think he is idling, if he frequently rises from his three-legged stool to refill and light that trusty and silent companion. It helps to solve some knotty point in the composition—for the settling *what* to do often takes longer than the doing, in the painter's craft; and a view of his canvas at different distances being essential, you are not to think him fidgety any more than idle because he is for ever up and down and to and fro.

A regular snuggery he makes of his little encampment; and the dodgy contrivances for convenience, strength, and portability, in the camp-stool, umbrella, folding-ensel, colour-box, palette, haversack, &c. are worth a glance. These, with modifications according to the system on which he works, accompany him wherever he goes; and whether, as now, the beginning of his outdoor season, or later on, when in a similar spot, the scene has been turned by summer into one of green luxuriance, an air of diligent, quiet content-

ment, very enviable, hangs about him and his belongings.

Transport him to the sea-shore, it is just the same. The ebbing tide leaves bare the big brown rocks with their fringe of bladder wrack, dripping and reflected here and there in the pools, whence rivulets trickle across the smooth or furrowed sands, in the wake of the great waters of which they are the straggling remnants; the curling fringe of surf at the marge melts into the emerald, and blue, and softer azure of the sky; the stranded fishing boats; the accidentals of fishing-life; figures, carts, and donkeys, basket-laden, toiling towards the little village nestling beneath: such things as these make up sufficient of what the landscape-painter lives upon, and is never so happy as when catching.

Again, above, upon the cliff-tops, amongst the barley and the wheat, with harvesting going on, can there be a pleasanter workshop, or work more enticing than that of putting to paper successful presentments of what then and there comes under the artist's eye? Look at that ridge of golden grain as it cuts against the glittering sunlit sea; sniff the refreshing, sweet-scented breeze, listen to the quiet yet joyous sounds of larks above, waves below, and rustling corn-sheaves in the front! Why, if the open air and nature's beauties are ever to be enjoyed, here is the opportunity; and yonder bearded, bronzed-faced, easy-clad toiler under the white umbrella, is the man to make the most of it.

Wherever his pursuit of nature leads him, by copse or cliff, in rural village, on the skirts of ancient towns, amidst abbey ruins, in secluded valleys, in the hay-field, or the hop-garden as the seasons progress; on the borders of lake or mountain tarn, by the side of lily and willow fringed stream, rushing torrent, wild moor, heathery fell, Alpine pass, vineyard, olive or cypress grove; or any of the multitude of spots affected by the brethren of the brush for camping-grounds, his work-a-day hours are much the same, each one of them bringing increase of cunning to his hand, and higher and wider knowledge of God's gifts to men.

Thus and much more for his time of pleasant toil; for what can be freer or so delightful? Inter-course with all sorts and conditions of men make the painter cosmopolitan. He is usually kindly natured, and willing to be at home with everybody. Whilst on his rambles, too, 'prospecting', and marking down likely localities, he meets with infinite matters of interest, fun, and character; his unusual presence and proceedings give rise to much originality in the remarks of the natives. There is no limit to the curiosity, suspicion, and even fear, which some of his proceedings create in neighbourhoods where he is a stranger. High and low alike doubt and wonder at him at first. Aged dames, children, and even grown men, have been known, when coming along a lonely path or high-road on which an artist has been 'negotiating' a subject, suddenly to stop, look wonderingly for a moment, turn back, and incontinently flee, as if scared by the presence of a wild man or an escaped lunatic. His squattings down and risings up, his dodgings to and fro, with hands held up on either side, or above or below the face, as he has endeavoured to frame in and settle the

visual field of the picture before him, have produced a consternation and a thrill of awe impossible to exaggerate. The poising of head right and left, with the frantic and abortive effort at times to look at a subject through his legs, upside down, the better to get a notion of the colour as separated from the form—these gymnastics, together with his bearded, be-wide-awaked, strange appearance, and the weird, incomprehensible paraphernalia which he carries, have many a time sent a wave of terror through a limited and primitive population.

Once settled, however, in his homely lodging or unpretentious inn (for he does not affect the grand hotel, even if one be within his reach), and he is discovered to be a harmless, amiable man; he soon makes friends, his work inspiring deep interest and wonder. Perchance he is working in some quiet English nook.

'Whitiver do he get paintin' for, under that theer old umbrella? What bees un at?' is a frequent question asked by one native of another.

'Why, don't ye know?' answers the second, probably the great authority of the village. 'He'll make a fine draft of it—he bees draftin' yon old ancient house, Missus Burke's. Bless your heart, they things sell for largish sums of money when "expedited" in Lunnun galleries and such-like. I've been talking to the gentleman, and he be "intimidated" his intention of so doin' when the draft be finished. Why, I shouldn't wonder if it wer'n't to be worth a matter of four or five pounds by the time he's done w' it.'

This leads occasionally to the assembling of an audience more admiring than convenient; but a little patience and good-nature will generally prevent its material interference with work; whilst of a certainty there will be dropped one or two observations worth remembering.

The loiterer of every degree (and what a lot of loiterers turn up when one begins to sketch, people to whom time seems of no value) is attracted, as the moth to the candle, by the white umbrella; the itinerant basket-maker or chair-mender, squatting under hedge or wall, being the only approximate rival. When his genial good-fellowship is thoroughly understood, and it is seen that the artist is not wholly ignorant of or uninterested in agricultural pursuits; that he has a knowledge of crops, pigs, poultry, cows, horses, and of farm-life generally; or understands craft and their rig, nets, fishing, and fish; can ply an oar, haul on to a rope, or manage the helm; that he is not bad company with his songs and jokes; and that he is at home in the cricket-field, or in most manly sports and pastimes—there is no more welcome or better-liked visitor to a neighbourhood. More often than not, on quitting it, he leaves, besides his good name, many a little memorial of his good-nature, in the shape of sketches of houses, places, and people, greatly treasured and shewn hereafter with laudable pride by those who have been fortunate enough to receive them.

Thus, socially as well as professionally, our artist has a pretty good time of it; and when the winter puts a stop to his work in the field, his life in the studio brings other pleasures. There, amidst quaint and heterogeneous decorations, from ancient armour and arms, to teapots and pipes—from antlers and stuffed birds, to harmonium or guitar—from charcoal caricatures, to completed oil-

pictures, rugs, tapestry, antique furniture, and the rest—he carries out and completes his summer's work: getting, as they gather round the stove in genial talk, the opinion and advice always generously proffered, of his brethren, on what he has to shew. Then come the preparations for exhibition, the mounting, the framing, &c.; followed finally by visits from those necessary individuals called buyers, with their indispensable cheques. A certain period of tribulation, it must be admitted, succeeds, through which all painters pass, or have passed—that period during which the fate of the picture is balanced by the council and hangers of the Exhibition.

But even if bitter disappointments have often to be faced in the winter, they are pretty well over and in a fair way to be forgotten—except as stimulants to renewed exertion—by the time the cuckoo has returned to her woodland haunts, and the season for outdoor work has returned.

CURIOUS PHASES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

APHIDES.

ALL who keep a garden or greenhouse must be familiar with those curious little green insects, the Aphides or Plant-lice. Existing in thousands on our flowers and shrubs, and feeding on the juices of the plants, they constitute veritable pests; and some species, infesting the bean, hop, and other cultivated plants, cause much anxiety to the agriculturist from their destructive effects on his crops. Both sexes of aphides are generally found in a wingless state; although, as will presently be explained, the individuals of one and the same species may possess wings at one period, and be wingless during the rest of the year.

A fact of primary interest in the habits of these insects consists in the attentions paid to them by the familiar ants—the famous Huber being the first who noted the discovery. Thus the ants may be observed to follow after the plant-lice, and to stroke the abdomens of the latter with their antennae or 'feelers,' the act causing the aphides to exude a sweet viscid secretion from two tubular pores placed towards the hinder extremity of their bodies. This, the ants greedily devour. Mr Darwin mentions an observation of his own which seems to strengthen the idea that the relations between the ants and their providers are of a very intimate and reciprocal kind. Having removed all the attendant ants from a group of about a dozen aphides which resided on a dock-plant, Mr Darwin prevented the ants from regaining their vantage-ground for several hours. Feeling certain that the aphides would by that time have secreted a goodly store of the sweet secretion of which the ants are so fond, Mr Darwin watched them intently for some time, but did not observe a single aphid emit the secretion. He then tried to imitate the movements of the ants' antennae by stroking the abdomens of the plant-lice with a hair; not a single aphid, however, responding to the imitative demand. A single ant being admitted to the guarded aphides, it was observed to hurry from one to the other, as if aware of the plentiful store of sweets awaiting its attention; and when this single marauder, if we may so term it, began to stroke the various aphides with its antennae, the latter rapidly excreted the coveted fluid, which was greedily absorbed by the ant. Very young plant-lice similarly respond to

the call of their insect-brethren; and this latter fact would tend to shew the purely instinctive and hereditary nature of the curious impulse on the part of the aphides; whilst the action of the ants in the matter must be no less of instinctive kind.

But exceeding in interest even the curious habits just noted, we find the *development* of the aphides to present us with some phases of puzzling and inexplicable aspect. At the close of autumn, male and female aphides are found herding indiscriminately together. The eggs produced by them, after lying dormant throughout the winter season, burst into active life in the succeeding spring, and give birth, not to males and females, as might be expected, but to wingless six-legged aphides, which, if their sex be determinable at all, must be that of the female.

Now appear some curious phenomena; for if these wingless females be watched, they may be seen to produce, alive, and not from eggs, brood after brood of young aphides, exactly resembling themselves, in that they wholly consist of female insects, and like their parents, are destitute of wings. Throughout the spring, summer, and autumn, each successive generation of these wingless females thus produces progeny which repeat the features of their spinster-like parents; not a single individual of the 'sterner' sex being found within the limits of this Amazonian population. And this uninterrupted succession of female generations may be repeated and traced in a single season, through nine, ten, or even eleven generations; whilst the number of the progeny of a single aphid-mother may amount, as estimated by Reaumur, to 5,904,900,000 at the fifth generation alone. At length, when the close of autumn once more comes round, and ten or eleven generations have been born, this uninterrupted succession of female progeny ceases, and gives place to a due proportion of winged males—as at the similar period of the preceding year, when our survey of their life was supposed to begin. Then, as before, eggs are produced by this last generation; and from these eggs, in the succeeding spring, will be developed the wingless females, whose descendants will repeat the strange history of the preceding year.

If we appeal to the zoological world for an explanation of these curious facts, we shall find that several conflicting theories and opposing views prevail. As all must admit, the circumstances above detailed, and as verified by repeated observation, leave no doubt on the mind that the ordinary laws of organic development are not only set aside, but are incompetent of themselves to aid us in obtaining a solution of the matter. Thus, it has been supposed that the reproductive influence of the original and ordinary development, through eggs, of the first brood of the male and female aphides, extends throughout the succeeding generations. This, however, is merely a theoretical possibility, and does not aid us in the explanation of the anomalous fact, that the *one* sex alone, is enabled to produce living progeny; whilst under ordinary circumstances, and throughout the whole range of the oviparous world, the co-operation of *both* sexes is necessary to develop eggs capable of evolving progeny. The case of the aphides would be paralleled in that of plants, if the seeds of plants furnished by the *pistils* could be duly fertilised or rendered capable of developing a new plant, without the influence of the necessary pollen-

substance furnished by the *stamens*. And this, so far as we know, is impossible.

Naturalists know these phenomena under the name of *parthenogenesis*; and probably the best explanation of the development of the aphides, together with allied cases in other insects, is that the eggs resemble 'buds' in their essential nature; and whilst ordinarily eggs require for their development the presence of both sexes, the generations of female aphides may be regarded as produced from their single parents, by a process of *internal budding*. The stock or structure in the females from which these egg-buds are produced may be named 'germ-stocks'—the *Keim-stöcke* of the German naturalists. And in this view, we might not inaptly compare the life-cycle of the aphides with that of a plant. The plant springs from the fertilised seed—as do the original aphides from true eggs. The plant further by budding produces through the greater part of the year its leaves and other organs—as the spinster-aphides produce their young by an analogous process. Then, in due season, the stamens and pistil, or reproductive organs of the plant, are formed, and the fertilised seeds capable of giving origin to a new plant are produced—just, indeed, as the aphides in their turn develop both sexes, and as from the eggs thus developed, new beings with special powers and tendencies are introduced into the wondrous cycle of their life. The consideration of such interesting phenomena as the preceding, should forcibly impress us, above all other considerations, with the marvellous plasticity of living forms, and with the endless variety of contrivance and action, which, for the accomplishment of its own duty arranged ends, life is continually exhibiting before us.

HOLY LOCH.

How fair the scene, as from this mound
Of cushioned heath we gaze around.
The verdant slopes with mingling shades,
The ravine's intersecting glades,
Part covered with the mountain flock,
Part ruins gray of fallen rock.

Or fix our gaze upon the strand,
Where wavelets kiss the golden sand;
Or view the silvery lake at rest,
Rough mountains mirrored on its breast.
The aspect breathing peace! until,
Round by the brow of yonder hill,
The kestrel wheels with hungry eye,
Wind hovering, his prey to spy:
The timorous lark far 'neath his wings
Close to the earth for safety clings
'Mid kindred hues, till sails away
To other range the bird of prey:
Then mark—the danger out of sight—
The laverock heavenward takes her flight,
And the response from hill and glen,
Rejoicing in her notes again.
Thus nature's ways will never cease
To link with strife the joys of peace! W. G.

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CLUB-LIFE.

CLUBS are not a new institution in England. As associations of select individuals with kindred tastes, who met for social intercourse, they were known in the reign of Elizabeth. In time, they assumed a political character; but while this is still in several cases a distinguishing feature, clubs are now for the most part lounges for the sake of news and social recreation, along with such refreshments as used only at one time to be obtained in hotels or taverns.

Of the social clubs in London, White's stands at the head. 'White's Chocolate House,' where the great men of the days of Queen Anne and George I. met to drink a dish of chocolate, to eat a cutlet, to talk scandal, but chiefly of all to gamble, is now White's Club, the most select and aristocratic of all the purely social clubs. Here princes of the blood may sometimes be found writing letters of an afternoon; and the morning-room is seldom without its supply of noblemen of high rank. Somewhat dull, but very select and stately, White's still stands on the old site at the top of St James's Street, and is still the chosen resort of the fashion of the day. Even White's, however, is not what it once was. A young and vigorous rival has in recent years threatened to dispute its supremacy in the world of fashion. This is the Marlborough, the simple front of which faces the Guards' Club in Pall Mall. It is no secret that the *raison d'être* of the Marlborough is to give the circle in society of which the Prince of Wales is the genial and distinguished centre, a common place of meeting. Here the younger members of the aristocracy, and those who have gained admission to their society by their social qualifications, resort habitually. Common rumour declares that life in the Marlborough is rather more jovial than it is at White's and some older, though not more fashionable institutions; and it may be mentioned that one of the attractions of the place is an American skittle-alley, where the aristocratic members of this little club indulge in that recreation. From White's and the Marl-

borough down through many gradations of rank, the purely social club may be found. There are clubs for country gentlemen; clubs for university men; clubs for men who unite to unexceptionable social qualifications a passion or affection for foreign travel; clubs for hunting-men; clubs for those whose tastes are learned and severe; and clubs for those whose chief predilection is for exceptionally good cookery and wines of the rarest brands. At the Windham you will be served with a dinner which could not be beaten at the Palais-Royal; at the Travellers' you will be gratified with wines which can hardly be found upon another wine-list in London; at the Athenæum you will (should you be elected a member, but not otherwise) enjoy the most intellectual society and one of the best libraries in England. Every man to his taste. Even if your taste is for deviled bones, dry champagne, and unlimited loo at two o'clock in the morning, there are clubs at which it can be gratified.

The 'twin giants' of the political clubs are the Carlton and the Reform. Those splendid buildings, standing side by side in Pall Mall, may be likened to the headquarters of the Conservative and Liberal parties. Architecturally, they are among the most imposing of all the London clubs; but it is sometimes whispered that their social status has been to some extent affected by their political character. There are no clubs which are objects of greater mystery to the outsider than these political clubs. The people who have never sojourned within their walls labour under the delusion that all the secrets of the Cabinet or of the Opposition are floating about in those halls and corridors; that the talk of the members runs constantly upon Ministerial manoeuvres; upon public appointments, the probable result of debates in the House of Commons, and the course of 'high politics' generally. It is a pity to destroy such illusions, but the truth compels us to do so. The fact is that enthusiastic politicians constantly complain that these political clubs are political in little more than name, and it is undoubtedly the fact that the talk that may be

heard within their walls, so far from having the serious purpose which the novice would expect in it, is ordinary club-talk and nothing more. There are, of course, political committees in connection with these clubs, and the political committees sometimes bestir themselves to pass a resolution, or vote a grant of money, or recommend a candidate to some borough which is in the unusual plight of wanting one; but beyond this, even the great political clubs do comparatively little to advance the interests of their respective parties. Their chief object is to provide a social house-of-call for the members of each party, and thus to prevent those seductions from their ranks which have frequently been accomplished by social influences. To have a good cook, a good cellar of wine, and a first-class library, will seem much more important to the chairmen and managers of the Carlton and the Reform, than to have that underhand political power which is properly vested in the 'whips' of both parties. And is there, then, nothing to distinguish these great institutions, the names of which are familiar to every English elector, from the ordinary social club? It would be saying too much, were we to answer this question in the negative; nevertheless, the distinction between the political and the social club is a very slight one. The former is supplied with files of Hansard, with copies of all the parliamentary papers, with an unusual number of blue-books and foreign political journals; the reports of the proceedings in both Houses of parliament are hung up in the hall or the morning-room hour by hour, and there is always an unusual bustle whilst the Houses are in session. Then, too, the humble member from the country may sometimes find himself washing his hands in the next basin to that in which the hands of a Cabinet minister or of some leader of the Opposition are immersed; and great numbers of members of parliament may be seen writing their letters, dining, or even engaging in a quiet game of afternoon pool, during the session. But members of parliament, and even Cabinet ministers, are very like other people; and nobody, to look at him, would suppose that yonder gentleman peacefully dozing over a magazine was a Secretary of State, or that the well-dressed person who has just strolled out of the other club smoking a cigar, is one of the leaders of the Opposition. Not the least important features of the Reform and the Carlton clubs are perhaps to be found in their architectural beauties. The magnificent hall of the Reform and the stately staircase of the Carlton are among the sights of London which every country-cousin should make it his business to behold.

There are, of course, other political clubs besides these. The Conservative in St James's Street, the Junior Carlton opposite the War Office in Pall Mall, and the St Stephen's, an imposing new building on the Thames Embankment, are all devoted to the followers of the Conservative Ministry; whilst the ugly brick building in St James's Street occupied by Brooke's Club is the select and sedate home of the Whig aristocracy; and the more imposing edifice once known as Crockford's gaming hell has recently been converted into the Devonshire Club for the use of the younger Liberals of our day. No doubt, also, our readers have read reports of the Cobden Club dinners and brief notices of the meetings of the Fox Club. These, however, belong to an entirely different class of clubs from those

which it is the purpose of this paper to consider. They are without settled homes of their own, and merely consist of a certain number of gentlemen who meet together at stated intervals for dinner, discussion, and the transaction of business. Of another type is a well-known Radical institution called the Century Club. The Century occupies a room in Pall Mall Place reputed to have been once upon a time the drawing-room of Nell Gwynne; and here, on two nights a week, may be found, during certain months of the year, a select assemblage of Radical members of parliament, journalists, authors, and lawyers. The proceedings of the club are of the most informal description. On a big table the visitor will observe a large collection of bottles of aerated waters, together with sundry flasks of spirits, and hissing urns of tea and coffee. On another table there is a plentiful supply of long clay-pipes, of tobacco jars, and of cigarettes. As each member enters the room he helps himself to these commodities, suiting his own taste both as to what he drinks and what he smokes. No waiter assists him, nor does any one expect to receive payment for the articles he consumes. The Century Club is the very type of a high class 'free-and-easy.' Supported by the subscriptions of its members, it offers unlimited hospitality to all who come within its doors.

The military clubs occupy the foremost place among professional clubs. Of late years their growth has been prodigious; and all branches of the service have their 'senior' and 'junior' clubs. The Guards' Club in Pall Mall is in its way the most select of these institutions; but the Army and Navy Club—familiarily known as 'the Rag'—and the Senior United Service Club at the bottom of Waterloo Place, have their own claims to consideration. One of these military clubs occupies Lord Palmerston's old residence at Cambridge House; and another has just created for itself a home more gorgeous than beautiful, next door to Marlborough House. Soldiers, as the reader will readily suppose, are among the most clubbable of men; and many a poor officer in India consoles himself for the fatigues and discomforts of station-life, by looking forward to the moment when he will once more pass the portals of his beloved club in Pall Mall or Piccadilly, and revel in the luxuries that await him there.

Artists, authors, medical men, lawyers, civil engineers, and parliamentary agents, all have their own clubs. Some curious stories might be told of some of these clubs. In the parlours of Fleet Street, for example, there was not long ago a certain club, which may be called for distinction's sake 'the Flybynight.' This queer little establishment, which was uniformly dirty and disreputable in appearance, was intended for the accommodation of the reporters and sub-editors of the daily papers, who, being compelled to work during the greater part of the night, were thankful to have a house-of-call open to them at all hours. The pen of Mr Thackeray would be needed to do justice to the company the privileged visitor might meet with there at two o'clock in the morning, when, the immediate pressure of business being over, weary sub-editor and reporter were at liberty to enjoy a frugal meal of cold beef or bread and cheese. Perhaps the most amusing feature of this unique place of entertainment, in which all the gossip of journalistic London was ever to be picked up, was

the earnestness with which the members insisted upon maintaining its character as 'a club.' Had they been sitting in one of the splendid apartments to be found in the Pall Mall palaces, they could not have had a greater idea of the dignity of club membership than that to which they clung in their miserable little Fleet Street hovel. But evil days fell at last upon the Flybynight; the newspaper and news-agency offices in the neighbourhood ceased to provide it with a sufficient amount of support, and it came to an untimely end.

The Garrick, famous for the number of literary men, artists, and actors who have from time to time sojourned within its walls, is no longer a literary club; it has become one of the fashionable social clubs, and is at this moment more celebrated for its coffee-room tariff than for the fame or wit of its frequenters. The Whitehall in Parliament Street, where civil-engineers and parliamentary agents most do congregate, is another professional club; but the Civil Service no longer has a club of its own, the excellent institution it once possessed having been converted into the Thatched House Club.

While in most of the clubs the utmost regularity and obedience to rules is exacted and observed, it is to be deplored that there exist a few in which men have deliberately banded themselves together in order to enjoy the worst of the privileges which the legislature allows to clubs; and that more than one institution of this kind is to be found which is practically dedicated to endless drinking and unlimited gambling. These, however, are fortunately the rare exceptions, and are, we trust, shunned by all who would maintain decency and self-respect.

It is pleasant to know that ladies are not now entirely deprived of the advantages of well ordered club-life; and in one case—that of the Albemarle Club—they are allowed to share one of these sacred retreats with the opposite sex. The drawing-room at the Albemarle is a pretty little room, bright with flowers and artistic furniture, where the initiated are allowed to gaze of an afternoon upon the rather curious sight presented by a club open to both sexes.

And now let us suppose, for the benefit of the young reader, to whom only the outside of these great buildings in Pall Mall and St James's Street is known at present, that he has just been elected a member of the Arcturus; in that case he will be naturally anxious to visit his club, and to make himself personally acquainted with the various privileges in which he has thus become a participant. Here, then, is the stately portico of the Arcturus, and beyond is the outer hall, into which our blushing novice steps bashfully. A couple of pages and a grizzled commissionaire are lounging in this outer hall, whilst to the right of the visitor as he enters, sits that potent functionary, the hall-porter. He regards you, my ingenuous friend, with some suspicion, for your face is unknown to him. You produce your card, however, and present yourself to him as a new member. Instantly all traces of suspicion vanish from his countenance, and he becomes at once the well-bred courteous servant, anxious to make a favourable impression upon a new employer. He has many masters to serve—for are there not a thousand members in the Arcturus?—but he will never henceforward forget what is due to you, as

the owner of a thousandth share in this palatial building, and will always be civil, attentive, and obliging, even if your demands upon him are at times unreasonable. Nor will he ever forget your face, having once seen it; and each morning, as you pass him on your way to breakfast up-stairs, you will find his hand outstretched towards you with your letters.

We pass next into the inner hall. It is not, perhaps, so grand as that of the Reform Club, but it is a spacious and comfortable lounge; furnished with luxurious couches, charming little easy-chairs, and writing-tables on which an abundant supply of stationery will always be found. Here you will receive your friends when they visit you, for the accommodation for strangers in the Arcturus is not so large as in some clubs, and most of the rooms on the ground floor are reserved for members. At one side of the hall are the doors leading to the lavatories and cloak-rooms; the coffee-room is entered on another side; and the morning-room is approached on the third. Let us enter the last first, for the morning-room is always one of the most important features of a club. We find ourselves in a magnificent apartment, lofty, well-proportioned, and luxuriously furnished, the windows of which look out upon the main street. Here are a dozen gentlemen writing letters at the little tables, or reading the newspapers and magazines which everywhere abound, there is even one individual so completely lost to the splendours of the room in which he sits, that he is dozing peacefully on a settee in the corner near the fireplace.

In the coffee-room of the Arcturus whither we now turn our footsteps, may be seen, between seven and ten o'clock every night, some scores of gentlemen laughing, chatting, and dining at the little tables which are spread throughout the room. Every variety of meal will be served, from the plain 'ent from the joint,' to the elaborate banquet of fifteen courses; but and this after all is one of the greatest advantages of club-life—the cook and the servants will bestow as much care and attention upon the simple dinner of roast-beef 'and its adjuncts,' as Brillat-Savarin used to say, as upon the gorgeous banquet in which all the delicacies in season are dished up along with half of those out of it. Some young men, when they first gain admission to good clubs, delight in making fearful and wonderful experiments in the ordering of strange dishes. They imagine that to present the steward with a dinner-bill in which half-a-dozen courses have been set down (generally in haphazard order), is to impress that functionary with a due sense of their own dignity and discretion. To such we would say, 'Avoid all such errors, and know that the club servant is quite as quick as any other student of human nature in detecting the hand of a novice in the preparation of a dinner-bill.' The superb cookery of a first-class club, the excellence of all the viands, the abundance with which all possible dainties are provided, tempt many young gentlemen to embark upon a career of gluttony—we can call it nothing else—from the effects of which they suffer throughout their lives. Look at the older frequenters of the club, however, and see with what regularity they confine themselves to a piece of fish and a slice from the joint, and learn from them the art of living well—and wisely.

We pass up the broad staircase to the next floor, and here we find the library, with its admirable selection of books for the beguilement of our leisure hours, the billiard-rooms, the card-room, and the two smoking-rooms. Need we give you a word of caution as to the amount of time you may spend in the last-named apartments? Their appearance is very seductive, we own. Very different are they in comfort from the frowsy billiard-rooms and smoking-rooms of even good hotels. But after all, the young man who spends all his afternoons at pool, and all his evenings in the consumption of choice cigars, tempered by potations of whisky and seltzer, is not the young man who is most likely to succeed in life, or to derive any benefit from his connection with a first-class club.

Club-houses of a respectable class are now found in the larger provincial towns, as well as in some large cities abroad. But nowhere are they so thoroughly classified or on such a grand scale as in London. Wherever situated, the imitative clubs of a later date—some of them got up by wine-merchants or by jobbing secretaries—not mutually labour under an obvious drawback. Starting on a fairly distinct principle, they year by year suffer a lowering in character, in order to secure members. For example, these clubs may at first include only middle-aged gentlemen, who are all good clubbable persons in their way, and who feel a pleasure in meeting and chatting with each other. But by-and-by young men, almost bald, get a footing in the concern, and the character of the club is changed. Instead of elderly gentlemen, noisy young men are seen lounging about, with whom the original members can have no intercourse. We know of more than one respectable club which is now in the process of rapid deterioration from a cause of this kind.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXIV.—ADVICE GRATIS.

It is said that it requires a very brave man indeed to take to his heels in the midst of a battle; and certainly Mrs Dalton shewed not a little courage in running away from her hostess, and thus avoiding a discussion, which some instinct told her would be painful to an extreme degree. If she felt any humiliation in leaving her apparent mistress of the field, it was more than made up to her by the sense of enfranchisement of escape from her unwelcome society; and when she sought that of Dr Curzon, who was talking with her husband in the library, it was with no intention whatever of returning to renew the combat.

Mrs Campden, on the other hand, would not perhaps have experienced much annoyance, even if she had waited for the reappearance of her guest for the next hour, for it would have convinced her that Edith was afraid of her—for hitherto Mrs Dalton had shewn no fear of her cousin—and been so far an acknowledgment of the new relations which disparity of wealth had established between them.

As it was, however, the bell sounded for kettle-drum in a few minutes, and ever alive to such domestic duties, she descended to the drawing-room

to superintend the tea-table. There she found Mr Holt alone; he generally presented himself at that intermediate meal, not that he ever partook of it, but because he knew that his presence was regarded as a sort of attention by his hostess, who did not find it easy at that hour to command the services of her gentlemen guests. She welcomed him on this occasion by a beaming smile, and then suddenly became overspread with gloom.

'This is a terrible misfortune that has overtaken our friends, Mr Holt.'

'Yes, indeed, madam. I cannot say how deeply I feel it.'

'You, however, do not, of course, hear of it to-day for the first time?'

'Well, no. I have had my fears—between ourselves—for some time respecting the particular investment the break-down of which has caused this catastrophe. I advised Dalton to get out of it; but you know he is difficult to persuade.'

'In other words, he is obstinate as a mule,' returned Mrs Campden frankly. 'I can easily imagine the trouble he must have given you to keep him straight even up till now.'

'He had always the best advice I had to offer him,' replied Mr Holt modestly; 'but he took fancies to this and that—a weakness greatly to be deprecated in business—and speculated'—

'And now, he has utterly ruined himself and all belonging to him?' observed Mrs Campden impatiently.

'I am afraid he has been very hard hit indeed, madam. Still, if he would be content to realise at a great loss, to be sure—or perhaps I should rather say, if he would consent to be freed from his liabilities'—

'That means bankruptcy, does it not?—Pray, take a cup of tea, Mr Holt.'

'Thanks. Why, no, madam; it is not bankruptcy. He has a notion, it seems—quite a chimerical one, in my opinion—that there is still something to be got out of this mine in Brazil. He is resolved to throw good money after bad by going out himself to St Jose'—

'Oh, I don't agree with you there, Mr Holt,' put in his hostess quickly. 'I think he can't do better for himself and for those belonging to him'

here she began to speak very impressively—than to go to Brazil. Things will settle down much better in his absence: his high-flown and extravagant notions, quite unsuited to his changed circumstances, are, I am convinced, not shared by Edith and the dear girls; they are simple in their habits, and will, if left to themselves, take a sensible view of their position. They are a little spoiled by flattery and incense, at least poor Kate is, but you will see that she will now be quite a different girl.'

'Indeed, I hope not, madam,' returned Mr Holt earnestly; 'in my humble opinion, Miss Kate Dalton can hardly change for the better.'

'I am sure Miss Kate Dalton ought to be very flattered, and I will venture to say *would be so*, if

she could hear what you say, Mr Holt. I am afraid she will not receive so many pretty speeches now, as she has been accustomed to, poor girl.'

'She will deserve them all the same, Mrs Campden.'

'Doubtless, doubtless: but those she does receive will be sweeter. It is a sad fall for her, when one remembers that it was only last season that she might have been a countess for the asking—or rather the asking was the other way—and now, of course'—Here Mrs Campden broke off to sip her tea, and instead of adding 'almost anybody,' as she had intended to say, she smilingly concluded her sentence with: 'Well, in short, "no reasonable offer," as the tradesmen say, is likely to be refused.'

'I suppose it will make a difference,' said Mr Holt thoughtfully.

'Of course it will; the girl is not an idiot.'

Holt started, as though he had been stung, and exclaimed, 'Mrs Campden!'

'There, pray, don't be angry,' returned his hostess, laughing outright, a very rare thing with her indeed; it was on that account, perhaps, that the laugh did not sound quite natural, and indeed expressed as much scorn as mirth. 'I had no idea that you City gentlemen were so dilident and unenterprising.'

'The most enterprising of us often fail, madam.'

'Yes, once or twice,' returned she quickly; 'but that is no bar to your final success.'

A curious change was manifested in both the speakers: the haughty and somewhat reticent Mrs Campden had become earnest and almost vivacious; the impassive man of business, usually so deferential in his manner to his hostess, had grown tenacious of his own opinion, and at the same time soft and gentle. It was with a sigh that might have been breathed by a woman that he replied: 'I would I could think so, madam; in any case, time and opportunity are necessary to recover from such reverses, and to encourage me to tempt fate anew.'

'You shall have them both, Mr Holt,' continued she rapidly. 'As my cousins will now remain for some weeks at Riverside, why should you not do likewise? You are very welcome to remain here, if you please.'

'But I am not sure whether Dalton, or indeed your husband himself?'—Mr Holt hesitated.

'I am mistress of my own house, sir,' broke in Mrs Campden imperiously; 'if I have asked you, that is sufficient. Mr Dalton will be off to town to-morrow, and you will have the field all to yourself.—Hush! there is some one coming.—Why, Kate, my dear, I thought for once you were deserting the tea-table.'

For an instant Kate turned a little white; it was her first meeting with her hostess since the tidings of her father's ruin; and though she had schooled herself to behave with equanimity, the effort cost her something; then her eyes fell upon Mr Holt, and she felt the hot blood passing into her cheeks, and flaming there. These two had been talking about her, some instinct told her at once; and though they had, unquestionably, a right to do so, she resented it exceedingly: every

nerve in her body tingled as though a designed affront had been offered to her.

'I thought you had been alone, Mrs Campden,' said she coldly.

'I have had my tea,' cried Mr Holt, rising with ludicrous haste, and sweeping the crumbs away from his legs with his pocket-handkerchief. 'I was just about to go when you came in.'

'Nay, nay; there is no reason for your going away from us,' said Mrs Campden in her most gracious manner. 'I think, by this time, my dear Kate, we may almost consider Mr Holt as a friend of the family. There is no one out of the family, I am sure, who regrets the misfortune that has happened to you all more than he does. Oh, my dear Kate, I am so distressed about it.'

This affectionate outburst was accompanied by an embrace, to which Kate submitted with the best grace she could.

'Blood is thicker than water, dear,' continued Mrs Campden confidently, 'and your best friends

till you come to have one dearer and nearer than even they—you will always find to be your relatives. Mr Holt here will do me the justice to say that I have just expressed to him'—She looked round for corroboration, but the witness she cited had disappeared. One of the drawing-room windows was open; and through it, finding his escape by the door cut off by his hostess, Mr Holt had quietly stepped on to the lawn, with a bow to Kate, by way of apology for having remained even so long as he had in obvious opposition to her wishes.

'Why, where on earth is the man gone to?' cried Mrs Campden with indignant astonishment.

'I suppose Mr Holt thought himself *de trop*,' observed Kate quietly.

'He was very foolish if he did; and I am bound to say, my dear Kate, since we are upon the subject, that you were still more foolish if you induced him to believe so. Mr Holt is a man of means, and indeed even of mark in his calling;—and there are very few girls, no matter what their position, who would be justified in treating his attentions with contempt.'

'I cannot understand how *any* girl could be justified in doing that,' answered Kate quietly.

'Well, well, you know what I mean. There are some young ladies—only a very few—who can afford to give themselves airs; and there are others—very numerous—who cannot afford it; it is well for them when they are not compelled by circumstances to put up with the airs of other people. There are governesses, for instance. I hope, my dear, I may never hear of *your* going out as such.'

'It is very likely that you may, Mrs Campden,' interrupted the girl calmly.

'Well, as I have just said, I hope not; but it is, of course, possible, if your father's ruin is so complete as we have reason to fear, that circumstances may compel you to take such a course. We should all feel it—your parents, your sister, and ourselves—as a great misfortune, though not, of course, in the light of a disgrace.'

'Indeed, Mrs Campden, I hope not,' answered Kate haughtily; 'my father's daughter is, I venture to believe, incapable of bringing disgrace upon any member of his family.'

'Of course, of course; I don't mean *that*,' returned her hostess quickly. 'But your taking one

up so sharp, is just an example of how unfit you are to undertake any subordinate position. If you were a governess, you know, people would say what they liked to you; that is, they would speak their minds very plainly; I always did so to Mary's governesses.

Kate inclined her head assentingly; she had every reason to believe the statement.

'Well, here is an opportunity, my dear girl—at least he has just gone out of the window—of avoiding this most unpleasant contingency.'

'If you please, Mrs Campden, I would rather not talk about this matter,' said Kate, looking up very flushed, and with quivering lips.

'But that is exceedingly foolish. Why hesitate to discuss what is not a mere theoretical affair, but something which is certain to happen; why refuse to hear any mention of poverty, when you are about so soon to feel its sting?'

'I feel it now, madam—at this moment,' returned the girl with intense significance. 'But it was not to our poverty that I was alluding; you are welcome to dwell on that to your heart's content. But with respect to any—with respect to that gentleman's pretensions to my hand, for to such I am compelled to believe you refer, I will not be schooled; I will not listen to you; it is a matter with which you have no concern whatever, while God still leaves me a mother.' For a moment the bitterness—the sense of the harshness of fate—which the young girl felt in her heart of hearts, was permitted to manifest itself in her tone; but the mention of her mother evidently softened it. 'I must beg, I must entreat, Mrs Campden,' she continued pleadingly, 'that you will never mention this subject to mamma. She could not endure it; it would pain and distress her to an extent that I think you are hardly aware of.'

'I am quite aware of it, my dear,' answered Mrs Campden composedly; 'and it is out of consideration for the state of her health and—and condition—that I have addressed myself to you. A mother, as you suggest, is the proper channel for such advice; but, in this case, it is for your mother's sake I speak, and she can hardly plead her own cause. I say nothing of your father, though his regret at seeing his dear ones reduced, through his own folly, to a position so foreign to their experience, must indeed be poignant; nothing of your poor invalid sister, henceforth compelled to give up all those luxuries which to one in her condition are almost necessities; nothing of your little brother, so young that he is incapable of understanding the change that has shadowed his prospects. All these things can be remedied, if you please; but I speak of your mother only. She will never complain, of course; but she will suffer all the more. Every slight that may now be offered to her husband, in return for a sharp word in other days, will be felt by her sensitive spirit like a poisoned dart. The withdrawal of fine-weather friends; the open satisfaction of enemies: these things will torture her. She will see yourself—her pride and flower—no longer the centre of admiration among the dazzling throngs of fashion, but wearing out your days in poverty and seclusion, without a chance of such a suitor as she might of old have reasonably expected; some doctor or curate, or gentleman-farmer at the best, will necessarily fall to your lot: she will see Jenny'—

'Spare me!' cried Kate imploringly. 'Do you suppose I do not foresee these things as well as you—that they are not brought home to me here?' and she pressed her hand passionately to her heart.

'That may be so,' continued the other calmly. 'But what you evidently do not see is the reverse of the picture; the change that is in your power to effect by the utterance of a single monosyllable. It is not as if you were asked to sacrifice yourself—as many girls are called upon to do—at the shrine of mammon; you are not selling yourself to some miserable old man, who has only his gold to recommend him, and who has forgotten, if he ever knew, what love is. Mr Holt is a man in every way estimable, and who—as you cannot but be aware—is passionately attached to you. You will make him the happiest of men; and in time—for these things grow, my dear Kate; the fanciful affection of a girl for a lover she knows nothing about is not to be compared with the esteem and affection born of the duration of a husband—I say, in time he will make you the happiest of women. Of course you don't think so now.' Kate had turned very pale, and sank down rather than seated herself in an arm-chair. 'It is so difficult for a young girl to listen to the voice of experience in such a matter. That is why I preferred in the first place to speak of the material aspects of the question, a consideration of which must surely needs carry conviction. In accepting this gentleman you will confer inestimable advantages upon your family, to benefit whom he is only seeking for such an excuse; of course I don't mean mere mean gifts, Kate, though, whatever he may do for them under such circumstances, you may depend upon it he would feel the obligation to be upon his side. He has opportunities—golden ones—of putting things in your father's way, without any cost to himself whatever. I think these should be strong arguments, even though there were other means of extricating your family from their embarrassments; but there is absolutely none. This expedition of your father's to the Brazils, Mr Holt tells me, is a fool's errand.'

'You think that would be given up,' put in Kate suddenly—'that papa would remain with mamma, in case I—that is, if Mr Holt'—

'My dear Kate, I wouldn't precipitate matters for the world,' interrupted Mrs Campden; 'I think it upon the whole advisable that your father should take the voyage.'

'But you said it was a fool's errand.'

'Yes; but he will never be convinced of that without a personal experience. Heaven forbid, too, that any arguments of mine should induce you to take a hurried step in a matter so important; but I adjure you to lay them to heart. Remember, you are the only one to whom those you love can look for assistance—I mean, of course, for permanent assistance,' added Mrs Campden, while a tinge of colour deepened the extremity of her nose. 'It is not as if you had sisters to whom a similar chance might offer itself. Your parents have only another burden in poor dear Jenny, who must always be a source to them of expense, as well as anxiety.'

'Hush, for God's sake!' cried Kate imperiously. The flow of Mrs Campden's eloquence had been such as to drown the noise of the opening of the door, and she was quite unaware that Jenny

herself had entered the room. There she stood, white and wan as a ghost, with her magnificent eyes fixed full upon her hostess, with an expression of unutterable calm.

'Do not be distressed for me, Kitty,' said she, with exquisite softness. Then, in the clear, incisive tones that were habitual to her, she added: 'And as for you, Mrs Campden, I should indeed be sorry that any one beyond our own family circle should be troubled upon my account. That I should always—so long as I live—be a source of anxiety to it, has been, I am afraid, decreed by Fate; but as to my being a burden, I hope in that respect your apprehensions will not be realised.'

'O Jenny, how can you ever be a burden to us!' exclaimed Kitty reproachfully.

'In the manner that Mrs Campden has pointed out, dear,' answered her sister calmly. 'She has, with great good sense, and without that foolish fastidiousness that would keep some people silent upon such a matter, laid her finger upon our weakest point—namely, the expense which an invalid like myself must necessarily be to my father and mother, who are no longer in a position to bear it.'

For the first moment or two of surprise, the mistress of Riverside had looked anything but the superior being which, in comparison with her young guests, circumstances had recently made her; she had been discomposed, confused, and flustered; there was even a fleeting instant in which she had meditated an apology for having involuntarily wounded Jenny's feelings; but perceiving first no direct resentment in the girl's manner, and then that her own arguments had acquired an unexpected ally, she began to take courage.

'Of course, my dear Jane, I should never have spoken upon so delicate a matter as your illness, had I dreamt you were within hearing. But Kate and I were having a little talk upon a private topic, during which it became necessary to touch upon all the inconveniences to which, through your father's losses, your family would be now exposed.'

Jenny's eyes glanced to Kate and back again with the quickness of those of a bird.

'I by no means wish to inquire into this private topic, Mrs Campden,' said she firmly; 'but I should wish it clearly to be understood that any arguments founded upon my being an encumbrance to my parents—upon my incapacity to earn my own living—have been advanced in error. If any important step were taken by any member of our family—here she glanced again at Kate—'upon that supposition, it would be a great mistake; and if it involved anything of sacrifice, must needs be bitterly repented of, since it would have been made in vain.'

'But, my dear child,' expostulated Mrs Campden, with a certain maternal air, which perhaps, of all her mental disguises, became her least, 'it is perfectly ridiculous that a girl in your position—a confirmed invalid—can ever hope to obtain any situation, as a governess, for instance, or to make money by her own exertions. With all the goodwill in the world, you know, how is it possible that you are to do it?'

'My dear Mrs Campden, that is an affair of my own,' replied Jenny decisively, 'as private as your late topic with Kitty; and you must therefore

excuse my discussing it.—Here is Mary come at last. Manima is still closeted with Dr Curzon, by-the-bye, and bade me say she would take no tea.'

HINDU MENDICANTS.

It is remarkable that a religious profession and begging are so closely allied in the minds of the Hindus, that when mendicancy is adopted by any one of them as a means of livelihood, the first step taken is to assume the religious garb. Hence, nearly every Hindu beggar belongs to some religious order. He may be aged or blind, or lame or maimed; but it is not his infirmity that he pleads as rendering him a fit object of charity; it is his connection with the god whose worshipper he professes to be, and in whose name it is that he solicits alms. Hence, again, most of the Hindu mendicants are men well able to work for their own living, but have taken to a life of begging simply from a love of idleness.

The different orders of Hindu mendicants may be classed under two heads. First, the local mendicant, who, having taken up a permanent abode in some town or village, attaches himself to one or other of its temples, sweeping and cleansing it daily, and performing other offices needful in the service of the idol. Secondly, the wandering mendicant, or devotee as he is commonly called, who roams from province to province, and has no fixed dwelling-place. He affects the superior sanctity of an ascetic, and studiously avoids mingling with his fellows.

There is nothing peculiar in the habits of the local mendicant to distinguish him from the rest of the people, except his religious garb; but the members of the wandering class are so remarkable in their appearance, habits, and mode of life, that to many readers, a description of them may prove both interesting and amusing. The following episode, which fell under the writer's personal experience, supplies the description, and also affords some insight into phases of Hindu life.

It was in a secluded spot, close to a small brook, at some distance from the village of Mal-siras, that one of these devotees had taken up his abode. No one could tell whence he had come, and for his part he was careful not to enlighten those who sought the information. A sanctimonious motion of the finger towards the sky was all the answer they received, signifying either that he came from above, or that his wanderings were guided by a power which ruled there. He was middle-aged, short, and strongly built; his only shelter was the shade of a wide-spreading wild fig-tree, under which stood a small temple with an image of the warlike god Khanduba, an incarnation of Siva, the Hindu deity of destruction. His appearance, to the eye of a European, was calculated to create a feeling of disgust, not unmingled with compassion. His long hair, matted with mud, and tied in a knot on his head; his body besmeared with ashes; his

eyes bloodshot from the fumes of a preparation of hemp-tops, which he smoked incessantly; he sat, with an affectation of dignity, on a mat of palm-leaves, with his legs crossed under him—his hookah in one hand, the other resting on his knee—and seemingly absorbed in contemplation. His only clothing was a narrow strip of calico suspended before and behind to a string tied round his waist, to which also was attached, at the left side, a small leathern pouch containing steel, flint, and tinder for striking fire; and a dirty strip of cloth, doing duty for a robe, thrown over his right shoulder, and drawn carelessly around his otherwise naked body. His belongings consisted of a small bundle apparently containing a knife, a sickle, a pair of rude sandals, and other odds and ends of an equally primitive description; an earthen censer, from which from time to time he lit his hookah; a melon gourd from which to slake his thirst; two or three earthen cooking-pots; his mat, and a huge bamboo club mounted with iron, which, by way of protection, he carried about with him wherever he went. His forenoons were spent in religious observances, which consisted, first, of ablution; next, of besmearing his body with ashes, from a metal censer in the temple close by; in numerous prostrations before the idol; and lastly, in repeating the names of the principal Hindu gods and goddesses, the number of times each had to be invoked being regulated by a string of beads which hung round the wrist of his right arm. This ritual, and the preparation of his only daily meal, occupied him till noon; when, having eaten till he was scarcely able to move, he would throw himself upon his mat, and sleep till late in the afternoon. On rising, he would receive visits from the people of the village; and towards evening he would be seen roaming in an adjacent wood, picking up sticks to feed his fire during the night, and to cook his next day's meal. His nights were spent in apparently wakeful solitude.

Such was the strange being whom the ignorant and superstitious Hindus, particularly the women of the village, looked upon with feelings by no means akin to those which would fill the mind of a European. To them he was a holy man, worthy of worship and adoration; they supplied him with coppers, brought him rice, wheat-meal, sugar, dried dates, and cocoa-nuts; and having offered them to him, they would prostrate themselves at his feet with feelings of the deepest reverence. To have their foreheads anointed with ashes from his censer, and to hear the word *Ashirwada* (blessing) uttered by his sacred lips, was to many the only boon they sought; while the childless prayed that they might be blessed with offspring, the ailing with health, the poor with bread, and others according to their various needs. These petitions were invariably answered by an assurance of their being speedily complied with; the consequence of which was, that the people thought they were fortunate in having such a saint, whom they called *Bawa*

(father), sojourning within the limits of their village; and the *Bawa* on his part, although of a taciturn nature, expressed himself satisfied with the reception accorded to him by the good people of *Malsiras*.

An intelligent and wily Brahman was almost the only member of the community who stood aloof from any manifestation of regard or respect for the seemingly holy visitor. As a man of the world, he smiled at the credulity of the less intelligent portion of the inhabitants; as a member of the priestly order, he keenly resented what he considered an unwarrantable encroachment upon his personal rights as spiritual guide to the community, and hence solely entitled to all revenues arising from exhibitions of religious sentiment. He could not prevent the reverence which was being shewn, nor the gifts which were being lavished on the *Bawa*; but he foretold evil, and with what foresight the sequel will unfold.

Among those who waited on the *Bawa* for his blessing were a number of *Ramusis*. The *Ramusis*, a tribe of aborigines, are the recognised watchmen of the villages in the *Deccan*; and no doubt some of them are faithful to the trust reposed in them; but as a rule, they are the authors of most of the depredations committed on the well-to-do portion of the community. They worship the Hindu gods, but attach themselves particularly to *Khandoba*; which circumstance may in this instance have brought them into contact with the *Bawa*. Their visits to him were made during the night, when the rest of the people were least likely to see them with him. They too believed in his supernatural powers, as much as the other ignorant portions of the villagers, and like them, had their particular boon to ask.

The *Wani*, a tradesman who was the corn-chandler, grocer, oilman, draper, and general shopkeeper of a neighbouring village, had proved refractory. He had, although repeatedly threatened by him, steadily refused to meet the demands in full of the *Ramusis* of his own village, for services rendered, and was therefore marked out by the fraternity for legitimate plunder. He was the only *Wani* of his small village, and therefore monopolised all the custom of it, as well as that of some of the neighbouring villages. He and his wife were old and childless; they had for many years been exiles from their own province of *Gujerat*, and during that time had laid by a considerable sum of money, much of which was buried in brazen pots in different parts of their dwelling. The old man's sole object was to add a little more to his savings, return to the place of his nativity, and spend the remainder of his days in quiet and comfort. The village where he resided, *Raidni*, lay about six miles to the north of *Malsiras*, the *Nira River* flowing midway, and dividing the lands of the two: *Malsiras* lay within the territory of the then *Rajah of Sattara*; *Raidni*, within that of the *East India Company*, in a district which at the time was in charge of a European officer, who was never found napping in the matter of his police duties. It was therefore a hazardous undertaking to attempt a burglary at *Raidni*, and hence the visit of the *Ramusis* to the *Bawa*. Would he throw the

mantle of his protection over them? Would he promise that they would prove successful, and escape detection?

The Bawa, having the popular notions of a Hindu, could have felt little if any compunction in giving a ready response to the prayer of the Ramusis. Were they not thieves by profession as well as by birth? Had not the Supreme, in creating a caste of the kind, intended that they should subsist by theft? And was he not, therefore, furthering the designs of Providence, in encouraging them to follow the profession to which they were born? Did not the Wani deserve to be punished? And who had a better right to punish that pernicious tradesman than the caste, a member of which he had defrauded? The Bawa, however, was not blind to his own interests; and in complying with the desires of the Ramusis, he made this stipulation, that a portion of the spoil should fall to his share.

Elated with the prospect of their booty, and the immunity promised by the Bawa, lots were cast as to those members who should comprise the gang to be engaged in the burglary. Fourteen—a propitious number—were selected; and the first, and therefore the darkest night of the lunar month was fixed upon as that on which the house of the unfortunate Wani was to be attacked. The closing act previous to starting was to meet at the temple of Khairuba; there, in a body, solemnly to vow eternal allegiance to him in case of success; and to call down his dire displeasure upon any member of the gang who should prove false, by giving information against the rest.

It was about midnight when the fourteen upon whom the lots had fallen, armed with swords and bludgeons, made their appearance at the door of the Wani's house. They had no trouble in effecting an entrance; and having ransacked the place of everything of value that they could carry away, they left the village in high glee at the success which had attended their enterprise. So far from any resistance being made by the Wani, he was, through fear of being murdered, glad to shew where his valuables and treasure were hidden; and these were carried away with the rest.

The people of the village were aroused; but no one ventured to run the risk of being maltreated, if not seriously injured, for interfering in behalf of the Wani. In short, they felt little if any sympathy for him; for he, it must be said, was in common with others of his class, no favourite of the villagers. He, like the other Wanis of the district, was extortionate in his dealings; and the people looked upon him and his brethren as little if any better than the Ramusis themselves. 'The one class robs us at night, the other fleeces us by day,' was indeed a common saying among them.

The Patil, head-man of the village—who was a kind of revenue and police officer combined in one, on seeing what had happened, as in duty bound, started off a messenger to the European officer in charge of the district, to inform him of the burglary. A distance of fourteen miles separated that officer's residence from Raidni; and it was not till about 3 A.M. that he was roused from his slumbers, to start with a few armed followers, mounted and on foot, to the scene of the burglary. The eastern sky was beginning to shew signs of

approaching day, when the party reached Raidni, and no time was lost in giving chase.

In nothing is the old proverb, 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' better exemplified than in the plan adopted in the Deccan on such occasions. The village Ramusi, looked upon as a professional thief, is expected to track the footsteps of the perpetrators of every robbery. The Ramusi of Raidni was therefore summoned at once to perform this part of his official duties; and he was not long in leading the party to the spot at which the burglars had recrossed the river on their return home. Here he made a stand, meekly pleading that the stream had obliterated any further marks of footprints, and that it was therefore impossible to proceed forward with any degree of certainty.

There was, however, a much more serious obstacle to proceeding forward than that which the Ramusi pleaded. To pass the boundary which separated the territory of any independent state from that of the Company, on an errand of the kind, was to transgress a stringent order of government. But was not this an exceptional case? The officer determined to proceed, and a flourish of his whip by way of threat, soon convinced the Ramusi that trifling was out of the question. So on they went, crossed the river, which at the spot was but knee-deep, and went along the opposite bank to the point where the burglars had continued their retreat. From thence, following up the track, they very shortly after sighted Malsiras; and on approaching the village, it was observed that a number of Ramusis were collected in front of their huts. On seeing the party advancing, they came forward, saluted the Sahib most obsequiously, and expressed their readiness to continue the track of the 'vile burglars.' To this the Sahib had no objection; but in the meantime, by a preconcerted plan, he insisted that two of their number should be handed over to him as hostages, for the good conduct of the rest in following up the track, which had been traced to their village. This led to a panic, and a general attempt at escape; but it failed; ten of them were secured, and presuming that they were the delinquents, they were walked off in triumph to the principal town of the district in which Raidni was situated, and confined in what might be called a police station.

suffice it to say that, being subjected to rather hard fare and harder treatment, one of them, a mere stripling, turned approver; and eventually the rest of the gang were apprehended with a large portion of the stolen property. Thirteen were convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for a number of years, and the approver liberated.

It came out during the trial that the mendicant had to a certain extent encouraged the burglars, if he had not actually instigated them to commit the burglary, and means were therefore taken for his apprehension; but he was not to be found. When the Ramusis were being taken one way, he had been seen walking off in a directly opposite direction, with his club thrown over his shoulder, his belongings strung to the upper end of it, and he pulling away lustily at his hookah.

The European officer did not escape a reprimand for infringing the orders of government in crossing the boundary which divided the two states. It was plain, however, from the covert nature of the reprimand, that it was merely formal, and that his

superiors duly appreciated the motives which prompted him to act as he had done. By his zeal and intelligence he rose rapidly in the service; and many years afterwards, when passing through Malais on much more important duties, he was led to make inquiries about the unfortunate Itamusis who had been imprisoned for the burglary.

He ascertained that only two had survived the period of their sentence, and that they were then residing in the village; the rest had been carried off by cholera at different periods of their imprisonment. But, lamentable to say, his inquiries regarding the stripling who had turned approver elicited the painful fact, that, a short time after his return to the village, his dead body was found, horribly mutilated, in an unfrequented part of the wood in which the Kawa was wont to take his evening strolls. There was but one opinion as to the perpetrators of the foul deed. The caste could not suffer such a renegade to live.

No endeavour had been made to detect the murderers. An obscure outcast was not worth the trouble.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE CLYDE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

My brother followed me from the room, and whispered: 'This looks rather a bad business, Mary; but still it is quite possible they may turn up safe enough; and so long as there is hope, you must keep her up. I am glad you offered to go with her.'

Tom was standing dressed at the head of the stairs. He had heard Mrs Nisbet's sobs, but did not like to come down, and was eager to know what was the matter. I told him as briefly as possible what had occurred.

'Poor Mrs Nisbet!' he said; 'can't I do anything to relieve her mind; take a run along the beach or something? They are sure to turn up, you know; but I daresay she can't help worrying.'

'You might look about to see if you can find any trace of them, as soon as it is light,' I said; 'but it would not be of much use just now. But I must run down to her. Your father and you can talk it over presently.'

When Mrs Nisbet and I went in, we went at once to her own room, where baby was lying asleep in his pretty blue-and-white bassinette, and the nurse sitting half asleep and rather aggrieved-looking beside him. Jane evidently had not understood her master's danger, or her mistress's state of mind, and she was preparing to depart, vaguely wondering what I was doing there in a dressing-gown at one o'clock in the morning.

'Mrs Nisbet,' said I, 'don't you think we ought to have good fires put on in the kitchen and dining-room, and dry stockings and things looked out, before Jane goes to bed? They may have come ashore at Toward Point, and may be coming home by the road, wet through.'

'Oh, certainly; I wonder I never thought of that myself,' said Mrs Nisbet, who, as I expected,

had roused up a little at the thought of having something to do.

'You were in such a hurry to weep over their drowning, that you had no time to think of the far more likely event of their return, dripping wet and starving with hunger,' said I, trying to speak as cheerfully as I could.

But when all was done, and she had sat down in the dining-room, where the supper was laid, and the slippers, &c., warming on the fender, the same painful look, almost like despair, came into her eyes as she murmured: 'How strange it will feel to put all these things away, when we have given up hope—if they never return!'

We got our anxious friend persuaded to take a little refreshment, and afterwards to lie down beside baby, who was getting restless. I then took away the lamp in Mrs Nisbet's room, seeing that she had become very still and had her eyes closed, for I thought she might be asleep; but I came and peeped in every now and again, to see if she were quiet. I was coming up-stairs on a similar errand, just as the first faint gray light of dawn was beginning to struggle with the darkness; but before I came to the door, she called me in a kind of intense whisper to come in and not be afraid to tell my news, for she 'knew the worst.' She was sitting up in bed, pushing back her long hair from her temples with both hands.

'I have no news,' I said, feeling rather alarmed at her wild scared look. 'But it is getting light now, and they will now be able to see their way home, which, of course, they could not do in the dark.'

'They will never come home,' she solemnly replied. 'I have just seen John. I was lying broad awake, looking at the firelight playing on the curtains, and listening to the waves, when all at once I saw a great green wave curl itself up like a wall, with a white crest of foam; and I saw John's face through it; and then it seemed to fall with a loud noise and a hiss of broken waters, and then it all disappeared. It was only for a moment; but I saw his face quite distinctly; he was deadly pale, and his eyes were wide open. I thought Charley was somewhere on the beach; but before I had time to look, the whole scene was gone.'

'You must have been dreaming,' I cried, inwardly reproaching myself for having left her a single moment alone.

'No,' she said, in the same whispering, awed voice; 'I was not dreaming. I had been praying. I had opened my eyes, and was watching the firelight, as I told you, and wishing—oh, so earnestly—that I could know what had become of them, when I imagined I saw a green wave rise up before me, and my husband's face in it. Oh, it is terrible to think of his being tossed about by that angry sea! Perhaps those cruel waves are dashing him against the rocks now. I must get up,' she pursued; 'the sea sounds so loud when I am lying here.' She rose, and proceeded to dress; while I sank into a chair and watched her, too bewildered to utter a word. Presently she came and sat down on a footstool beside me, and said: 'Do you remember the other evening, when I was telling you how happy I was, you told me to hush, for it sounded ominous to talk of perfect happiness in this world! And is it not a strange coincidence that with the first light of dawn on the anniversary of my marriage, God should send

a vision to tell me I am a widow! I am a very young widow, am I not? I am not twenty-one yet, and life looks so dismal and lonely.' Then, burying her face in my lap, she said with a groan: 'Oh, if God had only taken baby and me instead!'

'Hush! hush! my dear; for mercy's sake, don't go on like that, frightening an old woman out of her wits. We don't live in the times of John the Evangelist, and things are not told to people in signs and visions. Do try to be reasonable.' It went to my heart to speak to her so harshly, but I hardly knew what to say. To sympathise with her would have only made matters worse.

It was now getting quite light, and she walked steadily into the drawing-room, pulled up the blind, and looked out at the sea. She stood so for a time, and said: 'I will try still to hope, till the "sea gives up the dead."'

'Or the living,' I replied.

After a while she said: 'You must be very tired sitting up all night. Won't you go and lie down? I assure you, you need not be afraid to leave me—I am quite calm.'

'You must not send me away,' I answered. 'I am not at all tired, and could not sleep; but I should like a cup of tea.'

'Then I will go and prepare it,' she said, rising, as if she were glad of something to do.

Happening to look out after she had left, I saw Tom waiting on the door-step. I went and opened the door; and he told me that he had walked about two miles along the shore, but could see nothing—not even a capsized boat. 'Which shews,' said he, 'that they certainly have not been upset hereabouts, and most likely they are still in her. It is about a quarter of an hour since I came back,' he added; 'but I thought I would not ring, for fear Mrs Nisbet might think they had come, and then have been disappointed.'

The servants were soon stirring; then baby woke up, and had to be attended to. I ran in for a few minutes to tell my brother about Mrs Nisbet. He was not inclined to attach much importance to her vision, and said he saw no reason why we should apprehend that the worst had happened.

'No,' said Tom; 'it would be ridiculous to give them up for lost, when very likely they are on their way home. It is easy enough to understand how they might get drifted down the Firth, and not be able to pull back before daylight. Or they may have taken shelter on one of the Cumbraes; or may even be ashore at Rothesay. But depend upon it, the worst is just that they have been tossed about on the sea all night.'

'You are quite right, Tom,' said his father. 'It is very probable they have landed somewhere quite safely; and if it had not been Sunday, might have been back with one of the early steamers. As it is, I fear we must bear the suspense. We can't expect a letter or telegram either. It is most unfortunate it should be Sunday; but I do think that they will be here by the evening. They will be as anxious to get back as we are to see them, unless the worst has really happened.'

'But the chances are twenty to one against it,' chimed in Tom, with his usual impetuosity.

Towards the afternoon, Mrs Nisbet was sitting at the window, looking wearily out to sea. I could so well understand the aching dread that

was gnawing at her heart. Our hopeful arguments and surmises were almost stereotyped by this time, and I could only press her hand silently. All at once I observed her straining her eyes to the opposite shore with an intensity of eagerness. I looked in the same direction, and saw a small boat at some distance, and apparently coming straight across.

'It is coming here,' I cried.

'Wait!' she said in a hoarse whisper. 'We cannot tell who or what may be in her.' She stood close to the window, watching the little boat as it rose and fell with the waves. I ran to bring the field-glasses—for we had a very good pair—and handed them to her. 'Look first,' she entreated; 'I dare not.' And she stood with clasped hands, while I steadied the glass and brought it into focus.

'I see four men in her,' I said: 'they are all rowing, but their backs are towards us. Now, one turns round, but he is only a boatman; and—Ah! yes! I am almost sure the one with the dark hair is Mr Methven!'

'Let me see,' she cried, seizing the glass eagerly; but her hand trembled so, that she could scarcely hold it. When she had managed to steady it, she cried: 'Yes; they are there! John and Charley both'—and she staggered back, and fell in a dead-faint.

It was long before she could be brought round, and her husband's footsteps were heard on the gravel outside as she shewed the first signs of consciousness. He came rapidly but softly into the room, and sank down on his knees by the side of his wife's sofa, and taking her hand in his, and looking up to me, he said: 'She must have suffered a great deal, poor darling.'

'Yes,' I said; 'she had almost given you up for lost.'

She opened her eyes, and looking in her husband's face, she murmured: 'It is really you, John! You are not drowned?'

'Do I look like a drowned person?' he answered, smiling.

'No—not now,' she replied. 'But when I saw your face through the big wave, it looked drowned then.'

'Why! what does she mean?' he exclaimed, looking anxiously at her, for he feared the suspense had told upon her reason. Mr Methven had come into the room and sat down near his sister, but he did not speak, and my brother stood behind.

'It is a dream she had this morning,' I explained. 'She thought she saw a great wave rise up before her, and your face appeared to look through it.'

'It was no dream,' she said, trying to raise herself, and stretching out her hand for the wine and water I had been vainly offering to her before. She drank the wine, and turning to her husband she added: 'I was wide awake, though I was in bed; and I started up as I saw the wave curl up all green and smooth, and white foam at the top, just as they do when they break on the shore; and your face looked through the water as pale as death, and the eyes wide open; it was just for an instant, and then the wave fell with a loud noise; and then I heard the hiss and rush of waters, as if running up the beach. I thought you were somewhere near too, Charley,' she said, turning to her brother; 'but it all vanished before I had time to identify you. Can it have been a dream, I wonder?'

'When did this take place?' asked her husband excitedly.

'Just in the first gray light of the morning,' said I; and his wife nodded.

'Why, it is the most extraordinary thing!' said Mr Nisbet, turning to his brother-in-law. 'It was just about then that our boat capsized, as we were trying to run her on to a small island, and I was sucked up by a wave; but before I was flung on the beach, I opened my eyes and thought I saw you, Kitty, sitting up in bed. You looked frightened or distressed, and were pushing your hair back with your hands.' (I gave an involuntary exclamation, for she was looking just as her husband described, when I went into her room at the time she told me she saw him.) 'It was all over like a flash of lightning, but it was as vivid as it was rapid. I saw the whole room quite distinctly, and baby on the bed. I thought I must be dying, and that my spirit had been allowed a last look at you before quitting the earth for ever. For,' added he, bending over his wife, 'I felt as if it were really you, and not a vision, I had seen; but the whole, thoughts, vision, and all, passed, as I said, like a flash of lightning, and I was flung on the beach stunned; for I remember nothing more till I recovered in the cottage into which I was carried.'

'It is very strange! The strangest thing I ever heard,' said Mr Methven. 'John told me of his dream or vision, after he recovered; but I thought nothing of it then. The wonderful thing is, how you should have seen each other. I suppose we may call it a case of double clairvoyance; but I always fancied that sort of thing was all humbug.'

'Oh, don't talk about it any more,' entreated Mrs Nisbet, shuddering. 'I fear I shall never forget that face in the wave, John; I never expected to see you alive again.'

'My poor darling!' he murmured fondly, tightening his clasp of her hand, and looking earnestly in her face.

'But come,' she said, 'tell us all about it; you have told us nothing yet but that you were capsized on a small island.'

'My dear Kitty,' explained her brother, 'we got drifted out, and could not get in again; but we are here all alive, and so little like drowned people, that we are awfully hungry; and I for one won't satisfy anybody's curiosity till I have eaten and drunk.'

'Such a worthy resolution deserves to be seconded,' said her husband; 'so, Kitty, I will ring the bell, and tell them to bring in something.'

'Oh, I will go down and see after supper, if Mrs Nisbet will allow me;' and going to her, I whispered: 'Wouldn't it be well to have things as we arranged yesterday?'

'Yes,' she answered, smiling; 'I will try to go down with you, and make it nice.'

'No, no,' said I. 'You are not able to do anything of the kind; I will soon arrange everything.'

'Thank you,' she replied. 'I don't know how I can ever thank you enough.—John,' she said, turning to her husband, 'if it had not been for Miss Mackinlay, I never could have got through last night and to-day.—You must all come and take supper with us, you know,' she added with a meaning look; an invitation which her husband seconded, with many warm expressions of thanks.

With the assistance of the willing handmaidens, we soon had the table spread with the pretty,

dainty little dishes, which had all day kept intruding themselves on my mind in the light of anything but a 'wedding-feast;' and really the table looked very pretty, with the baskets of flowers 'the bride' had arranged the previous day.

Mrs Nisbet was a little giddy and faint when she rose, and there was a little bustle about getting her down-stairs and seated; so that the splendid nature of the feast did not strike anybody till we were all at the table.

'Hollo, Kitty! What's this?' inquired John, as he took up the carver to plunge it into the breast of a turkey, whose gay adornments had just then come under his observation. 'Have you been endowed with the wand of the conjurer? Champagne too! Why, this is like a wedding-feast!'

'Don't you remember, John, that this is the anniversary of our marriage? And I had prepared those things in honour of the day. It is more appropriate now than ever, since we have been united again after such'— But here a sob choked her voice.

At last, when the substantialities had been disposed of, we all begged them to relate their adventures. So Mr Methven began.

'You know,' he said, 'that we took out the boat for an hour's fishing last night, a little before eight o'clock. We went to the usual place, and let down our lines. There was a little swell, but we did not think anything of it. It seemed to increase, however, and it began to rain; and after fishing rather less than an hour, we drew in our lines and decided to give it up; but on proceeding to haul up the anchor, we found it had been dragging, and that we had drifted a good way out. We took to the oars, and pulled as hard as we could, but did not appear to get any nearer the shore. At last, when we had rowed till we were almost exhausted, and it was getting dark, I looked round to John, who was sitting behind me, and observed: "It looks as if we had got ourselves into a fix, doesn't it?" "Rather," he said; "but we must not give in yet: come, pull away." Which we did, as if we were pulling for our lives; but it was no use. We stopped to take breath, and on looking round again, instead of finding ourselves nearer the shore, it was almost invisible. "It is the rain and darkness hides it from us," said John; "I think we must be really nearer. Come, let us have another try." We rowed in a kind of desperation for a time; but the darkness increased so fast that we could hardly see a couple of boat-lengths, and were obliged to draw in our oars and give it up. We sat and looked at each other in silence for a while. For my part, I had just begun fully to understand our position. We could not tell north from south, and had no idea in what direction Inellan lay, so that it was no use rowing; the only thing we could do was to sit and wait for daylight. John was the first to speak. "Well, Charley," he said, "we are in for a night's tossing on the waves, and a thorough drenching, I fear; so we may as well make up our minds to it. It is impossible to find our way home till daylight." "And where we shall drift to in the meantime, goodness knows," I rejoined. "I should not mind it much, if it were not for Kitty," said John, "she will be so anxious." "If we had only taken her advice and staid at home," I added. "I wish, with all my heart, we had; but wishing won't put us

back again." We could not talk much, however, but sat and looked at each other as long as we could see, and then spoke a word now and then, simply for the sake of hearing each other's voices. But the hours were terribly long.—Weren't they, old fellow?"

"Ay, that they were," replied John. "There is no more trying position for a man to be placed in than to sit still, with all his energies strong within him, eager to grapple with the danger that menaces him, and to feel that he is hemmed in by the inevitable, that he can do nothing but sit and wait—waiting is so hard."

"Just what I felt," responded his wife. "With me, waiting was agony."

"It must have been terrible for you, Kitty," said her brother. "But we found it a pretty tough job too, through these long hours, with the spray and the rain running down our backs. Thinking of you, bothered us sadly; and John had the additional trouble of the baby on his mind; though, for my part, I never remembered the young fellow's existence till his papa happened to mention him. Then there was a thought at the bottom of both our hearts which we tried to keep there, but it would come to the surface: I mean the thought, that it might be we should never see dry land again. And then, I caught myself musing with self-pity and disgust on the fact, that I, who had crossed the Atlantic, and had taken part in dangerous adventures more than once, should come and be drowned in a miserable mill-pond like the Clyde, in pursuit of a few miserable whittings, not worth three-halfpence the whole lot; and I groped in the bottom of the boat, and pitched the three or four I found, overboard, exclaiming: "You are a nice lot to get into such a scrape for." "What's up?" said John, when he heard my exclamation. "I was only abusing these wretched fish we are likely to lose our lives for." "Well, I can't see much good that will do, though I hope the fish may not eat us quite so much," replied John. "One must find some vent for one's feelings," said I. "But what have you been thinking of?" "Well, to tell you the truth, I was just among the books at the office," replied John. "This answer, so different from what I had expected, set me off laughing. Notwithstanding our perilous position, I took a good long guffaw while I was about it. Not that I felt so very jolly either, you may be sure. "I hope your laugh has done you good," said John quietly, when I stopped at last; "but I really do not see what can afford you so much merriment." "Upon my word, I could not help it. To think of any man being so fond of business as to let it absorb his meditations in circumstances such as these." "If you were a family man, you would have understood. I was only thinking what there would be for Kitty, should I never be heard of again."

"Now, Kitty," pursued her brother, "I am going to make a confession: I behaved about——"

"Come, Charley, don't say anything about that," said John. "The fact is, we had a little quarrel, but we made it up. It was nothing at all."

"No, no, John! I am determined to make a clean breast; and it was not a quarrel, for I was the only one to blame."

"Ah, well," said John, laughing, "if you are going in for preambles like that, you had better out with it, or you will make everybody think it is something dreadful."

"Well, it is just this, Kitty. You must know that I never liked your husband. I could not really tell what for; but I used to look down on him as a shallow, conceited ass, and felt myself immeasurably his superior. So I allowed my dislike to get the better of me, and answered him like a brute, when he spoke of making a provision for you. I said: "That he need not trouble himself about not being able to leave a wealthy widow, for you were young and pretty enough to get another husband without it."

"O Charley! how could you?" cried his sister, looking reproachfully at him.

"Well, Kitty, I did not really mean it; I just said it to annoy him, for I was cold, and miserable, and reckless at the time. But I shall never forget his grave tone of rebuke as he answered: "God grant that she may find some one worthy of her to make her happy, should I never return; but it will be long before such a means of consolation occurs to her, poor girl." I made a senseless and sarcastic retort about conceit, when he stopped me by saying: "Come, Mr Methven, the next wave may finish our career in this world. Don't let it find us in such unseemly wrangling." And then, I don't know what he said, but he talked so that he made me feel ashamed of myself. In short——"

"In short," interrupted Mr Nisbet, "it is a case of much ado about nothing. But the sea became so much rougher, that we were obliged to stop pouring out our best feelings, and take to baling out the water, and try to prevent our boat from being swamped by a big wave striking her on the bows. It was getting lighter, and we soon descried a lighthouse, which we knew to be on the island of Cumbrae. You have heard how our boat was capsized, and the lighthouse keeper came to our assistance. His wife made us some nice hot tea, and dried our clothes, while we went to bed for an hour or two. We would have been here much sooner, if we could have persuaded the man that it was safe to leave the island. The sea is much rougher down there, exposed as it is to the Atlantic. If we could have telegraphed to let you know our whereabouts, we might have waited more patiently; but that was out of the question on a Sunday, even if we had not been on a rock with the stormy waves beating all round us. It was nearly mid-day before we could get across to Largs, and then there was some delay in getting a conveyance to Wemyss Bay. When there, however, we had no difficulty in hiring a boat with a couple of stout rowers to bring us over. And here we are, safe and sound."

"Well, you have had a narrow escape," said my brother. "Let us be thankful you are safe."

"We must drink the health of the returned wanderers," cried Tom. "Such an adventure is splendid when it is over. It is almost as good as a wedding."

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," added my brother, "we will suppose it to be the wedding over again: bumpers for the re-united bride and bridegroom!"

The bride's happy tears were a fitting reply.

Several years have passed since that memorable summer. But the friendship then formed between us and the Nisbets has deepened and strengthened with each succeeding year. I am Aunt Mary to Mrs Nisbet's children—one of whom, the dearest little pet in the world, is named after me. Mrs

Nisbet shares her joys with me, and consults me in all her little troubles and perplexities; and we often talk over the troubles of that anxious day and night's Adventure on the Clyde.

Coca.

Coca, much talked about lately in connection with the doings of a wonderful pedestrian, is the leaf of the *Erythroxylon coca*, a climbing-plant, seldom attaining six feet in height, bearing small white flowers succeeded by red berries. The leaves, about an inch and a half long, are of a pale bright green and quite smooth, somewhat resembling those of the myrtle. When fit for gathering an operation performed three or four times a year—they fall off at the slightest touch of the hand; and after being dried in the sun, are collected in baskets large enough to hold half a hundredweight of leaves. The plant is little known in this country.

Although strange to European experience, coca has been in high favour with the Indians of South America for centuries, as an infallible preventive of hunger and weariness. Peter de Cieza tells us the Peruvian Indians of his time, esteeming the coca-tree of far higher account than the best wheat, nourished it carefully in the mountains of the Andes, from Guananga to the town of La Plata; and when they acquired a new piece of land, at once set about calculating how many baskets of coca it would yield. So great was the demand for it, particularly at the mines of Potosi, and so extensively was it cultivated, that in the years 1548, 1549, 1550, and 1551, the plantations gave an annual return to their proprietors of from forty thousand to eighty thousand 'pieces of eight.' This is not to be wondered at, considering that the Indians had such hearty faith in the virtues of coca, that, believing the more they ate of it the stronger they became, they were never seen without some leaves in their mouths, from the time they rose in the morning till the time they turned in for the night; while before setting out on a journey they took especial care to fill their leathern pouches with coca-leaves, and their calabashes with 'a whitish sort of earth' to be eaten with them. The simple leaf sufficed their necessities at home, unless bent upon a little extra exhilaration, in which case they took tobacco-leaves and coca-leaves in combination.

An English gentleman staying at Jamaica in 1789, received from a Mr Reader, who had just returned from a visit to Peru, a small horn spoon and a calabash containing about a pound of a white powder; accompanied with the information that the Indians, when travelling, took a spoonful of the powder whenever they felt hungry, and if thirsty as well, washed it down with a draught of water; and thus provided could compass a thousand miles afoot without requiring anything else in the way of refreshment. Upon examination the white powder proved to be nothing but lime from calcined oyster-shells; such as, many years later, Humboldt saw set out for sale in the public market at Popayan, for eating with dried coca-leaves, or for mixing with chewed leaves preparatory to being made up into pellets or pills.

Ulloa declares the Indians thought so much of coca or coca, that rather than go without it, they would part with anything or everything they possessed. 'They put,' he says, 'into their mouths a

few coca-leaves and a suitable portion of a kind of chalk called membi, and chewing them together, at first spit out the saliva which that manducation causes, but afterwards swallow it; and then move it from one side of the mouth to the other, till the substance is quite drained.' The herb, he avers, fortifies the stomach and preserves the teeth, and is so nutritive and invigorating, that the chewers of it could labour whole days without taking any other food. Another writer deposes that coca-eaters can work for eight or ten days without sleeping, untroubled by hunger, thirst, or fatigue. After this we are not surprised to learn that the Bolivian Indians, who take coca from infancy, are able to hold their own easily with mule-mounted travellers. Such among them as have won for themselves a reputation as 'good walkers' are employed to carry government despatches, being capable of accomplishing twenty leagues a day for several successive days with nothing to sustain their energies save coca and lipta—a preparation of cooked potatoes, pounded into a pulp and burned to ashes with a maize cob, which imparts a pleasant saline flavour to the otherwise insipid coca-leaf.

The Indian and half-caste women of the Upper Amazons are given to indulge overmuch in ypadin, made by baking coca-leaves in an oven, pounding them in a wooden mortar until half pulverised, and then mixing them with the ashes of the burnt leaves of the candelabrum-tree, in order to neutralise the evil effect of pure coca-powder. As coca-eating happens to be abhorrent to the ruling powers in Ege, the ypadin-loving dames are compelled to raise their coca-trees in retired forest nooks, to hide away their modest gatherings, and take their solace secretly. Mr Bates thinks that ypadin does no harm if taken in moderation; but if indulged in to excess, it destroys the appetite, and in time produces great nervous exhaustion. Humboldt, conceding that Indian messengers can travel for many days without any other aliment, pronounces against the use of the delectable mixture of leaves and lime, on the ground, that while exciting the secretion of the saliva and of the gastric juice, it takes away the appetite without affording any nutriment to the body; and an Edinburgh Reviewer, disgusted with a traveller's laudation of coca, does not scruple to assert that it is certain those who used it were remarkably short-lived. The Bolivian Indians, however, if we may accept the testimony of one who lived some years among them, are rather remarkable for their longevity; and if the coca-leaf is really very deleterious, it is hard to understand how it has retained its repute so many hundred years.

Supposing coca to be all its admirers assert, it does not follow that its introduction into countries yet blissfully ignorant of its virtues is at all desirable. Your coca-eater only works by fits and starts, ordinarily he ranks among the laziest of the lazy. Besides, what may be meat to the Indian in the healthiest tropical land in the world, may be poison to the energetic sons of colder climes; and the fact that in South America coca-eating is steadfastly eschewed by the ruling race, speaks strongly against the vaunted harmlessness of the practice. It is impossible it should be harmless; neither the body nor the mind can be defrauded of due sustenance and rest with impunity; though the payment of the penalty be deferred

for a time, it is sure to be exacted. Of stimulants we have enough and to spare. Those already used and abused may very well suffice those who cannot get along without something of the kind. Nobody that we know of wants to work day and night, or to dispense with meat and drink. Even if anybody does, it is possible that their end may be achieved by other means. From the Moluccas to the Yellow River, from the Ganges and the Indus to the shores of the Black Sea, the betel-leaf is, as old Gerarde says, 'not only unto the silly Indian meat, but also drink in their tedious travels, refreshing their weary spirits and helping their memory.' Abyssinian sentinels on night-duty keep drowsiness at a distance by chewing the leaves of the *Catha edulis*; Magnenus records that a soldier at the siege of Valencia, in 1636, underwent the greatest fatigue and lived without food for a week, thanks to a few quids of tobacco; and we ourselves knew a man who, when compelled to work through the night, kept himself awake and up to the mark by merely chewing tea. Tea being within everybody's reach, perhaps it would be as well if, before setting about importing coca-leaves, the medical gentlemen who have displayed such enthusiasm in behalf of coca, were to try the effect of tea and lime, and let the world know the result of the experiment.

It is surely a pity that three such important products as coca, the cocoa of the breakfast-table, and the cocoa-nut, though completely distinct both botanically and in their properties and uses, should have names so provokingly similar that most people, we believe, are puzzled to say which is which. The *Erythroxylon coca* of which we have been speaking has no connection with the cocoa-tree (*Theobroma cacao*), which yields the well-known beverage cocoa or chocolate. Equally distinct from both is the cocoa-nut palm (*Cocos nucifera*), the fruit of which supplies the inhabitants of many tropical coasts and islands with a great part of their food, and also furnishes the cocoa-nut oil of commerce. It is the more solid ingredient of this oil, known as cocoa-nut butter, that is so much used as an unguent when mixed with a little olive-oil to give it softness. Among the many changes of nomenclature constantly going on, could nothing be done to remedy the perplexity caused by so many diverse articles being known by names so closely resembling each other?

CONCERNING ROULETTE.

DURING the steeple-chase week at Aldershot some years ago, I was induced by a young friend, in whom I took a great interest, but over whom I unfortunately possessed but little control, to accompany him one evening to see some roulette played. I knew in a general sort of way what the game was, for I had often seen it on race-courses; but till that night I had no idea that it was carried on to such an extent in this country, or that men could lose fortunes at it.

My friend, whom I shall call Herbert B—, was an impetuous, warm-hearted Irishman, generous to a fault, and as fine a young fellow as you would see in a day's walk. He was, however, like many of his countrymen, thoughtless to a degree, and seemed always quite unable to resist the

impulse of the moment, whatever it might be. Knowing him to be in debt, and dependent almost altogether on his pay, I tried my best to dissuade him from going; but it was no use; and so I determined to go along with him, to try and keep him as much as possible out of harm. For all I could do, though, as it turned out, I might as well have remained away.

Every one, I suppose, knows what roulette is; but in case this should meet the eye of 'the exception,' I will endeavour briefly to describe it.

Four things are chiefly necessary for its performance. First, a board of peculiar and complicated construction, of which more hereafter; second, a cloth half-red and half-black, with sundry numbers and cabalistic characters painted on it; third, a professor of *legerdemain*, to manipulate the wheel; and finally, the flats to be pillaged.

Herbert B— represented the last item to perfection, except that he had very little to be pillaged of. In a few minutes all his available capital had melted in almost equal proportions on both the red and black, which colours he backed impartially, but generally with the same result, for he nearly always lost. His last coin having vanished, he rose to go, remarking incidentally that he had brought no more money with him.

'Won't you take a glass of champagne, sir?' said an oily voice at his elbow; and turning round, he beheld a sleek, close-shaved, Methodist parson-like individual, who was rubbing his hands in an apparently nervous manner, and smiling abjectly.

'Well, I suppose I may as well,' replied Herbert, as he followed the other to the sideboard.

'We'll be happy to lend you any money you like, Captling, to go on with,' insinuated the greasy owner of the oily voice, as the bottle was being opened; adding, as the liquor foamed into the tumbler: 'Your luck has been dreadful bad, to be sure; but it is safe to turn; and with the steady game you plays, you stands an uncommon good chance of winning, I can tell you, though I says it who shouldn't, if I consulted my own interest.'

But why dwell on my poor friend's folly. He gulped down the stuff they called champagne, borrowed ten pounds, and returned to the table.

When he left the house some hours later, he had written cheques for five hundred pounds in favour of the oily one, and to meet these cheques he told me he did not possess five hundred farthings.

I was unfortunately, poor myself, and could do nothing for him; so, advising him to go home and try and get some sleep, and come to me in the morning to have a talk about his affairs, we separated; he to his hut in the North Camp, and I to my quarters.

I never saw him alive again.

The following morning, when I awoke, I saw my servant standing by my bedside.

'You know Mr B—, sir,' said he. 'He shot himself dead last night.'

'Shot himself! Impossible! What on earth are you talking about?' I exclaimed, jumping out of bed.

'It's quite true, sir. His servant is here.'

Yes, it was true. My poor friend, in a moment

of desperation, which, as the jury truly said, was temporary insanity, had committed the rash act for which there is no remedy.

About a fortnight afterwards, I heard at mess the following story, which I will give in the words of the narrator:

'What about the roulette blaguard? Haven't you heard? Oh, I'll tell you with pleasure.

'You know Blan's billiard-room, I suppose? Well, the beggars had established themselves there, and carried on their little game on the billiard-table, from which they had removed the cushions. One night I strolled in by accident, and found the room crowded with fellows, some sitting on the table itself, and more standing round it, but nearly all dropping their coin like smoke. In the middle stood the roulette-board, flanked by heaps of gold and silver; and on each side of these were cloths, with the numbers and zeros painted on them in the usual manner. French of the 22d Lancers was being bled to a frightful extent. He would persist in backing the red for fivers; so, when I tell you the black passed four-and-twenty times, you may imagine it was rather hot for him. At Homburg, the longest run on record is thirteen or sixteen, I forget which; so this alone ought to have made the fellows smell a rat; but they didn't, apparently, for they went on playing as long as they had any money to lose.

'A few won, of course, and Smith of the — was one of them. The little beast was as pleased as Punch, and kept sticking half-crowns on whichever colour was not otherwise backed, till he had quite a heap beside him. He was right enough, perhaps, but it made me savage to see the only cad there winning.

'Well, matters went on like this for a goodish bit, and champagne was flowing all over the place, when in walks Robinson of the —th, who had just rejoined from sick-leave, surrounded by a lot of his pals.

'As soon as he saw the new arrival, the fellow who was twirling the board gave a little start, and became visibly paler. He, however, kept on as usual, called the game steadily—twenty, red, even and over—raked up the winnings, and paid away a few half-crowns, and was just proceeding to give the wheel another turn, when Robinson, who had strolled quietly round to his side of the table, coolly shoved him on one side, and drawing the board over to himself, called out in a loud voice: "Gentlemen, allow me to explain the mechanism of this swindle."

'There was, of course, a tremendous row immediately. The rest of the gang closed up from their outlying posts about the room, and before you could say knife, the whole of the money had disappeared. Two or three of the swindlers then tried to get hold of the board, and the mean beggars who had been collaring their half-crowns backed them up, and were loud in their cries of shame and order; but Robinson stuck to the timber like a good un, and being supported by his friends, soon carried his point, and obtained a hearing.

'In two minutes the whole dodge was explained and practically illustrated, so that even the half-crown fellows were obliged to admit they were convinced.

'This is how it was done. You know the little

partitions which divide the holes the ball settles in, from each other? Well, these were all movable; and Robinson shewed us how, in the act of setting the wheel going, while he whirled the ball in the opposite direction, the fellow who operated could raise with his little finger whichever partition he liked, to the extent of about the sixteenth of an inch above the rest. If he wanted black to win, all he had to do was to elevate the partition in front of one of the red holes; and as the ball kept on rolling round and round, it would naturally and necessarily stop eventually where it met most resistance, and thus remain in whichever colour or number the scoundrel had, as it were, set it for. To do this so as to avoid detection required, of course, considerable sleight of hand; and it was on this account, no doubt, as Robinson pointed out, that, though the gang numbered some seven or eight in all, it was invariably the same individual who presided.

'This explanation occupied some considerable time, and caused, as you may imagine, no end of sensation, particularly among those fellows who had been losing heavily. Immediately there arose a cry for vengeance, and the only one of the lot who could be found was forthwith seized by a dozen irate warriors, who with one voice demanded satisfaction. The poor wretch, a low-sized greasy man, tried in vain to make himself heard, and shrieked aloud for mercy. None, however, was shewn him; for first his hat was playfully kicked about, and then his coat was torn off piecemeal, revealing remarkably dirty under-garments. His waistcoat disappeared next, and finally his trousers and boots vanished. His costume then consisted of a dilapidated flannel shirt and filthy socks; and it was lucky for him that these articles were in such an uncleanly state, for it was that fact alone which saved him from being turned adrift on the streets of Aldershot as naked as he was born.

'It wasn't a bad lark, was it? But I forgot to say, that in the fellow's breast-pocket there was a wallet of ponderous dimensions, and in it a number of cheques and bills, which a man, whose name I won't mention, but whom you all know, made a small bonfire of, on a tray in the centre of the billiard-table.'

'Well, I must say,' said our Colonel, who had been an attentive listener, 'that I am surprised you should have gone to such a place under any circumstances; but to go so soon after that terrible affair in the North Camp?—

'I beg your pardon, sir,' interrupted the narrator of the story; 'but all this happened the night after poor B——'s death, the particulars of which had not then oozed out. Had the circumstances which led to his sad end been known, it would have fared much harder with the greasy man. But it is satisfactory to know, isn't it, that he did get some punishment?'

Herbert B——'s cheques were probably among those that were burned, for they were never presented. Poor fellow! I tried hard, that fatal night, to get him to stay at my quarters; but he insisted on going home. If I had only known what was about to happen! But who can tell what a day—or a night—may bring forth!

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NATURAL MAGIC.

IN fingering that very small object, a shirt-stud, it is apt to elude the grasp and disappear. It has gone no one knows whither. You look about for it in all directions, but it is not to be seen. This is what we call Natural Magic. You have unconsciously performed a singularly clever trick, as good as any sleight-of-hand. It was, however, only an accident, and could not, without great study and experience, be done again. Of course, the little object has not vanished into empty space. It is lying quietly in a remote corner of the room, possibly concealed by the folds of a window-curtain, to which, in the twinkling of an eye, it was sent by a twist of the fingers; and there perhaps it is found some days afterwards by the housemaid. We mention this familiar incident by way of illustrating some of the ordinary tricks of conjurers. By light flexibility of fingers, and immense tact in distracting observation by amusing talk, they make things disappear in a manner so extraordinary and mysterious as to baffle comprehension. They only do by artifice what you accidentally effected with the shirt-stud. All depends on skill and velocity in giving the right twist to the fingers.

That is but one explanation of the profound art of the conjurers. They rely on the sentiment of wonder, and power of bamboozling the simpler order of mortals. Acute in observation, they occasionally excite surprise by correctness in guessing what are one's thoughts. We may give an example, which has come to our knowledge. Towards the end of last century, a conjurer, named Herman Boaz, travelled about the country, astonishing every one with his tricks. His shrewdness in guessing thoughts was remarkable. At one of his performances, at a town in the south of England, where a number of young ladies were present, he went round the room offering to tell people's thoughts. One young lady, who had formed a notion of rising next morning at five o'clock, changed her intention, and made up her mind to rise at seven. Passing her, and looking her in the

face, Boaz said complacently: 'You are quite right, miss; seven is a much better hour than five.' The young lady addressed never forgot this astonishing piece of conjuring. It was simply a happy coincidence in falling on the right idea. If the guess had been wrong, we should never have heard of it.

The art of the conjurer is of very old date. We hear of it in many ancient writings; the general belief always being that the tricks were performed through supernatural agency. Several clever conjurers ventured on appearing before public assemblies in England in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which was rather a bold thing to do, for the laws against witchcraft were still in force, and the poor conjurers, in trying to pick up a livelihood by their professional deceptions, ran the risk of perishing on the gallows or in the blaze of a tar-barrel. The fairs about London were usually frequented by these experts, some of whom are commemorated by Mr Frost in his very amusing volume, lately published, *The Lives of the Conjurers*. Flourishing as a contemporary of Boaz in the reign of George III., there was a juggler named Ray, who gained popularity in London. He appears to have employed a variety of jargon to give a sort of supernatural colour to his deceptions. 'He had once,' says Mr Frost, 'the honour of performing before the royal family, of which, on one occasion, an amusing anecdote is related. Ray desired the queen to say *Cockalorum* as the charm upon which, as he pretended, the success of the grand deception depended. The queen hesitated; upon which the king, who was eager to witness the conjurer's great trick, turned to her, and said good-humouredly: "Say *Cockalorum*, Charlotte; say *Cockalorum*."

About the same period, Breslaw gave conjuring entertainments in London, and, like Ray, had the honour of performing before the king and queen and their young family. Breslaw had the candour to explain how he performed his tricks. In one of his advertisements, he announces that he will 'discover the following deceptions in such a manner

that every person in the company will be capable of doing them immediately for their amusement. First, to tell any lady or gentleman the card that they fix on, without asking questions. Second, to make a remarkable piece of money to fly out of any gentleman's hand into a lady's pocket-handkerchief, at two yards' distance. Third, to change four or five cards in any lady's or gentleman's hand several times into different cards. Fourth, to make a fresh egg fly out of any person's pocket into a box on the table, and immediately to fly back again into the pocket.' In his latter days, Breslaw offered to teach sleight-of-hand for a reasonable fee; and finally, on retiring from the profession, he, in 1784, published a small book explanatory of his conjuring tricks and apparatus.

At this time and a little later, conjurers did not in popular appreciation rank much above the grade of mountebanks. They still wore fantastic dresses, and made use of cockalorum, hocus-pocus, presto, begone, and other ridiculous jargon. The first who, in giving a tinge of science to the art of legdemain, rose to the character of a philosophic conjurer, was Katerfelto, who has been immortalised by the poet Cowper:

Katerfelto with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

Katerfelto was the son of a Prussian colonel of hussars. He had received a good education, but being of an erratic turn, he took to conjuring. After travelling for some years on the continent, giving entertainments at different courts, he appeared in London about 1781. With his tricks were intermingled harangues on mathematics, optics, magnetism, chemistry, hydrostatics, and other sciences. To aid his mystifications he exhibited a black cat, which was reputed to possess some wonderful qualities, which he took care to puff in the newspapers. The puff was of course anonymous. Sometimes it consisted of dreadful insinuations against the character of the black cat, which was represented as a demon in disguise. Having wrought up the public mind on the subject, Katerfelto would come out with an advertisement per contra, denouncing the disregard of truth in speaking of himself and his clever but very innocent cat. For instance, he issued an advertisement as follows: 'Katerfelto is sorry to find that writers [that is to say, his own puffs] in the newspapers have several times, and particularly within the last fortnight, asserted that he and his black cat are devils. On the contrary, Katerfelto professes himself to be nothing more than a moral and divine philosopher, a teacher in mathematics and natural philosophy; and that neither he nor his black cat bears any resemblance to devils, as they are represented in the print-shops; and assures the nobility and public that the idea of him and his black cat being devils arises merely from the astonishing performances of Katerfelto and his said cat, which both in the days' and nights' exhibition are such as to induce all the spectators to believe them both to be devils indeed!—the black cat appearing in one instant with a tail, and the next without any, and which has occasioned many thousand pounds to be lost in wagers on this incomprehensible subject.'

Philip Astley, noted for his equestrian amphitheatre, is said to have begun life as a soldier, in which capacity, when on foreign service with his

regiment, he demonstrated his ability as a conjurer, by inventing the now famous gun-trick. This consists in pretending to fire a pistol loaded with ball, and catching the ball on the point of a knife. The explanation of the trick is, that in the first place the pistol is secretly loaded only with blank cartridge. In this harmless condition the conjurer slips into it a tin tube, which nicely fits it, and then ostentatiously loads it with ball. Before firing, the tin tube is dexterously removed, and when the weapon is fired, no harm ensues; by an instantaneous manœuvre the bullet is triumphantly exhibited as being caught in the required situation. It is related that Astley invented the trick to save the effusion of blood at the duel of two comrades in the army, for one of whom he acted as second. Succeeding in getting the other man's second to assent to the ingenious device, the duellists fired at each other without effect, and the affair was amicably adjusted. Very clever this. One night, however, say with Sir Walter Scott in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

But scarce I praise their venturous part
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Mr Frost mentions two instances in which the gun-trick proved fatal. One was that of a conjurer in Dublin who was shot dead, by the accidental substitution of a real loaded pistol for one in which the charge was withdrawn. The other took place in Germany, at the performance of a conjurer named De Linsky. He set up his wife to be fired at by six soldiers, each of whom was to bite the ball off his cartridge in charging his gun. Needless, one of the soldiers did not bite off the ball, and Madame de Linsky was shot through the body. She died on the second day after the accident. The catastrophe clouded the latter years of the unfortunate conjurer.

Balsamo, a native of Sicily, who assumed the name of Cagliostro, flourished as a conjurer, or, more properly, as an impostor, about the year 1780, but was better known on the continent than in England. He did not confine himself to sleight-of-hand, but pretended to cure diseases, and to make old people young again. His fate was unfortunate. While in Paris, he was confined for some time to the Bastille, on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery of the famed diamond necklace of Marie Antoinette. Getting out of this scrape, he went to Rome, where, on account of his conjuring operations, he was condemned to death as a magician, but died in prison in 1795.

Some of the tricks of Cagliostro had in them a trace of science. He dealt in optical illusions; and although he was a regular charlatan, one cannot but regret the cruel way he was treated. By two successors, Comus and Robert—a couple of Frenchmen—tricks by means of concave mirrors were brought to considerable perfection. Performing in Paris, M. Robert declared he could raise from the dead any person whom the company pleased to name. It was proposed that he should bring up the spirit of Marat; and truly enough a phantom resembling that hideous revolutionary monster made its appearance, and immediately vanished. Effects of this kind, aided by a subdued light and some ghastly paraphernalia, are produced by the agency of lenses, concave mirrors, and miniature likenesses of the persons represented. In fact, much of the so-called

manifestations of modern spiritualism may be explained by optical illusions, such as were practised by M. Robert and his brother-conjurers.

We cannot, even in the briefest way, refer to the crowd of conjurers who, in later times, have entertained and astonished the public with their tricks. Only a few can be noticed. One of these was the well-remembered Anderson, a native of Aberdeenshire, who designated himself Wizard of the North. It is a rare thing to find a Scotchman filling the rôle of a showman, an actor, or a conjurer. Rising from a humble position, and poorly educated, Anderson began his career as a call-boy in a theatre, and with an aptitude for sleight-of-hand, along with a proper amount of audacity, he took up the profession of a conjurer, beginning with entertainments in small towns, and working his way up to high-class assemblages in London and elsewhere. He established his popularity by the neat and quiet way in which he performed a variety of new and bewildering tricks. In his later days he issued a kind of memoir of his life, from which, as we suppose, Mr Frost has drawn the following incident.

In the course of a professional excursion in the north, he visited Forres, and by the advice of his printer, took lodgings for a week at the house of an elderly widow, who expressed a wish that he should pay half the rent beforehand. Anderson made no objection, and handed her four half-crowns. Observing the words 'Great Wizard of the North' on the handle of his umbrella, the woman in trepidation asked who he was. On being told that he was a wizard, she ordered him to quit the house. At this moment the stage-coach was about to pass the door for Elgin, where the wizard had an engagement. As he was hurrying away, the woman threw his money on the floor, and fell down in a swoon, hurting herself in the fall. Some persons rushed in on hearing the fracas, and seized Anderson, to prevent his escape. Just then the coach drew up, and the driver was told that a murder had been committed. 'Leaping down, and looking through the window, he recognised Anderson, whom he had seen several times in Elgin. The coach started again; and Anderson, finding that he was in an awkward position, as the old lady gave no signs of life, demanded to be taken before a magistrate at once. This he was told was impossible, as there was no magistrate within seven miles; and all that could be done was to lodge him in the town jail until the next day. To the jail the conjurer was taken, therefore, between a couple of constables, who were commendably prompt in making their appearance. The coach went on to Elgin, where the guard lost no time in spreading the news of the Wizard's arrest, and going to the Assembly Rooms, told the audience, who were growing impatient at the conjurer's non-appearance, that "they might conjure for themselves that night, for there would be no Wizard, as he was where he would not get out with all his magic; he was in Forres jail, for murdering an old woman." A thrill of horror ran through the crowded auditory; then a murmur arose, and loud demands were made for the return of the money paid at the doors. This was done; and nothing was talked of at Elgin that night but the horrible murder at Forres. On the following morning, Anderson was conducted to the residence of the magistrate, where the widow, who had

recovered in the course of the night, told as much of the tragic-comical story as she knew. The gentleman who administered justice in that remote district smiled at the old lady's narrative, reproved the witnesses for their hastiness, and at once discharged Anderson, with an expression of regret for the inconvenience and loss to which his detention had subjected him. The news of the *dénouement* of the affair reached Elgin as soon as Anderson, for whom it proved an excellent advertisement, bringing crowds to the Assembly Rooms, and inducing him to prolong his stay in that town several nights beyond the term he had intended.

Anderson deservedly made a fortune by his performances at home and abroad. While in the United States he discovered the impostures of the Spiritualists that were driving people mad, and relentlessly exposed them in his entertainments. 'I caused my table,' says he, 'to rap as loudly and intelligently as theirs, while I hesitated not to reveal the nature and *modus operandi* of the "spirits" which produced the rappings.' For this good service he deserved the thanks of society. Anderson died two or three years ago.

Every one knows that jugglery is carried to a high pitch of perfection by natives of India. We have some notice of their marvellous tricks in Mr Frost's entertaining volume. The Chinese are also clever at conjuring, especially as regards sleight-of-hand. A few years ago we saw a Chinese perform a dexterous manœuvre, which it was painful to witness. He appeared on the stage with his belt stuck full of table-knives with sharp points, and was accompanied by his son, a boy of nine or ten years of age. Placing the boy against a broad wooden plank, he began, at the distance of six feet, to throw knives at him; causing these sharp instruments by a particular jerk to stick in the wood all round the boy. The feat was rapidly executed, but with apparent ease and indifference. Not one of the knives touched the boy, though some of them stuck in the board very near him. As they were projected with considerable force, any hit would have been fatal. The reflection raised at sight of this extraordinary exhibition, was that the man must have spent half a lifetime in training his hand and eye for the performance. Hazlitt, it may be remembered, has an interesting essay on the dexterity of Indian jugglers in throwing up a number of balls and catching them successively, and the enormous amount of study that must have been expended in attaining such proficiency. Everybody will say that the loss of time in studies of this nature is most wasteful. But looked at broadly in relation to natural aptitudes, it would seem to be pretty much a matter of taste whether a man shall spend seven years in learning to poise perpendicularly on the point of his nose a tall stick with a dinner-plate pironetting on the top of it, or in qualifying himself for one of the learned professions. Conjuring, possibly, 'pays' as well as anything else.

We occasionally see clever conjurers of the mountebank order in the by-streets of London—the police taking care to keep them out of the main thoroughfares—but they are far and away excelled by the conjurers who establish themselves for popular entertainment behind little tables in the Champs-Élysées. We are inclined to think that, somehow, conjuring comes natural to a Frenchman. He possesses the requisite amount

of light-heartedness and loquacity. In Paris, conjurers are a kind of *artistes*. They are asked to attend festive parties for the general amusement. When the Duke of Wellington, at the head of the allied army, was supreme in Paris, immediately after the battle of Waterloo, he invited a large evening-party to the mansion he occupied in the Place Louis XV. On consideration, he found that the house could not contain all who were expected to attend. 'Cover over the garden,' said a friend whom he consulted, 'and invite a conjurer to entertain the company.' The hint was taken; and through the performances of the conjurer in the garden, the party went off with immense *éclat*. This incident was related to us by the late Mr James Simpson, an Edinburgh advocate, who visited and wrote about the field of Waterloo, and had the good fortune to be present at the famous garden-party of 'Le Grand Wellington,' as the Parisians were pleased to call him.

Among the later conjurers of note, there have been several foreigners, Döhler, Frikell, Bosco, and Houdin—ordinarily called Robert-Houdin. We happen to have seen them all, and in particular can speak with approbation of the elegantly adroit performances of Houdin. This clever Frenchman, who spoke English fluently, travelled about with his wife, who was an accessory in his entertainments. For example he would declare that Madame, while seated blindfold in the middle of the stage, would describe any small article that was handed to him. Responding to his request, one of the spectators would hand him a brooch, another a ring, a third a pencil-case, and so on. Every article was faithfully described to all appearance by the blindfolded lady, which caused no small degree of wonder; but in reality she never spoke at all. She only moved her lips; while her husband, holding and looking at the article in his hand, by means of ventriloquism caused the words to come apparently from her mouth. The trick was exceedingly well performed.

In the course of his travels, Houdin visited Algiers, and there astonished the native Arabs with his performance of the gun-trick, which he did in a way somewhat peculiar. At one of his entertainments an old Arab admitted that Monsieur was doubtless a great magician, but he should prefer to use one of his own pistols. Houdin said this might be done next day, after he had invoked the powers to assist him. It was a severe trial of skill, for there was some danger in dealing with a wary and suspicious barbarian. Next day, the exploit came off. Houdin only stipulated that he should be allowed to load the pistol, the Arab handing him a leaden bullet from a saucerful from which to make his choice. This was agreed to. Houdin, as every one thought, dropped the leaden bullet into the pistol; but instead of doing so, he dropped a previously prepared sham bullet, which dissolved into dust on being fired. 'Now,' said the conjurer to the Arab, 'take the pistol, and fire at me, and I will catch the bullet in my mouth.' The pistol was fired; and to the profound amazement of the crowd of Arabs, Houdin took a leaden bullet out of his mouth, which all admitted to be the bullet that had been selected from the saucerful. To still further astonish the company, Houdin declared that by loading with another leaden ball he would bring blood out of a stone wall. All were eager to see this wonderful feat. It was

performed in a way differing little from what had already taken place. Instead of dropping a real ball into the pistol, Houdin used a sham bullet filled with a red liquid, which dissolved on striking the wall. Wonder tremendous! We believe that Anderson in his gun-tricks was similarly in the habit of substituting light composition balls for real bullets, and was equally successful. It was all a matter of sleight-of-hand.

The latest and most surprising piece of Natural Magic has been what is usually called Pepper's Ghost, though it was exhibited years previously, in Paris, by the French conjurer Robin. The thing, however, is so simple and so obvious that we cannot doubt it had been employed—perhaps imperfectly ages ago in the conjuring repertory. Every one must have noticed a very ordinary phenomenon. A fire burning in a room is at a certain angle reflected in the glass of the window. Passing through the glass, the rays are refracted or bent aside, and the image of the fire is seen blazing on a bush or other object outside. Such is the principle on which the so-called Pepper's Ghost is made a subject of wonder to an assemblage of people. Shrouding the lights, to give the required dimness, a glass screen is lowered in front of the stage, on which the ghost is to appear; the ghost being nothing more than the reflection of a person performing out of sight of the spectators—probably at a point in front of the glass, or even under the stage. The recent manufacture of large sheets of plate-glass has immensely facilitated the trick. As none of the spectators, on account of the crepuscular light, can see the glass, the simulation is complete. A ghost seems to be walking about the stage, which the actors affect to see or to grasp, of course without effect, and the marvel is to all appearance incomprehensible. On the like principle, is sometimes shewn a 'magic heal,' which answers questions, also a variety of other tricks or optical illusions. W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXV.—SECOND CLASS.

THE divines talk to us of 'precious time;' and from their point of view, no doubt our time should be more precious, and we should be less willing to waste it, than gold itself. Business men also protest with more or less of truth (generally the latter) that their time is precious, and would have us believe that every quarter of an hour by which their morning train is delayed costs them, or their clients, thousands; and even outside those two callings, there are many instances in which the passing hour may be designated by the same endearing epithet. But after all, there is no time so precious to the human heart as that which intervenes between the signature of the death-warrant of some beloved fellow-creature and the carrying it into effect. When the kindly doctor is compelled to whisper, 'No hope,' and husband, or wife, or child lie on that bed which they will for certain only exchange for their place in the churchyard, then time becomes precious indeed. How we grudge every moment that we are forced to pass away from that beloved object whom we shall never, never see again! How we feel that a week hence, or a day, we shall bitterly regret the hours—cumulatively years—that we have lived apart from them, out of their sight, beyond their voice and touch, when we

might have been in their company. How every stroke of the clock sounds like a parting knell! And thus as the time drew on for John Dalton to set sail for Brazil, each day became inexpressibly clear and all too brief for his unhappy wife. It was a long journey, full of doubt and hazard, even for him; but for her it was the longest that mortal man can take; for she knew well, though no tongue had told her, but only the wordless whisper of her own prescient heart, that she would never behold him more in this world. Her health had been failing her for long, though no one knew it beside herself; she had been always one to make light of her troubles, in order the better to persuade others to let her help them to bear their own; 'her worst she kept, her best she gave' of everything; but she had for some time looked forward to her coming trial with a grave suspicion that her strength was insufficient to meet it. And now this crushing blow had fallen, and she felt that it had paralysed all her rallying powers; her courage remained with her—it was necessary for others, and therefore only death could rob her of it; but her vital energies were gone.

Hers was not a solitary case. Doubtless, while I write these words, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands of women, wives and mothers, who know that their fate is sealed, but keep the secret to themselves, for others' sake, and look upon the passing world with smiling serenity. Another autumn, perhaps even another winter, they may see on earth, but not another spring. They hear plans made for the future which include themselves, and they appear to fall in with them. They will not cast a shadow over the present happiness, the present hope of those around them; but they are well aware, by the time of which these loved ones speak with such unclouded assurance, that in this world they themselves will have become a memory. Such miseries are strewn broadcast in our homes. But Mrs Dalton's case was worse than most. She was not only sentenced to leave all she loved, and step into the unfathomed gulf of death alone, but to leave them in sore straits. Moreover, the little span of time during which her husband was still to remain with her was treasured upon by the necessity of his going to town, and making arrangements for the disposition of his property—or rather of what *had* been his before their ruin. He was bent upon being absent from Riverside as little as possible, but a 'monstrous cattle' of at least three days was thus cut out of the bare fortnight that still intervened before the sailing of the ship. Of course Edith might have accompanied him to London, but she shrank from expending the few pounds that this would cost upon her own pleasure or comfort. Every moment that could be passed in his company was now priceless to her, yet ten thousand of them were now foregone, for the sake of a few shillings. Such is poverty, which fools make light of, and liars praise for its wise teachings, and which rogues and scoundrels dare to flout at and despise.

Edith could, however, accompany her husband to the station without expense, since he was conveyed thither in one of the Riverside equipages; and this we may be sure she did.

'I shall take a second-class ticket, my darling,' said he as they drew near their destination. His tone, if not that of a martyr, had something of serious self-sacrifice in it.

'Oh, must you?' returned she pleadingly. She

did not like the notion of 'Dear John' going by the second class; though for herself, if she could have gone with him, she would cheerfully have travelled in a cattle-truck.

'Yes; I think so. One can't begin to economise too early, as that woman said last night. The idea of her giving you such advice, at such a time!'

'It was very wise advice, John.'

'Very likely; but I wish it had choked her. However, I am going to follow it, you see. It is lucky I did not bring down Toffet with me' (Toffet was his valet), 'as we originally intended, or it would have been rather unpleasant: I mean, for him and me to travel together.'

'It would have been impossible, my dear.'

'Oh, I don't know; one soon gets used to these things. I daresay I shall have worse company than Toffet on board the *Flamborough Head*; for I am quite resolved to go in the steerage. It is a matter of twenty pounds—the difference is—and that twenty pounds will be of use to you at the Nook, you may depend upon it.'

'Don't talk of it, darling; not just now,' murmured Edith, with her head upon his breast: 'it has not come to parting yet. You will be back amongst us on Tuesday.'

'Yes, my pet, on Tuesday, at latest, if I can only get those lawyers to move out of their snail's pace. There is the auctioneer, too, to see about the lease. I have great hopes that the house will have improved in value since we took it. I think I shall take Skipton's bid for the horses, so that that matter can be arranged at once; and he entered some memoranda in his note-book. How she envied him the many practical matters he had to deal with, the transaction of which must necessarily engross his thoughts. In the day of trouble, women's work is of little value to them as a distraction from care; the occupation of the hand, or even of the mind, affords but small relief; a certain sort of action is invaluable at such seasons. 'That pompous and pretentious arrangement for the transaction of affairs, called Business,' becomes then of real importance, and only men are able to avail themselves of it. This is fortunate, since they are certainly less able to endure 'worry' than the softer and sereener sex. Annoyances of any kind had always irritated John Dalton to an extent quite disproportionate to their importance; but, under the present circumstances, the least vexations galled him.

Though he asked for a second-class ticket at the station, the clerk—who knew him well—gave him a first from habit; and this had to be exchanged, to the wonder not only of the official, but of the various passengers in the waiting-room, to whom the Riverside liveries were familiar. Both eminent and wealthy persons are found sometimes to use the second class; but Mrs Campden would have felt it a slur upon the reputation of her house if any guest had arrived or departed from it in so ignoble a manner. And in this particular at least, Dalton would have satisfied her expectations; he had always been accustomed to the best of everything—never to the second best. He had never been in the pit of the opera, or put up with the accommodation of a coffee-room at an hotel. When he had journeyed, it was always in a luxurious manner, with piles of newspapers or heaps of railway books, which he had as often as not left in the carriage behind him, when they had served his

object of making the hours of travel move more quickly. But he was resolute now to adopt the most rigidly economical habits, and having omitted to bring a book with him from Riverside, was therefore compelled to feed on his own thoughts throughout the journey, or to enter against the grain into conversation with his fellow-travellers. They stared at him because a livery servant had opened the door of the carriage for him, and handed in his railway rug, but not more than the servant himself had stared when Dalton had said 'second-class, William.'

Perhaps nothing so brought home the fact to the Riverside household that 'them poor Daltons' were really ruined, as the tidings of this simple change of travelling carriage. 'Just think of Mr Dalton, 'im as has just been stannin' for Bampton, sitting cheek by jowl with Scarve, the Bleakarrow undertaker, and that 'ere 'prentice of his, Tompkins!' who happened to be going on a professional expedition by the same train. Tompkins, who was educating himself to be a mule, was just the sort of companion Dalton wanted, if he must needs have any; but Scarve was lugubriously loquacious. Under the influence of a flask of gin which he carried about with him, as he explained, as a precaution against infection, he grew very communicative about his 'jobs with the aristocracy,' of whom, if his word was to be credited, he had put a sufficient number under ground to make a House of Lords in the other world. 'I don't say but that there is firms in London as can bury as well or better than ourselves,' he whispered confidentially to Dalton; 'but in the country, Scarve & Co. yield to none.' When he got out, he pressed his card—it had a neat black border of about two inches broad, and a tomb in the centre, on which were inscribed his name and address—upon his fellow-traveller's attention; and though at first amused by it, it presently began in his mind a ghastly reflection. Supposing, when he himself was far away, anything should happen to Edith, or any of the children, would a man like that—perhaps the very man himself—be sent for to the Nook to bury them? A morbid and monstrous thought, as he was well aware; but the knowledge of his own weakness availed him nothing. He beheld his little family, overshadowed by death as well as ruin, ministered to by hireling hands, forgotten and forsaken by friends, while he himself was thousands of miles away. It was the only time that he had dared to say to himself concerning any of his dear ones, 'They will die, perhaps, in my absence; their welcoming faces shall greet me never more.' As for himself, he felt too thickly clad in misery to be pervious to the shafts of Death; he could not lose *them* that way; but he felt that they might well leave *him*—Edith, who was so delicate, or Jenny, always an invalid—and then this man would come and see the last of them. It was an inexpressible relief to him when Mr Scarve and his assistant quitted the train, and with the most dejected faces climbed into a dog-cart, that was in waiting for them, driven by a groom in mourning.

To them succeeded an unmistakable commercial traveller; 'money and orders' were written in his twinkling eyes as legibly as the Hebrew characters that were wont to be seen (by the faithful) inscribed upon those of some pious folk of old. He was a chirpy gossip fellow, full of

Joe Millerish jokes, and very inquisitive. He was very curious to know 'who' Dalton 'travelled for,' as he expressed it.

'A family man, I presume?' said he. Dalton nodded in good-natured assent. 'Ah, then you are quite right to come second-class, sir; I always do it myself, and save the difference for Mrs R— (my name is Roberts) and the young people.' Presuming upon his superiority in years, he was so good as to give his companion much advice as to the pursuit of his supposed calling. 'My motto is *push*, sir'—which he pronounced like 'rush'—and I have always found that system to answer.' And by way of illustration, he dug the would-have-been member for Bampton playfully in the ribs.

Without being at all of the opinion of that modest philosopher who averred that he never spoke with any fellow-creature without learning something new, Dalton was by nature social and a citizen of the world; so that not only did Mr Roberts' conversation speed the leaden hours of the journey, but the two parted the best of friends.

'You are the right sort, *you* are,' was the eulogium passed upon him by that gentleman on the platform as they shook hands. In the midst of which leave-taking, up came Dalton's footman to shew him where the carriage stood.

'Well, I *am* blowed,' said Mr Roberts, with a prolonged whistle.

He did not know, of course, that it was the last drive in his own carriage which his late fellow-traveller was ever to take.

BLIND FISHES.

AMONG the curiosities of Natural History are certain animals wholly blind, which, nevertheless, are able to find food and enjoy themselves by exercising an acute sense of hearing and feeling. Like a blind man who gropes his way along the street by means of a stick, as well as his keen sense of hearing, these animals apparently have no difficulty in finding their way, and also, what is more strange, catching for their prey animals possessed of sight. Here, we are called on to admire the wonderful adaptations of Nature. All living creatures have an organisation suitable to the position in which they are respectively placed, and adapted for finding their means of livelihood. Daylight, the gloom of twilight, total darkness—each has its appropriate animal life. Where there is no light, there is of course no need for eyes, and accordingly there are animals without eyes, adapted for living in those dark caverns into the recesses of which the sunlight never penetrates. Of animals destined to live in the dark, there are various genera and species, the more remarkable being certain insects and fishes.

Perhaps the most curious of all cave-animals are the blind fishes, which were first observed in that chief wonder of the American continent, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. This, the largest known cavern in the world, is in Edmonson county, and near Green River. It consists of a series of caverns, connected by long narrow galleries, which have

been explored to a distance of ten or twelve miles. These caverns, with their beautiful stalactite formations—from small pendicles to massive columns elaborately fluted and corniced, their delicate translucent curtains, elegant pendants, lofty pedestals, rosettes, wreaths, and other lovely stone-flowers, have been often described, since the Mammoth Cave was first discovered by the whites in 1801. A lively and altogether interesting description of it, under the title, *A Visit to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky*, was published by the late John Wilson, the Scottish Vocalist, in 1849, the year of his sudden and early death. Speaking of a river which flows within the cavern, and has to be crossed in a boat, he says: 'Echo River is the great one we have to cross. . . . In this river are the eyeless fish. There are two kinds of them, neither having the least resemblance of a place for an eye, for, of course, they have no need of eyes.' He says further on: 'As we were sailing up the river on our way home, Alfred, the guide, caught two of the eyeless fish. They are small, about a finger's length, one of them like a minnow, and the other something like a shrimp. There is not the slightest appearance of eyes about them.' John Wilson in these two sentences, the only allusions he makes to the blind fish, communicates almost all the information which had then been acquired.

The industry of American naturalists has in the meantime added considerably to the stock of knowledge regarding them. At a meeting of the Essex Institute, in Salem, Massachusetts, on November 25, 1874, living specimens of the two species of blind fishes which have been found in the cave were exhibited by Professor Putnam. Along with them he shewed a fish never before caught in the waters of the Mammoth Cave. This is the *Chologaster*, which Agassiz had described as he found it in the ditches of the rice-fields in South Carolina. It differs from the other two species in being provided with eyes. The specimen exhibited by Professor Putnam was nearly five inches in length, of a delicate brownish tint, and shewed dark and well-developed eyes. Five specimens had been secured by the net, but with great difficulty, so shy and quick of movement is this singular inhabitant of the dark waters of the cave. The habits of the *Chologaster* are in marked contrast to those of the blind fishes. It lives at the bottom of the stream, darting with the utmost rapidity, and swimming rapidly by very quick lateral motions of its whole body. It seldom comes near the surface, unless when disturbed. The blind fishes, on the contrary, swim slowly about, or remain at rest, near the surface. By the aid of torch-light they are readily seen, and are captured by a careful and quick movement of the scoop-net. The movement has to be very careful; for if, by means of peculiar organs of feeling with which they are liberally supplied, they feel the least disturbance in the water, they move off with a quick dart, and again swim slowly about. Occasionally, but not often, they drop to the bottom for a short time. Dr. Tellekamp says: 'It is found solitary, and is very difficult to be caught, since it requires the greatest caution to bring the net beneath them without

driving them away. At the slightest motion of the water they dart off a certain distance, and immediately stop. Then is the time to follow them rapidly with a net, and bring them as quickly out of the water.' Professor Cope says: 'If these Amblyopses be not alarmed, they come to the surface to feed, and swim in full sight like aquatic ghosts. When on the surface, they are easily taken by the hand or net, if perfect silence be preserved, for they are unconscious of the presence of an enemy, except by the sense of hearing. This sense is, however, very acute, for at any noise they turn suddenly downwards, and hide beneath stones, &c. at the bottom. They must take much of their food near the surface, as the life of the depths is very sparse. This habit is rendered easy by the structure of the fish, for the mouth is directed upwards, and the head is very flat above, thus allowing the mouth to be at the surface.'

The fact that these blind fishes succeed in catching for their prey the *Chologaster*, which as we have already mentioned is endowed with sight and very rapid in its movements, shews how well developed the sense of touch is. The blind fish must be very active in the pursuit. It is probably guided by the movements made by its prey, the water so sensibly influencing its delicate organs of feeling as to enable it to follow rapidly; while the fish pursued, not having the sense of touch so fully developed, is constantly encountering obstacles in the dark. The blind fish brings forth its young alive. This fact was proved by the statement made by Mr. Thomson before the Belfast (America) Natural History Society, to the effect that one of them from the cave, four and a half inches long, was put in water as soon as it was captured, and gave birth there to nearly twenty young ones, which swam about for some time, but soon died. These, with the exception of one or two, were preserved, and were each four lines in length. As to the size to which they grow, Professor Putnam tells us that the longest specimens of the *Amblyopsis* he has seen were from four to four and a half inches. Dr. Günther mentions in his *Catalogue of Fishes* a specimen in the British Museum which measures five inches. The largest which has been reported as taken of late years is said to have been captured during the summer of 1871, and sold for ten dollars to a person who had the precious morsel cooked for his supper. The smallest specimen Putnam had seen when he gave his lecture at the Essex Institute measured one and nine-tenths of an inch in length.

It is still a matter of doubt whether these blind fishes are from a species radically destitute of eyes, or have lost their eyes by disuse. The probability is that they are descendants of fishes with eyes, and by living a long course of years in darkness, their eyes have disappeared; in other words, that they are the victims of circumstances. What fortifies this latter view of the matter is, that these blind fishes possess marks indicative of eyes when in a former condition. It is said that these abortive eyes can be detected as black spots under the skin. Owen describes the eye as 'a minute tegumentary follicle, coated by a dark pigment, which receives the end of a special cerebral nerve.' Putnam says: 'Whatever view be taken with regard to the development of the eye in the blind fish, the anatomical characters which have been discovered and enumerated, shew that though

quite imperfect as we see them in the adult, it is constructed after the type of the eyes of the vertebrates.' It certainly is not adapted to the formation of images, since the common integument and the areolar tissue between it and the surface would prevent the transmission of light to it, except in a diffused condition. No pupil, nor anything analogous to an iris, was detected, unless we regard as representing the latter the increased number of pigment cells at the anterior part of the lobe.

The *Chologaster* has been called the mud-fish, and from the statement that it is of a dark colour, taken along with a drawing of the animal, we learn that the position of the dorsal fin is the same as that of the fish commonly called the mud-fish in the fresh-waters of the Middle, Western, and Southern states—a circumstance which indicates, perhaps, that it belongs to the genus *Melanura*. The mud-fish is so called from a habit it has of burying itself in the mud to the depth of from two to four inches, and remaining so buried during a time of drought. This habit may have tended to fit it for a subterranean life. Its colour has been remarked on by several American naturalists in relation to the theory of the adaptability of the colour of an animal to its surroundings. It is so nearly the exact colour of the dark sand at the bottom of the river in the Mammoth Cave, that it is difficult to distinguish the fish when it lies at rest. This, however, can hardly be said to add to its security, for, as utter darkness prevails, the fish would be equally safe from its enemy, if it displayed on its body all the colours of the rainbow. Besides, its principal enemy is the blind fish. If the chief reason for the adaptation of colour to surroundings is protection against attack, it might be remarked that the *Chologaster* may have had enemies, now extinct, against whom its colour was a safeguard, or it may have other enemies besides the blind fish, of which we know nothing.

The great speculation regarding these denizens of the cave has been, how did they get there at all? Professor Putnam, a remarkably cautious reasoner, suggests that the sea at one time extended over the limestone region in which the great cave is situated. He says: 'Some forms of life are found in these subterranean streams which at present seem to indicate a marine origin; and brackish-water animals of certain characters, once inclosed in the cave, would be very likely to survive under the peculiar conditions in which they were placed, as we know to have been the case under other somewhat similar circumstances. That many, or, with two or three exceptions, nearly all the thirty or forty species of vertebrates, articulates, molluscs, and still lower forms, including a few plants, now discovered in the caves of Kentucky, are of comparatively late introduction, is probable from the fact that they are so closely allied to forms living in the vicinity of the caves; but that the blind fishes, the *Chologaster*, and a few of the lower class of articulates, as the Lernæan parasite on the blind fish, may have been inhabitants of the subterranean stream for a much longer time, is worthy of consideration on the following grounds. Firstly, the blind-fish family has no immediate allies existing in the interior waters; only another species of the family, in addition to those found in the Mammoth Cave, being known, and at present existing in

the rice-ditches of South Carolina. Secondly, the Lernæan parasite is much more common on marine fishes than on strictly river species; and is more decidedly a marine than a fresh-water form. These facts may be taken as at least indicating the probability of the early origin of some part of the great cave system of the Ohio valley; and while there may be nothing in the present structure of the caves to indicate their having been formed in part while in contact with salt-water, the erosion of the limestone, and the modification of the early chambers by later action, should be carefully thought out before it can be denied that the caves were not, in some slight part, for a time supplied with marine life.' Professor Putnam goes on to assert, with what seems good reason on his side, that until a specimen of the *Chologaster*, or some other member of the family, has been obtained in the external waters of the Ohio valley, we cannot regard the family to which the blind fishes belong, as having been originally distributed in that valley, and afterwards becoming exterminated in the rivers, and only existing in two such widely different localities as the coast of South Carolina, and the subterranean streams of the South-western States. Marine forms of life are found in fresh-water rivers. There was exhibited at that meeting of the Essex Institute a specimen of a shrimp which had been taken in the Green River near one of the outlets of the Mammoth Cave. In Florida, fishes, once marine, are now confined to fresh-water lakes of comparatively recent formation. The announcement of the *Gobiosoma* having been found in the Ohio River, is another instance of a marine fish living in fresh waters.

Blind fishes are supposed to exist in all subterranean rivers that flow through the great limestone region underlying the carboniferous rocks in the central portions of the United States. Professor Cope obtained specimens from the Wyandotte Cave, Kansas, and from wells in the vicinity. In the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge (America), there is a specimen which agrees with those animals found on the northern side of the Ohio, as well as on its southern side, in the rivers of the Mammoth Cave. In a cave situated several miles down the Green River from the Mammoth Cave, and on the opposite bank, a number of specimens of the *Typhlichthys* and several blind crayfish have been collected. In this cave, called Blind-Fish Cave, blind crayfishes have been found not far from its entrance; and at times they have been taken quite out in the daylight, while yet they are identical in every way with those of the Mammoth and other caves where utter darkness prevails. Nay, further, Poey, the distinguished Cuban naturalist, has given an account of blind fishes found in Cuba, in wells and caves, at a depth of between twenty and thirty metres below ground. They are well known to the negroes, who eat them. In fact, all the recent indications show that there is a very great deal still to be learnt about blind fishes and cave-life generally. Zealous exploration of the caves, and minute and exact records of the discoveries made in them, are profitable occupations to observant naturalists. The caves of the West Indian Islands, those of Brazil, of the East Indies, and of Africa, are wide openings to vast stores of curious knowledge. As to the Mammoth Cave, Professor Putnam suggests that, for fresh and thoroughly extensive explorations,

a Commission should be appointed, acting under the American government or state authority, in order that the most ample facilities may be afforded by the parties who own it.

AN ELECTION STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAP. I.

WHEN it was announced, by numberless posters and smaller bills, to the worthy electors of the ancient borough of Westdown, that Sir Harry Waring, Bart., had consented to become their candidate in the forthcoming election, every political wisacre of the locality declared his return was 'as good as certain.' For he was an unexceptionable candidate, and had—so every one asserted—made up his mind to leave no stone unturned to obtain his seat; and if he had not quite determined to die in the attempt, at least he was quite resolved to 'bleed' freely during the campaign; then he was of good presence, tall, handsome, and well-made, with a clear mellow voice, just fitted to enunciate new arguments or set off old ones to the best advantage. There was nothing utopian or immovable about his programme; his views were firm, but modifiable; his political opinions were so uncompromising, that it took an energetic deputation to alter them; in short, he knew as well how to balance himself between two stools, as any 'Liberal Conservative' or 'Moderate Liberal' in the present House of Commons. Every charity in Westdown would gain by the possession of such a member, should he be returned; and last, but not least, Sir Harry had a handsome wife; a lady whose family was known by the electors to be 'very high,' she being the second daughter of the late Earl Affington of Kingsdene; and when an earl's daughter with undeniable beauty sets to work to charm the suffrages out of electors, the chances are that her husband will head the poll, unless, indeed, the wife of the opposing candidate be still handsomer—and the daughter of a marquis.

Lady Waring was above the middle height; her form was perfect, and she resembled in feature the great Mrs Siddons—not as that lady appeared in a tragic part, but as she might have looked in genteel comedy—her nose and mouth being finely chiselled, and her eyes large, lustrous, and brown. Her manner was charming in its stately grace; not that she was simply a beautiful statue; on the contrary, there was as much fire, force, and tenderness in her face as would serve for five or six ordinary ladies of this impassive nineteenth century. Sir Harry was a fine man, standing some six feet in his boots; he had a clear, healthy complexion, keen gray eyes, and an 'aristocratic' nose; his face was almost whiskerless, and he resembled one of the bland heroes of mild romance, as depicted in old engravings, except that his figure was not rendered preternaturally slender by the wearing of stays, and that his brown curly hair was not powdered.

Sir Harry and Lady Waring had been married one year at the time my story opens, and the election campaign had commenced. As both were handsome, those who agree with the proverb, 'Like clings to like,' will not be surprised to hear that theirs was a 'love-match' on both sides; but it is probable that the Affington family, and the select few who were privileged to call themselves its friends, were never more astonished than

when the engagement was made public; for Agnes had long been destined by her mother and other near relatives, to marry a very ancient millionaire, the Marquis of Cawt; and that peer had paid her all the attention supposed to be necessary from a titled Cressus to win a young lady's hand in these unchivalric days. And it is probable that Lady Agnes would have become Marchioness of Cawt, had she not met Sir Harry at a county ball, where something very like love at first sight was experienced by both the young people. Still, the impression might have worn off, had not Sir Harry gone on a visit to Hartmoor (the estate lying next to Kingsdene); for there, between pleasant strolls in mossy lanes, and croquet-parties on the shady lawn near the old gray weather-beaten house, and boating on the lake, and idling about the grounds, Sir Harry was fairly enslaved, and placed his hand and fortune at her disposal. To Lady Affington's unfeigned vexation, Agnes did not refuse them, but openly 'declared her love' and her resolution to have her own way—and the baronet.

It was so astounding to her mother, that Agnes, who had always been rather ambitious, and who was so well calculated to shine in society, should prefer a mere baronet to such an unexceptionable *parti* as Lord Cawt. And Lady Affington's disappointment is not to be wondered at, for Agnes was the first daughter of the house for many generations who had married for anything but a good establishment, or evinced any but the calmest and coolest attachment towards her husband. But Agnes was a degenerate Affington, possessing a warm heart and a very strong will; and she could not be content, as so many of her ancestors had been, with a mere lukewarm attachment; and so she was fully determined, in spite of all opposition, to marry the man she loved, or no other. Thus in due time Sir Harry and she were married, amid the half-hearted congratulations of her kindred and friends; and during the time they spent in Scotland, and afterwards at Waring Park, they were supremely happy.

Sir Harry knew that his wife was considered to have 'a will,' nay, even 'a temper' (indeed, if she had not possessed the former, it is probable she would never have become Lady Waring, from the objections already stated to the marriage); for even in the most polite and well-bred family, where peculiarities are ignored, it is impossible that any one in daily contact with its members should remain totally unaware of any specialities of disposition that exist. But then the Baronet knew that he too had 'a will,' and perhaps a 'temper' also; and as he always would be kind but firm—very firm towards her, and as he knew that he was beloved, it is not surprising that he felt satisfied she would never be self-willed or obstinate with him.

For some months all went smoothly. If Agnes Affington had been at times hasty and exacting, Agnes Waring was more deferential and anxious to please than any ordinary meek woman ever was, and fulfilled all her wifely duties in an admirable manner. Unfortunately, however, love which can work wonders, cannot prevent two people bound to each other for life, who possess only a conventional amount of self-control, from being anything but comfortable in the end. Before long, Agnes Waring took umbrage at trifles just as readily as Agnes Affington had done; and Sir

Harry was as impatient and easily provoked as he had been before he was subdued for a time by his wife's surpassing beauty. Then Lady Waring would subside into silent hauteur, and Sir Harry was tempted to try the serenity of her contempt, and in some instances succeeded; and then passionate scenes ensued between them, which would have surprised those who were aware that they had been once deeply attached to one another.

It must not, however, be supposed that Sir Harry and Lady Waring invariably disagreed, for they had many pleasant cases amidst the dreary desert of ill-temper; only, as time went on, these were less often met with, while the sand-storms were more frequent.

The day Sir Harry and his wife arrived at Westdown was one of these cases; the former had neither frowned nor sneered, and the latter had looked and talked her very best—which was no mean best. They had been greeted with uproarious enthusiasm by the crowd; a small brass band had brayed patriotic airs, and later, several tradesmen had exhibited designs in gas in their honour, and it had been a triumphant *entrée* indeed.

As the colour that denotes that the wearer is Liberal or Conservative in one county or borough, is sometimes worn by the opposite party in another, it may be mentioned, without at the same time divulging Sir Harry's political principles, that the 'Waring colour' was yellow.

The amount of labour he and Lady Waring got through in the next fortnight it is almost impossible to describe. He did his duty manfully; hawled platitudes at ward meetings as long as his voice would last; made vigorous attempts to conciliate every class of voter by an active personal canvass, and enunciated misty arguments, enlivened by aged 'Joe Millers,' at the large public meetings. Lady Waring also played her part well, receiving provincial magnates—so given to prosing graciously, shaking hands with some scores of her husband's supporters; and there is little doubt that her grace and beauty gained for Sir Harry more votes than his eloquence could ever have done.

The opposing candidate was the Honourable George Wynne, a middle-aged, ordinary-looking man, much given to the recounting of unintelligible statistics. Such a man would not have been a very formidable antagonist to the handsome young baronet, had he not been aided by the charming young wife he had recently married, and who had come to Westdown to assist him to the utmost of her powers. Every day, the 'winning Mrs Wynne,' as the 'blue' newspaper of the town called her—her husband belonging to that party—and her beautiful rival drove through the quaint streets of Westdown. Lady Waring, attired in a faultlessly fitting buff costume, and wearing some bewitching hat or bonnet which showed her beauty to even greater advantage, guided her spirited bay ponies with a firm accustomed hand, and bowed right and left with almost imperial grace; and Mrs Wynne, too young and heedless to manage her pretty gray ponies, was driven by a smart page. She was very young, with an innocent, unsophisticated look in her fresh, smiling face; soft, brown-gray eyes, and golden hair, that escaped from its fashionable trammels, and floated in airy locks around her forehead, and mingled with the dark-blue ribbons that she wore; and sometimes, when a muddy politician

hissed or hooted as she passed, her face would cloud for a moment, as it might have done not long before at some unmerited rebuke in the schoolroom. But her youth and her pretty sensitive face usually silenced the adverse rabble. Lady Waring, on the contrary, if she were received with an outburst of enthusiastic cheering, or in silence, or with 'marks of disapprobation,' was uniformly calm and impassive, always ready to bow with incomparable grace and *sang-froid* when the occasion demanded, but not otherwise; whilst ardent little Mrs Wynne scattered smiles broadcast among the crowd, and shewed by every gesture how she longed for her husband to be victorious. Westdown could at first hardly decide which beauty it preferred, but ultimately, though many admired the 'English' loveliness of Mrs Wynne, the majority of the people found Lady Waring's fine features and graceful dignity most to be admired. 'It was so aristocratic.'

Sir Harry was decidedly the popular candidate. His meetings were large and encouraging; while Mr Wynne had been silenced in one ward and pelted in another. Altogether, there was every prospect that the former would be victorious. Still his success was by no means certain. There were a number of 'doubtful' voters who might yet turn the scale in Mr Wynne's favour; and knowing this, Sir Harry was nervously anxious to gain votes, and irritable and dissatisfied when he imagined that from some cause or other, one had been lost to him.

Two days before the election, the canvassing being over, a large final meeting of Sir Harry's supporters was to be held at the town-hall, at which Lady Waring and a great number of ladies with buff sympathies were to be present as usual. All had gone tolerably well between Sir Harry and his wife until the night before, when he had declared that she had not been sufficiently affable to some of the more apathetic members of the party at a private meeting held at the hotel; and reproached her with having lost him much 'interest,' if not several votes, in consequence. It must be owned that this was unjust, for Lady Waring had been working hard for a fortnight, doing all in her power to insure his return; and during the whole time he had never once thanked her, or paid her the simplest compliment; and whilst others were so ready to utter pleasant little flatteries on her appearance and her aptitude for election warfare, he treated both as mere matters of course, quite undeserving of notice or comment. She had answered his reproaches at first coldly and contemptuously, not deigning to defend herself, or appease his rising irritation with any wisely hypocrites; but when he had replied harshly, her passion had risen, and after uttering many bitter truths and exaggerations, she had retired for the night in a very unenviable state of mind, leaving Sir Harry in a towering rage to brood over her words at his leisure.

They saw but little of each other during the forenoon of the day of the meeting, Sir Harry being busied with his agent and committee, and Lady Waring driving out as usual. At luncheon, except for an occasional monosyllable, silence reigned between them, shewing that the quarrel of the previous evening was forgotten by neither. In the afternoon, Sir Harry returned thoroughly fagged, to rest before dining, so as to be the better

able to deliver his final speech in the evening. Lady Waring was in the room when he entered, and was still chafing at the bitter words, not only of the night before but of many former occasions, which now rankled in her mind. Everything, however, might have subsided quietly for the time, had not one of the committee entered the room to convey some unimportant election intelligence in an important manner. After a short, genial chat with Sir Harry, he tried to gain Lady Waring's attention by addressing to her a few rapid remarks; but he was speedily reduced to silence by the hauteur of her look and tone, and soon took an awkward leave of Sir Harry, who sought to cover the chilliness of his wife's farewell recognition, by warmly shaking him by the hand as he left the room. Sir Harry was greatly provoked at her manner—assumed, he said, to annoy him—and he determined to alter the state of things once for all.

'Agnes,' he said, 'your manner to that man was simply intolerable—one of our foremost men too. You shew very plainly that—you care nothing for my success—nothing for me—but that, I am aware, has been the case for some time. Any other wife would at least have the decency to—to hide her indifference when she knew that most important results were to be gained for her husband by—by at least a show of amiability. One would think that, knowing the *prestige* of the thing, and how one's social position is enhanced by it, you—you would help to insure my success for your own sake, if for nothing else. But no! it pleases you to be haughty and disdainful; and you are supercilious enough to—in fact, to lose me every vote in the place.'

"The prestige of the thing"—"the social position," repeated Lady Waring, with cold scorn in her tone. 'In the numerous effusions of yours that I have seen since I came to this place, I believe you have given another reason for your anxiety to enter parliament. Let me see—I think it was "necessary to the well-being of the working man," the "advancement of trade," and "the welfare of our glorious constitution." And Lady Waring quoted various other stock phrases from her husband's speeches, delivering them with a disdainful emphasis intensely galling to him.

There can be nothing more irritating to a man when he has been persuading himself for some weeks that his motives are pure and disinterested, than for a friend or relative to lay bare the hidden causes from which his actions spring, and shew him how flimsy and worthless are his high-flown sentiments. But when his wife, who should be blind to his failings, taunts him with his evasions and inconsistencies—as Lady Waring did in this instance with unsparing tongue—the probabilities are that he will have for her, as Sir Harry began to have for his wife, something almost amounting to fervent hatred.

He was so thoroughly enraged, that when she ceased speaking it was some moments before he could answer; but at last he said: 'At anyrate, Agnes, if you have lost all sense of your duty as a wife, and—and care for nothing but satisfying your own caprices, I—I am determined you shall do what I wish, nevertheless. You shall do all in your power to please and conciliate the people. You delight in setting my wishes at naught; but you must learn that I am to be obeyed—I

am your husband, remember, and I—I will be your master!'

Lady Waring rose and looked at him with heightened colour and a defiant gleam in her lustrous brown eyes.

'It was a pity,' she said slowly, 'as you evidently wanted a slave for a wife, that you did not marry some pretty nonentity of a school-girl, who would have obeyed her "master's" commands without question, and received all his arrogance and ingratitude with meek thankfulness. Such a rôle does not suit me.'

'It was a pity,' he answered savagely, with a sullen look; 'but as it cannot be remedied, I must put up with it, however much I regret it. And you will have to accustom yourself to the rôle, for you—you shall obey me, though you hate me in your heart. You have thwarted me for a long time. But I will put a stop to it once for all. You shall find that when you lost your amiability, you—you lost your power. My will shall govern yours for the future. Now, you will go to-night, and'—

'I will not go!' she cried, turning from him, and stepping towards the door. 'You cannot force me. Only fancy the suave, courteous Sir Harry laying hands on his wife! I did what I could to further your cause, and you tell me I have done worse than nothing. Very well! I will serve you no more. And you repent marrying me. I can leave you—at once, if you choose; it matters nothing to me. But I stir not one step to the meeting to-night;' and she opened the door and would have left him, but that he strode towards her white with passion, and held her back.

'You shall!' he said in a hoarse voice, too overpowered by rage to speak distinctly. His face was disfigured by passion as he looked at her, as she fronted him steadily and defiantly.

'If I could do anything to make you lose this election, I would!' she uttered. 'I will not be forced to stay here—let me go!' and she attempted to free herself from his grasp; but he, mindful in the midst of all, of passers-by, attempted to drag her back into the room, and seized her with such force that his furious hold bruised her shapely white arm.

'Coward!' she cried, and her bitter contempt was not good to see at that moment—'coward! I will not go; you cannot—you dare not force me!'

PHYSIOGNOMY OF HOUSES.

ANYBODY who has travelled outside the limits of his own shire knows how houses in different parts of the country shew distinct recognisable types. If a house out of the south-eastern counties could be dropped anywhere in my region, I believe I should be able to detect its provinciality. In some manufacturing districts, the dwellings are of a tall, slim, consumptive build, suggesting that they are run up too quickly, suffering for it ever afterwards; in some other neighbourhoods, they are sturdy, broad-set, looking robustly at you, evidently twice as able to face the world. In one county, houses stand in the hard, chill grayness of stone, with shallow windows, which, in the daytime, never shew more than three inches of white blind: elsewhere, they jollily glow in all the colours of brick, setting off their shining casements with profusion

of lace and muslin. Some districts habitually wear their roofs pitched half as high again as others; and the roofs themselves may either redden in tiles, or gleam bluely in slates, or modestly hide in sober thatch.

It is the houses more than the people that give the general aspect to a locality. The buildings are the 'larger inhabitants,' and they impress you more. I know a district in the north of England where the houses are wretched-looking, deformed, repulsive; they might be blind, lame, maimed, diseased buildings mustered from all other parts. Travellers by railway, seeing the place for the first time, I believe do not feel quite at ease till they are several stations away. On the other hand, there is a certain region in the west of England where every dwelling has so meek an air, that you seem to be on terms of acquaintance with anybody you happen to see standing at a door. But these general typical distinctions are not of the highest importance; the serious point is, that, wherever you may live, you are on good terms with some of the houses you have to face daily, while with others you are on ill terms. Certain dwellings you like at first sight, others you never get a friendly feeling for, if they do their very best to gain your good opinion, laboriously preserving an unblemished character year after year. It is of little use attempting to explain the mystery. If you watch a house building, you never quite know how it will turn out in this respect till the very last minute. So long as the scaffold-poles are all up, the premises have no more character than a human hobbledehoy. But once let the roof be closed in, the last brick be put upon the chimney, and the building fairly open its eyes—that is, shew its windows glazed—and it becomes an individuality straightway.

I should be sorry to say that there are not houses which, by trying very hard, will in course of time, if you are obliged to see much of them, force you to abate a little of your first ill opinion of them. I have seen a few houses successfully reform. They have put up clean blinds, repainted their woodwork and ironwork, and have made their decency obtrusive even. But it is very difficult; to succeed they find nearly as hard a task as do human beings in the same circumstances. There is great unfairness. In different places, I know several handsome, reckless, ill-principled houses which have repeatedly had deaths from fever in them; occasionally they break people's limbs by throwing them down steps and stairs; children have been drowned in wells upon the premises; they regularly give old people the rheumatics. Yet folks cannot shake off a sneaking liking for them. There are other decent, hard-striving, careful, quiet premises, which, if they so much as lose an infant in teething or by measles, have everybody in a hubbub against them instantly. It is said to be all the fault of the houses.

Some houses I only know in a collective kind of way; a row of them together, or a square, a cres-

cent, a terrace: just as you only know some people in the rack, so to speak, as being members of the same family, or belonging to the same 'set,' no one of them affecting you particularly. I am acquainted with a row which has an especially well-to-do kind of air. The houses put forward such rotund bay-windows, keep the front railings, the doors and windows, in such unnecessary freshness of paint, shew glimpses of such a wealth of children, have such an army of servants, and now and then get up such a brisk bustle of carriages, that it is nearly like a small sum of found money in your pocket to walk past and have a good look at them. They are among houses what aldermen are among men—completely prosperous. I would not miss that row of dwellings for a trifle: if they were pulled down, the town would feel a gloom; a great many persons in the habit of passing the locality would be made worse-tempered without knowing why. In every small town, and in certain quarters of the larger ones, there is just such a row, or quadrant, or square, which gives a special character to all around. Sometimes, it is true, a 'big house' coming into a neighbourhood will morally ruin it; what was before a modest district, will begin to put on airs, and grow conceited.

But houses may be known in the collective way for ill as well as for good. I know a square of as ill-conditioned, cantankerous mansions as can be found anywhere. They set their curtains at one another; they try to push their dirt each in front of the next; if one house slams its door, another instantly bangs its door; they flaunt faded green mignonette boxes from the first floor window-sills under one another's noses; they try to puff smoke at each other from their chimneys. First one house, then another, sets the people in it to quarrel with those in the next; occasionally others join in, until there is a general uproar. I pity the inhabitants. Evidently, they are made tools of by the premises; the blotch-fronted house at the first corner, and the second one opposite, with a piece broken out of the upper window-sill, being, as I suspect, mainly at the bottom of it all. Even this is not the worst case. In another part of the town is a short street of houses so deformed, so slouching, so desperate-looking, that I would go a mile round to avoid a glimpse of them. They seem ready for anything that is bad; as if, when dark comes, they might shift their ground, and go in search of villainy, if it did not come to them. I do not know that it would much surprise me to come upon them at midnight slinking along on their way to some other foul, bad quarter of the town. But when daylight comes, they are always back in their place. Ugh!

I gladly turn to where, in a by-corner of a nice quiet thoroughfare, stands a house which is the drollest, most diverting, squat, two-storied, five-windowed, low-doorwayed, comical brick-and-mortar creature anybody ever had the luck to discover. Its temper is very uncertain. Sometimes it takes not the slightest notice of you. You may pass it, you may re-pass it, and there is not a sign that it sees you; you cannot detect a twinkle in the corner of a single pane; not a shadow stirs from eaves to basement. Go by it the very next day, and so soon as it gets its first wink of you, while you yet are yards away, it flashes into mirth in every window; a quiver of broad grimaces runs

up from one story to the other, till it seems to give the very roof a side-cock, slightly nodding towards you. Not far from this queer little dwelling are two tall, stately houses, so utterly respectable, so perfectly genteel, that I feel a sense of restraint in alluding to them here. You are certain that neither of them has done the slightest improper thing in its life. You go and try to catch them unawares; it is of no use. They never nubend, even to the extent of wearing a blind the least bit crooked. You instinctively straighten your back as you approach them, carrying your stick or umbrella properly, and walk past at your very best, feeling that they are critical. But even these are better than another house I know elsewhere, which frowns at you with its eaves, threatens you with its pot-laden chimneys; every window scowls at you from the corner of pitch-black panes, no matter how brightly the sun is shining. You feel sure that it keeps a bad-tempered dog at the back, to bite you if you ventured within its territories.

To describe in detail all sorts of houses would be impossible. Some of them would have to be spoken of as uncertain in temperament. There are weak-minded houses as well as men; you do not know what they will be like on your next seeing them. One time, they look steady and respectable; at the next inspection, they have quite gone to the bad, are suddenly and mysteriously grown reckless, wretched. They have given up cleaning their doorsteps; they no longer take any pride in their knobs or knockers; perhaps, they wrinkle and soil their blinds; it may be, they grime their panes with dust. A number of houses which, I believe, are really decent and well-behaved, having nothing in particular upon their consciences, suffer much in appearances, simply from an odd nervousness of manner they have. They huddle away their outbuildings, just as if they had stolen them, and were afraid of their being recognised if they were seen. Then, some old houses can commit startling acts of folly. A house that was for years a great favourite with me, suddenly turned its back upon its long-earned reputation in a most shameful way. It used to be a quiet, sedate dwelling, with only elderly people to be seen in and about it; you would have felt sure that the cry of a new-come baby in any room within it would have made it start till it shivered its very tiles off. But passing it one day after a long interval, I was shocked; it had a whole family of young children sprawling about the doorstep, every one of them plainly enough its own.

I have met with a worse case even than this. A small dwelling which year after year was perfectly inoffensive, if not in any way gratifying, all at once stuccoed its front, thrust out two inflated bay-windows, stuck on at the gable a pretentious conservatory, with a stupendous gilt weather-cock upon the roof, and put up a pair of green side-gables half as big as itself—a cooped-up, tawdry-pinnacled coach-house looking at you over them. It now insults every other house within sight in the street. Its last freak has been to perch a great white cockatoo in front, to scream all day long. In fact, its self-conceit is making it an offence to all the neighbourhood.

But I will not quit the subject in this unthankful way. Let me speak of a villa I know in one of the suburbs; the daintiest nest of elegant com-

fort and sweet health imaginable. A cluster of tall shapely elm-trees at its back scatter shadows, now lightly, now thickly, upon its peaked roofs. Its garden and grounds, with their close-shaven lawns and clean-gravelled paths, are of just the right dimensions; matching exactly the broad sunny southern gable, the honeysuckled porch, the mullioned rose-trained windows. White-roofed greenhouses and a picturesque grotto partially shew among the laurels, the hollies, the dwarf firs. In the right months, beds of rhododendrons heap their blossoms on each side of the short curving drive; or geraniums burn in different hues nearer to the ground, with lines and patterns of other flowers here and there. Always a ripple from a tiny brook is tinkling faintly somewhere within the bounds, half-betraying its secret windings towards a small triangle of white shining pond, lying a little to the left in front. This house keeps a baby to roll laughing and prattling at times about the centre grass-plot; it also has a silver-haired grandmother to sit, book in hand, occasionally on a seat under a drooping beech close by. In fact it spares nothing; it is perfect. Every one who passes is put into good-humour by this dwelling; I myself make little private pilgrimages, just to be gladdened by the sight of it.

I have referred chiefly to the outsides of houses; nearly similar remarks might be made as to their interiors. Some houses are sad deceivers. Seen from the outside they are bright and gay, but the moment you pass the threshold their hypocrisy is detected. The rooms chill you, the passages blind you. I know a house with a whole family of unmarried daughters—unmarried they will remain so long as their parents mistakenly live in it. There is not a snug bit of shelter in which a sheep-faced young fellow might safely make love, in the whole premises. The rooms are somehow all connected, doors opening in and out everywhere; and in the least-used apartment, where wooing would have mainly to take place, a staring mirror over the mantel is so whitely, so blankly lighted up by a queer corner window, that any decent young man thinking of a proposal would be put out of countenance by it instantly.

Rooms differ very much in the feelings they give. I have been in two or three so hard and stern, that only give me my back to the window, and I think in them I could calmly receive my creditors, and explain to them that I could not pay. In other soft languishing rooms, the first word of such a statement would crush you. I know apartments where nobody can be good-tempered, no matter how hard he may try; turn combative men in, and they straightway begin to argue; introduce some women, and, under the sheer influence of the place, they start the talk with scandal. There are other rooms in which nobody can be long without beginning to joke; some people are witty there, and nowhere else. And I know at least one room so well lighted, so frank, so clear, so mildly stern, that in it, it would be impossible to refuse a reasonably asked favour, even *before* dinner.

But in fairness it ought to be said that some of the houses we have been blaming might urge something for themselves. Numbers of them might say that they have never had a fair chance either to gain or to keep a reputation. They have had too

big a family fastened upon their backs from the very start, or else they have never had a clean tidy tenant put into them. Some houses are much to be pitied.

OUR FEATHERED NEIGHBOURS.

THE CUCKOO.

Most people are pleased when they hear the note of the Cuckoo for the first time in the season of spring. We welcome it as the harbinger of fair weather, green fields, flowery hedgerows, and verdant woods.

Notwithstanding the familiarity with which the cuckoo's dulcet notes are recognised, seeing that it prevails throughout our own islands and the continent of Europe, few persons, comparatively speaking, are acquainted with the habits of this annual visitor to our land. Visitor only during the early summer months it is now generally considered to be, although formerly it was gravely contended, that, instead of migrating, it hibernated within our coasts, secreting itself in stacks, or under litter in barns. There may have been instances of this, but they are exceptional. The cuckoo is a migratory bird, and returns to its accustomed haunts with unerring regularity. The old adage says :

Let the sun be never so strong,
The cuckoo won't come till March has gone.

It should be borne in mind that in matters pertaining to folk-lore the 'old style' is generally referred to; so that, according to our ancestors' reckoning, the bird may be expected by us about the 12th of April, which is tolerably near the mark. In northern districts of Great Britain it makes its appearance generally about the end of April or beginning of May. The pleasant note of the cuckoo resounding through the groves has suggested many poetical effusions. Apparently without knowledge of its character, poets make it the theme of compliment and admiration. Alluding to its note, and annual migration of the cuckoo to a warmer climate, Michael Bruce observes in his charming ode—

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

He might have extended the compliment to the effect that no bird is so fortunate in getting rid of the trouble of bringing up its young.

Like some dastardly parents who leave the rearing of their children to others, the cuckoo has the impudence to leave other birds to sit on its eggs and bring the young to maturity. It is a clever device, and the wonder is how the poor foster-parents can be cheated into this act of hospitality. The thing is managed very adroitly. The female cuckoo lays her egg on the ground; then taking it in her beak, she watches an opportunity to pop it into the nest of some small bird, such as a hedge-sparrow, robin, wren, or titlark; these unsuspecting little animals having no more notion of the trick that has been performed than a hen has when it sits assiduously hatching the eggs of a duck. The rascality of the parent cuckoo is matched by the young intruder. As soon as it is able to look around, it begins to contrive ways and means of ejecting from the nest the young of its foster-mother, in order that it may enjoy all

the food that is brought to the nest. In succession, one after the other, it ejects the whole brood, which tumbling down outside, are left to perish. Occasionally, two young cuckoos have been discovered in the same nest, but in that case they have no more pity on each other than on the legitimate occupants. A battle takes place as soon as the latter are all disposed of, and, of course, the weaker of the two will eventually share the fate of the others. The cuckoo never lays two eggs in the same nest; when more than one egg is found, a second cuckoo has visited that nest. In 1853 Dr Baldamus of Stuttgart published a series of interesting observations on the egg-laying peculiarities of this singular bird. He attempted to prove, and with considerable success, that the egg of the cuckoo agrees in colour with those among which it is placed. That she can voluntarily influence the colour of her eggs! He enumerates the nests of thirty-seven species - to which list the editor of the *Ibis* has added fifteen—frequented by the cuckoo. There is certainly a very remarkable resemblance in many cases between the egg of the cuckoo and those of the species whose nest is selected, though there are notable exceptions, such as that of the hedge-sparrow, whose blue-green eggs bear no resemblance to the colour of any egg laid by the cuckoo. In this case, however, it may be that the hedge-sparrow is one of those species more easily duped than others, so that deception of colour is not necessary.

Mr Howard Saunders, in writing of the Great Spotted Cuckoo, a European species, says it invariably deposits its egg in the nest of the magpie. She carries her egg in her gullet, inserts her head into the magpie's nest, and deposits the egg; she then abstracts one of the magpie's eggs, crushes it, and smears her mouth with the yolk; she then returns to the magpie's nest, rearranges her own egg, and leaves it smeared with the broken yolk. Is this a case of deception intended to disguise the secret?

By dissection it has been calculated that each hen cuckoo will lay about half-a-dozen eggs, so that she must find an equal number of nests in a state to receive her own, just before the birds are about to sit. Most other birds lay their eggs on consecutive days, but a special provision is made to enable her to retain her eggs longer than they, seeing it might often be difficult to meet with the requisite number of nests suitable for the purpose. Reckoning five young birds to be the average number found in each nest, it therefore remains that for each brood of cuckoos, upwards of a score of innocents have mercilessly to be slaughtered. We must regard this as a curious freak in nature.

Since writing the above, I have been informed by a practical naturalist that the parent cuckoo devours the young birds that have been so ruthlessly expelled from their dwelling-place, and that it in a great measure depends on such food for subsistence at a period when the eggs of small birds have become scarce. If this be really the case, the difficulty is cleared away with respect to nature's performance of a work which appears to be very cruel, and at the same time without any pre-designed object in view. It changes an act which at first sight we are unable to justify, into a wonderful ordination of that Providence Who is mindful of the wants of all creatures.

My friend goes further, and declares that the cuckoo will not unfrequently attack a brood of birds into whose nest no alien egg has been dropped; but its difficulty is to get them out, for the nest even of the hedge-sparrow is so enveloped in thorns as to render access extremely difficult for a bird larger than itself. The cuckoo, when urged, as it is supposed, by hunger, will sometimes tear a nest to pieces, and feed on the young ones. This carnivorous propensity is the more deserving of credence from the fact that there has been for ages a wide-spread belief amongst gamekeepers, that hawks in the spring turn into cuckoos, and that they resume their own shape prior to leaving our shores.

Naturalists tell us that the cuckoo has been observed sometimes to throw out some of the eggs from the nest in which she deposits her own. And no doubt she feasts upon them afterwards; for, though I do not deny that the bird takes caterpillars—chiefly hairy ones—and insects, yet I believe that the eggs of small birds form a portion of its diet, whenever they can be procured. Were caterpillars and insects the sole food of the cuckoo, we should hardly expect her to quit our shores at a time when it is the most plentiful. And assuredly the heat of our summers is seldom so excessive as to drive away a visitor which is known to flourish in higher temperatures than our own. The departure of other migratory birds is regulated by the failing supply of food, and not by a particular day of the month.

The cuckoo has no more to say,
When the sun has reached old midsummer day,

is a saying in the west of England. But though it is quite true that the note of this bird is rarely heard in England after the above-mentioned date, the majority of its companions have ceased their say full ten days or a fortnight before that time. The fact of solitary instances of the cuckoo's note having been heard even as late as September, must not be taken as proof that none of the birds have departed before then. They leave when food becomes scarce; and if, by any means, food could continue to be supplied, there is no reason why they might not remain with us until driven off by downright cold.

Many attempts have been made to keep the cuckoo over the winter, but in most instances without success. Mr Templeton of Cranmore, near Belfast, secured a young one in July 1822, which lived for more than a year in his house, and became quite domesticated. It was generally fed on hard-boiled eggs, and occasionally with caterpillars; it would sometimes eat forty or fifty at a time. A seeming treat was a little mouse about one-quarter grown, which it would hold in its bill and beat against the ground, or anything hard, until the animal became soft, when the bird shewed great powers of extending its throat and swallowing. It was at last killed, by being accidentally trodden upon; otherwise, there is no reason why it might not have lived much longer. It seems reasonable to suppose that in this instance the cuckoo was provided with its proper food, eggs, caterpillars, and young mice; which exactly corresponds with what is said above, concerning its aliment in a state of nature. If in captivity it was delighted to devour a young mouse, we may readily conceive that when at liberty it would

be equally ready to enjoy the young birds so unconsciously provided by its own offspring. As an instance of the fascination the young cuckoo appears to exercise not only over its foster-parents, but birds in general, a case is related of a gentleman in Shropshire who kept a young cuckoo in a cage. The bird, however, shewing signs of restlessness, was set at liberty, and for some time afterwards remained perched on some railings in front of the Hall windows. During this time it was constantly visited by swallows, who were repeatedly seen in the act of feeding it, as if it had been one of their own!

THE NIGHT-JAR.

Well do I remember the feeling of awe that filled my mind when on a silent night I first heard the squeaking note of that curious bird the Night-jar or Goatsucker. Surprise and pleasure took the place of awe when, from observation, I found the night-jar to be of a shapely form, covered with a beautiful plumage, speckled with a variety of brown, gray, and white, harmoniously pencilled about the neck, wings, and tail. It possesses a full bright eye; but its mouth is enormously large, and furnished with stiff bristles, which are of great service to the bird on its nocturnal ranging in pursuit of prey.

The night-jar has often been mistaken for the cuckoo, although in habit and character it is much more nearly allied to the swift. It lays its eggs in long grass, generally by the wood-side, attends to the process of incubation, and feeds its young ones, which usually are two in number. This has led some writers to declare that the cuckoo has occasionally been observed to sit on her own eggs and feed her own young; but from the observation of years, I am compelled to maintain a different opinion. The error has probably arisen from a confusion of the identity of the two birds, which somewhat resemble each other in the early stage of their plumage. In the daytime, the night-jar remains on a tree, perched in a peculiar manner, not crossways, but *lengthways* along the branch, and generally head downward. It is extremely difficult to get sight of the bird in this position, and I have sometimes made a search for days without success, even when quite certain of the tree in which it was secreted. In the evening it will fly out to renew its nightly labour, in pursuit of the larger moths, and insects generally. In this chase it is interesting to observe the swiftness and variety of its motions. No bird I have ever seen can tumble so dextrously in the air. The rook, and even the tumbler pigeon, must yield the palm to the night-jar in this respect.

What enables certain birds to perform such evolutions whilst on the wing is a subject which cannot be satisfactorily explained. Many theories have been advanced, but not one of them is altogether free from difficulty. The middle toe of the night-jar is serrated, having teeth like a saw, and it has been suggested that such a provision has been made to enable the bird to use it as a comb, for the purpose of ridding itself of vermin, with which it is more than ordinarily infested. The same has been said of the rook, but neither she nor the pigeon has the serrated claw; whilst, though herons are so armed, it may be doubted if they can use the instrument for such a purpose.

If it be said that some birds are armed with serrations to enable them more readily to retain their prey, the objection is immediately raised, that the teeth would have inclined backward, and not forward, as is in reality the case. The subject is well worth the close observation of all lovers of nature. The night-jar, like many other unfortunate individuals, has suffered greatly from a wide-spread but ridiculous prejudice. It is known in some parts as the 'goatsucker.' The idea probably originated from the fact of the bird having been seen to extract the larvæ that infest the skin of the goat. Night-jars are migratory, arriving in May, and taking their departure in September.

THE CORN-CRAKE.

Of another neighbour of ours, the Corn-crake, I shall only say a few words. He is a sly and cunning fellow, up to all kinds of tricks in the matter of self-preservation, which, as we all know, is nature's first law, and therefore not to be condemned. His note is very peculiar crake-crake, crake-crake, and confined to the male bird when calling his mate. This call may be readily imitated by taking a strong comb, such as groomers use in the stable for dressing the manes of horses, and by drawing a nail smartly across the teeth. With a little practice, the bird itself can be deceived, and will come very near to the spot where the person is stationed.

The voice of the corn-crake is heard in the month of May, and, if the season be late, in part of June. Sometimes, on a summer's evening, I have walked full half a mile along a road on the side of some meadows near my residence, and the bird seemed to keep pace with me the whole way, at no great distance within the hedge; if I turned, I could readily imagine it to have done the same. This must have been the trick of a ventriloquist, for I have sometimes asked a friend to remain stationary, or to walk in an opposite direction, and the sound of the bird's voice had precisely the same effect on his ear. This power to deceive two persons who are walking in opposite directions, is really very wonderful. I have wandered about a field in which I knew the bird was located, and have heard its voice before me, and the next instant far behind on the course I was taking; now on my right hand, then on the left; at one moment close by, and almost instantly in the distance. It would have been impossible for the animal, however dexterous, to have placed itself in such various localities, whence its voice appeared to issue, in so brief a space of time. Occasionally, I have suddenly come almost upon it in reality, and then its note was uttered rapidly and with unmistakable feelings of alarm. At the same time I have seen it for a moment, and have traced its course in the grass for a few feet; but run as I would, it was off, and its voice sounded in the distance before I could recover from my surprise. I have known the corn-crake to be run down by the help of a dog, and thus captured. I remember also to have seen an active young farm labourer who pursued one of those birds in an open field for a considerable time, and eventually knocked it down with a stick. In that case, however, the bird had no cover. The hen lays from twelve to fifteen eggs; and in six weeks after they leave the shell, the young birds can shift for themselves. Their flesh is considered a great

delicacy. A bird that lays so many eggs, and whose flesh is regarded as a *bonne bouche*, one should suppose would be in great favour with the *gourmand*. But, as far as I know, they are seldom killed. I have rarely seen them exposed in shops for sale; nor can I ascertain that any persons of my acquaintance are much more familiar with them than myself, as an article of food. And yet they do not seem to increase. They must either be exposed to the ravages of numerous foes, as stoats, rats, weasels, and the numerous catalogue of egg-sucking birds; or, as I strongly suspect, the corn-crake, or land-rail, is much sought after abroad; for, instead of becoming a veritable water-hen, and hibernating at the bottom of ponds, as some believe, it is—like the two other subjects of this paper—a bird of passage, which leaves our shores in October, and crosses the Channel for the continent; though, during the greater portion of its stay in England, it can seldom be induced to take entirely to the wing. For that there is a good reason. When assisted by its wings, like the ostrich, it makes good speed; but in a proper flight it progresses but slowly, with its legs hanging down in an awkward-looking manner; yet, aided by the powerful influence of instinct, this creature will find its way to the south of France or Italy, and return to its old English quarters in the following spring.

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

The following lines, from a poem entitled *Country Justice*, were written by Dr John Langhorne, a clergyman of the last century. The allusion in the last six lines to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was made the subject of a print, which happened to be in the room in which Sir Walter Scott met Burns for the first and only time. On reading the passage—which is printed at the bottom of the picture—Burns shed tears, and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found. The passage is beautiful in itself, but this incident will enshrine and preserve it for ever. The print is preserved in the Chambers Institution at Peebles.

For him who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with Fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widowed parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptised in tears.

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A HIGHLAND PARISH IN THE LAST CENTURY.

In giving to the public a book entitled *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*, the late Dr Norman Macleod has conferred a boon upon all who can appreciate simple, homely pleasures, or whose sympathies are natural enough to be touched by the relation of Highland rural life in the last century. When we enter the parish with him, it is not alone the scent of the heather, or the solitary grandeur of hill and loch and precipice, that we feel and see; our impressions of nature become as lively, our sympathies as warm, our hearts as expansive as his own. We learn to judge things by another standard; a simpler, purer moral atmosphere surrounds us; we realise how it is possible to be good without being socially great, to have but a slender purse, and yet to be amply endowed with all those choicer blessings with which Nature dowers her own aristocrats; to live a quiet retired life, far from the world and its busy haunts, and yet to be constantly surrounded by objects of interest and affection.

This book, one of whose chief and most enduring charms is its vivid naturalness, begins with a description of a Highland parish as it existed more than ninety years ago, compiled from materials which the reverend doctor was happily enabled to possess himself of—a large parish in the Isle of Skye, containing somewhere about two thousand souls, and comprising an area of one hundred and thirty square miles, with a sea-board of a hundred. It had two churches, which ‘the minister,’ as Dr Macleod loves to call him, tells us were little better than sheds. They contained few or no seats; and the congregation, sometimes dripping wet, and often footsore and weary, stood during the service, having the good fortune in this case to listen, after their fatigues, to an eloquent and earnest, instead of a prosy and careless sermon.

The manse, to which we are introduced on the title-page, was a homely, comfortable dwelling, surrounded by a cluster of cottages, stables, and offices, and sheltered by some old trees. The

glebe was large; and in addition to it, the minister rented a small farm, the profits of which eked out his scanty income of forty, and latterly eighty pounds a year. Thus, in the small world of the parish, the manse became the centre of a still smaller world of its own; and the world-portraits of one or two of the odd characters who found shelter beneath its roof, or in one or other of the tiny cottages that nestled in cosy nooks in the glebe, are in their way inimitable.

In every Scottish parish is to be found a ‘minister’s man,’ a factotum who discharges various duties in connection with the manse (clergyman’s house) and the church: he is, in fact, the minister’s body-guard, and is usually looked upon as a privileged retainer. We have an admirable specimen in ‘Wee Rory’ or Old Rory, as our ‘minister’s man’ was named, in the parish under notice. Here he is: ‘Wee Rory was rather a contrast to his master in outward appearance; one of his eyes was blind, but the other seemed to have stolen the light from its extinguished neighbour, to intensify its own. That gray eye gleamed and scintillated with the peculiar sagacity and reflection which one sees in the eye of a Skye-terrier, but with such intervals of feeling as human love of the most genuine kind could alone have expressed.’

Old Rory was a dexterous fisher, a capital boatman, a true-hearted, honest, faithful creature, devoted to the minister while he lived; and the story of his death, which took place not long after that of his master, is among one of the most touching incidents in the book.

Then there was old Archy, and James the tutor, and the little one-legged governess, and old Jenny the hen-wife, who had been the nurse of the children, who had received them all into her arms at their birth, and whose sad duty it had been, when death invaded the happy manse circle, to array them for their last long sleep, as she had dressed them for their first.

Then last, not least, we have the minister’s wife, whose portrait is sketched for us in a few masterly touches. A true good woman she must have been, ‘a blessed angel in the house,’

managing all household matters within and without; overseeing everything, contriving somehow that every wheel of the domestic economy should run smoothly, and that her husband, good man, should not be too much harassed by the anxious, ever-recurring thought of how to feed, and clothe, and educate the bairns. Of these, no fewer than sixteen were born and reared in this sweet secluded home. Precluded by circumstances from the enjoyment of many of the luxuries wealth alone can procure, they were so surrounded by an atmosphere of cheerful love, that they were unconscious of the want of anything else. The manse was emphatically a happy home; and the intercourse between parents and children was, as it always is in such cases, frank, unrestrained, kindly, and loving. There was no attempt to frown down innocent mirth: the minister, we are told, who was an excellent performer on the violin, loved to exercise that gift as much as any other he possessed, 'and liked to see his boys and girls dancing in the evenings.' He had eight girls, 'a heavy handful,' as he himself puts it; and perhaps the most charming, and one of the most useful chapters in the book is that in which we read of the education of these girls—how they were trained to be good, loving, true, womanly, domestic, and at the same time refined and cultivated women; how they retained, with all their love of books and nature, a womanly taste for the becoming, which was exemplified in the wonderful skill and ingenuity they manifested 'in making old things look new,' and in so changing the cut and fashion of the purchases made long ago from the packman, that Mary's everlasting silk or Jane's merino seemed capable of endless transformations. Then the manse boys, when we see them hard at work at college, what fine, manly, open-hearted fellows they are; how unselfish, how kindly, how ready to share their small means with others poorer than themselves; not falling back on the slender paternal purse to supply the deficiency thus created, but stinting themselves in order to help some poorer fellow-student, such as 'Macmillan,' or the still more needy 'Macgregor.' The latter, in his gratitude for kindnesses received, insisted upon treating the manse boy in return, the treat consisting of the purchase of two half-penny rolls, one of which he handed to his benefactor, while he greedily devoured the other himself.

As a matter of course, a parish territorially so large, without a single road in it, unless a rude track along the shore could be dignified by the term, involved an immense amount of work, compared to which the preparation of the weekly sermon was a trifle. Walks of sixteen, eighteen, or twenty miles over rough moors, and rapid bridgeless streams, and through shifting, insecure bogs, made part of the ordinary routine of the minister's life. Such feats of pedestrianism were varied by long rides—one of seventy-two miles at a stretch is recorded—and long boating journeys, in which his boys, and his faithful man Rory, were his companions in his boat the *Roe*. Sometimes, in these voyages of the *Roe*, scenes occurred which might well blanch the cheek of a landman, when the wild seas rose, and the gale rushed to meet the rising tide, and a huge pyramid of green water, flecked with foam, threatened to engulf the tiny boat; and the slightest error on the part of Rory the steersman must have

proved certain destruction to all on board. How Rory was found equal to his task, and how the *Roe* weathered many a stiff gale and heavy sea, are narrated in a manner so graphic and interesting, as must make that chapter, we should suppose, a special favourite with all boys. Not unfrequently, the minister held his dicta of catechising, with the sermon which followed, in the open air. On these occasions, he would be seated on a grassy knoll with his rustic hearers around him, the rude psalmody of his audience, sweet as the trill of the mountain lark, ascending right from the heart of the worshipper through Nature's glorious temple of hill and moorland, straight to Nature's God.

Sometimes children were brought to a wild, secluded glen called Corrie Borrodale, that the minister might baptise them there beside a mountain spring; and to the same place couples occasionally came to be married, it forming a sort of half-way house between the two extremities of the parish. In this daily fulfilment of humble, if you will prosaic duties, the minister lived, a noble, God-fearing, self-denying, hard-working man, far removed from those church politics and party differences which are too apt to sour the most kindly natures, and infuse a spice of gall into even gentle and loving hearts; and here, when he was almost eighty years of age, he came to an end composedly and peacefully. With his life ends what may be called the personal history of the manse; but the interest of the book continues, and is sustained as vividly as before.

Touching on the vexed question of the poor-laws, Dr Macleod has a few suggestive sentences full of kindly wisdom. About the Highland peasantry, the class from which the bulk of the minister's parishioners were drawn, we have much interesting information, as also about the tenants and tacksmen, a well-nigh obsolete race, who have been extinguished by the modern system of letting the land in large sheep-farms. A feast at the house of one of these tacksmen is described, which may well make the mouth of an epicure water, especially if he had prepared for it by a sixteen or seventeen miles' walk across hills and bogs and heathery moorlands. Here is the bill of fare: 'Oat-cake, crisp and fresh from the fire; cream rich and thick, and more beautiful than nectar,' whatever that may be; 'blue Highland cheese finer than Stilton; fat hens slowly cooked on the fire in a pot of potatoes without their skin, and with fresh butter—"stoved hens," as the superb dish was called; and though last, not least, tender kid roasted as nicely as Charles Lamb's crackling pig.'

Then we have stories of the snow-storms which occur so often among the hills—that of the widow and her son is exquisitely touching and pathetic—succeeded by some solemn, tender talk about churchyards and funerals. The Celt, we are told, has a strong desire, almost amounting to superstition, to find a last resting-place beside his kindred; and this desire sometimes gives rise to incidents that are almost ludicrous; as when a Highland porter in Glasgow cuts off his finger, and sends it to be buried in the churchyard of the parish, accompanying the amputated member with a bottle of whisky, that its obsequies may be celebrated with all due honour! Among the peasantry, we find that a superstitious belief, not unknown in other parts of the country, prevails—namely, that

a death is often preceded by the appearance of a shadowy phantom funeral, or a warning of its approach given by some such common occurrence as the howling of a dog or the crowing of a cock. During the interval between death and interment, many peculiar customs prevail, which are apparently Roman Catholic in their origin; but one curious superstition they have which seems exclusively Highland; they fancy that the person who is last buried has the dreadful task committed to him of keeping watch over all the graves in the churchyard—a weird wardenship from which he cannot be set free until another death takes place and another grave is opened. In the tale of the Grassy Hillock, we have a very touching account of a Highland funeral. Flory Campbell, a poor widow bereaved of a kind and dutiful son, is the heroine of the tale; and in the mingled dignity and simplicity of her character, in the wild pathos and vigour of her improvised lament, we seem to learn more than volumes of mere dry prosaic description could have told us, of those ‘flowers’ of the Scottish Highlands whom poverty and emigration have now so nearly waded away.

Of course no description of a parish could be complete without some notice of the schoolmaster, who is as necessary an adjunct to it as the minister himself; and a very worthy, painstaking, hard-working class of men the Scottish dominies generally are. A pleasant picture we have here of the comfortable relations that in bygone days often subsisted between the schoolmaster and the minister. The day has been wet, cold, infected with the gloom of a north-easter, utterly depressing alike to body and soul; when, towards the close of the miserable evening, the dominie steps up to the manse. He knows he will be welcome; who but he can so thoroughly ‘red’ up the news of the parish, can so accurately separate the conflicting currents of gossip, and sift the true from the false! The delicate matters affecting the public morality discussed, he next tells his parochial chief all about the sick and suffering—how Sandy Macglashin has broken his leg, and Widow Macleay’s big family are down with the measles; and the minister listens with a sympathetic face; and together they consult about the manner and amount of the relief to be afforded to each. Then the preachers at the last sacrament are criticised, and the different styles of preaching discussed; and church and state politics receive a heckling, and various abstruse points of theology are considered; and the rain and mist clearing away, they saunter out in the gray twilight to look at the glebe; and the conversation turns upon the state of the crops, the prospects of the harvest, and the grand question, as affects the minister’s stipend, of whether the next fairs prices will be high or low.

How true to the life all this is—how real! How many of us can imagine the pleasant room to which the minister and dominie return to finish their crack. The cheerful little fire burning in the grate, and the cosy supper of toasted cheese or dropped eggs which follows, with its accompanying glass of ale or modest tumbler of toddy. The emoluments of the schoolmaster, like those of the minister, were very poor indeed, but he was held in honour and respect in the parish. ‘There were few marriages of any importance,’ we are told, ‘at which he was not an honoured guest; in times of

sickness or death, he was sure to be present, with his subdued manner, tender sympathy, and Christian counsel.’ The schoolmaster’s ordinary bill of fare did not contain, we scarcely need to be told, many delicacies, although one is mentioned which might well awaken admiration even in the breast of a Soyer. This is *fuairin*, a Highland dish composed of dry new meal, freshly ground in the quern, and then whipped up with rich cream. ‘Lucky,’ says the reverend doctor, recalling the days of his youth, ‘was the boy who got it.’

Then comes a famous batch of ‘fools’—Allan of the dogs, Donald Cameron, barefooted Tachlan, and light-headed Archy, who had more wit and repartee in his slenderly furnished cranium than many a wise man has in his. How he turned the tables upon his clerical host, a respected minister in Skye, is seen by the following amusing anecdote: ‘An old acquaintance of mine, a minister in Skye, who possessed the kindest disposition and an irreproachable moral character, was somehow more afraid of Archy’s sharp tongue and witty rhymes than most of his brethren. Archy seemed to have detected intuitively his weak point, and though extremely fond of the parson, yet he often played upon his good-nature with an odd mixture of fun and selfishness. On the occasion I refer to, Archy in his travels arrived on a cold night at the manse when all its inmates were snug in bed, and the parson himself was snoring loudly beside his helpmate. A thundering knock at the door awakened him, and thrusting his head, enveloped in a thick white night-cap, out of the window, he at once recognised the tall, well-known form of Archy.

“Is that you, Archy? Oich, oich! what do you want, my good friend, at this hour of the night?” blantly asked the old minister.

“What could a man want at such an hour, most reverend friend,” replied the rogue, with a polite bow, “but his supper and his bed!”

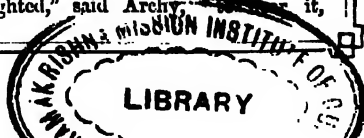
“You shall have both, good Archy,” said the parson, at the same time wishing Archy on the other side of the ‘oolins. Dressing himself in his home-made flannel unmentionables, and throwing a shepherd’s plaid over his shoulders, he descended and admitted the fool. He then provided a sufficient supper for him in the form of a large supply of bread and cheese with a jug of milk. During the repast Archy told his most recent gossip and merriest stories, concluding by a request for a bed. “You shall have the best in the parish, good Archy, take my word for it!” quoth the old dumpy and most amiable minister. The bed alluded to was the hay-loft over the stable, which could be approached by a ladder only. The minister adjusted the ladder and begged Archy to ascend. Archy protested against the rudeness.

“You call that, do you, one of the best beds in Skye? You, a minister, say so? On such a cold night as this too? You dare to say this to me?”

The old man, all alone, became afraid of the gaunt fool as he lifted his huge stick with energy. But had any one been able to see clearly Archy’s face, they would have easily discovered a malicious twinkle in his eye, betraying some plot which he had been concocting probably all day.

“I do declare, Archy,” said the parson earnestly, “that a softer, cleaner, snuggler bed exists not in Skye!”

“I am delighted,” said Archy, “to hear it,



minister, and must believe it, since you say so. But you know it is the custom in our country for a landlord to shew his guest into his sleeping apartment, isn't it? and so I expect you to go up before me to my room, and just see if all is right and comfortable. Please ascend!"

'Partly from fear and partly from a wish to get back to his own bed as soon as possible, and out of the cold of a sharp north wind, the simple-hearted old man complied with Archy's wish. With difficulty, waddling up the ladder, he entered the hay-loft. When his white rotund body again appeared as he formally announced to his distinguished guest how perfectly comfortable the resting-place provided for him was, the ladder, alas! had been removed, while Archy calmly remarked: "I am rejoiced to hear what you say! I don't doubt a word of it. But if it is so very comfortable a bedroom, you will have no objection, I am sure, to spend the night in it. Good-night, then, my much-respected friend, and may you have as good a sleep and as pleasant dreams as you wished me to enjoy." So saying, he made a profound bow, and departed with the ladder over his shoulder. But after turning the corner and listening with fits of suppressed laughter to the minister's loud expostulations and earnest entreaties—for never had he preached a more energetic sermon, or one more from his heart—and when the joke afforded the full enjoyment which was anticipated, Archy returned with the ladder, and advising the parson never to tell *jibs* about his fine bedrooms again, but to give what he had without imposing upon strangers, he let him descend to the ground, while he himself ascended to the place of rest in the loft.'

All we find in this pleasant volume is genuine and real; here there is no sham, no quack morality, shallow and one-sided. Its teachings are full of charity and kindness, the natural outcome of a faith as full and comprehensive as the large loving heart that harboured it.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE WORM TURNS.

THE house in Carlignin Place was as yet unchanged in every respect—just as Dalton had left it on his quitting town—yet everything spoke of gloom and desertion. It was no longer his home, except in name; and in a few days it would lose even the designation. He felt that he could not eat his dinner there, but went out to dine at his club. London was what is called 'empty;' there were only a few millions left in it, who could not afford to go into the country; Piccadilly was a solitude, Pall Mall a waste. Dalton felt qualms as he drew near his club, imagining that every one there would have heard tidings of his downfall, and that he would be looked upon with pitying eyes. He knew how weak it was in him, how false the pride that made him entertain such apprehensions, how altogether vain and egotistic were such feelings, as well as the wisest philosopher that ever founded a school; but so it was. His fears, however, were groundless, for there was not a soul in the place.

The reading-room, ordinarily so thronged at that preprandial hour, was absolutely tenantless; he

might have had six *Pall Mall Gazettes* all to himself. In the huge dining-room of the *Plesiosaurus*, he was the one solitary guest; but as he was about to sit down to his modest repast, there entered one Dawkins, and begged permission to join tables. Dawkins was a middle-aged bore, who could never forget that he had once been a member of parliament. He prefaced every statement with 'When I sat for Siddington,' and dated every event from his admission into 'the House.' No one could have imagined from his conversation that that halcyon time had lasted but six weeks, after which he was unseated for bribery, on petition. By profession he was a civil engineer, and had gained some notoriety, which could scarcely be called fame. He had not invented a tubular bridge, or a submarine tunnel; but he had nursed more than one railway successfully through its sickly childhood, and had found his own account in it—at his banker's. His enemies averred that, in his professional capacity, Mr Dawkins, C.E., had had his hands 'greased;' and even his friends allowed that he was an excellent authority upon coal contracts. Under ordinary circumstances, the most that this gentleman would have got out of John Dalton, in the way of social acknowledgment, would have been a careless nod of the head, and he would have felt himself flattered even by that; for Dalton was one of the most popular men in the club, and in the best set, and Dawkins was nobody there. How he had got into the *Plesiosaurus* at all—which, for so large a society, was somewhat exclusive—was a marvel to those who knew him best: perhaps he had slipped in by greasing somebody else's hands.

On the present occasion, however, Dalton rather encouraged his advances. This was just the man to have heard, in all likelihood, of his altered circumstances, and he did not wish to seem to shrink from companionship, or to appear in dejection. Moreover, even the talk of Dawkins was better than his own sad thoughts.

'Sorry to see you missed your shot at Bampton,' said this gentleman in a more familiar tone (or so it seemed to the other) than their previous relations justified. 'However, you will try again, of course; it is quite unusual to get one's seat at the first trial. I was fortunate myself in that respect, when I stood for Siddington, but it was quite an exceptional piece of good luck.'

For the constituency it doubtless was so, since it got two elections, and all the good things 'going' at such epochs, within two months; but the good fortune of Mr Dawkins himself had certainly been of a very transient nature.

'I am not likely to try again,' answered Dalton coldly.

'Ah! found it expensive, I daresay. That is the worst of it. But it's a proud position too—deuced proud. I shall never forget the day I first took my seat and the oath.'

'I wish you would,' thought Dalton cynically. The man's impudence annoyed while it amused

him. 'How comes it,' he asked, 'that you are up in town in a dead time like this?'

'You may well ask. There are a lot of fellows bothering me by every post to run up to the moors, and Warkworth offered me a berth in his yacht. But I am chained to my desk. A golden chain, I'm happy to say, but still it confines me to London for the present. Business, business, my dear sir; you know what that is?'

'Yes; it is very familiar to me.'

'Not more familiar than welcome, I hope, eh?' put in the other. His tone was indifferent, but the glance and manner which accompanied it were so eager and inquisitive, that the contrast was supremely ridiculous. Dalton's sense of humour was tickled.

'Well, I suppose you know all about it?' said he good-humouredly. 'You have doubtless heard that I have been hard hit?'

'I did hear something of the kind, my dear sir; but people tell such lies. I had hoped the report was without foundation. Sorry to find it confirmed on such good authority, I'm sure.'

'Thank you,' said Dalton dryly. He was wondering whether it would be worth while asking this man's advice (he was sharp enough in his way, and especially in speculative affairs with a flaw in them) as to the Brazilian mine.

'Not at all,' continued Dawkins loftily. 'We are all sorry; every man who is worth anything in the club, sir, sympathises with you. A man at your time of life, and in your position, to become the prey of a parcel of swindlers; it is terrible. I had no idea, however, you had gone such a—I mean, that the thing was so serious. I had hoped you were only "winged."'

'No, sir, I am shot,' said Dalton decisively. He spoke so loud that the waiter came, thinking that something was wanted.

'Get some champagne,' said Dawkins: 'the best—the Clicquot—do you hear?' Then, in a confidential voice, he added: 'There's nothing like champagne, my dear sir, when you are down in the mouth. I remember, when I stood for Siddington, and my opponent was ahead'—

'If that champagne is for me, Mr Dawkins, I don't drink it,' observed Dalton, in a tone more decidedly *frappé* than the wine itself.

'Very good; then I'll drink it myself,' replied the other cheerfully. 'Now, look here, Dalton; don't be cast down, and bitter with your friends, and that sort of thing. Of course, it's infernally disagreeable to have thrown one's money into the gutter—or down a mine—which is the same thing; but there are ways of getting it out again.'

'What! you think the *Lara* is worth something yet?' inquired Dalton eagerly.

'Not I. It is not worth a shilling: it is not worth sixpence. But money is to be made, my dear fellow—the too friendly phrase jarred upon Dalton's nerves, but he let the other run on: he might really have something to say that would be useful—'thousands are to be made—ay, and tens of thousands—if you only go the right way to work, and with the right people. There's the rub.'

'And who are the people?' inquired Dalton, growing somewhat impatient of his companion's platitudes.

'Well, there's Beevor the banker—he is a baronet now, you know, though I can remember him when his firm was a very one-horse affair;

his wife is a leader of fashion—quite the *ton*, you know.'

Dalton could not restrain a smile. Sir Richard Beevor was understood to be a dull man, who, placed by birth in a comfortable financial groove, had, under certain favourable circumstances, made a considerable quantity of money; but his great *coup* was his marriage with the widow of an eminent gin-distiller, which had heaped his money-bags so high that the government—to which he gave his parliamentary support—were compelled to take notice of them, and had in consequence made him a baronet. Sir Richard he had met on one or two occasions in society; but his lady, never for she had no chance of being admitted into it.

'Now, if you really want, Dalton, to be made *an* *faul* with the best things going' (Mr Dawkins's countenance became mysteriously serious; and Dalton looked serious too; his mind was occupied for the moment in philological speculation: why was it that men like Holt and Dawkins *would* use French phrases?)—'if you want to see the best people, financially speaking, that are to be met anywhere, and to have an opportunity—who knows?—of being connected with them'—

'Well, what must I do?' interrupted Dalton sharply; he thought he had schooled himself to stand anything without flinching, but he could not stand Dawkins eloquent.

'Why, you must come and dine with me to-morrow, and meet 'em.'

'Very good; I will,' said Dalton. He could not express much gratitude for the invitation, but his manner was more cordial than his words. He knew—or certainly he would have known a few weeks ago—that it was he who was conferring the obligation. Mr Dawkins would have given his ears, if, in the height of last season, he could have secured John Dalton as a guest. But on the other hand, it was just possible that the man really meant to do a kindness, and perhaps a service to him, in asking him to meet these kings of commerce. At all events, Dalton had nowhere else to go, and any society just now seemed to be preferable to his own. He even reflected with a bitter smile that his acceptance of Mr Dawkins' hospitality would save him the expense of a dinner.

He was now always putting in practice little economies which annoyed him, and was ashamed of himself because they did so. On the morrow he had to see his lawyer, the auctioneer, and Mr Skipton, who had promised to buy his horses; and instead of taking a Hansom, he patronised the omnibuses. Novelty, it is said, is always pleasing, and therefore he ought to have enjoyed the experience of being jolted and squeezed and trodden upon in those vehicles, in none of which he had ever set foot before. He was perfectly conscious that thousands of his fellow-creatures, in most ways equal to himself, and in many superior, were compelled to use this means of conveyance, and that it was a wretched affectation and a contemptible exclusiveness that made it disagreeable to him, much more than its intrinsic inconveniences; but he disliked it very much for all that. He could not shake off, in such general considerations, the thoughts of his own belongings; and when he saw the little batches of nervous and delicate women waiting in the wet for the 'bus to arrive, and struggling for inside places when it did so—an everyday occurrence, but which had never attracted

his attention before—his mind reverted to his wife and Kate, who now, if they lived in town, and wished to get about, must needs form part of that patient throng.

There is nothing like a change—for the worse—of fortune to make people understand that enigma so often talked about, but which so few trouble themselves to solve, how the 'other half' of the world live and move. It seemed to Dalton that next to 'mud-larking'—picking up other folks' coppers in the ooze of the river at low tide—there was nothing more unpleasant than this looking after one's own shillings and sixpences. What galled him still worse were the manifest efforts of his acquaintances to save him small expenses. Mr Skipton, Q.C., was a well-meaning man in his way; but if he had had any delicacy of mind to start with, he had thrown it overboard, for the freer practice of his profession; and he very nearly lost his friend altogether (and what he would have regretted quite as much, his horses), through attempting to treat Dalton to luncheon at the club.

Towards evening, Mr Dawkins called for him, as had been agreed upon, to take him on to his house, which was some way out in the suburbs; and was so resolute in paying for their common cab at the end of their journey, that Dalton was within a very little of knocking him down at his own door-step.

'You know, my dear fellow, you must let your friends pay for you now,' said Dawkins, and that in so loud a tone, that the very footman must have heard it as he opened the door.

'Why did I promise to dine with this hound?' thought Dalton; while the other imagined him, perhaps, to be speechless with gratitude. But the host's coarseness had this good effect upon his guest, that irritation took the place of despondency, and he became quite prepared to play his part in the conversation of the evening, if not exactly to make himself agreeable.

Mr Dawkins was a bachelor; but his house was kept for him by a widowed sister, Mrs Jamrod, a lady of sour aspect, and a confirmed stiffness, which might have been the result of rheumatism, but was, in fact, her imitation of dignity. If she did not absolutely imagine herself to be a princess, she thought Dawkins a prince—this was a really good trait in her character, for he had been generous to her in a certain fashion—whose consanguinity ennobled her; and she honestly believed the great staring 'villa-mansion' in which they lived to be a palace. Her drawing-room fairly blazed with mirrors and gilding; the curtains were of the most brilliant damask; the sofas and conversation-chairs of the newest shapes; and the tables were loaded with books in such gorgeous binding, that they looked no more intended to be read than the centre ornaments of supper-tables to be eaten. They were not real, as Dalton presently discovered in conversation with his hostess, with whom he was left alone for a few minutes, while Mr Dawkins ran up-stairs to 'titivate,' as he called dressing for dinner.

'I know nothing of that class of literature,' she had replied austere to some question of his about a book; 'my dear brother wishes it to have its place here, and therefore here it is; but my own studies, I am thankful to say, are confined within a very small compass: I am only a humble searcher after the Truth.'

'If you find that in a small compass, my dear

madam, you must be exceptionally fortunate,' observed Dalton gravely.

'Sir, there are only two books—the Book and Hervey's *Meditations*—which, in my opinion, repay perusal. Over all the rest, time is spent in vain.'

'Would you exclude Young's *Night Thoughts* and Blair's *Grave*?' inquired Dalton deferentially.

'For myself, yes; for others, however—perhaps for you—they may have some edification.'

'No, not for me,' said Dalton solemnly. 'I am quite of your opinion as to them. If we have only our Hervey, that is sufficient in the way of complement and comment.'

'I am at once surprised and delighted to hear you say so, Mr Dalton. I had taken it for granted—I don't know why, I am sure, for Robert seldom speaks to me of his club friends—that you were by no means seriously inclined.'

'You never were more mistaken in your life, madam,' said Dalton grimly; 'though I don't mean to pretend that it has been always so.'

'Ah, you have had a blow—if anything can be so called that is only material, and affects our prospects in this world alone. So Robert has hinted to me. These trials are often sent for our good. Your chastening!—'

'I say, none of that, Jane,' cried Dawkins, suddenly presenting himself beside them—all shirt-front and watch-chain. 'You have got hold of the wrong man altogether, for that sort of stuff.—Here are the Beevors come, by Jove, first. Now, I am not going to have their dinner spoilt for anybody else, so mind we have it to time.'

The vulgarity of the man's voice and manner had never proclaimed itself so openly to Dalton's ears as now, in his own house. That he should have talked of his fallen fortunes to this hypocritical old woman, was wormwood to him; and from that moment he made up his mind to strike, and not to spare. So far as the lady was concerned, he was unjust, for she really believed—so far as belief was in her—the principles she professed; while there was certainly no breach of confidence in her brother having communicated to her the fact of Dalton's ruin, which was by this time common talk enough. However, he had laid his hand upon his sword, and like a soldier about to sack a town, was resolved to respect neither sex nor age.

At this moment, Sir Richard and Lady Beever were announced. The former was a fat, black, podgy man, with a habitually stertorous breathing, and an occasional habit of blowing like a porpoise, which rather electrified strangers. His wife, on the other hand, was tall and angular, and very careful of her breath indeed. She thought it inconsistent with her exalted position in society to open her mouth to common people, which she considered most persons who were commoners to be. To even her hostess, whose own dignity had vanished at the sight of hers—swallowed up by that Aaron's rod—she did but vouchsafe a few monosyllables. To Mr Dawkins she graciously extended three gaunt fingers covered with rings. When Dalton was introduced to her, she bent her head about a quarter of an inch, and raising her double glasses, surveyed him from head to foot, with a particularity that would have done credit to the Ordnance Department.

'I have heard of you before,' said she curtly.

'You have the advantage of me in that respect,

madam,' replied Dalton, in his most winning tones, 'as doubtless in many others.'

The shaft sped harmless, however, for the lady had already turned away to examine some new arrivals with the air of a naturalist who is investigating specimens of the ordinary beetle. They were common enough of their genus, it must be acknowledged. Gentlemen with pronounced noses, and mispronounced *Ds* and *P's*, with a cataract of shirt-front, embossed with jewels, and rimmed with the merest margin in the way of waistcoat—all of them of oriental complexion, but with ostentatiously Christian names. Gentlemen, again, with mutton-chop whiskers, and those lively airs with which business is tempered in the City; glib of tongue, elastic of step, and with that overdone geniality towards one another, which is their substitute for friendliness. The ladies were by no means so gushing; they were either depressed in manner, each watching her respective lord with a somewhat servile eagerness to obey the motions of his eye, or they were stiff and formal, some through more lack of ease, others from the consciousness of recently acquired wealth. Most of it had dropped from the skies (so far as they knew), and it was but natural that they should consider themselves as miraculously favoured. The talk of both sexes was of money: in the one case, of coin, pure and simple—stocks and shares, loans and premiums, surpluses and deficits; in the other, of money's worth, the cost of jewels, of lace, of furniture. It was like a gathering of brokers, and to some extent, perhaps it was one. Stiff and purse-proud as the richest might be, all prostrated themselves before Sir Richard and his lady—the two golden images which bullion and gin had set up. Every boastful, self-asserting voice toned itself down in addressing them; every remark became interrogative, deferential, and subject, as it were, to their supreme approval. Dalton noticed that most of those made by the men were prefaced with, 'A gentleman was telling me the other day, Sir Richard,' &c. &c. He had never before moved in circles, professing to be 'circles,' where men talked of 'gentlemen' and not of 'men.' It was probably rare, he surmised, for these persons to be addressed by a gentleman at all, and when it happened, they made a note of it.

Some of these persons looked inquisitively at Dalton, much as the commercial traveller had done in the train, as though they would say, 'In what line of business is *this* fellow?' They had the sagacity—perhaps the humility—to see that though among them, he was not of them; but that by no means conciliated the object of their curiosity. He was not used to appear in society and not be known. Their talk would have jarred upon him under any circumstances—it was like counting sovereigns out of a bag; but in his penniless condition, he resented it almost as though it had been a personal insult. He felt himself, though certainly without being overcome with sympathy for those about him, becoming gradually assimilated to them, degraded by their companionship, and losing, in some mysterious way, his individual character. If 'evil communications' had corrupted him, they must have had a very rapid effect, or irritation had greatly assisted their influence; but at all events, he was fast losing his 'good manners.' He hardly noticed which of the stiff females it was that Mrs Jamrod confided to his care to take down to

dinner—their dresses all rustled like bank-notes; they were all behung with chains and jewels, and, like the lady of Banbury Cross, made music wherever they moved—and for once neglected 'his duty to his neighbour.' The table was crowded with guests, two individuals instead of one being even placed at the top and bottom. Lady Beevor, as the only person of title present of her sex, was one of those who occupied this distinguished position, next the host, and Dalton was placed on the other side of her at right angles. Between the gilt candlesticks, and across the fruit and flowers, he thought he had never seen so many mean and vulgar faces before.

'Good gracious!' muttered he under his breath, 'are these the capitalists?'

'Sir,' said the lady upon his right, 'I did not catch your words.'

'I was wondering,' said he, 'who all these good people were; do you know?'

Dalton had an agreeable vivacity of manner that was greatly appreciated in fashionable circles; but at which his present neighbour was evidently considerably astonished, not to say scandalised.

'Hush!' she said; 'you know Lady Beevor surely—that is,' added she, with a reverent recollection of the rank of the person spoken of, 'at least by sight?'

'Yes, indeed; no one who has ever seen her is likely to forget her. It was gin, was it not, that "floated" her?'

'Floated her!' repeated the lady, quite aghast.

'Certainly. I remember her being brought out in the City; though Sir Richard in the end took all the shares. You have heard all about the distillery and the kick in the bottles, and so on; you must have heard it.'

'Oh, pray, don't, sir. She is looking this way. No one ever speaks of the gin now. You mustn't talk of her like that; you mustn't, indeed.'

All the starch had suddenly gone out of his companion; she was positively limp and damp with fear. If she had, however innocently, offended Lady Beevor, she felt that the gates of Paradise—that is, of Fashion—would be shut in her face; and she did so want to get in.

'Well, let us talk of some one else. Who is that funny little fellow opposite, who has dropped his watch-chain into his soup? Why the dickens does he wear such a chain?'

'Because I gave it him upon his birthday. That is my husband, sir.'

'You don't say so! You must have married very early; a great deal earlier than he did,' was the unblushing reply.

'Well, he is older than I, that's truth,' assented the lady, much conciliated. 'If you are in the City, the name of Binks will probably be familiar to you. I believe my husband is tolerably well known there.'

'Is it possible, my dear madam, that I am speaking to Mrs Binks?'

'Well, I believe Mrs Jamrod introduced us,' returned the lady, with a toss of her head that sent the camellia at the side of it swinging like a pendulum.

'Upon my life, I thought she said "Minx,"' replied Dalton apologetically. 'I was totally unaware of my good fortune—of the honour that had been conferred upon me.'

'Don't speak of it,' said Mrs Binks, with a gracious smile.

'Water!' suddenly exclaimed a commanding voice upon Dalton's left. It was Lady Beavor, speaking to the servant, as he thought; and as none of the domestics heard her, and a water-bottle was opposite to him, he leant forward and filled her glass. To his astonishment and indignation, she stared coldly at him, and drank the water without the slightest acknowledgment of his courtesy. Then it struck him, all of a sudden, that this woman had been speaking to *him* when she had said 'water.' He felt himself turning scarlet.

'You mustn't mind her ladyship's manner,' whispered Mrs Binks good-naturedly; 'she doesn't mean anything by it. I have heard her speak quite as brusquely to Mr Abrahams yonder.'

'Yes, but I am not Mr Abrahams,' said Dalton quietly. His mind was a volcano; he would insult the whole company, except the simple little creature at his right hand, who, unlike that woman from Gin Lane, really did not 'mean anything' by her *gaucheries*.

'Well, no; I suppose you have not made Mr Abrahams' three hundred and fifty thousand pounds,' returned Mrs Binks, not contemptuously, but with a certain touch of pity, which cut Dalton like a knife. Was it possible that even *she* had heard of his impecunious condition?

'How do you know that?' inquired he, smiling.

'Don't I look like a millionaire?'

'Oh, it is not *that*: you look quite the gentleman, I'm sure,' said she with *naïveté*. ('Quite the gentleman,' groaned Dalton to himself. 'What have I done to deserve these things?') 'Only I happened to hear up-stairs that matters had been going wrong with you: I hope they'll mend. There have been times when Mr B. himself has been anxious.' And she nodded towards her husband, who was tossing off a very large glass of champagne with an air of freedom from anxiety that Dalton envied.

'Thank you,' said he softly. He made up his mind, when the hour of retribution came, that he would spare the female Binks for her kind wishes.

Then he turned to Mrs Binks's neighbour—a lady in semi-mourning, and therefore unable, like the rest, to indulge her taste in jewellery, but who had contrived, by the aid of ostrich plumes and other sombre ornaments, to so nearly resemble a hearse-horse, that Dalton half-expected her to 'paw'—with an inquiry as to whether she had been to the last Crystal Palace Concert.

'I have never been to the Crystal Palace in all my life,' was the frigid reply.

'Dear me! You have religious objections, I suppose?' for he concluded that this particular specimen must be after the pattern of her hostess.

'Not that I am aware of,' answered the lady calmly—and always from a sublime height above her interlocutor—a pedestal of superiority. 'My objection to the Crystal Palace is that it is vulgar.'

'But *every* lady goes to the Crystal Palace,' put in Mrs Binks, with an air of remonstrance.

'That is why I do not go,' answered the lady in black.

'And you are quite right, madam,' said Dalton. 'Keep on not going—say for the next ten years—and you'll be the only woman in England who has not been there. Then you will become unique, and really valuable to your relatives.'

'Valuable to my relatives!' The hearse-horse absolutely appeared to rear, in her astonishment.

'Well, yes; supposing you didn't mind being exhibited, and money was an object to them—What is that you are saying, Sir Richard, about money? Is it tight or loose just now?'

'Well, Mr Dalton, it is tight, very tight.'

The rest of the company were appalled; the idea of interrupting the flow of the baronet's stertorous eloquence, who was just describing how a gentleman of his acquaintance had died worth half a million sterling, and without a will, seemed to them little less than blasphemous; but the banker knew Dalton by reputation very well, and he dared not answer him as he would have wished.

'I hope you don't find it tight, Sir Richard?'

'I? No, sir,' answered the other with irresistible fury at such a supposition. 'The general public are selling out; but I am not the general public;' and he blew like a grampus.

'Thank Heaven for that!' said Dalton. 'It is a satisfaction, I mean, to reflect,' added he demurely, 'that in these speculative times we have one or two houses at least that can be depended upon, such as yours.'

'You are very obliging,' said Sir Richard icily.

'Water!' repeated her ladyship in the same imperative tones as before, pushing her glass towards Dalton. Again he filled her tumbler, and again she gave no sign of consciousness of his existence.

'She *will* have it, will she?' muttered Dalton between his teeth. 'Then, she *shall*.'

'Don't you mind her,' whispered Mrs Binks consolingly. 'I can see that you are annoyed, but I do assure you it is only her way. She has heard of your misfortune, and she cannot help shewing her sense of the superiority of her position. She is really immensely rich, and we must make allowances.'

'If it is owing to the gin, we must excuse it altogether,' said Dalton; 'the police magistrates always deal leniently with similar cases.' He took no pains to lower his voice; and though Lady Beavor did not catch every word of this reply, she certainly caught the word 'gin,' for her face, which was rather gorgeously decorated with 'beauty-spots' and other superficial ornaments of the same kind, became suddenly one universal red. The fatal monosyllable seemed to echo all round the table; every one stared at one another with a wild surprise, at the introduction of a topic known to be so distasteful to Sir Richard and his lady. She had escaped from gin to be the wife of a banker and a baronet, and any reference to the trade by which she had obtained her wealth was hateful to her, and tabooed by all her friends.

The 'sensation' was so excessive as to put a stop to all calculation—for that was what the conversation had consisted in. 'Silence' may be 'golden' in a general way, but at Mr Dawkins's table silence must have been something else, for speech was golden—since it solely concerned itself with gold. Scarcely any one opened his mouth from that time till long after the dessert was placed upon the table, except to put something into it. Then Lady Beavor turned round to Dalton, and, looking him straight in the face, opened her mouth—to yawn. Genuine female leaders of society, patrons of the Almack's of old days, Dalton knew to have been very rude, even offensively

rude; but this woman's conduct was utterly unparalleled in his experience.

He looked at her with a sweet smile—while she yawned again—and leaning towards her, confidentially remarked, in a tone of sympathy that could be heard all round the table: 'I, too, madam, have a large tooth at the back of my head, stopped with gold.'

If the magnificent but utterly misplaced candelabra which hung from the dining-room ceiling, and filled the room with glare and heat, had fallen plump upon the flowers and fruits, the sensation could hardly have been greater. The ladies rose and left the room in a disorderly manner; the men remained staring at Dalton with resentful alarm, much as a flock of sheep face a strange dog. As for him, he passed the claret, and proceeded to skin a peach during a silence that would have been profound but for Sir Richard's stertorous breathing. Mr Dawkins afterwards said that during that terrible pause—finding it a relief, and almost a necessity to resort to speculation—he laid five to two in his own mind upon the double event of the banker having a fit and his widow marrying again. It was at least five minutes before conversation was resumed, when Dalton finished his peach and rose from the table. He had shewn himself ready to answer for his conduct, but he had no intention of presenting himself, after it, in the drawing-room. Dawkins followed him into the hall.

'Upon my life,' he said, 'I think you were deuced rude to Lady Beecor.'

'My good sir, I only wished her to understand that I was not so utterly penniless as she imagined; that I had a bit of gold in my possession still, and in the same place where she had one herself. I could not be so dull as your friends, but I endeavoured to be as vulgar, and I flatter myself I succeeded.' And with that he lit a cigar, and marched out of the house.

This shocking affair supplied a subject of conversation in capitalist circles for some months, almost to the exclusion of the usual Pactolus stream of talk.

HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

SELDOM do men sit down with a steady resolve, a determined purpose, to discover some new principle or invent some new process. When they do so, there is a lurking idea of the kind of thing they want, a dim perception of the direction in which success may most reasonably be sought. Generally speaking, something is concerned which, for want of a better term, we call 'accident.' An appearance presents itself, or an effect is produced, which the observer neither designed nor expected; an accident, certainly, so far as he is personally concerned. It may be a manifestation, until then unknown, of some natural force or property; or it may be an action of one substance on another, susceptible of useful practical application. This is, briefly expressed, the distinction between a *discovery* and an *invention*. But the important point to notice is, that the value of the accident depends on the kind of man, or kind of mind, by whom or by which it is first observed. If the soil is not sufficiently prepared, the seed will not grow.

Thousands of men had seen light reflected from distant windows, and variations in the light according to the angle of reflection; but a well-prepared mind, on one occasion, suddenly drew from this phenomenon an idea which established the beautiful science of the Polarisation of Light.

It is pleasant to read of the manner in which shrewd minds have turned an accidental observation to practical advantage.

Galileo, being one day in the cathedral at Pisa, watched the oscillations of a lamp suspended from the roof. He observed that the swings or vibrations were all performed in equal times, whether the arc of swing were great or small—whether the lamp had only just begun to oscillate, or had nearly finished. Following up the observation when he returned home, he made temporary pendulums of various lengths, any kind of heavy weight suspended by a string; and he found that the time of oscillation for each pendulum bore a definite ratio to the length of string. Armed with this twofold knowledge, he virtually gave birth to the application of the pendulum as a regulator of clocks—an invention to which the precision of modern astronomy owes so much.

What to say of Sir Isaac Newton and the apple, we scarcely know. Some biographers pass by the incident without notice; some express a doubt of its truth; while others see no reason why an acute mind, trained to mathematical thought, should not draw a valuable conclusion from the incident observed. The story runs thus, in the words of Pemberton, the contemporary and friend of the illustrious philosopher: 'One day, as he was sitting under an apple-tree at Woolsthorpe, an apple fell before him. This incident, awakening in his mind the ideas of uniform and accelerated motions, which he had been employing in his method of fluxions, induced him to reflect on the nature of that remarkable power which urges all bodies to the centre of the earth. . . . "Why," he asked himself, "may not this power extend to the moon; and then what more would be necessary to retain her in her orbit about the earth?" This was but a conjecture; and yet what boldness of thought did it not require to form and deduce it from so trifling an accident!'

The reflecting apparatus for lighthouses arose out of a wager, if the facts are correctly recorded. Somewhat more than a century ago, among the members of a small scientific society in Liverpool, one offered to wager that he would read the small print of a newspaper by the light of a farthing candle placed ten yards or thirty feet distant. The wager being accepted, he coated the inside of a wooden board with pieces of looking-glass, forming a rough substitute for a concave mirror; placing a small lighted candle in front of this mirror, the rays of light were reflected, and converged to a focus ten yards on the other side of the candle, and the light at that focus was sufficient to enable the experimenter to read a newspaper. Of course the distance of the candle from the mirror was made dependent on the curvature of the mirror itself. An observant practical man, dockmaster of Liverpool, was present. The idea flashed upon him, that if the light of a farthing candle could in this way be thrown out to a distance, the light of a large lamp could similarly be projected to a mile or miles away. The idea

grew into form, and resulted in the invention of the reflecting lighthouse, or rather the reflecting apparatus for lighthouses.

One day, Lundyfoot, a snuff manufacturer, was drying some snuff, a necessary process in its preparation. Through a little neglect, the snuff was allowed to be overheated, till it became charred, scorched, or burned. In the view of a prosy jog-trot tradesman, the commodity would have been thrown away as spoiled; but this manufacturer, noticing the pungent character of the snuff, and how it tickled the nose, and knowing that some men like to have the nose tickled more than others, resolved to try whether 'high-dried snuff' could be brought into favour. It not only did so, but proved a source of wealth to him. Any man may burn a commodity by carelessness; it is the observant man who ingeniously turns the accident to a good account.

The writer has seen a piece of printed calico or muslin that exemplified the way in which an accident led, not exactly to an invention permanently useful and profitable, but to a pattern that had a great success in one particular year. A piece of cotton being printed at one of the great Manchester establishments, became a little displaced. While travelling upwards from the printing cylinder, a portion of the cloth shifted into some disarrangement, and was printed a second time, but in a different direction from the first. The effect was very singular. The original pattern was a simple one; but the diagonal repetition produced a forked-lightning effect of a kind which a designer would not have been likely to hit upon. The master-printer took a hint from the accident; he suggested the engraving of a design in which the forked-lightning effect should be utilised. It proved to be one of the most successful patterns ever introduced by the firm. The reader may form some idea of the way in which this fortunate mishap occurred; for one corner of a newspaper sometimes accidentally gets printed a second time, but at a different angle. A muddle it makes when the impress consists of words and sentences; but when it consists of geometrical lines or fancy arabesques, the product may be a fortunate one to a man who has his wits about him.

One of the producing causes of prosperity of the Staffordshire pottery manufacture was the discovery of a cheap durable glaze, applicable alike to brown ware and white ware, and greatly increasing their usefulness by making the surface impervious to water. The discovery, according to Shaw, the historian of that county, was due purely to accident. At Stanley Farm, situated a few miles from Burslem (now the very centre of the Potteries district), a maid-servant was one day heating a strong solution of common salt, to be used in curing pork. During her temporary absence from the kitchen, the liquid boiled over. Being in an unglazed earthen vessel, the solution, spreading over the outside, produced a chemical action which she little understood, and which did not compensate her for the scolding she received. Some of the elements of the liquid combined with some of those of the highly heated brown clay surface to produce a vitreous coating or enamel, which did not peel off when the vessel was cold. The humble brown-ware vessel acquired historical celebrity. A Burslem potter, learning what had taken place,

saw that glazed ware might possibly hit the taste of the public; he introduced the system of glazing by means of common salt, a system at once cheap, easy, and durable; and England has made many a million sterling by the discovery.

One of the pleasantest anecdotes illustrative of an invention being suggested by accident, bears relation to the stocking-loom or knitting-frame. The story has been told in two or three different forms; but the most popular version accords with a picture and inscription preserved by the Framework Knitters' Company. About a hundred and ninety years ago, Mr William Lee, of St John's College, Cambridge, was expelled for marrying in disregard of the statutes of his college. Having no fortune on either side, his young wife contributed to their joint support by knitting. The husband, watching one day the movements of her fingers, suddenly conceived the idea of imitating them by mechanical means, in order that she might get through her work in a manner easier to herself, and perchance increase her emoluments. The ingenious stocking-frame was the result of his cogitations. In hand-knitting, polished steel needles or wires are used to link threads together into a series of loops, closely resembling those produced in tambouring. In framework-knitting, one person can manage a large number of knitting-needles at once—pieces of steel midway in shape between straight wires and bent hooks, and aided by jacks or vibrating levers, treadles, rows of bobbins, and other clever contrivances. William Lee's first stocking-frame was in all probability small and very rough; but it had in it a potentiality (as Dr Johnson might have called it) of developing great things, until at last it has culminated in that masterly piece of mechanism, the circular rotary hosiery machine.

Lucky accident, in like manner, led, about the year 1764, to the invention of the spinning-jeany, one of the foundations of the amazing prosperity of the cotton manufacture. But as in most instances of the kind, the soil was prepared in some degree for the reception of the seed, the accident would probably have passed unnoticed if there had not been a mind in a condition to appreciate it. James Hargreaves, of Standhill, near Blackburn, was a humble man who lived by hand-spinning and weaving, his wife and children aiding in their several ways. He succeeded in expediting his work by inventing a carding-machine to comb out or straighten the fibres of cotton, as a substitute for hand-cards (wires inserted in a flat piece of wood). In spinning, after the carding and other preparatory processes had been completed, he frequently tried to spin with two or three spindles at once, by holding two or three separate threads between the fingers of his left hand, and thus double or treble the amount of work effected in a given time. The horizontal position of the spindles, however, baffled him; his fingers and the spindles would not work in harmony. One day, in 1764, a little toddling member of his family upset the spinning-wheel while it was being worked. Hargreaves noticed that, while he retained the thread in his hand, the wheel continued to revolve for a time horizontally, giving a vertical rotation to the spindle. An idea started into his brain at once; here was the very thing he wanted. He saw that if something were contrived to hold the roving (a thickish coil of cotton) as the finger and thumb

were wont to do, and to travel backward and forward on wheels, several spindles might be used at once. He set to work; and the result was a frame or machine which he called the spinning-jenny (very likely his wife's Christian name was Jenny), having eight spindles. The family at once largely increased their weekly earnings. How it happened that through workmen's spite and manufacturers' greed, or whether it was, as has been said, that a better idea than his had been previously started and acted upon by others, Hargreaves was never permitted to secure an adequate return for his ingenuity, we need not now stop to relate; Lancashire accumulated wealth from the spinning-jenny (amplified by degrees to eighty spindles), but regarded little the brains that had enabled them to do so.

When maidens are 'doing their hair,' an important element of daily duty in many a household, they may perhaps be gratified in learning that this process led accidentally to a very useful invention. Joshua Heilman, engaged in the cotton manufacture at Mulhouse, in Alsace, was long meditating on the possibility of inventing a combing-machine for long-staple cotton, the carding-machine until then employed being better suited for cotton having a short staple. He tried, and tried again, and impoverished himself by preparing machines and models which failed to realise the intended purpose. Brooding over the matter one evening, he watched his daughters combing their hair, and noticed (perhaps for the first time *really* noticed) how they drew the long tresses between their fingers, alternately with drawing the comb through them. The thought struck him, that if he could successfully imitate by a machine this twofold action, so as to comb out the long fibres of cotton, and drive back the shorter by reversing the action of the comb, his long-sought object would be pretty nearly attained. Armed with this new idea, he set to work with renewed cheerfulness, and invented a beautiful machine, which enabled him to comb cheap cotton into moderately fine yarn, more easily and with less waste than by any process until then known. One of our Royal Academicians, about a dozen years ago, brought the skill of his pencil to bear upon this pleasant subject for a picture—Heilman watching his daughters combing out their glossy tresses.

Hostlers, horsey men by occupation, know but little beyond horsey subjects. One of the fraternity, however, was unconsciously the means of suggesting an idea which brought highly profitable results—not, it is true, to himself, but to an important manufacturing district. In 1720, a potter named Astbury was journeying on horseback from Staffordshire to London. Stopping awhile at Dunstable, he obtained assistance in regard to a weakness in the eyes of his horse. The hostler at the inn, making use of such bits of veterinary knowledge as he possessed, took a piece of flint, calcined it in the fire, pulverised it, and blew some of the powder into the horse's eyes. The change produced in the flint by burning, from a black stone to a white powder, struck Astbury with a new idea. Would it be possible to produce white flint ware, harder and more durable than white ware made wholly of clay? He collected a small stock of flints from the chalk hills of Dunstable, and took them back with him to Staffordshire. The result more than realised his

expectations; powder of calcined flint, mixed with pipe-clay, produced a most excellent ware, and established a new branch of the potter's art that took firm root in Staffordshire.

AN ELECTION STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

WITH a violent effort Lady Waring released herself, and again went hastily towards the door. Whether her husband would have struck her, cannot be said; he was almost beside himself with passion at her persistent defiance, and was following with arm upraised, and a savage look in his eyes, when another member of his committee was heard blundly inquiring for him in the passage. Checking himself, he tried to smother down his anger—for a time, while Lady Waring escaped, and hurried to her own private sitting-room. Sir Harry found, much to his annoyance, that he was expected to dine with the chairman of his committee (whose entrance it was had interrupted the scene between Lady Waring and himself), to meet a local orator who had promised to speak at the meeting; and after dining, they would proceed together to the town-hall, where the committee and other prominent members of the party would be assembled, ready to accompany Sir Harry to the platform. He could not well refuse the invitation; so, after having charged Lady Waring's maid to impress upon her mistress the necessity of punctuality at the meeting, and ordered the carriage to be brought to the door for her in good time, he left the hotel with his friend.

Sir Harry tried to persuade himself that his wife would go after all, yet, knowing her high spirit, he still felt great doubt and anxiety on the subject. But he hoped for the best; for her own sake, Agnes would hardly defy him so utterly, when she thought the matter over quietly.

Meanwhile, Lady Waring paced up and down her room, thinking over all that had been said and done in this last most serious quarrel between her husband and herself. She had been hectored and insulted—he had almost struck her; he had actually bruised her in his brutal grasp—and as she looked at the dark, disfiguring mark on her arm, her longing for revenge increased. But for the personal degradation, she would have liked to have shewn that bruise to the mob which raised cheer after cheer around the hotel for Sir Harry Waring. She would leave him—but she would punish him first, and so that he should never forget it. For a long time she adhered to her resolution of not attending the meeting, and smiled to herself as she pictured his rage at her non-appearance; but suddenly a new thought entered her mind, a thought which brought the bright flush to her cheeks, and a look of daring and determination in her eyes. She sat down for some moments, thinking deeply. Then she rose and opened her escritoire, and hastily penned a short note, which was sent at once to the proprietor of a large drapery establishment in the town (much to the astonishment of her maid, as her wardrobe was well supplied, and the costume with which she had intended to dazzle the

eyes of the Westdown electors had already been decided upon); and afterwards wrote two brief letters, which she ordered to be posted immediately, and a longer one, which she sealed, and put apart by itself. Before long, a 'young person' arrived from the draper's, accompanied by a porter carrying a large parcel. This parcel was conveyed to Lady Waring's own room; and having dismissed her maid, she and the 'young person' had a long and mysterious consultation together, from which the latter retired at length with a very puzzled expression of face. Then Lady Waring gave her maid an order to pack one of her mistress's large trunks with such dresses, linen, and other necessities of apparel as would be required for a short visit and also to pack her own box, and to lock and cord them ready for a journey.

'Are you going to send the luggage on before, my lady?' she at last ventured to ask, thinking her mistress might leave Westdown directly the election was decided; but Lady Waring coldly replied in the negative. When she had had some slight refreshment in her room, it was time for her to dress for the meeting. Her toilet did not take so long as usual, and the carriage in which she was to proceed to the hall (where she was to meet a party of sympathising lady-friends, who were to occupy the orchestra with her), was not kept waiting.

When she swept from the room with graceful stately tread, the people of the hotel, who were as usual clustered in the hall to see her enter the carriage, did not utter their customary murmur of approbation; on the contrary, they shrank back in silent amazement as she passed by, with one of her slight dignified bows to the landlord; and her maid, when she returned from settling her lady comfortably in the carriage, looked scared and startled as she joined in the buzz of conversation which greeted her.

The meeting at the town-hall had begun. The room was densely crowded, and there was scarcely a person present who did not wear a yellow flower or favour. The chairman, a gallant white-haired old gentleman, had in his courtesy delayed commencing as long as possible, so that Lady Waring should grace the proceedings, before he rose to deliver his opening speech. But the increasing murmur of the crowd, a few impatient calls of 'Time!' and then a unanimous trampling of the feet, had decided him upon beginning in her absence. Sir Harry sat at the front of the platform, surrounded by his partisans, attempting to look bland and confident as a parliamentary candidate should, but in reality in a state of nervous terror, lest his wife should carry out her threat of being absent; and as he thought of the extreme probability of her doing so, he vowed mentally to conquer her stubborn spirit yet. Both he and his supporters cast anxious looks towards the gallery; and many in the crowd noticed Sir Harry's extreme pallor, but attributed it to his energetic and fatiguing canvass. At last, when the chairman's flow of platitudes was drawing to an end, and Sir Harry was about to rise to deliver, with all the eloquence at his command, his final address, there was a faint stir and rustle among the few ladies already assembled in the orchestra; and then a banging of doors was heard, and a slight disturbance, which announced to the meeting that Lady Waring had come at last.

Every eye in the room was strained to have a full view of the candidate's beautiful wife, every hand was ready for a thundering round of applause with which to greet her, every voice was ready to utter the deafening cheer of welcome as she entered; and Sir Harry for the first time that evening breathed freely. He had conquered, then! That was as it should be. The door of the orchestra opened, and Lady Waring entered, and without any recognition of those around her, walked with a firm step to the front of the gallery, where she stood for some moments, looking intently at the crowd below, her handsome features pale and still, yet with a half-smile on her lips. Her tall form rose as high above the ladies near as her beauty surpassed theirs. She stood, the embodiment of perfect grace, a picture of loveliness never to be forgotten by those who beheld it. But not a cheer was raised, and save for a slight buzz of whispering which arose as all gazed at the candidate's wife, the vast assembly was silent; and Sir Harry sank back into his chair speechless with passion and amazement. For Lady Waring was dressed in *blue*!

The silence lasted but a few moments, and then arose a confused sound of exclamations of astonishment, cries of 'Order!' and expostulations from the chairman, mingled with a storm of hisses and groans. Some of the committee whispered to Sir Harry in hurried tones, and he left the platform, and tried to force his way through the crowd to the door, followed by some of the more intimate of his adherents.

During this time, Lady Waring had been standing in the same place, unmoved by the uproar, or the entreaties of one or two of the ladies around, who begged her to leave the hall; but when she perceived that Sir Harry had left his seat, she bent gravely to the people who were clamouring below, and then hurried from the gallery. A perfect babel of sound arose when she had disappeared. The crowd having recovered from its first feeling of overwhelming astonishment, had become furious at the insult given them; and there was a general rush towards the doors, some of the rougher townsmen having a wild desire to intercept Lady Waring before she could leave the building, and tear the obnoxious-coloured dress she wore into strips. But she had been too quick for them, and had eluded both her husband's vigilance and theirs. She had hastened through the passages and lobby, and entering a conveyance which she had appointed to wait for her at the side entrance, had driven direct to her hotel. There she took up her startled maid and the boxes which had been packed in the afternoon, and drove without further delay to the station; and in less than a quarter of an hour was whirling through the darkness in a fast up-train to a country town not far from London. There she spent the night at a small, stuffy *Railway Hotel*, and the next morning took refuge with a favourite maiden aunt of whom Sir Harry knew but little—who lived a mile or two from the town, and who had been prepared to expect her by the letter she had sent the previous day. She preferred to make this her retreat, rather than seek a shelter in her mother's house, as she well knew she could only expect a cold reception and severe blame from Lady Aslington. Besides, her husband was more likely to seek her

at Kingsdene than anywhere else, and she was sufficiently in dread of him to desire that he should not discover her whereabouts, until time had passed.

There was great excitement in Westdown after the meeting had broken up the night before, and the exaggerations and false rumours which were taken as true, were multitudinous. Sir Harry, though certainly entitled to pity, received but very little of it from the inhabitants of the town. Public opinion set steadily against him. There were very few men or women in Westdown who did not believe that he had brutally ill-treated his wife, and that his conduct had driven her to do what she had done; no one could know what she had undergone; every one said his temper was fearful; jealousy might be at the bottom of it; ah! he was a thoroughly bad man: it was a plucky thing for a woman to do, after all, and it served him right. Then the probable consequences were discussed. Would they ever be reconciled, or would they separate? Was she gone to her mother's—or where? Would her relatives receive her? Had she gone off with any one, to spite Sir Harry, and what would he do if he found her? And so the gossips talked on until it became so late that the excited groups were compelled to disperse and retire to their homes.

When Sir Harry, finding his wife had left the town-hall, returned to the hotel only to discover that she had escaped him there also, his fury was ungovernable; nor was it diminished when he found on her dressing-table a note addressed to himself—a note so stinging in its concise sarcastic diction, that it seemed to madden him, and in his rage he tore the offending missive to atoms, scattering the pieces far and wide. He was undecided for some time how to act. The note had told him that the place in which she had taken refuge should never be known to him; but in spite of this he at first believed she had gone to her mother, to whom, and to other of his wife's relatives, he sent furious telegrams. But he soon abandoned that idea, bethinking himself how improbable it was she would fly from him to the place in which he was most likely to seek her. One of his friends made inquiries at the station as to the place for which Lady Waring had taken a ticket, but with no result—for her maid had taken the tickets, and she herself had not been noticed in the darkness. Sir Harry paced up and down the room in an almost frantic state, with such a lowering look upon his face, that one by-stander whispered to a friend: 'It's lucky her ladyship's off, or there'd have been murder done!' And indeed it was fortunate that Sir Harry was in total ignorance of his wife's retreat, for, had he known it, some terrible crime might have been committed, which would have cast a dark shadow over the rest of his life. At last, being almost worn out—strong and stalwart as he was—with fatigue and mental excitement, he listened to those of his friends who advised him to remain quietly at the hotel that night, and in calmer moments on the morrow, consider what should be his course of action.

With the morning came his agent and the prominent members of the party, eager to learn how he intended to act with regard to the now imminent election. A section of the latter expressed surprise that he had not decided to withdraw from the candidature already. Others,

however, still thought, he might have a chance of gaining the seat, though with a diminished majority; and talked valorously of 'fighting to the end,' and winning by 'sheer pluck.' And Sir Harry, bent on defeating his wife's scheme against his success, resolved to go on with the election, if but to mortify and disappoint her; nor could any advice or entreaties shake his determination; and before noon it was known all over Westdown that he had not retired from the contest. His courage in continuing the struggle in spite of what had occurred, regained to him some of the votes forfeited by his supposed cruelty to his wife. But Westdown, as a whole, was against him; he was hooted in the streets, and pointedly cut by many who had before been his devoted partisans. Later in the day, his brother and one of the Affington family—a cousin of his wife—came to the town; the latter to express his deep regret at what had taken place, and on Lady Affington's behalf to inquire into the matter.

Lady Waring had told her mother little more in the letter she had written to her the previous day, than that she had had a violent quarrel with her husband, and was about to leave him; and that by the time the letter reached her, she would be safe with a relative; and she added, if her mother guessed with whom she was staying, she was on no account to give any clue to her husband or any of his family. The first intelligence of all her daughter had done was conveyed to the countess in the telegrams Sir Harry had sent; and she, whilst blaming Agnes for the notoriety and disgrace she had inflicted on herself and those related to her, felt sure the provocation must have been great to cause such an act, and she therefore sent her nephew to Westdown to discover the truth. She had little doubt that her daughter was with her aunt, but kept her surmises on that subject to herself; and intended to do so until her son-in-law's wrath had a little subsided, and there was a chance of some amicable arrangement between the parties. But Sir Harry would answer no inquiries, listen to no advice, and spoke in such a manner of his wife, that the chivalrous young champion refused to listen to such language about his cousin—culpable as she undoubtedly was—and finally left the hotel in dudgeon.

After his departure, Mr Waring attempted to persuade his brother to retire from the contest and leave Westdown at once, but without effect. Sir Harry was inflexible, and determined to go on to the end. The day of the election dawned, and it was easy to see from the first which had become the popular candidate. No one was surprised, therefore, when the state of the poll was declared, and the Hon. George Wynne was found to be member for Westdown by a majority of nearly two hundred.

Although Sir Harry had been greatly to blame in his conduct towards his wife, he was to be pitied as he returned to his hotel smarting under his defeat. Lady Waring had had her revenge as she desired, and a terribly bitter one it was to him. He felt in his present excited state that he could not face the contemptuous looks or hostile glances of the towns-people the next day; so, leaving his agent to settle everything connected with the election, he and his brother started for London by the mail-train that night.

In his overwhelming anxiety to leave the scene

of his recent mortification, he had forgotten how speedily news travels in these days. By the time he was breakfasting at his brother's chambers, the story of his defeat and its cause was being discussed by thousands of newspaper readers throughout the country. Had he been in London the day before, he would have seen such announcements as 'Extraordinary Scene at a Public Meeting,' 'Sensational Scene at Westdown,' 'Singular Conduct of a Candidate's Wife,' &c. on the newspaper bills. One daily paper had contained a stirring leader on the subject, and the quarrel between Sir Harry and Lady Waring was freely commented on by all classes. Considering the excitement, political and passionate, that he had undergone during the last few days, and added to this, his dread of pity or silent blame from friends and relatives, and considering, too, how dear the applause and envy of the world were to him, it is no wonder that his strength and nerve suddenly gave way, and that before many hours passed, Sir Harry was lying dangerously ill of brain-fever. For many weary days and nights his ravings shewed how vehement was his desire to be revenged on his wife; and he would attempt to spring from his bed and force his way from the room, having some confused idea of pursuing her, and striking her down with his wasted, trembling arm. The unfortunate man was kindly and carefully watched and tended by his brother and a nurse.

Lady Waring meanwhile still remained with the kind relative who had received her after her flight, and who, though a 'maiden aunt,' was far more 'motherly' towards her than Lady Affington had ever been. While she blamed her niece with gentle severity for her readiness in perceiving offence, and her tardiness in forgiving it; and for that last irrevocable act, which had separated her from home-happiness for the future, and divided her from her husband, if not from her other relatives, for the rest of her life—she still shewed genuine regard for her in a thousand ways, and soothed, advised, and softened her as no one else could have done. Lady Waring suffered keenly; yet she was still too proud to express even to her aunt what she felt; and far less could she do so to her husband. Knowing his nature—so like her own—she felt how utterly impossible it was that any reconciliation could take place between them. Lady Affington went to her before long, but it was an unsatisfactory interview. The mother's conventional horror at her conduct only checked her newly experienced feeling of remorse; and a coldness arose on both sides, so that, by tacit agreement, there was but little after-intercourse between them.

Lady Waring did not hear of her husband's illness till its worst phase was past. Even had Mr Waring known the place of her retreat, it would have been worse than useless to bring her to her husband's sick-room. Those around him knew how far he was from forgiving her. She remained with her aunt near London till her husband had partially regained his health; when a formal separation, on the ground of 'incompatibility of temper,' having taken place between them, she, with her aunt and maid, went to a quiet Devonshire watering-place to spend a few months in pleasant retirement; and Sir Harry, with his brother and a few friends, set out for a lengthened tour on the continent. Whether he and

his wife will ever meet again in this world, cannot be said; but let the story point a moral for those wives and husbands whose lives are rendered miserable from excess of pride and a *lack of mutual forbearance*.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE opening by the Queen, of the Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus at South Kensington, may perhaps be taken as a sign that science will have more consideration in high places than it has had until quite recently. Whether the change will be for the advantage of science or not, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, the Exhibition is a surprise to scientific visitors, as much by the quality as by the prodigious quantity of articles there brought together. A large portion has been lent by foreign countries; and many foreigners eminent in science have visited London, some of them with instruction to draw up Reports on what they have seen. In this way the world at large will profit by the Kensington Exhibition.

It has long been known that the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851 have a large surplus remaining from the profits of that memorable undertaking. It is now rumoured that being desirous to discharge themselves of their responsibility, they are about to expend the money in the promotion of science. An astronomical observatory and a large library, both at South Kensington, are to be included in their scheme.

Speaking of exhibitions, of another kind is the annual show of pictures at the Royal Academy, and at the minor institutions which live on art. What becomes of all the rejected pictures? They are thousands in number every year. And for people who enjoy excitement at a distance, there are the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the prospect of a Grand International Exhibition at Paris in 1878, and the meeting of the Congress of Orientalists at St Petersburg in September next. The questions to be discussed by this learned assemblage will, of course, be ethnographical and philological: we select three from the published list, as specimens—Historical monuments teach us that during more than two thousand years, Siberia poured forth people after people upon Central Asia: what were the circumstances that led to that excess of population, and why did that excess and the emigrations cease with the conquest of Siberia by the Russians?—Is it possible, from the numerous Elamite proper names which have come down to us, to draw any decisive conclusions as regards the nationality of the Elamites?—To what extent do the mutual relations of the Arab tribes before Mohammed, serve to throw light on the political condition of the Israelite tribes of the time of the Judges?

With all this, which savours of peace, we hear of bigger and bigger war-ships, each excelling the other in destructive capabilities; and of torpedoes that swim under water at the rate of twenty miles

an hour for the purpose of sinking ships; and of guns so powerful that a single one is equivalent to a whole broadside of the good old times.

Mr Crookes and his radiometers with their remarkable movements continue to engage the attention of scientific men throughout Europe. Professor Wartinann of Geneva, in a series of experiments, has discovered that the motion of the vanes of the little mill can be made to spin direct or inverse at pleasure, or can be entirely neutralised. In the latter case, the rays of two lamps at unequal distances are concentrated on the vanes, and it is by the difference of distance that the effect is produced. From the general result of his experiments, Professor Wartinann is led to agree with Professor Osborne Reynolds of Owens College, Manchester, that the movement of the whirligig is occasioned by the dilatation of gas (or air) under very low pressure, and that radiation has nothing to do with it. It is impossible to produce a *perfect vacuum*. There is always a small quantity of air left in the glass apparatus in which the whirligig spins; and the warmth from the light placed near the glass affects this residual air, and occasions the rotation. Professor Challis of Cambridge, in accounting for the phenomenon, says, there is 'a decrement of *ethereal density* from the dark towards the bright surface (of the vane), and the atoms, being immersed in this variation of density, will be urged as if the vane were pushed on the black surface.' With these explanations in mind, Mr Crookes and other experimentalists will now be able to proceed on new lines of discovery.

The printing of weather Reports, gradually adopted by all the countries of Europe, is now taken up by Denmark. The Report published by that country is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it includes tables and returns from the Faroe Isles, from Iceland, and from four stations in Greenland, one of them being Upernavik, the most northerly station in the world.

At the beginning of the present year, the druggists of Austria were ordered by the government to adopt the decimal system in their weights and measures. To facilitate the change, a table of equivalents in the old and the new system has been published, with special instructions for the prevention of mistakes. The gramme is the unit of weight. The numbers must be expressed in Arabic numerals: thus, 0.05 is to represent 5 centigrammes; and 2.50, two and a half grammes. Decagramme, 10 grammes, and decigramme (one-tenth of a gramme) are so similar in appearance, that they are not to be used; but 5 decagrammes are to be expressed by 50 grammes; and 5 decigrammes by 50 centigrammes.

At a meeting of the Entomological Society, nests of living trap-door spiders were exhibited which had been brought from Uitenhage, Cape Colony. Usually the nests are built in the earth; but in this instance they had been contrived in cavities in the bark of trees, with a small piece of bark as trap-door. By this arrangement, dis-

covery of the nest was almost impossible when the door was shut.

At the same meeting, Mr Riley, State entomologist of Missouri, United States, gave an account of the ravages of the Rocky Mountain locust over large areas of the north-west territory. Fears prevailed of an invasion of the settled districts; but Mr Riley, knowing something of the habits of the destructive insect, and that it could not exist in a moist climate, predicted that the devastation would not overpass a certain line; and found his prediction verified. He noticed that pigs and poultry grew fat on the invaders, and recommended the inhabitants of the distressed districts to eat locusts. A banquet was organised in St Louis, at which locusts cooked in various ways were eaten; and were pronounced excellent, especially when made into soup. It would seem like poetical justice that the destroyers should be eaten in the land where they had devoured every green thing.

Last year, Switzerland was afflicted by swarms of locusts; and a learned professor who surveyed the scene of their devastations recommended the government to use all available means to destroy the young which are deposited in the ground, and if left undisturbed, come forth with voracious appetite in the following summer. Spain, as we learn by recent advices, is suffering from a visitation of the devourers in some of the southern provinces, and there, in like manner, the eggs are hatched in the earth, and with marvellous quickness. It is said that if a packet of the eggs be carried in a man's pocket, the heat of his body will hatch them in twelve hours. The Spanish government has sent soldiers into the threatened districts with orders to dig and destroy. They must be active, for the numbers of the enemy are almost incredible. It is on record that two years ago a train was stopped by masses of locusts piled up, like driven snow, along the railway. A Frenchman has discovered that pounded locusts squeezed up into round lumps are an attractive bait for fish.

As a contrast to a picture of destruction, comes the information that the cultivation of the vine has succeeded so well in California, that the grape-crop is expected soon to rival the wheat-crop in importance. Narrow-gauge railways have been constructed, by which the 'vineyardists' in outlying places bring their grapes down to market. Large numbers of vine-cuttings were imported from Europe, and the best of them are now cultivated for wine or raisins, and port, sherry, and champagne are successfully produced. From 1871 to 1875, the quantity exported from the state, by land and sea, amounted to nearly five million gallons. It is a recommendation for Californian wines that they do not suffer from a sea-voyage.

The Duke of Manchester has tried experiments on his estate at Kimbolton, which are well worth consideration by all concerned in the breeding of live-stock. Desiring to convert arable land into pasture, he did not sow grass-seeds, but with a machine, made by Messrs Howard of Bedford, he cut ropes of sod two inches wide out of an old pasture. These ropes were carted to the field that was to be converted, were broken into pieces about two inches square, and were then placed in regular rows on the surface of the ground by women and children, who gave each piece a slight squeeze with their foot after laying it. The rows

are marked by the coulters of an empty corn-drill drawn over the land; and after the inoculation is finished, the field may be rolled whenever necessary. It was in November 1873 that the first field was thus treated. By the following autumn, it was completely covered with grass, and 'was nearly as level and good as old grass-land;' and in the second year was 'fit for grazing.' And as regards the pasture from which the ropes had been cut, we are told that 'after the first year the gaps in the turf were scarcely perceptible.'

Thus the tendency of grass to spread and fill up bare places, has been turned to profitable account. The subject is not new, nor is this the first time that it has been mentioned in these pages; but the making use of such small pieces of soil to inoculate the land is new. The cost is about three pounds an acre, which, as we are informed, is less than the cost of sowing with grass-seeds; and 'there is no falling-off experienced in the third, fourth, or fifth year, at least to the same extent as when land is laid down to pasture with artificial grasses.'

The plain of Gennevilliers, near Paris, had been from time immemorial a barren, sandy waste. Within the past few years a portion of the sewage of Paris has been discharged on that plain, and it now presents a scene of extraordinary fertility, comprising fruit, flowers, and vegetables in abundance. The best cultivators dig and lay out the land in beds two feet six inches in width, divided one from the other by channels of the same width. Through these channels the liquid sewage flows. Immediately after each crop is taken off, the bed is shifted to the channel, and the place of the bed becomes a channel. By this arrangement, the growing plants are always kept from actual contact with the sewage. What can be accomplished under this system may be judged of from the amount of produce per acre: for example—carrots, twenty tons; red beetroots for salad, thirty-five tons; French beans, six tons; cabbages, thirty tons; spinach, four tons; artichokes, about forty thousand heads. Five acres of land produced thirty-one tons of mint, worth two hundred pounds. A farmer who took some of the same land, grew fifty tons of 'mangolds,' thirty-two bushels of wheat, and fifty-six bushels of oats, to the acre. These are facts deserving of attention. The *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, Part I. for the present year, contains full particulars of this subject and of the method of producing pasture by inoculation.

The progress of the cinchona plantations in India has been such that, as we learn from a paper read to the Society of Arts by Mr Markham, they now yield one hundred and forty thousand pounds of bark a year, with a tendency to increase. The advantage of cultivation over the crop of wild bark formerly collected on the slopes of the Andes, is, therefore, most strikingly demonstrated; and Mr Markham now advocates a similar experiment with the caoutchouc or india-rubber tree. The demand for india-rubber increases every year, and the supply—a wild one—diminishes. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the measures already taken to establish plantations of caoutchouc in the hot and moist hill-districts of India, will be persevered with until a sufficient quantity shall be grown, and the quality improved. The best kind of caoutchouc grows in South America.

A good thing has been done in India, by the holding of a conference of the functionaries in charge of the forests under the Inspector-general, Dr Brandis, F.R.S. The subjects discussed went over a wide range, from the best means of preventing forest-fires to the best and most profitable method of tree-culture; and in a country with such extremes and diversities of climate as India, the experience and observation of the officers would be very diverse, and would heighten the interest of their conference. The best method of planting in the hill-districts would not be the best method in the plains, and the discussion of the several methods would be instructive. Forest reserves, and the planting of waste lands, were strongly advocated; and the general result of the conference may be regarded as favourable to the art of forestry and the science of botany. The proceedings are to be printed, and circulated wherever interest in the subject is manifested.

There are prodigious quantities of coal in China, but not one coal-mine. An attempt is, however, about to be made to work the coal on proper principles, as the Chinese government have arranged for the purchase in England of the necessary 'plant,' which is to be employed in a district about forty miles to the west of Peking. Should coal-mining prove successful, it will in all probability lead to the smelting of the iron ore, of which China has also prodigious quantities.

The preparation known as 'negative gun-cotton,' used by photographers and others for the production of collodion, is soluble in an alcoholic solution of camphor. This fact led to the mixing of gun-cotton and camphor as an experiment, and the result appeared in the form of artificial ivory. But this result was not arrived at without the exercise of tremendous pressure; and now by the aid of hydraulic pressure, artificial ivory is every day produced, and manufactured into various articles. In some instances, especially billiard balls, the artificial is better than the real ivory. Recently, at a meeting in New York, Professor Seely mentioned that he had placed a few particles of camphor in a test-tube which was plugged with gun-cotton. The tube was set in a bath of hot water to test the effect of camphor vapour; but in a few minutes the tube appeared full of red mist, and the cotton exploded. Had the quantity been larger, there would have been danger in the experiment; and the conclusion is, that the manufacture of the artificial ivory may not be free from risk, and that increase of temperature during the process should be guarded against.

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GETTING ON.

AMONG the crowds moving along a busy thoroughfare, there is observably a difference in the rate of progress. Some who are out for amusement loiter at the more attractive shop-windows, and make a kind of holiday on the occasion. Some stand still and gossip with casual acquaintances whom they chance to meet, and are an impediment to the more eager pedestrians. A certain number push right on, as if caring for nothing but the object in hand, which is to reach their destination in the least possible time. To be sure, they could hurry over the ground by taking a cab, or trusting to an omnibus, but in either case some money would be expended, and for the sake of economy, unless the distance be very great, they trust to their legs and power of endurance.

Is not that a microcosm of the world? There is a general hurrying on with some special object in view; but amidst this conspicuous haste there are clusters of individuals who, despite the pressure of circumstances and obligations, loiter on the way with complacent indifference, make life a piece of amusement, spend means and time idly, and in old age find themselves drifted high and dry into conditions that are absolutely pitiable, but for which they have themselves alone to blame. One cannot eat his bannock and have it. That is a commonplace but solemn truth. An old proverbial philosophy taught us as much. Nor was it ever until now hinted that there was anything wrong in the more pushing and economical getting ahead of the lazy, the loitering, and the indifferent. The new doctrine propounded, we regret to say, by a minister of state, amounts to this: that in the general struggle of life, one has no right to use his best endeavours to surpass his fellows. Or, to revert to our simile, the more active pedestrians in the street are, as an act of justice and propriety, not to outdo the feeble or sluggish, who prefer to take things easily, without a thought as to the probable consequence of their lethargic movements. In short, all must go

at a decorous funeral pace - no one is on any account to strive to get before another.

Such is the new philosophy that was recently set forth in an address to an assembly of students at Edinburgh by the Earl of Derby on the object to which studies should be directed. His lordship does not object to a wholesome emulation, but, somewhat contradictorily, is opposed to any one trying to do his best in the rivalry of his fellows. 'I am not blind,' he says, 'to the advantages which a state gains by the existence among its citizens of a strong feeling of social emulation; but personally I am not a believer in what has been called the "gospel of getting on." It is, for one thing, a gospel which can only be preached to a small minority. To be successful in the world's sense means to have got over your neighbours' heads; to be rich, as the word is used, means to be richer than your neighbour; and by the very nature of the case, these are results which, if everybody aims at them, involve failure and disappointment to nine out of ten. We all start in life with the notion of beating our equals in the race; it is a useful stimulus at the outset of a career; but I think I have noticed that as they go on in life, most men who are worth their salt think more and more of doing their work as it ought to be done, and less of the return in fame or gratified vanity which it is likely to bring them. College successes no doubt give a good start in life, and are a useful preparation for that keen professional competition which, whether we like it or not, is inevitable in most employments. I do not, assuredly, undervalue them in that respect. But if we are to look at the naked truth of the matter, I do not think I could honestly tell you that the highest literary, or artistic, or scientific culture always leads to what the vulgar call the substantial prizes of life. Many very illiterate persons have accumulated large fortunes by their own energy and sharpness. Even in the most intellectual professions many men have risen high, and filled considerable posts and enjoyed widespread reputations, who knew but little outside the range of their professional work, though no

doubt they knew that thoroughly well. Do not understand me as denying or doubting that habits of industry and mental training are an advantage for active life; they are an advantage, and a very great one; but what I would urge upon you is that devotion to study, if it is to be real and sincere, must rest on motives far stronger, reasons more conclusive than can be drawn from a calculation of chances in the great lottery of the world. Culture may disappoint you, if you seek it for what can be got out of it; it can never disappoint you if you seek it for itself. Say what we like about the lessening of social differences, there will always be a gulf not easily passed over, a difference which must make itself seen and felt, between the cultivated and the wanton intellect. The man who has read little and thought little, to whom history has no meaning, and for whom literature has no existence, may prosper in business, but he prepares for himself a dull existence and a melancholy old age. There are many such; and sometimes you see them toiling on to the last, determined, as they say, to die in harness, not because they have any further need to work—not even because their work continues to interest them, but because they have no other interest and nothing else to turn to. I hardly know a more miserable alternative than for a wealthy and prosperous man either to exhaust his last years with needless labour,

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease,

or else to sink into that vacuity and ennui which, to an active temperament, is often worse than even acute suffering.

Here, there are some good advices, as regards persevering industry in learned pursuits, but also something to chill an earnestness of purpose in ordinary affairs. His lordship seems to suggest, that it is very wrong to try to realise a fortune by professional exertion. We quite agree in thinking that mere money-making ought not to be the principal aim in life. Nor, except in some special, and rather hateful instances, is it so in reality. In most cases, the thing aimed at by any one in the ordinary business of the world is to be proficient and successful in his calling. That is a perfectly honourable object of ambition. We would almost go the length of saying that, by pursuing an aim of this sort, England has been made what it is. It has carried arts and manufactures to the highest pitch of prosperity. It has covered the sea with ships, and the land with railways, has built cities, transformed swamps into a fruitful territory, and elevated the intellectual and moral status of the community. In point of fact, but for the enormously persevering industry and surplus profits of the people in their respective pursuits, the nation never could have sustained that terrible warlike conflict of twenty years with France, and might at this period have been a dependency of that country. 'Getting On,' as it is contemptuously called, did it all. It was effected neither by

scholarship—which we by no means disparage—nor by territorial advantage. Land, alone, with every possible backing from the peerage, schools, and universities, would, we imagine, have cut a poor figure in the deadly struggle with Napoleon. No: it was chiefly the power of drawing taxes from the earnestly toiling commercial classes which got the nation through its troubles.

Let no one, therefore, in a social point of view, undervalue 'Getting On.' It has obviously set the British flag flying to the uttermost ends of the earth, is daily extending the scope of our manufactures, and is filling our ports with commerce. In reality, it is that, and pretty nearly that alone, which is encouraging literature and the fine arts, endowing colleges and universities, building churches, supporting schools, and financially keeping the fabric of society together. We wonder who are the great buyers of costly pictures, and who employ the best artists in embellishing their mansions? Why, the men who have all their days been earnestly 'Getting On.' Or, we may put the question, who were the persons who on a late occasion subscribed large sums of money to relieve sufferers by a great natural calamity in France? With few exceptions, they were merchants in London and elsewhere, who, but for 'Getting On,' would not have had a penny to spare for benevolent contribution. Perhaps, to the neglect of other considerations, some men shew too great a keenness in accumulating—for example, the late Alexander T. Stewart of New York, to whose uniquely characteristic history we may by-and-by refer. But on the whole, and as far as we are able to judge, millionaires are anything but mere money-grubbers. Acting under a sense of duty—and we can hardly conceive a higher motive—they derive a pleasure from professional success, while at the same time they enjoy the benefits of scientific and literary culture. One is found to be distinguished for his knowledge of astronomy, another excels as a botanist, and a third gives much of his time to the sanitary improvement of cities—in short, is a public benefactor. Analysing the House of Commons, it would not be difficult to pick out successful engineers, merchants, and lawyers, who but for assiduously 'Getting On,' and taking prompt advantage of opportunities, would never have had the slightest chance of being there. Had they been satisfied with a humdrum mediocrity in their respective professions, and 'prodigal of ease,' the country must of course have lost their services.

What would Lord Derby be at? We all admire the laborious study and self-denial which lead to profound learning. But, strictly speaking, it is not profound learning which carries on the business of the world. Besides, let us not forget, that learning is not always synonymous with intelligence. A man may attain proficiency in various languages, and other branches of study, and yet be poorly cultivated in his understanding, be, in fact, little better than a simpleton. The weakest

men we have ever chanced to fall in with have been good linguists. They could, from college education, rattle you off any amount of Greek, Latin, as well as modern European languages, the tongues of India to boot, and after all be unable, with any propriety, to manage their own affairs, or as regards general knowledge, to make a creditable appearance in company. The truth seems to be, that unless the student, however diligent and accomplished, possess certain natural qualities and aptitudes, his learning will be of very little avail to himself or anybody else. We could point out first-rate scholars—for that matter M.A.s of Cambridge—who, priding themselves on their learning, are so devoid of pliability and common-sense, as to be less useful members of society than young men who have received only the barest elements of education. A hint on this point would not be amiss from the Chancellor of a University. Perhaps it may be viewed as part of a wise Providential design, that scholarship without the attributes of a good understanding goes but a little way in preparing for the varied battle of life. Other things being equal, learning has a paramount advantage, and will in itself prove its own high reward. But even the most learned cannot be the worse of knowing that much in the way of tact and discretion is requisite to make their learning available for any satisfactory or practical end. W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXVII.—LAST DAYS.

As soon as Dalton's indignation had evaporated, which it did before he had smoked out his cigar, he felt for the first time in his life thoroughly ashamed of himself. Whatever might have been the aggravation, there had been no excuse for his having acted in a way unbecoming a gentleman; and worst of all, for his insulting a woman. As for what Dawkins and Company might think of his conduct, that did not concern him; when a man is 'lynched,' he very often deserves it; but those who have put that rough mode of justice into effect, may regret the circumstance on their own account, nevertheless. At the very least, people would say, and with truth, that he had 'forgotten himself'; that he had allowed his misfortunes, and the slights—real or imaginary—that had been put upon him, to irritate him beyond the bounds of decency and good manners.

Even this reflection, humiliating and bitter as it was, was more welcome than the thoughts which agitated him when his long walk was over—for he would not go to the expense of a cab—and he drew near his own house. In a day or two it would pass out of his possession altogether, and even now was emptied of all those whose presence had made it dear to him. Thanks to him, they would never be sheltered by its roof again, or perhaps by any other that could be called 'home.' He felt a repugnance to cross the threshold, and drew out a second cigar, with the intention of passing another half-hour out of doors under its solace; he had always been a smoker, but had never known the virtues of the wondrous weed as he knew them now. Then he reflected that cigars were dear, and that when his stock of them was exhausted, he must buy no more. So he put up his case, and went in-doors with a

heavy sigh. It is the smaller stings of Poverty, because they are incessant, and—like the toothache—will not permit you to forget them for an instant, that render it so intolerable.

Having nothing else to do in town, and finding others at that season little occupied, he had contrived to get through most of his business on the previous day; but he had once more to see the auctioneer, to make arrangements not only for the sale which Mr Campden had promised to come up and superintend for him, but for the reservation of various articles of furniture. Not a word had Edith said about saving anything from the hammer; but Dalton did his best to recall to mind what objects had been especially dear to her and the children. It was a painful, almost a heart-rending task to enter her boudoir, and the bedrooms of his girls, each fitted up after her own taste and fancy, and to feel that what they had set such store by was to pass into the hands of strangers. Their books and knickknacks he did indeed reserve, and the smaller of the two pianos, which he rightly judged would be prized indeed at Sanbeck; but when all was done in the way of salvage, it was little indeed by contrast to the general wreck. Then, to complete his wretchedness, he had to dismiss the servants, which he did individually with a kind word and a liberal douceur to each. They had not far to go for places, for Mrs Dalton was known to be an excellent mistress, whose recommendation carried weight; but some of them seemed as sorry as though they had been ruined like himself. 'Such a many years as I have been with you, sir,' faltered one old fellow, 'and now to part like this! I shall never get such another master,' he added naively, 'and far less such a missus.'

'You are right *there*, my man,' groaned Dalton; 'you never will.'

'Might I not stop?' said another (it was the young-ladies' maid), when he had explained to her in a few words their necessity for parting with her. 'I would be glad to serve the young ladies, sir, for nothing, I'm sure. Why, poor Miss Jenny, how will she ever get on without me—that is, for a permanence? Though I don't deny but as Lucy can look after her for a week or two.'

It had been decided that Lucy was the only one of the domestics who, in justice to themselves, could be retained. Old Jonathan Landell had left a housekeeper behind him, who, with a village serving-girl, would be all that the family would require in their new and humble home. But the 'saying no'—always a difficult task to John Dalton—had never been so painful to him as on the present occasion, notwithstanding that he afterwards humorously compared it with Napoleon's parting with his Guards at Fontainebleau.

Proud, tender-hearted, and remorseful, what he suffered during those last days in town, was such as to have almost moved Lady Beevor herself—had she but known it—to pity and forgiveness.

When he had taken his passage—second class—at the London agent's, by the *Flamborough Head*, for Rio, and written to his Edith, as she had requested, to tell her that he had done so, his cup of bitterness was full indeed.

His arrangements with his lawyer were not after all completed quite so soon—for when does that ever happen?—as had been promised; but on the fourth day, by the last train, he contrived to get back to Riverside. It was a wretched night, wild

with wind and rain; and his surprise and distress were great at finding Edith in the closed carriage that met him at the station.

'How could you come out, my darling, on such a night as this!'

'How could I stay within doors,' was the fond reply, 'and wait an hour—when so few are left to me—that could be spent with you!'

What a treasure of love was this that he was leaving, perhaps for ever! What unfathomable depths of unselfish devotion! What agonies, what fears, would his absence beget in her! He almost wished that he did not love her so, or that she were not so worthy of his love.

I sit me down, and think of all thy winning ways,
says the poet, over the sick child that he fears he is about to lose—

Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink, that I had less to praise.

And thus it was with Dalton.

It is one of the horrors of parting with those we love, that even the space of time that is still left to us before we separate, cannot all be passed in communion with one another, but is treasured upon by retrospection and misgiving; fond remembrances of the past, vague forebodings as to the future. Even when she was nestling in her husband's arms, the agonising thought, 'In ten—in five—in two days, he will be gone from me,' would force its way into Edith's mind, and turn her very love into despair. Dalton felt this scarcely less; so did the girls, and even Tony, who was a very affectionate child, albeit, being a child, separation, while it was only in prospect, was not so palpable to him—and therefore all did their best to act, and not to think. The Nook was now vacant, and ready for their reception; and a hundred little plans were made and carried out for making it 'nice and comfortable for dear mamma.' As for Edith herself, she cared nothing about the matter—how should she, whose thoughts were fixed on one beloved object, each day, as it seemed, receding from her gaze!—but seeing that her husband and children took so lively an interest in it, she affected to do the like, and was at least genuinely grateful to them.

The day the piano and the best-loved little pictures, and the favourite knickknacks and books (which included all Tony's juvenile library), came down from town, was made quite a gala-day by the poor Daltons; it was 'so thoughtful' of dear papa, and 'so like him,' to have remembered everybody's likings. Only Edith was afraid that all ought to have been sold, and that they were extravagant in keeping so many pretty things for themselves. But there was no question of the improvement that these articles—quite apart from the sentiment that hung about them, like a perfume—made in the old-fashioned rooms of the farm-house.

The only things it had possessed in the way of ornament were a couple of ancient oak-chests, one in the parlour, and one in the kitchen, very beautifully carved, and which only required a little polish to have made them the envy of Mayfair, which was just then as much given up to those 'dear delightful carved-oak things,' as it afterwards became to that 'too exquisite old china.' Jenny found at once in them the most original patterns for her lace-work, and professed to be better satisfied

with the house generally, and all that it contained, than anybody; but it is doubtful whether, in the first instance, this approval was not assumed to do away with any idea that might have been entertained of the Nook not being suitable for an invalid. She soon came, however, to entertain a *bona fide* love for the place; the literary treasures which it contained being very numerous, and quite novel to her. These, however, could scarcely be counted as ornaments, being for the most part heavy old-fashioned tomes, all of them time-worn, and many of them moth-eaten. By the side of the smart Tennysons and trim Brownings, sent from Cardigan Place, they hardly seemed to be books at all; just as the aged and the ragged who peer through the gates of Hyde Park upon the glories of 'the Row,' in spring-time, half doubtful (and with reason) whether they shall be admitted to a nearer view of them, scarcely appear of the same race as the gallant cavaliers and haughty ladies who are taking their pleasure therein. The time came when Jenny was astonished to find how much poetry, wisdom, and good sense were to be found in these homely volumes, and fought greedily with the moth and worm for their contents; but for the present she confined herself of necessity to praise of the externals of their new abode.

'We shall all be so happy here—at least as happy as we can be while you are away—and so quiet and cosy, dear papa,' she said, 'that I am sure we shall have nothing to wish for, except to get you back again.'

Of all the unhappy family indeed, each of whom played his part so bravely in the cruel calamity that had overtaken them, there was none more courageous, more confident, or more hopeful than she who was the chief cause of their anxiety. Her general behaviour was such as to draw encomium even from Mr Marks the butler, who expressed his opinion in the servants' hall, amid marks of adhesion, that 'Miss Jenny was a rare good plucked un.'

It was Edith's hope that, before her husband's departure, they might have taken up their abode at the Nook, and bidden good-bye to him from what was in future to take the place of home; but quickly as matters were pushed on with this intent, the thing was found impracticable; and when the dark day of his departure came round, they were all still staying at Riverside. The day before, they had driven over to Sanbeck—as indeed they had done every day—and taken a sort of farewell of him there. The sense that when they next went thither, he would not be with them; that the little family would have lost—for it seemed little less than loss—its beloved head, was heavy upon them all; but they bore up for each other's sake.

At Dalton's wish, they walked about the village, in order that he might make himself well acquainted with it, to enable him to picture them there at their ordinary avocations: his wife among the poor folks—though now, alas, she could befriend them little, for she was almost as poor as they; Kitty on the hillside sketching, with Jenny with a book beside her; and Tony fishing in the trout-stream. The summer was coming to an end, but it was pleasant to have these pictures with its warmth and glow still on them. Upon the bridge, which commanded a lovely home prospect, Dalton and his wife stopped a little behind the rest.

'Well, my darling, I shall at least leave you in a beautiful spot.'

'Yes, dearest,' she answered, with a fond pressure of her hand upon his arm, doubtless intended to imply content. For her part, she hated the place, so far as her nature could harbour hate of anything, for was it not already dulled and darkened by the shadow of separation, and would it not be associated ever with that supreme misfortune? The humblest alley in London, with her husband left to her, would have been to her a paradise by comparison with it.

'And we shall meet again - never fear,' whispered he, with a tremulousness that went far to belie his words.

'I do not doubt it, darling,' was her firm reply. Her eye had wandered to the village churchyard, a serene and sunny spot, with a few nameless graves in it, among which some sheep were feeding. She did not doubt it; but that meeting, she felt, would never take place on earth. She would be taken there first, and laid in her grave; and afterwards, in God's good time, they would meet again in heaven. But he was comforted by the calmness of her tone, not only then, but in many weary months to come, wherein, thanks to it, he pictured to himself another sort of meeting.

When they were all together that night in 'mamma's' room, he made, for the first time, a statement of his affairs; explaining what was left of the wreck of his fortunes for these dear ones to live upon. It was a miserable yearly pittance; but he had taken care to provide a hundred pounds or so to meet present needs, and to defray those extra expenses, which it was almost impossible that they, who were so unused to close economies, should at first avoid incurring. Edith listened with obedient ear, but, her mind fixed on the morrow's loss, took in but little of what was said. Kitty, too, was overcome by her sorrow; but Jenny laid every word to heart. They had expected her to be the weakest of them all, but she had resolved to shew herself strong and hopeful; instead of an embarrassment, she would be a prop to their fallen fortunes; nay, even, God willing, a mainstay. Dalton had a word of advice for each, which, coming from him, who was so unused to give it, was as touching as his very farewell. They had all - thanks, as he said, to their mother's teaching - been good children, the best, indeed, he was well convinced, that ever father had, and he had no fears for any of them. The characters of the two girls were already developed; but little Tony was so young.

'There is your pattern, my boy,' he said, pointing to Edith; 'imitate her, obey her, cleave to her. If I should never come back to you, you must be her defender, her guardian, her breadwinner - and may you fulfil your trust, lad, better than I.'

Poor Tony, who understood little of this, was bathed in tears, and clung passionately to his mother.

'I would rather stay with mamma than even go to Eton,' he said, which, under the circumstances, was as strong an avowement as could be made.

'You will have them all about you, Edith; that is my comfort,' said Dalton earnestly.

'But you - you will be alone, my darling,' answered she. It was for him she was thinking, weeping, praying, all along.

The true parting of the little family from its

head took place that night, for Edith could not trust herself to come down-stairs next day till he was gone. He left her in her room, half-dead, but murmuring to the last that she was hopeful, happy, confident of his return - lies that were holier than any truths. She knew that she was strengthening him by those last words; and if they had been her own last breath, she would have 'eked his living out' with it.

THE AQUARIUM.

PART I. ITS FORMATION AND MANAGEMENT.

OF late years it has become almost a fashion to cultivate water-plants, and to establish aquaria, not only in private houses - on a small scale - but in magnificent and expensive buildings, and with all the attendant conditions of committees, boards of directors, and shareholders. With these more pretentious establishments we have little to do. We visit and admire them; and we think that the difficulties to be overcome in arriving at the perfect balance of animal and vegetable life, so as to make one dependent on the other, are a study which must certainly inculcate sanitary principles in the minds of all who have to do with them. Without scientific knowledge on the part of the managers, these great establishments could not exist; and without some apprehension of the principles which regulate all life, the humblest little aquarium, be it only a stickleback and a bit of water-weed in a pickle-bottle, must disappoint its owner. A vessel of water containing plants and animals must be looked upon as a little world; it may, in fact, be so constructed as to have no communication with the great world in which it exists, and of which it forms a part, and yet all its inhabitants live and prosper. If we put a living fish into a jar or globe of water, it dies in the course of a few days, unless the water be changed; but if we put it into cold boiled water, it dies in a few minutes; and no amount of fresh cold boiled water will keep it alive. If, however, we put into the water some plants which naturally grow there, and get them established so that they do grow, our fish will live for any length of time without a change of water. How is all this? What caused the death of the fish in the boiled water, and why does it live with the growing plant? These are problems which must be understood and solved by all who wish to keep a healthy aquarium. Moreover, the same principles apply to any collection of water plants and animals, whether they live in the sea or in fresh water, and the same laws must be obeyed. The animal, whether it be a gold-fish, or a cod-fish, or a many-coloured sea-anemone, has need of fresh air, and its life depends on the presence of oxygen in the water, which it appropriates and which freshens its blood, just as much as we who live in the air require a supply of the same life-supporting gas. All water, therefore, to support life, must contain the gas called oxygen. Naturally it does so, as it descends from the clouds in the form of rain, or bubbles up from the earth a sparkling spring, or rolls down to the sea in rivers, forming the great ocean itself. It never loses its oxygen gas, save as it is used up by the animals that live in it, but

which is again supplied by the numerous plants which bathe and grow in its depths. We may give our fish a good supply of pure fresh water full of oxygen, but after a while the oxygen becomes exhausted and the fish dies; so by boiling water, the necessary oxygen gas is expelled from it, and it cannot support life.

But now we find that plants growing in the water remedy all this, and if properly and skilfully managed in a fresh-water aquarium, will render it unnecessary to change the water for many months, perhaps years. This can easily be understood, if we take a water-plant in a jar of water and place it in the sunlight for a few hours. We soon see little streams of sparkling bubbles rising to the surface of the water—these little bubbles consisting of pure oxygen. The leaves of all growing and healthy plants give off oxygen, the great source of the life-sustaining power not only of the atmosphere, but of the water. We now see why fish will live in water with growing plants, and die without them. But the mutual relation between plants and animals, as carried on in the world, extends even further than this, and is not altered at all because they live in water. Not only do the plants produce oxygen for the animals to live on, but they appropriate and use up in their own tissues the carbonic acid gas thrown off by the animals. Unless this mutual arrangement existed, both plants and animals would die. Carbonic acid, which is poisonous to animals, is absorbed by the plants—it is composed of carbon and oxygen—and plants have the power of separating and using the carbon for their own substance, and letting go the oxygen.

Thus we find in a jar of water a true microcosm—a little world, in which all the changes go on which are necessary for the maintenance of the life of man and animals on the surface of the earth. Our little water-world too—be it even our humble pickle-bottle aquarium—is subject to all the laws of health of which we now hear so much. Over-crowding is one fruitful source of disease and death in our collections, and we must be very careful only to attempt to keep as much animal life as our growing plants are sufficient to supply with oxygen. Experience is the best teacher in these matters, for we cannot so exactly measure the cubic feet of water necessary for the life of a fish, as of air for the life of a land-animal. Even in the best regulated aquatic establishments, death will occur and decomposition set in, which, if suffered to remain, soon spread disaster through the tank. We have scavengers in the air in the shape of vultures and carrion crows; in the water, in crocodiles, sturgeons, water-beetles, snails; and it is necessary to provide some of the latter useful creatures for our aquatic community. In a small aquarium, we would advise some one or two of the varieties of mollusca, such as water-snails; due care, however, must be taken that they confine their appetites to the garbage and decaying matters of the establishment, and do not devour our living plants.

Before entering fully on the management of an aquarium, and giving suggestions as to its establishment, we recall very vividly the early efforts to keep water-creatures living and thriving in our homes as in their own native streams. It cannot be doubted that the first idea was suggested by Mr N. B. Ward's successful cultivation of plants in glass cases. As early as 1849,

Mr Ward stated, at a meeting of the British Association at Oxford, that he had succeeded not only in growing sea-weeds in sea-water, but in sea-water artificially made. This may be considered to be the first step towards the marine aquarium. In 1849, Dr Lankester succeeded in keeping sticklebacks in a jar of fresh water containing growing *Valisneria* (a water-plant) and starwort; and in 1850, Mr Warrington read a paper before the Chemical Society explaining the conditions necessary to the growth of plants and animals in jars of water.

Mr Alfred Lloyd, who is a great authority on aquaria and their management, tells us that in 1853 he began to make his earliest experiments with a few small glass jars and an earthenware foot-pan. At that period there was nothing to guide any one as to how they should proceed—neither books nor men; and so the real lovers of nature groped their way alone, encouraged by every fresh success to new experiments. Well can we recollect the modest glass jars with the gleamings from ponds passed in country rambles—the bits of weed growing in shingle at the bottom of the jar, with the sticklebacks, a water-spider or two, and a few water-snails, which graced and animated the study of a large-hearted philosopher and born naturalist who has lately passed away from us. Dear to our memory also is the row of tumblers of sea-water outside a cottage window-ledge in a small sea-side village on the coast of Suffolk, placed there by the same nature-loving hands, each glass containing a bit of rock or stone to which was attached a bright-coloured actinia (sea-anemone), which, under the influence of the light, expanded and glorified itself into an animated flower. Many a group of wondering and admiring villagers has stood examining these beautiful creatures, little guessing that in every pool on their own coast numbers of them blushed unseen and unnoticed! But these tumblers required refreshing every day; and the morning occupation for the children of the household was to bring up a can of fresh sea-water and to change the water in each tumbler. After this refreshment came the great exhibition of the day. Each living flower seemed to vie with the other in spreading itself out, in unfolding all its tentacles, and in displaying every variety of colour and shade.

By-and-by a footbath was brought down from one of the bedrooms, or a large pie-dish smuggled from the kitchen, and the first experiments tried in keeping a marine aquarium. Much vexation of spirit and disappointment ensued. The sea-anemone would die; the hermit-crabs struggled out of their shells, and dragged up the growing weeds, and failure resulted after many early attempts. But at last the true balance was found; the weeds began to grow, the animals to live just as the time for departure from the sea-coast was inevitable, and it seemed impossible to transport the now perfect aquarium to the London study. But even this difficulty was overcome; and by means of bottles, and cans, and gallons of sea-water carefully packed, the precious treasures were safely conveyed far away from their native shores, and flourished for many years in an inverted propagating glass, set in a piece of rock-work, in one of the most densely crowded streets of smoky London.

No: that we are surrounded with aquaria,

when every great city and nearly every large town has its own aquarium, it is curious and interesting to trace their beginnings. The aquarium in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, was the first that was opened to the public. In May 1854 it was announced as open, and described by Dr Lankester in the pages of a London journal; but even then the idea of a marine aquarium away from the sea-coast was thought to be an impossibility. It was only fresh-water plants and fishes that were then to be seen in the Regent's Park gardens. It was Dr Lankester who first ventured to write, when describing this little aquarium: 'But why should we not have sea-fishes? These are to come. Erelong, every inhabitant of London will be able to see what up to the present time has been seen only by the adventurous and sea-tossed dredger, who, casting his net to the bottom of the ocean, has beheld its numerous inhabitants in the freshness of life.' The same enthusiastic naturalist writes also in 1853: 'Who that has passed a stream, knowing that its waters are thronged with life, has not longed to have the power of watching the movements of its swift and timid inhabitants? In this fish-house we see at a glance what days of watching elsewhere would not afford.' Nearly a generation has passed away since these words were written, but how true they have proved to be! The writer of them lived to see his prophecies fulfilled in Britain and on the continents of Europe and America.

We have said that the true principle on which an aquarium should be conducted is, never to change the water, but so to aerate and refresh the original supply as to maintain it always in a pure and perfect state. The water in the Crystal Palace Aquarium is the same that was taken from the sea five years ago; and the same system, with some improvements, is adopted in the Westminster Aquarium. The means used to attain the end in view are several. Not only is great importance attached, both in the fresh and marine tanks, to the healthy growth of plants which afford oxygen to the water; but also active and brisk contact with the air of the atmosphere is found greatly to freshen the water. *Motion* in the water is therefore essential. In the large aquaria, this is insured by an arrangement of tanks, into which the water is pumped, and from which it flows rapidly, circulating through the tanks inhabited by fish. In its passage through the air, it absorbs a considerable quantity of oxygen; and in the smaller domestic apparatus of which we more particularly speak, the same thing is effected by frequently drawing the water up through a glass or gutta-serena syringe, and squirting it back into the vessel from some height above it, so as to let the jet pass through after having come in contact with the air. Mr Lloyd says: 'Water in aquaria should be regarded as a practically indestructible medium for the administration of atmospheric air to plants and animals.' At Westminster, the water travels over a distance of nearly three miles between the beginning and end of its circuit, for the purpose of aeration.

Perhaps some of our readers may be entertaining the notion of forming an aquarium. It may be in a glass vessel, a globe, or vase placed in one of the window-cases—noticed in a recent article—surrounded with rock-work and growing plants. Nothing forms a prettier or more attrac-

tive centre for a window-garden than one of these pools or crystal tanks of water in a state of healthy preservation. Or it may be that the only available receptacle for the aquarium is a large glass pickle-bottle, or a jar such as confectioners use, or even a finger-glass. Well! more living organisms than one observer could well describe in a year may grow, and live, and flourish in the smallest of these vessels, especially if attention be paid to the microscopic inhabitants of the water, whose name is legion. In dirty situations and in smoky towns, it will generally be necessary to cover the top of the aquarium with a piece of glass or muslin, to keep out the 'blacks.'

The first thing to be done in the formation of a fresh-water aquarium is, if possible, to establish the plants—to place them in suitable soil at the bottom of your tank, and leave them undisturbed exposed to the light, under the water, until they begin to grow, and the little active bubbles of oxygen are seen rising to the surface of the water. We have grown *Vallisneria spiralis*, water crowfoot, the star-worts, the various species of Chara, and the Canadian water-weed (*Anacharis alismastrum*) in profusion. The soil best to plant such in has roots, is clean river-sand mixed with pebbles. Such plants as *Conserve* and others which float on the water and do not take root in the soil, do not, of course, require planting. After choosing your plants from such as you may collect from rivers and ponds in any country ramble, plant them, and cover the surface of the ground with bits of rock, pebbles, or anything that is suitable and in harmony with the rest of the arrangements. Do not put sea-shells into a fresh-water aquarium, or artificial objects where all should be natural. Then fill the vessel with water very carefully through a funnel or syphon, so as not to disturb the soil and the roots of your plants.

The same caution has to be observed in establishing a marine aquarium, which, it must be confessed, is altogether a task of more difficulty than a fresh-water collection. The weeds must then be introduced growing and attached to the stones on which they have naturally established themselves. The fronds and sprays of sea-weed washed up by the tide and left on the shore are of no use, and will only decay and injure the water. It is growing and living vegetation that we want. A selection of the pretty red sea-weeds so common in rocky pools, with the bright green fronds of *Ulva latissima* and *Bryopsis plumosa*, give colour and brilliancy to a marine aquarium, which is unattainable in the fresh-water colony. But it is not so easy to replace the inevitable losses which must take place in the early stages of a marine aquarium when removed from the sea-side. Let all who are near the coast establish a domestic sea-water pool, and enjoy all the pleasure it affords in watching the development and curious habits of the beautiful creatures who may colonise it. But in towns, unless under very favourable circumstances, a fresh-water aquarium will yield more satisfaction with less vexation, as we know from experience. In order to manage an aquarium comfortably, a few simple instruments should be kept at hand. A little hand-net, which may be bought for sixpence or made for a penny—simply a ring of galvanised wire with a muslin bag fastened to a stick for a handle. This is convenient for catching the creatures, fish or shells, without putting the

hand into the water, and it is also useful in removing dead bodies. A pair of wooden forceps, like a pair of glove-stretchers, is also most convenient for the same purpose to nip off bits of decaying weeds or to catch floating particles in the water. Glass tubes of various sizes may be kept, which act by being put into the water with the finger over the aperture at the top. The tube, until the finger be removed, will remain filled with air; place it over any little bit of decaying weed or particle of refuse, and on removing the finger, the water will rush in, carrying with it the offending object up into the tube. Then a glass syringe or squirt is necessary, with which to aerate the water thoroughly at least once a day, and oftener if possible, by filling it and then holding it high above the tank to squirt the water back again. Some persons constantly use a pan or bellows with an india-rubber tube attached to the nozzle, to propel air in through the water. This device unquestionably acts well, and refreshes the animals, just as a 'blow on Hampstead Heath' or a run to the sea-side invigorates the inhabitants of many a close workroom in London. A glass syphon, or, what we find better, a long piece of india-rubber tubing which acts as a syphon, is necessary to effect a change in the water when it is evident that something has gone wrong and the evil must be discovered and eradicated.

We have frequently been obliged to do this when we kept a marine aquarium in London, and perhaps discovered a dead sea-anemone or a little fish under a stone, giving off offensive gases and escaping detection in the midst of the sea-weed. After removing the dead mass, and perhaps the stones infected by it, we have, by thoroughly aerating the water, restored the aquarium to a perfectly pure condition. We are thus particular in giving directions as to the formation of an aquarium, because we know from experience the difficulties that surround first attempts. It is by no means to men of science alone that the study of aquatic zoology is indebted. Amongst the earliest successful attempts to keep water-animals captive in a living and healthy state, were those of ladies in their own homes. When we come to consider in our next article the animals which live and thrive best in aquaria, we shall find our best authorities are ladies who have experimented and surmounted difficulties, and have given us the result of their labours. It was a Scottish lady, Miss Elizabeth Dalrymple, who largely assisted her brother, Sir John Dalrymple, during his half-century of study of marine animals in Edinburgh from 1795 to 1850. It was a lady who kept a cage of captive cuttle-fishes at Messina in 1842, and wrote a charming book on the habits and ways of the octopus, from her own observations. And the first successful attempt to keep sea-water fresh and unchanged, by the action of living sea-weeds, was made by Mrs Anna Thynne in 1846. Only two ladies are now alive who are known to have reared captive sea-anemones from babyhood to adult age. For a period of ten years, from 1860 to 1870, but little was done, or written, or thought publicly about aquaria; still, we know of households where they were kept and fostered, and of women, young and old, who tended, and fed, and cared for the living pets of their aquaria with as much zeal as others bestowed on the feathered friends of an aviary, and with the additional reward of having apprehended and applied the true prin-

ciples of science to their small water-world. We propose in our next paper to enter more fully into a description of the interesting inhabitants of the aquarium, fresh and marine.

JOE WICKHAM'S RECKONING.

It was ten o'clock on a summer morning in Cowra Creek, Australia. There were symptoms of unusual excitement in the settlement. Something had occurred to disturb its usual routine. An item of news had arrived from Westerton which had drawn the men from their work for the interchange of opinion and discussion, and there was an indisposition to renew labour for the morning at least. The discussion had perhaps been most animated among the group in front of Sam Coulter's hostelry, the *Emu*.

The chief speaker throughout had been Captain Reginald Brander. 'Look at it how you will, I say it's the coolest bit of work in this way that's been done in the colony for some time back,' he was saying. 'But if this rascal shewed pluck, that wasn't any reason why those fellows should have knocked under to him without as much as stirring a hand. It's a mighty curious thing that one man should be able to stick up three in that easy quiet way. If one hadn't known the men, you might have thought the whole thing looked like a put-up job. I don't know anything about the Westerton fellow; and you don't look for much fight from little Tom Sharpe, though he's smart enough at his own trade; but Joe Wickham's big and long enough to have shewn more grit. Yet I never thought much of that chap Wickham; one of your quiet, secret sort, with not a spark of fun or life in him; always the same cautious, watchful way about him. I've never liked these silent, close-mouthed men. He's not fit to live in a gold country, a chap who'll hardly join a friendly liquor, and won't touch a card or a billiard-one. Doesn't that look something like fear of dropping a little of his cash? But I'm seldom slow at saying what I think of a man, good or bad, as you know, boys; and I say of this Wickham now, what I've more than once thought, that I believe there's precious little pluck in him of any kind.'

What was the circumstance that was quickening the pulse of Cowra Creek will have been partly gathered from the above fragment of the conversation at the *Emu*. The mail from the Creek to Westerton had been 'stuck up' on the previous evening by a single horseman, and money to a considerable amount, in bank-notes and gold coin, but chiefly the former, which was being transferred to Westerton, secured by the robber.

On the evening of the day when the conversation with which this narrative opened took place, I was down at Wickham and Ford's hut. Whenever I had a spare hour at night from my professional duties, as the single doctor in the settlement, I used to drop in and smoke a pipe with the two men. I was a little curious to hear something more of the incident which had been the almost sole topic of gossip during the day, though I was not disposed to press Joe upon the subject, if he should shew himself at all disinclined to talk about it. I found him and his mate, Dan Ford,

alone, and soon discovered that they had been discussing the matter uppermost in my own thoughts. Discussion is hardly the word to apply to their talk, however, for it had been almost entirely confined to Ford.

Among the company who had that morning been passing various opinions on the affair of the mail-robbery, was a rather special acquaintance of Dan Ford's, a man of a silent turn in general society, who had taken little share in the conversation, but who had, partly on this account, no doubt, retained the most of it in his memory with great accuracy. The bulk of it he had retailed that afternoon to Ford, who had been repeating it to Wickham when I came in upon them. It was easy to see that Dan's back had been not a little set up by what he had learned from his friend. Dan was attached to his mate, with a simple but most thorough confidence; and Captain Brander's references to Joe, as reported by his friend, were of a sort especially calculated to move him to anger and disgust.

'Seems the captain's bin talking unusual tall,' he said; 'though he's always in the ruck at that any time. I never admired Capt'n Brander the way some do; and he's not risen in my 'pinion for the way he's bin gassing this morning. I dunno why, Joe, but it's struck me 'fore this that you're not a favorite of his, and now it looks pretty certain.'

'I've never had much to do with him, one way or another,' said Joe.

'That's perhaps just the reason,' replied Dan. 'Thinks you've fought shy of him, maybe, and feels a little rough on it. I don't give him much of my company, neither; but then I'm of no account.'

Wickham was silent. He sat smoking, with a thoughtful, somewhat self-absorbed expression in his face. He was a tall man, of a spare build, long and rather loose-limbed. He had a long face, light indefinite-coloured eyes, and a sallow-brown complexion. His face was bare, save for a thin, sandy, unimpressive whisker; and its normal expression, like that of a great many other people, was not marked enough to court or give scope for minute characterisation. What there was, was honest and agreeable.

After a short pause, Wickham said, speaking slowly: 'You've heard pretty well the ins and outs of this matter, doctor, and I can tell you little more about it. Captain Brander, and maybe some of the others, think we should have shewn fight, but it wouldn't have been easy. The fellow met us in the turn of the road where it leads out of Wattle Gully, where you know it is just wide enough for the coach to pass. Perhaps you don't know who the Westerton man was. It was Mr Glenn, the lawyer, who's so short-sighted that he can't see five yards before him without his glasses, and that helps to make him as timid and nervous at night as a lizard. That reduced our fighting force to two. It didn't seem to me possible that we could have made any stand. The fellow covered us with his six barrels, and would have shot us down as easily as 'possums, if we had raised a hand. But I may be mistaken; and if it was possible to have shewn a gamer front, to have rushed in upon the man, or something of that sort, then I can only say that neither Tom Sharpe nor I were the men to do it; and then,

perhaps, Captain Brander was not so far from the truth.'

'You'll not make me believe that easily, Joe,' said Dan Ford.

One evening, rather more than a week later, Wickham and I had started for a stroll and smoke in the direction of the river. In passing the *Emu*, we found an unusually large gathering of men about the place.

'By-the-bye, Joe,' I said, stopping, 'I had almost forgotten. This is the night of Professor Gregory's entertainment, you know. Supposing we look in for a little.'

'Very well,' replied Joe, and we entered the inn.

The entertainment which Professor Gregory and his two assistants were to offer to their audience was of that class generally announced to the public as 'a grand assault of arms,' and was to consist of the usual items comprised under that designation—fencing, boxing, broadsword and bayonet exercise, severing a bar of lead, &c. Mr Coulter's largest room had been fitted up with a hasty wooden stage for the occasion. Business began shortly after Wickham and I entered the room. After the regular programme of the evening was concluded, the professor invited any who chose to step upon the platform, and engage in a little friendly play with the gloves, with himself or either of his assistants, or one with another. Several of the men accepted the invitation, and put on the gloves, and the evening now took a more informal, and, so to speak, sociable character. Pipes were lit, a free exchange of conversation began among the audience, and a sudden and contagious thirst exhibiting itself, a desire for something to alleviate it, was natural. Foremost among those who were figuring on the platform with the gloves was Captain Brander. It was one of the exercises in which he was at home, and he was the only one with sufficient confidence in his own powers to try a bout with the professor. Several of the men were found ambitious enough to measure themselves with the captain, but each in turn tired of the sport somewhat soon. He seemed in fine form and humour this evening for the special work in hand, and won cordial commendation from the professor. He had had enough inward stimulant to quicken his pulse, without overheating his temper, or at all unsteady his hand or eye. He stood beside the professor, glancing carelessly around him, when I saw his eye rest upon Wickham and myself, who were sitting well back in the room and were just about to leave. I thought I noticed a slight gleam come into his eye as it fell upon Joe, and the next moment he accosted him.

'Can't you do something with the boxing-gloves, Mr Wickham?' he said. 'You've a long stretch, and ought to reach a man of my height pretty easily. Suppose we try a turn or two.'

'Thank you, captain,' answered Joe quietly; 'but I'm no hand with the gloves.'

'Come, I say,' replied Captain Brander; 'a fellow with an arm like yours mustn't talk like that. All you want is to hit out—and an ounce or two of pluck, of course.'

Wickham returned no answer, and his face made no sign.

'It would be interesting to know,' continued the captain, not caring any longer to conceal his

feelings, and resorting now to the fine vein of irony for which he had made a name in the Creek, 'what Mr Wickham fears. A man mustn't expect to count for much who can't stand a little rough play. There's a certain lady some of us know by sight who wouldn't like to hear, I reckon, how her young man's come out to-night.'

I looked at Joe. A faint colour flushed his sallow-brown face, and I saw the corners of his mouth twitch suddenly. He touched me on the shoulder, and rose to his feet, and we left the room, but not soon enough to miss hearing the general laugh which followed Captain Brander's speech.

I walked back with Wickham to his hut, and went in with him. We sat down and lit our pipes; a minute or two after, Dan Ford came in. He and I talked a little together on indifferent subjects, both avoiding that which was foremost in the thoughts of each. Wickham scarcely spoke. At length Dan ventured: 'The captain was uncommon nasty, to-night, Joe.'

Joe rose from his seat, and stood facing us. He took his pipe from his mouth, and looked steadily at us, and there was a light in his usually rather lustreless eyes.

'I didn't make much of a show, did I?' he said. 'The fun was all on one side. But I'm hoping to see the day when between Captain Brander and me there'll be a squaring of accounts.' As Joe ceased speaking, the short clay-pipe which he was holding by the bowl, crumbled suddenly in his long sinewy fingers, and fell in fragments on the ground.

Miss Kate Farren was the assistant-teacher in the school at Cowra Creek. She was twenty-five, rather under the middle height, with a cheerful frank face, clear eyes, a brown colourless complexion, and smooth light-brown hair, threaded with a gleam of gold when the sunlight fell athwart it. Her figure was neat, and her attire gave the impression that aught like deshabille of costume was incompatible with her nature; but she may have indulged in it at odd times, for all that. Miss Farren was the young person to whom Captain Brander's allusion bore reference. Wickham had saved money, and had been especially successful in Cowra Creek—the claim, in which he held a sixth share, having turned out one of the best of the smaller ventures in the settlement.

No traces could be discovered of the Cowra Creek and Westerton mail-robbery. Though so short a space of time intervened between the commission of the deed and the starting of the mounted police in pursuit, nothing was found to indicate with certainty the direction in which the bushranger had betaken himself. The tracks of his horse's feet were traced to the bank of the river which flowed close by the spot where the affair had taken place, but they could not be taken up again on any point on the other side. The skill of the black trackers was entirely baffled; and the search for the robber had soon to be abandoned, from sheer lack of ground to work on. The authorities could only wait and hope that some traces of the man might come to light by-and-by.

The opinion became general in Westerton and Cowra Creek that the highwayman had by some means got clear altogether of the district, and perhaps of the colony. This impression had

almost settled into a conviction, but it was to be disturbed in a very unmistakable manner. In little more than three months after the first robbery, the mail was again stuck up in the same spot, and by the same man, who this time secured a sum of money nearly equal in value to his former prize.

A circumstance connected with this second robbery was remarkable—namely, the knowledge which the highwayman must have possessed of all that went on at Cowra Creek. Ever since the first robbery, a mounted trooper had accompanied the coach from the Creek to Westerton, the authorities deeming it advisable, for a time at least, to treat the ordinary mail in some measure as though it were a gold escort, which is of course always guarded; the strength of its guard being generally proportioned to the value of the freight. But on this particular occasion, the trooper who was on duty as escort to the coach having suddenly taken ill at Cowra Creek in the morning, was unable to accompany it, and it had therefore started for Westerton without him. That the robber had hit upon this particular evening for the execution of his design entirely by chance, was almost past belief.

This second robbery of the Cowra Creek and Westerton mail had been committed on a Friday evening. On the Saturday morning following, a company was assembled in front of the *Emu*, composed of very much the same elements as that former one, to a portion of whose deliberations the reader was introduced at the opening of the narrative.

'Has any one seen anything of the captain this morning?' said Will Royce. 'I wonder what he thinks of this new bit of work.'

'The captain went to Westerton on business yesterday, and came back early this morning, I believe,' answered Dave Tarrant; 'so he'll maybe have something to tell us of what they're saying about it there.'

As Dave spoke, Captain Brander's figure was seen coming at a leisurely pace up the street. The men gathered about him, and greeted him with a series of interrogations.

'What are they saying about it at Westerton?' said he calmly, without removing his cigar from his lips. 'Why, pretty much what you're saying here, I suppose—that he's a mighty cool hand, and a smart one to boot. But one thing you may be sure of; there'll be a pretty tidy sum put on the fellow's head now, so that if any of you are inclined for a bit of amateur trap's work, you'll have a chance now. Some of you have got to do with claims poor enough to make it worth your thinking about it, perhaps.'

Captain Brander was right. During the course of the ensuing week, an official notice was issued at Westerton proclaiming a reward of one hundred pounds to any person supplying information that should lead to the discovery of the robber; and a reward of three hundred pounds for the capture of the same alive or dead. But for some days not so much as a rumour was heard of the highwayman. No more definite traces were discovered of his track than on the occasion of his former depredation. The prints of his horse's feet had been followed to the river, as before, and then, as before, lost. The annals of the colony had not on record an affair of the kind that had been

managed with so much apparent adroitness, or over which there hung such an air of mystery.

But one evening, about a week after the event, a wood-cutter who was accustomed to work along the river, brought the intelligence to Cowra Creek, that he had come upon what he fancied might be the tracks of the bushranger. He had found the prints of a horse's feet leading at right angles from the bank of the stream, at a point in its course nearly half a mile distant from the spot where the robbery had been committed, and between it and Cowra Creek. The weather had been dry for a fortnight back, and the tracks were still distinct. The man had followed them for some distance, and said they led in the direction of a solitary ravine in the forest where there were the remains of a deserted sawpit. Blackfork Glen the place was called, a lonely spot, somewhat difficult of access, and known to few persons in the district besides one or two woodmen. The man thought the place would be a likely enough retreat for a bushranger.

On the same evening the talk among the men at the *Emu* turned mainly on the subject of this information, and whether it seemed likely to lead to anything. Wickham had asked me to drop in with him to the *Emu* and hear what was going on. I was rather surprised at the request, but attributed it to the interest which the affair of the second robbery was exciting in Joe, in common with almost every individual in the township. When we entered the inn, Captain Brander was, as usual, leading the talk.

'Now, here's a chance for some of us,' he was saying: 'there's only the one mounted trap in the Creek at present, and he'll not start alone after this fellow, you may swear. He'll go along to Westerton to-morrow to get orders from headquarters; and by the time three or four of them are ready to start, a man from here might be on the spot. Well, I've a proposal to make. I'm ready to go with any other man and follow up these tracks to-morrow. I don't think it'll lead to anything, myself; but it may. It's a likely enough spot, Blackfork Glen, according to accounts, for a ranger to hang out; and three hundred's worth the trying for, anyway. But one thing I bargain for: I only want one man with me. Two to one against this fellow's more than enough in my opinion, though he be as game as a tiger, and the thing's not worth the trouble for less than a chance of a hundred and fifty pounds. Now, boys, that's my offer! Who's going to take me up? A slant for one-fifty, cash down, and immortal fame to the bargain. Don't all speak at once.'

'I take your offer, Captain Brander,' said Joe Wickham, in a quiet distinct voice. 'I'll go with you to-morrow to Blackfork Glen.'

All eyes were turned upon Joe as he spoke. He was about the last man in the room who could have been thought likely to take up Captain Brander's proposal.

'Are you quite sure you want to go into this business, Mr Wickham?' said Captain Brander.

'Quite,' answered Joe; 'if you're equally willing.'

'Oh, I'm quite agreeable. One man's as good as another. We'll start early in the morning. But it's wonderful what even the chance of a square run will do. Actually puts grit into a man sometimes.'

The tone in which Captain Brander spoke, and

the glance he threw round the room, gave additional point to his last words. As Wickham and I left the room, Dan Forl, who had also been among the company, joined us, and as we walked down the street he whispered in my ear: 'If this ain't a queer start! What ever's Joe's game, doctor?'

Whatever it might be, Joe was not disposed to enlighten us that evening, and we did not, therefore, question him.

The compact between Captain Brander, with its attendant circumstances, was sufficiently novel and unlooked-for to attract quite a considerable gathering to see the two start on their quest, accompanied by Hicks the woodman.

It was towards sunset that the same assembly, myself among the number, again met in front of Sam Coulter's premises. It was expected that Captain Brander and Joe Wickham would be back not later than sundown, and we were waiting their return. The sun had set some minutes behind the wooded hill-tops, leaving a narrow space of crimson sky where the road towards Westerton dipped and curved, when the figures of two horsemen rose into sudden view, and shewed dark by contrast against the vivid horizon. A single glance was sufficient to shew there were but two. As they drew near, and their outlines grew more distinct in the gathering dusk of the brief twilight, something abnormal and unexpected about the appearance of one of the figures caused a puzzled glance to pass from one to another of those who were watching their approach. One was leading the horse of the other, who seemed incapable from some cause of guiding it himself. The reason was soon discernible: one of the men was bound to his horse, and had his arms strapped behind him. In a few moments we could identify the two men, and as we did so, our previous perplexity passed into sheer astonishment. The two horsemen rode up in front of us. One was Joe Wickham. The other, besides being bound firmly to his saddle, had his broad-brimmed Panama hat drawn over his face; this, Joe, with an expression and gesture tinged with quiet contempt, tilted back with the handle of his whip; but this was quite unnecessary to enable us to recognise his companion. It was Captain Reginald Brander.

'Gentlemen,' said Joe, 'this is the man who robbed the mail, and I shall prove it.'

After our amazement had somewhat subsided, Joe continued as follows: 'I may tell you now that I suspected the man from the beginning. That first time he stuck up the coach, he was very cleverly made up, but from where I was seated on the box, the voice at once struck me as being somehow familiar. He disguised it well, speaking in a hoarse, muffled kind of way, and all I could feel sure of was, that it was not entirely strange to me. But when I got back here, the first time I heard Captain Brander speak, the resemblance of his voice to the robber's immediately occurred to me, though till then, I had not once thought of the two men in connection. This was all I had at first to go upon, and of course it was not enough to make me disposed to communicate my suspicions to any one else. What had struck me did not seem to have occurred to Tom Sharpe, or I might have compared notes with him; and Mr Glenn, the Westerton lawyer, was not, I knew, sufficiently acquainted with

Captain Brander to have been in the least likely to have recognised him merely by his voice, much disguised as it was. Without anybody seeing it—at least if none of you noticed it, it's not likely any one else did—I kept a pretty close watch on Brander. I knew, of course, that a mere resemblance of voice might, after all, be only chance; but one or two other circumstances about the captain seemed to strengthen my suspicions. It had got about some little time before the first robbery that the captain was getting pretty low in funds; the "What-can-touch-it" claim is bringing the shareholders next to nothing, you know; and I suppose some of you were beginning to get a little shy of him at the curls. I even heard that he talked of leaving the Creek altogether, as the luck was all against him here. Well, after the affair with the mail, he seemed to be set up in funds again, and there was no more talk of his going off. Perhaps you noticed that there was no one talked more of the robbery than he, and that what Captain Brander said and thought about it was quoted by everybody. He always talked of it, as you all know, in a high and big sort of way, and was very warm and indignant about it sometimes, especially at first. Now, you may think that nothing of this was much to reckon upon; and neither it would have been to you or to any one else; but to one whose suspicions were already aroused, these things had a meaning. Still I knew well enough that I was not quite an unprejudiced judge of Brander. He has made a set against me since first he came here, and lately, as you all know, has shewn his feelings in a pretty rough fashion. Before the mail-robbery, his opinions about me did not touch me much; but after that, and especially on the evening he made those allusions to a certain lady, I didn't feel very smooth towards him, you may guess. But I knew that this itself might make me over-eager to make out a case against him in my own mind, and so I was cautious. Not until the second sticking-up did I feel certain that I was on the right track, but I did then. The way the robbery was timed, just on the day when the coach was without a guard, could not, I calculated, have been by chance; and there was added to this, that on that very day, the enterprising gentleman by my side here left the Creek for Westerton, and did not return till next morning; you will remember that. This coincidence, taken with the evidence I had already got together, seemed to me conclusive, and I felt sure of my man.

'How to bring the matter home to him, was now my object, and it puzzled me a good deal. I had fixed on no definite plan on that evening when the noble captain here made the obliging proposal to go with another in search of the robber. His offer seemed to me quite the thing a man might do to divert the scent, as it were, and I at once thought I saw the chance I had been waiting for. An idea suddenly occurred to me which, if I could carry out, would enable me to wipe out all old scores between the bold sparrer and myself to the full. So I closed with his offer, as you saw. To only one person did I tell the plan in my mind that night, and that was the lady he was gallant enough to make mention of. I had said nothing to her about the whole affair up to this time, any more than to any one else, but now I thought I ought to tell her everything.

She was astonished, as you may suppose, and, as you may also imagine, a good deal startled. I had to manage things pretty cautiously, and I haven't a light hand in that sort of thing, I expect, before I could reconcile her to what I was about to undertake; but I managed it somehow. She's a gem of her sex, in one respect at any rate, though, of course, I believe her that all round; she's such a reasonable girl, though I say it, and sees a thing so quick in the light you want her to, even when you put it clumsily, as I often do. And now I must come to what you want chiefly to know, I suppose. After Dick Hicks the woodman had put us fairly on the tracks he had discovered, he left us, as had been arranged. The prints of a horse's feet were there, certainly, and still distinct enough to be easily followed. Whether they led to Black-fork Glen, or, indeed, how far they led at all, I cannot say, and it matters very little now. Brander obligingly led the way for about a quarter of an hour, I should think, after Hicks left us; I on the watch for a chance of bringing matters to the point I wished. Our way lay through thick bush, until at the end of a quarter of an hour or thereabouts, as I say, we reached a small open space where the trees separated a bit. This was what I had been waiting for. Captain Brander and I had ridden together without exchanging hardly a word. His desire to give no sign of our approach to the concealed bushranger, demanded silence on our part. As soon as we had got fairly out from the bush, and had elbow-room, I wheeled round upon him, covered him with my revolver, and was rude enough to say: "Captain Brander, you robbed the Cowra Creek coach." The captain has a considerable command over himself, as you know, but he was fairly taken aback now, and he shewed it. He never answered a word, but darted at his pistols, which were stuck in his holster. But I expected this; and before he could whip them out, I was upon him, and had him on the ground, by the throat.

"You stuck up the mail," I said again. "And now you and I are going to clear off old scores. I'm going to take you back bound, or you're going to fix me somehow; now we're man to man."

'An oath struggled in his throat as we grappled and closed. With his fists the captain would probably make short work of me; I never learned much in that way. But it's different with wrestling. I was born in a part of England that breeds as fine wrestlers as any in the old country, and when I was a lad I was as good as my neighbours at this sport; and haven't forgot the trick yet. Besides, I am a good bit longer than my friend there, and my arms are of the sort that are made to take a powerful grip. I felt sure that in a close struggle I would be more than a match for him; and it turned out so, which I think the captain will admit. When I once got my arms fairly about him, I felt that I had him safe, and knew how the matter would end. Brander fought desperately, and strove hard to get at his knife; but I was too many for him in every way, and I had got too the first grip. I tried an old trip which I have not forgotten, and the captain fell under me; I set my knee upon his chest and pinned him breathless to the ground. Then I took a rope from my pocket, which I had brought with me, in the event of things turning out as I had hoped, and as they did, secured his arms behind

him, and he was helpless. All I had further to do was to set him on his horse and bind him to the saddle. The whole affair did not occupy more than ten minutes, and the horses had stood by the while, looking on in a half-startled way. Had our struggle lasted longer, Brander's animal, for what I can say, might have made off; but my nag would have stood in any case. And so we rode back and—here is your prisoner.'

A month after the above events Captain Brander stood his trial in Sydney. There was no difficulty in proving the two robberies against him. A number of the notes that had been taken from the mail were found in his possession. This alone, under the circumstances, would have been almost enough to convict him. Taken together with Wickham's clear and consecutive story, and with other points of evidence which the course of the trial brought out, it formed conclusive proof of his guilt. He is now fulfilling his sentence, fifteen years with labour, in Sydney jail. Dick Hicks was suitably rewarded, and the balance of the three hundred pounds so well earned, made Kate and Joe happy.

A NEW WORLD IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

THE extraordinary journey and important discoveries made by Lieutenant Cameron have suddenly given a new interest to African exploration—that subject which, ever since the days of James Bruce and Mungo Park, has been so attractive to Englishmen. If Bruce had reached the true sources of the Nile, Park those of the Niger, and other travellers those of the Congo or Zaire and of the Zambesi—if this had been done sixty or eighty years ago, doubtless many valuable lives would have been saved; but we should on the other hand have lost those narratives of courage, endurance, pluck, inventive resource, scientific observation, energy tempered by caution, firmness tempered by kindness, which never fail in stirring one's blood. There is something captivating, also, in a little tinge of mystery; so long as the great African rivers had not been traced to their true sources, they formed a mighty geographical puzzle, on which the imagination could dwell at pleasure.

We most of us know that the exploration of Africa has generally commenced on the sea-coast, from some port or ports where European consuls are stationed; and has had its goal in the interior, where black tribes have to be encountered—amicably or belligerently as the case may be. Thus, at various dates during the first half of the present century, Lichtenstein penetrated north to the Bechuana country from the Cape of Good Hope; Mungo Park, having formed an opinion that the Niger and the Congo were outlets of the same river, made his second journey, which ended fatally; Burckhardt made many discoveries in the north-west regions of Africa; Clapperton and Denham penetrated from the Mediterranean coast to Soudan, across the whole breadth of the frightful Sahara;

while Richard and John Lander traced the Niger to the Gulf of Benin.

What may perhaps be regarded as the modern series of African explorations, penetrating quite to the heart of the continent near the equator, commenced about thirty years ago. The heroic David Livingstone began his good work at that time. Tramping inland from the Cape of Good Hope, or from the mouth of the Zambesi in the Mozambique district, he discovered Lake Ngami; then a vast range of new country between the Zambesi and the west coast at Loando; and then reached the beautiful Lake Tanganyika. What he underwent during all these years of exhausting labour, his published narratives tell full well. Even four years before his death, he spoke thus of his troubles when crossing the swollen streams that flow into Tanganyika: 'Only four of my attendants have come here; the others on various pretences absconded. The fact is, they are all tired of this everlasting tramping; and so verily am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike to give in to difficulties without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too.' There spoke the man, in his true dauntless character. The readers of the *Journal* will not need now to be told that this indefatigable traveller kept on his noble work until nature could hold out no longer, and at length breathed his last in May 1873, watched by two faithful native attendants. Before and since the date just named, explorers in remarkable number have penetrated Africa in all directions: sometimes to assist in searching for Livingstone (whose absence was prolonged for many years), sometimes for independent objects of discovery, sometimes to assist the Khedive of Egypt in conquering tribes in the interior. The names of Speke, Grant, Burton, Baker, Stanley have become almost household words with us. We know how, among them, they have discovered the two magnificent equatorial lakes, Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza: we know how clearly they have traced up the sources of the Nile to these lakes, and how much they desired to know whether Lake Tanganyika (extending eight or nine degrees south of the equator) is part of the same system, or whether it belongs to a different river-basin. Not the least remarkable of these expeditions were the two conducted by Mr Stanley, supported entirely on funds liberally supplied by the proprietors of two newspapers, the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

What those gallant men underwent, in combating heat, drought, swampy damp, ague, fever, dysentery, robbery, violence, fatigue, hunger, can only be fully known to themselves; but most readers have picked up some knowledge on the subject from the ample published narratives. Who, for instance, that has read the story, can forget the wonderful journey of Lady Baker to the central lakes? Rather than leave her husband to travel on without her succour and companionship, she went through perils and discomforts which women of delicate nurture can hardly conceive. Both stricken down with fever at one time, he on one pallet and she on another, husband and wife were left to the mercy of native blacks, with not a white man within any attainable distance; and yet both

lived to return to England in good health. We all recollect what tough work Mr Stanley had to go through in his search for Livingstone, and in the conveyance of much-needed stores for that illustrious traveller. Many of us are familiar with his second journey in 1874-75, made when aid was no longer available for poor Livingstone, and for the express purpose of making a thorough examination of the noble Victoria Nyanza. We know that he started from the coast at Zanzibar with three hundred men; that while he was absent two months from camp, making the tour of the lake in his boat *Lady Alice*, most of his men were obliged to fight the natives; and that the number, by fighting and disease, was lessened nearly one half. Stanley, it seems now probable, has definitely settled that the affluents of the Victoria are the most remote sources of the mysterious Nile. He also found favour with one M'tesa, king or chief of Uganda, a fertile country on the north-east shore of the great lake. M'tesa is not a black potentate; he is a Muscat Arab with a little African blood in him; and Mr Stanley thinks there may be a great future for commercial and civilising enterprise if he be approached in a proper spirit. One word concerning another explorer, Mr Young, who is at this present time journeying towards Lake Nyassa, or around its shores. An Association has subscribed no less a sum than twelve thousand pounds for founding a missionary establishment to be called 'Livingstonia,' to perpetuate the name and fame of the great explorer. Mr E. D. Young is manager of the expedition. In a letter recently received in England from him, he describes one of those mishaps which are so plentiful in Africa. While going up the Zambesi in August last, his boat was upset, and two of his native crew drowned. 'In addition to this, the greater part of our personal luggage was lost; I myself lost everything in the shape of clothes; also many things I was taking out from friends to natives on the lake. I don't at present know how to get more; so I suppose I shall have to make a suit out of my blanket to serve me day and night. I shall feel the loss of my boots and socks most.' We must remember that such losses are almost irreparable in such a region.

These preliminary remarks on the general character of African exploration, during a long course of years, are necessary to a due appreciation of the relation which the young officer who will be our hero at present bears to the rest of the noble band.

Lieutenant Verney Lovett Cameron, son of the vicar of a parish near Sevenoaks, in Kent, was born in 1844. He entered the royal navy as a boy cadet at the age of thirteen, and has seen an unusual amount of busy life as a young man; for it will be noted that he is only now in his two-and-thirtieth year. He worked himself up from cadet to midshipman, from that to sub-lieutenant, and then to lieutenant. He applied himself so sedulously to his studies that he obtained first-class honours in nearly all—mathematics, science, surveying, navigation, seamanship, gunnery. These matters held him in good stead in his recent expedition, which was as noteworthy for scientific observations as for personal enterprise and judgment. He served successively, in one capacity or other, in the *Illustrious*, the *Victor Emmanuel*, the *Defence*, the *Hector*, the *Terrible*, and the *Star*. As first lieutenant during the Abyssinian War, he

was engaged in surveying; buoying, and beacon-lighting in the Red Sea; then in helping to save the crew of the United States corvette *Sacramento*, wrecked off the mouth of the Godavery; and then in boat-cruising on the east coast of Africa, searching out and hunting down the slave dhows.

It was the horror felt at the dreadful scenes witnessed that gave him a yearning to assist, if possible, in putting down the iniquitous slave-trade of the interior. The Royal Geographical Society, so honourably distinguished for lending a fostering hand to exploration all over the world, determined in 1872 to send out supplies to Livingstone, whose isolated position and scantiness of stores had become subjects of much anxiety in England. Lieutenant Cameron gladly undertook the command of the expedition; and it is a matter of congratulation to all that he accepted the responsibility. His outfit was large and well selected, comprising necessities for the large number of men who would constitute his party, presents to conciliate chieftains on the way, and stores to hand over to Livingstone, if happily met with. Sir Bartle Frere rendered most valuable aid in these preliminary operations, by his extensive knowledge of Arab and other nationalities.

Lieutenant Cameron was accompanied from England by Mr Dillon; at Aden they were joined by Mr Murphy, of the Royal Artillery; and at Zanzibar by Mr Moffat, Livingstone's nephew, who eagerly threw up a post in Cape Town to join in the enterprise. After surmounting many difficulties on the coast, in hiring native porters, purchasing various supplies, &c., they started for the interior. Mr Murphy, stricken down with fever at Zanzibar, was left under the kind care of French missionaries at that place. Cameron followed nearly the same route as had been taken by Stanley, and several years earlier by Burton. When they reached Unanyembe, in August 1873, Cameron and Dillon were for a time prostrated with fever; and Murphy, who had dragged himself after them, was ill also. It was while at this town, between Zanzibar and Lake Tanganyika, that news reached them of the death of poor Livingstone, which sad event had taken place about three months before. Cameron at once sent on some stores to assist in the conveying of Livingstone's body to the coast. Here was a sudden check to the plans; Moffat, Dillon, and Murphy had now no Livingstone to aid; and they returned to the coast so shattered in health that two of them sank under their accumulated maladies. Not so their energetic commander; he resolved to attempt the exploration of the immense range of country lying between Lake Tanganyika and the Atlantic Ocean.

It is hard work for a reader of average intelligence, making no pretence to minute knowledge of geographical details, to remember the names of the rivers and lakes of Central Africa. The successive discoveries by Grant, Speke, Burton, Baker, Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron, &c., have made us pretty familiar with the four fine lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, Victoria Nyanza, and Albert Nyanza; but until the maps become better filled than they can at present be with well-authenticated laying-down of places, the river-names, such as Zambesi, Lukuga, Lualaba, Luapula, Kirumbwe, &c., will be a puzzle to many of us. Nor will we be less puzzled with the names of the minor

lakes, such as Kassali, Lohemba, Kattara, Bembe, Ziwanbo, and the like. The letter U is very largely employed as an initial in the names of districts, towns, rivers, and lakes—especially districts and towns. It is possibly some peculiar guttural pronunciation of the names by the natives that has led our explorers to adopt such spelling as Uvuna, Uziri, Ukafu, Ulagalla, Unanyembe, &c.

Cameron, parting from his English companions, after well providing them with stores, pushed on to Ujiji, on the east shore of Lake Tanganyika. There he found some note-books and sketch-maps left by poor Livingstone; these, as may well be supposed, he religiously preserved. Commencing a two months' exploration of the lake, he applied to an admirable purpose the practical knowledge he had obtained of astronomical observing and land-surveying. His predecessors had found many rivers flowing into the lake; but Burton, Speke, and Livingstone had alike failed in finding one flowing out of it. Cameron was more fortunate; he entered an affluent (or rather effluent) on the west shore of the lake; and was thus led to his grand discovery, that Tanganyika sends its waters to the Atlantic, leaving to the Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza the honour of being the headwaters of the Nile, flowing into the Mediterranean. His accurate observations told him clearly that Tanganyika is at a much lower level than the other two lakes, thereby precluding the possibility of its waters flowing into them.

How the young officer tramped on from Lake Tanganyika to the Atlantic, never flinching till he finished that great work in November last, we shall tell in our next article.

IZAAK WALTON.

On the 9th of August 1593, was born at Shallowford near Stafford, Izaak Walton, the author of that charming book, the *Compleat Angler*. Little is known of his history. He is first found keeping a small linen-draper's shop in the Royal Exchange, London. Thence, after various vicissitudes, he retired to his native place. Gifted with a poetic fancy, and being a keen lover of rural sports, the leisure he now enjoyed enabled him to impart to others a sense of the enjoyment he himself felt in his favourite pastime of angling. Accordingly, in 1653 appeared the *Compleat Angler*, or the *Contemplative Man's Recreation*, a book which, according to Hallam, 'has never since been rivalled in grace, humour, and invention.' The work on its first appearance at once secured the public heart, and still continues to be one of the most popular of the English classics. Though by no means the first writer upon piscatorial subjects, Walton happily intermingled his precepts on the art of angling with lofty yet cheerful morality, and a wealth of fancy which, as applied to the subject, has never been surpassed. Prior to him, Dame Juliana Berners, Gervase Markham, and notably Thomas Barker, Walton's own instructor in fishing, had written on the gentle art, and their books were always popular; but they have none of them retained public favour, as has 'old Izaak.' He and Cotton (who added a second part to the *Compleat Angler* in the fifth edition of the book) are looked up to at present,

as they have been for generations, by all anglers as their tutelary deities, the Gemini of the angling zodiac. Walton seems to have known as little of fly-fishing as he did of salmon-fishing; therefore, Cotton, who resided on the Dove, and had a long experience in all that relates to fly-fishing, the crown of the angler's art, supplied the deficiency. His portion is pitched in a much lower key, whether of moral purpose or imaginative power, but very fairly continues the plan on which his great master had worked.

The first edition of Walton appeared in 1653, since which time the *Compleat Angler* has been reprinted in every size and form, from that suited to the waistcoat pocket, up to Pickering's magnificent edition, illustrated by Stothard. It has, moreover, been furnished with notes, appendices, elucidations, and the like, by numberless anglers and book-makers, overlaid with abundance of details, which have often well-nigh smothered the text. Mr Westwood, writing in 1864, enumerates fifty-three editions of the book—one in rather more than every three years of its life, which speaks volumes for its popularity. At length, to satisfy the curious, there has been produced by Elliot Stock, a London publisher, a fac-simile reprint of the original work. This book, coated in old-fashioned binding, and containing the original engraved plates of fish, struck off by a novel application of photography, is a bibliophilist's delight in every particular. Even the curious red and blue sprinkling of the edges is conformed to that of Walton's original edition. With this book in his pocket, the angler can recline under the pollards at noon-day, while eating his frugal meal, and at once transport himself two hundred years back into the time of the Cavaliers and Puritans.

Few books have suffered so complete a change of form, and survived so many additions without losing their first fragrance, as has this. The *Compleat Angler* on its original entry into the world consisted of two hundred and forty-six pages, or thirteen chapters, clad in modest brown calf, and illustrated by half-a-dozen admirably engraved plates of fish. These were indeed said, but it is thought without any foundation for the assertion, to have been engraved on plates of silver. All these plates, and the due number of pages, even down to bad spellings and the like, are faithfully reproduced in this quaint little fac-simile, of 1876. It tells us, as the original charged its readers, that 'fishers must not rangle,' nor 'be nice to fowl their fingers;' and it reprints the curious music of the angler's song (treble being one way down the page, and base looking in the opposite direction, to enable two people to sing from the same book), which is by Mr Henry Lawes, a name that at once recalls *Comus* to the scholar. Lawes composed its music, and is himself celebrated in it as one

Who with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods.

Walton all but re-wrote the book in the second edition, adding a third (one hundred and ninety pages, according to Westwood's *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*) to it, and four new plates of fishes. Viator, the disciple of the first edition, now becomes Venator the hunter; and Auceps (the fowler) is a new creation, which enables Walton to introduce

some of the most exquisite passages of his book on the nightingale, skylark, and other birds. Thus, the book as known at present consists of twenty-one chapters; and the whole process of dove-tailing and tacking on of additions is a singular instance of a good book being used as the germ of a second edition, and not spoilt in the operation.

This fac-simile of the first edition of the *Compleat Angler*, therefore, is 'welcome, as is the spring to the earth,' to the angler, partly because of its own intrinsic interest; and partly from its curiosity, as being the subject of so complete a bibliographical transformation. We frankly confess that it is mainly for the former reason that we love the yellow pages with their ample margins and slender river of print flowing down them. It yields a keen pleasure to reflect how many simple, kindly anglers have blessed the good old man who gave them such pious, yet interesting dialogues, taught them thankful contentment, and instilled amidst the most charming country scenes the principles of so soothing an art. And the quaintly printed pages are still fragrant with these memories, and with many an injunction to virtue; they recall many a name famous in the annals of the nation, they bring back past generations which delighted in the pure and peaceable wisdom of the book, just as so many quiet reflective minds do at present. There is a peculiar charm, therefore, in reading in this fac-simile (if we are not lucky enough to possess the original) of the delights of the beggar's life in summer, which is only equalled by the angler's happiness; we shelter with Piscator under the sycamore tree 'while it rains May-lutter,' or listen while 'pretty Maudlin' sings the Hunting in *Cherry Chase*, or some other good ballad, and afterwards gives us 'a draught of the red cow's milk.' Or we resort to 'the good, honest alehouse' with the little party, refresh ourselves with a cup of ale, and play at shovel-board with them through the hot afternoon. The Thatched House too and Trout Hall are not left unvisited by fancy while we peruse this magical book, fraught with so many old-world associations, and in either of these nooks we 'can sing away all sad thoughts;' there will be 'lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.'

But the fascinating pages must be laid down, or we shall presently be compelled to take rod and pannier and seek the nearest stream. And here is, after all, the great secret of Walton's popularity. He calls men away from contracted views of human life, and philosophies smelling of the lamp, to the open air of heaven, and the simple pleasure that lies in homely English fields and rivers. And yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that the *Compleat Angler* is solely a book for fishermen. It could never have survived the deadness of the last century, had it been no more than an anglers' primer. The characteristic touches of literary art which stud its pages, and the many beauties of its style, will engage the attention of any reader who is fond of his native language; while the sentiments of unaffected piety which breathe through it, as the soft south wind would blow over Walton's favourite Shawford Brook, must always insure it a place near the contented man's heart. If our readers are ignorant of this little book, we are persuaded they will thank us for introducing it to their notice. 'In the mean time,' to conclude with

Walton's last words, 'the blessing of Saint Peter's Master be with mine, and the like be upon my honest scholar. And upon all that hate contentions, and love quietnesse, and vertue, and Angling.'

A PASTORAL SONG.

The following beautiful lyric was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, a Scottish gentleman, born of an ancient Ayrshire family, in 1704. In 1745 Hamilton joined the standard of Prince Charles, and became 'volunteer laureate' of the Jacobites.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow streams along,
Forsake your rural toils, and join
In my triumphant song.

She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy;
These suffering days are o'er;
Love satiates now his boundless wish
From Beauty's boundless store:

No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,
This rising calm destroy;
Now every prospect smiles around,
All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour,
Brightened each hill, and o'er each vale
New coloured every flower:

The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
No leaf was seen to move,
The hovering songsters round were mute,
And wonder hushed the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambskins' tender cry;
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In diaphanous silence by:

All Nature seemed in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently rolled the tuneful wave,
She spoke and blessed my ear.

Take, take whate'er of bliss or joy
You fondly fancy mine;
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,
Love renders wholly thine:

The woods struck up to the soft gale,
The leaves were seen to move,
The feathered choir resumed their voice,
And wonder filled the grove;

The hills and dales again resound
The lambskins' tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trilled
The song of triumph by;

Above, beneath, around, all on
Was verdure, beauty, song;
I snatched her to my trembling breast,
All Nature joyed along.

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COUNTRY RAMBLES.

EYES AND NO EYES.

To how many people is it said: 'You should take exercise. Be in the open air as much as possible.' And day after day the prescribed walk is taken, perhaps along a straight road devoid of interest; or across a heath or common where the only enjoyment is that of the fresh air which fans the cheek and raises the spirits of all alike, whether the pedestrian be he who asks 'whence it comes and whither it goeth,' or one of the many who concern themselves but little about Nature and her workings, and are content to go through the world blind to her attractions. Some interest in the external world as seen in the country, or even in towns and their suburbs, is essential, if we wish to get the full benefit of the exercise now recognised as an important part of every prescription for health. To walk through a country lane or even a suburban park in the early spring-time, with a mind incapable of being diverted from the ordinary cares of life by natural surroundings, is to lose health as well as pleasure; and it is with a view of pointing out some of the objects most worth attention and thought, that we would endeavour to add something like a charm to the prescription of the physician, and also to the ramblings of those who, unconscious of the search for health, are on the right road to preserve it.

It seems almost as if early life and early associations had more to do with the love of Nature than with any other sentiment of the mind. Children from their very infancy love flowers, and plants, and animals. We could tell tales of the childhood of men now professors of natural science in our universities, in which three pet slow-worms, a couple of large toads, and a kitten, formed a conspicuous feature. But if we commit our children in their daily walks utterly and entirely to the guidance and care of an ignorant nursemaid, who regards all wild-flowers as 'rub-bish,' and lizards and worms as 'poisonous beasts,' what can we expect? The late Professor Henslowe of Cambridge was not only Professor of Botany in

the university, but he had a country living at Hitcham, and a village school in which he took much interest. He had a botanical class for the elder girls in the school, and encouraged all who would learn, to gain an acquaintance with the plants of the district. He got them to gather and collect the flowers growing in the fields or by the wayside on the road to school, and gave prizes for such as secured the greatest variety of a certain genus of plants or made the best dried collection. By teaching them to observe correctly, he sharpened all their perceptive faculties; and the inspector of schools reported that this school was far above the average in the district in every respect—the only novel feature in its arrangements being the introduction of botany as a study. The practical utility of this was soon found out, for the neighbouring families were only too anxious to secure nursemaids from amongst these village botanists; and we know that many a long walk has been beguiled, and many a weary hour in the nursery improved, by the collection, arrangement, and drying of the flowers of a district, and a refined and cultivated taste excited in very early life, which would never have been roused but for the efforts of the good professor in his Suffolk village school.

It is true that the inhabitants of towns are greatly debarred from making very intimate acquaintance with the 'beauties that Flora displays,' but there are few who do not at times take to the open country; and the parks, gardens, and museums of our towns are now so numerous as to supply the best means of education and training for those who intend hereafter to make collections for themselves. An intelligent governess or mother in the daily walk with the little ones will find the names of nearly all the chief trees of our parks and public gardens plainly inscribed on their respective tablets; and these, when once learned, add greatly to the interest of a country walk, or even to the study of a picture or gallery of pictures. How few artists give to our common trees their true and distinguishing characteristics, and until lately how still fewer thought it worth while to represent

vegetation correctly. We have seen a picture with pears on the trees, and primroses blossoming on the bank below; a sight never beheld in nature. Much has been done by the Pre-Raphaelite school of artists to check these errors, and Nature is more fairly dealt with now in our picture-galleries than she used to be.

To those who are obliged to spend a great part of their lives in cities we would say: Use the means at your command to understand that which possibly may only please your country-cousin, who admires with wonder, but does not go any further. You have ready-made collections in the great metropolitan and local museums waiting for you to study. And we well know how great an assistance it is, during the patient study of any one particular subject in natural science, to walk into a museum, and there find endless illustrations of what we have tried to understand, whether it be the form of an animal, the colour of a flower, or the arrangement of the geological strata of any part of the British Isles.

It is an excellent thing to encourage children to collect what they see and can pick up in their walks, and to arrange and learn the nature of their treasures, at home. A little cabinet or simple chest of small drawers is an endless source of instructive pleasure, for here can be neatly deposited the flowers gathered in the country excursion—classified and named—in one drawer; in another, shells and stones preserved since the last sea-side visit; and perhaps also the very roadside flints, broken open by a hammer, shewing the nature of their formation, and in the centre the nucleus of a shell or petrified sponge around which the flint has been deposited. We know that such a simple collection as this has given the impetus necessary to make a naturalist; and that where pence and shillings would have been spent by the ordinary schoolboy in tarts and sweetmeats, and perhaps tobacco, the child whose tastes are thus directed, prefers to buy a rare sea-bird's egg for his collection, or to take a trip to a neighbouring quarry, hammer in hand, to see what treasures he can find for his museum. Well for him if he have an intelligent friend at hand to explain many things to be met with in his country rambles. If not, he must grope about for himself; and with a choice of the very many inexpensive manuals now to be obtained, he may soon find out the names and classes of his plants, and learn how to dry and arrange and name them so as to form an herbarium. Then, if he have a little collection of butterflies, moths, and other insects, he soon identifies them from drawings, description, or from the specimens in the town museum; and it is a work of interest to negotiate exchanges of different specimens with other collectors.

With what pleasure will a youth, thus prepared to enjoy what is to be found in the woods and fields, look forward to his country excursions, even if they be only for a day at a time! We will imagine it spring-time in one of the English counties—not such a spring as that we have been

enduring, but a bright genial old-fashioned spring, when the leaves on every tree seem to contrast with the dark lines of the stems which support them, and the delicate fresh untarnished green is so refreshing to the eye, that we gaze in peaceful admiration without asking what tree it may be that looks so lovely. The eye passes on; and the next mass of foliage that arrests it is so different in character, that we recall our early lessons, and recognise one as the waving ash, and the other as the stately horse-chestnut tree. Yes, there are the beautiful rosy-tipped spikes of snowy blossom! We reach up and gather a spray, and recollect that this is the tree which forms one of the most magnificent objects in an English landscape; whether we see it in the spring with its wonderful buds, the best examples that a botanist can find to illustrate that stage of vegetation; or later in the year by a few weeks, when it looks as if decked with lamps for some gala or jubilee, with its superb hyacinth-like pyramids of white blossoms flushed, like sea-shells, with pink and yellow. In the autumn, when the ground is bestrewn with its large, shining, mahogany-coloured seeds, do we not all recollect how, in bygone days, we filled our pockets and pinafores with these treasures, to be carried back to the school-room or nursery; and how annoying it was to find that they were not good to eat!

'Seeds, are these?' says the little one whose pinafore is full. 'Tell me about them. How do they grow? Are they like the seeds we plant in the garden? Will they grow into a great tree like this one?'

Well for the child if these questions can be simply answered; and if the nature of seed, its manner of growth and the whole process of germination, be illustrated, as it easily may be, by a saucer full of the commonest seeds covered with water—which may be changed occasionally, and left for ten days or so—till the little embryo begins to shew, and the internal economy of a seed is rendered evident even to a child's eye.

In our rambles we very soon find that the plants and even the animals vary according to position; whether we seek for them in the woods and hedges, the open fields, by the river-side, on rocks and walls, in waste places, in bogs and marshes, on bleak wild commons, by the side of the mountain, or on the sea-shore. Each has its locality; and it is interesting to observe how seldom they leave their homes to settle elsewhere. The nature of the soil often determines the habitation of a plant, and the student of botany can scarcely fail to learn something of geology also. When we see that a plant which flourishes on a chalk cliff, withers and dies when transplanted to the rich soil of an alluvial valley, we begin to ask, how these different strata were formed; how is it that in one field we see huge flints lying about, and lumps of chalk mixed with the soil, and in another, perhaps not many miles off, such a thing as a flint is not to be found in the red dry sand which covers the land? For instance, that pretty blue butterfly is found nowhere off the chalk. We know it as the *Chalk Hill Blue*. It is found chiefly in the south of England—never in Scotland, and settles on plants such as the vetch, the bird's-foot trefoil, &c., where in its chrysalis state it had fed.

But if we go in for butterfly-hunting, we could fill a volume with an account of adventures—of

hair-breadth escapes when 'sugaring for moths,' as the boys call it—that is, spreading sugar or treacle and water on the trees and hedges of a country lane, and then going out after dark with a lantern to capture the unwary insects, attracted by the sweet meal prepared for them. Well can we recollect being seized by a coast-guard, and roughly stopped with our shining lantern, when moth-hunting one dark night on the Suffolk coast. We never quite understood, in our fright, whether he said our light would mislead the ships at sea, or whether he took us for smugglers. We nearly fell over the cliff ourselves in our terror, and left the moths to enjoy their sweets undisturbed in that district for the future. There is skill even in butterfly-hunting, and great excitement prevails amongst collectors when rare species are secured uninjured, and carefully mounted and preserved. The Purple Emperor is perhaps the most magnificent of British butterflies. He is renowned for his extensive flight, and almost invariably fixes his throne on the summit of a lofty oak, from the utmost sprigs of which, on fine sunny days, he sets out on his aerial excursions. He is not imperial in anything but his attire, for his tastes as to food are of the most depraved description. Those who have been most successful in capturing Purple Emperors tell us that they have had to take up their station near any dead garbage in the neighbourhood; and one collector says that on a scorching day in July he had the satisfaction of securing three Purple Emperors, who descended from their thrones to breakfast on dead stots and weasels, which had been hung in some bushes as a terror to evil-doers. The head of a dead cat nailed to a door attracted as many; and it must be acknowledged that the poetic idea of butterflies sipping nectar from the flowers, and drinking in ambrosial honey, was sadly dispelled by the sight and smell of the dainties chosen by this imperial palate.

Our chat on a butterfly has drifted us into the summer, and we think that perhaps no suggestions of ours are necessary to render a fine bright summer's day in the country enjoyable, even to a blind man. The very sounds that meet the ear as we sit on a bank by the wayside are full of sweetness; and we think, even to those who cannot see, that it must add to the pleasure of the hour to recognise the songs of birds and the sounds of insects. But the eyes that can see and yet convey no pleasurable impressions to a brain, do not fulfil all their functions, and we recall the tale of our childhood, 'Eyes and no Eyes,' and feel thankful that, by reason of the patient teaching and example of a dear naturalist friend who has finished his work here, we can see, and that we now can help others to see likewise.

The early summer-time is a very enjoyable season for a country ramble; and to many a boy the ramble is not complete unless he discovers birds' nests. But birds' eggs—so much coveted by school-boys—should be very clearly taken, or where is our concert when the spring-time shall again come? And on this we would offer a piece of kindly admonition; if the object really be to make a collection of British eggs, we think the good mother-bird would give one of her eggs, if asked. We would plead that the nest be untouched, and but one egg taken from it. By this means no harm is done, and the mother-bird does not miss

the stolen treasure. Carefully blown, arranged on cotton-wool or in little card-boxes in a drawer of our cabinet, a tastefully selected collection of birds' eggs is very interesting and pretty.

So with butterflies and moths. We greatly deprecate the practice of capturing and wantonly destroying these beautiful creatures, simply for the sake of catching them. To complete a collection, or to study their structure, it is necessary to take them; but even then we hope that none of our readers will fail to observe gentleness and care in the operation, remembering that the struggles of a captured insect betray an organisation sensitively alive to pain. Irrespective of this condition, it has always appeared to us especially repugnant to see the delicate painted wings of a moth or butterfly heedlessly crushed and mutilated; and we would teach our children as much respect for this form of beauty—by many held so cheaply, because it is so abundant—as for the works of man's art, costly and difficult to obtain, but scarcely able to vie with Nature in her perfection. We know but too well how precious is this power of taking delight in what costs so little, to those who do not possess the means of attaining that which costs much. By cultivating these tastes, and giving the knowledge to our children on which to form these tastes, we are bestowing on them a gift which cannot be taken from them, and which in their maturer years will open out its full value, when perhaps many of the pleasures of young life are over, and they are left alone with Nature and the memories of the past.

But does the interest of the country walk cease when the summer is over, and the autumnal tints of autumn have disappeared? No; even the very return of winter brings its pleasures. The beautiful moss and lichens that are unobserved when verdure is luxuriant, now attract attention, and their study and collection add quite a charm to a winter excursion. The chrysalides of many moths and butterflies are found in the winter, and can be preserved and hatched the following spring. And the long evenings and wet days indoors may afford ample leisure for the arrangement of the treasures collected during the year. Each one of the subjects we have but mentioned is a study in itself, and has its special exponent and class of literature.

It has always seemed to us that botany is of all the sciences one of the easiest to study, and the best for those who cannot go far from home, or who have not large resources. True, if pursued, it leads on to other aspirations, and undoubtedly will suggest the use of the microscope, beginning with a pocket-lens, which may be purchased for half-a-crown. What instrument combines instruction and amusement more perfectly than this? But before we can use it with advantage, we must learn the full use of the unassisted eye, gaining all we can from its intelligent use, and we are then able to welcome the aid of the artificial eye of the microscope. What eyes would be to a blind man, the microscope is to the unassisted vision; and we think the eyes of those who have trained and educated their observing faculties, are almost as different from the eyes of those who have never tried to see what is to be seen in the world of Nature. The more we exercise any of our senses, the sharper they become. Cannot the sailor detect a sail on the horizon when it is

invisible to the landsman, or the Eskimo an Arctic fox as it runs over snow no whiter than itself, when an unpractised eye would see nothing! So it is with the naturalist who has worked and thought carefully over the objects which surround him in this beautiful world. His senses are keener and more alive to impressions from Nature than those of other men. At a glance he can tell you the habits of an animal by looking at its jaw or its feet, or the particulars in the earth's history, of any region or plot of ground, by looking at its rocks and stones. Much is being done now in the right direction, and science is daily becoming more appreciated, not only, we hope and believe, for the vast amount of human comfort and wealth opened out by the application of her treasures, but for the genuine, pure delight to be found in her pursuit, and for the elevating and refining influence which she exerts on all her true disciples and lovers, be they ever so humble or uninstructed.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—FAREWELLS.

THERE were other partings that would have wrung Dalton's heart, had it not been already wrung out to the very core.

Jeff, with his large black eyes filled with unaccustomed tears, had a word with him in private.

'God bless you, Mr Dalton,' faltered he; 'you have always been a good friend to me, and I am very, very sorry'—

'Never mind, my lad; all will come right with us, no doubt,' interrupted Dalton cheerfully. 'You must not give way like that, but help to keep up their spirits, now I have left them. My wife and the girls—and of course Tony—will be looking to you for that, you know.'

'Yes, yes; that is what I wished to say; for though, as I said, you have been always good to me, Mrs Dalton she I would lay down my life for Mrs Dalton!' cried the lad with energy; 'and Kitty—I love Kitty, sir.'

'And Jenny too, I hope, my lad,' said Dalton. He understood what the boy meant well enough, but his time was too short, his mind too full, to argue with him upon such a hopeless passion, which at Jeff's age, moreover, could hardly be held a serious thing.

'Yes, sir, and Jenny too; but not as I love Kitty,' continued the other with great earnestness; 'I should like you to know that, before you go.'

'Well, you shall talk to me about that, Jeff, when I come back again,' returned Dalton kindly. 'There is plenty of time before you as to that matter, and very little left for me just now. You'll keep an eye on little Tony, won't you?'

'With the help of God, I will keep my eye on all of them, and do my very best for them, Mr Dalton.'

There was a manliness about the handsome lad, as he drew himself up, as with the consciousness of the responsibility he had thus solemnly undertaken, that impressed itself upon Dalton for the first time. He had always regarded Jeff as a mere lad, and almost in the same category as Tony himself. Now he held out his hand for the other to shake, as a man holds it to his equal in age and standing. Jeff took it, and, to his infinite surprise, carried it

to his lips; then suddenly left the room—just as Holt entered it.

'I wanted to have three words with you alone, Dalton.'

'Very good, my good sir. I am quite at your service.'

Dalton had been unmanned for the instant at Jeff's unexpected manifestation of supreme regard; but at the sight of the newcomer he had become firm as a rock, and, truth to say, as hard. His dislike to Holt—though it would have been hard to say why, for the man's manner had been singularly free from offence of late, and indeed of signification of any kind—had grown within the last few days to positive hatred. He especially resented that he had been asked to stay on at Riverside, and was not about to leave it, apparently, even now.

'There is a certain subject, Dalton, which has been tacitly tabooed to both of us of late, but to which I wish to revert once again before you go.'

Dalton uttered a little sigh of relief. At the man's first words, he had grown pale and grim, apprehensive that this tabooed subject might be his daughter Kate; but as she had never been spoken of between them, it was plain that Holt could not be referring to her.

'Say what you like to me, my good sir,' said Dalton carelessly, 'since it is not likely you will have another chance for some time to come.'

'That is the very point I wish you to reconsider,' observed Holt gravely.

'What point?'

'As to your going to Brazil. I knew your mind was set upon it, and have therefore forbore to dissuade you from what I will stake my existence will be a profitless and disappointing errand. But really, after what I have seen during the last few days—or rather have felt without perceiving—for they all bear themselves like heroines of the distress and anguish your departure is causing to your family, I am compelled to make one more effort to move you from your purpose. If you had really any definite aim, if there was any positive good to be derived from such an expedition, I would be the last to deter you; indeed, as you remember, I advised your going abroad though it is true I did not then understand how deeply it would be taken to heart by those belonging to you. But now, when I see you actually starting upon this wild-goose chase, throwing the good money you have left after bad, and your wife and children'—

'Look here, Holt,' interrupted Dalton fiercely; 'my wife and children are *my* wife and children. I have little left to me, but they at least are mine. Be so good as to let me and mine alone.'

'You are very unjust and very harsh to me, Dalton,' answered the other, in quiet, almost pleading tones. 'Any man may surely be permitted to express sorrow not only for his friend, but for his friend's belongings.'

'No doubt; but you were seeking to make it the pretext of an argument. As to my going to St José, have you any new reasons to urge why I should not do so, except your own conviction of its futility?'

'Well, even that is stronger than yours is to the contrary; but I have, as it happens, new reasons: a thousand of them. I have had a telegram this very morning which authorises me to buy up your

shares in the *Lara* for a thousand pounds. I think the man is mad, but he means what he says; and I shall think you twice as mad as him, if you decline his offer. It frees you at once from all these distressing responsibilities—for that he specially undertakes to do—and puts a thousand pounds in your pocket to begin life anew with. With your talents and with my experience, what may we not gain with it! Or even if you forswear "the City," a thousand pounds is a sum to rest upon, and look about you!—

'One moment, Holt. Who offers to buy these shares?' Keen, darting suspicion was in the speaker's eye, and his tone had a harsh sharp ring as he put this inquiry.

'Let us see,' said Holt, coolly drawing out the yellow missive from his pocket: 'the people here were not on the look-out that always happens with your private wires—so it was sent over from the station. Brand telegraphs: *Mavor will take D's shares, and give one thousand pounds.*—You know Mavor: a very speculative fellow indeed.'

'Yes; but from what I remember of him, not a likely man to have a thousand pounds at his banker's, far less to be responsible for!—'

'Nay; so far, that is *my* affair,' broke in the other eagerly. 'I should not advise you to accept the offer, if I did not guarantee its being genuine. Mavor is as good as the Bank—that is my opinion; but at all events I will go bail for Mavor. Now, think of it, Dalton. Here is a reprieve, if not a pardon, come for you. Upon my life, it is scarcely less! Think of the joy that will overspread the faces of your wife and children, when they hear your intention of taking this mad journey has been abandoned. Think of this day of sorrow!—'

'No; I will not think of it,' broke in Dalton fiercely. 'This offer may be all on the square, or it may not!—'

'Dalton!'

'I was not speaking of you, Holt; or if I was, you must forgive me—I hardly know what I say. You may have made this proposal out of pure friendship and my own good; if so, I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. But I shall stick to the *Lara*. If it is worth Mavor's while to buy, it is worth *my* while to keep; so don't let us waste breath upon the matter.'

Nevertheless, Dalton's determination had cost him a terrible struggle. He knew far better than Holt could tell him the happiness that he would have conferred upon his dear ones by a change in his resolve to leave them, even without the gilding of those thousand pounds. The thought of the weary, lonely journey before him was hateful to him in every way. But that anonymous advice, which he had just now—almost unconsciously—repeated—'Stick to the *Lara*'—combined with this new and more favourable offer to purchase his interest in it, made his suspicions stronger than ever, that some underhand agency—he knew not what nor where—was at work in connection with the Brazil mine, which was only to be detected by personal investigation. These misgivings, however, were certainly of the vaguest kind, nor had he a shadow of reason for supposing Holt to be implicated in the matter. The man's behaviour under the circumstances had been really generous; and his own rejection of his help had been cold and thankless, if not absolutely offensive. Yet Holt shewed no sign of irritation; when he saw

all argument was vain, he only observed simply: 'A wilful man will have his way.'

'Perhaps he is really sorry for me,' thought Dalton remorsefully; and he shook hands with his quondam friend, and almost partner, with a heartiness of which he had not thought himself capable in respect to him.

'You have intrusted me with no good offices in your absence, Dalton; but I hope to be of use to you, nevertheless,' said the other gently. 'If he had offered, as usual, to be "useful to him and his," Dalton would perhaps have resented it, as he had done before; but as it was, he thanked him with some warmth. 'Still, you give me nothing to do for you,' urged Holt with unexpected persistence. 'If you should want money!—'

'I have made arrangements for that,' interrupted Dalton hastily. 'My old friend Campden has kindly offered to be my banker; and here he is.'

As he entered, Holt withdrew from the library, in which Dalton was holding a sort of farewell levee.

'I don't know what to make of that man, George,' observed he, as the book-door closed behind his previous visitor. 'Sometimes I think him little better than a scoundrel; sometimes I credit him with good intentions.'

'My wife has rather cottoned to the fellow of late,' replied Mr Campden, 'and owns she used to judge him harshly. Now, for her to confess she has been in the wrong, is rather!—'

'A portent,' answered Dalton, smiling. 'Well, it shews at all events there is something in the fellow. I really don't know whether it is good or bad. He was just now offering to lend me money; but I told him that, while I was away, you had kindly given me permission to draw on you.'

'Well, yes, my dear fellow,' hesitated Mr Campden, 'I believe I did! His honest face had become crimson; he hitched at his neckcloth, and pulled at his shirt-cuffs—'shooting his linen' is the technical phrase for that form of nervousness in evidently dire distress of mind. 'But the fact is, one doesn't much like being drawn upon.'

'What on earth do you mean, Campden?' answered the other, growing very white.

'Well, of course you are welcome to the money, my dear fellow—any amount of it that I *can* get at. Here's a couple of hundreds in fivers, which—Well, that's the only way I can do it, John: and that's the long and short of it.' And Mr Campden took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, which was bedewed with a cold perspiration.

'I see,' said Dalton coldly; 'your wife will not let you.'

'That's it, my good friend,' answered the other, with a gush of thankfulness that the worst had now been said. 'She doesn't like my being drawn upon: bills and so on always frighten her, because she doesn't understand them. And she has made me promise that, not even in your case, don't you see! It is very foolish of her, of course; but then they all are such fools—that is, all except your wife. She would trust a fellow to any extent.'

Dalton groaned, for had she not trusted *him*, and to her cost. His friend, however, mistook the cause of his dejection.

'I know it must seem deuced hard. The idea of my not giving you power to draw on me is simply ridiculous; and scurvy too—at least it

would have been if I had objected to it myself. I am quite ashamed to go back from my word in this way. But some wives make such a row—yours never does, bless her—that one is obliged to give way. But you understand you can have the money.'

'I quite understand, Campden; but I don't want the money, thank you.'

Dalton was both hurt and indignant. He knew it was very natural that his henpecked friend should have given in to his wife's importunity and virulence against him (Dalton); but he was irritated that Mrs Campden should know that he had accepted her husband's offer as to the bill-drawing, or that any such offer had been made. What right had any man to do a kindness and then go and boast of it—or excuse himself for it, it was all one—to his wife! At such a moment, it was perhaps natural in him to exaggerate the importance of his own affairs; to consider that, under the circumstances, no matter what was his friend's domestic thralldom, that little favour—or rather the promise of it, if any necessity should arise—might have been kept private between them.

'Now don't let us part like this, Dalton!' cried the other earnestly. 'It is only the form, and not the thing, that is changed; and you know I am not changed.'

'A man and his wife are one,' answered Dalton; 'very much one, it seems, in this case, since you think it necessary to tell her every trumpery thing!'

'My good fellow, to tell you the honest truth, I could not have got the money without it,' interrupted Campden desperately. 'You don't know—you can't understand: she is a very good woman in her way, is Julia, and I know you won't say anything against her,' answered he hurriedly; 'but sometimes she *will* take the bit between her teeth.'

'And then she runs away with all your money, does she?' said Dalton, unable to repress a smile. He was still angry, but only against this woman; for his friend he now felt only pity mingled largely with contempt. We rarely make allowance for other people's weaknesses, although we have such excellent excuses for our own.

'Well, I must confess she keeps me rather short,' said Campden ruefully.

'Come to Brazil with me!' cried Dalton. It was a sneer equal to a folio of disclaim, and the next moment he was sorry for it.

'No, old fellow, I can't do that,' returned his friend good-naturedly. 'We have all to put up with something, and I know many better men in far worse case than I—you yourself, for instance.'

'I seem to myself to be the worst-used man in the world,' answered Dalton frankly. 'Let that be my apology, if I have spoken harshly. Good-bye, old friend.'

'Good-bye, John.'

And although a something had been interposed that day between their friendship, which was never removed, they shook hands with genuine feeling.

Mrs Campden and Mary came in to bid their guest farewell together. The former averred to her husband that she 'could not trust herself' to wish that man good-bye, alone, 'without giving him a piece of her mind as to his past conduct (that is, in ruining his family), as well as some

warning as to the future; but as a matter of fact, she was afraid of Dalton. If she had known what her 'George' had been just confessing, she would have been much more afraid. However, Dalton's manner towards his hostess was studiously polite, and Mary's presence saved them from any possible embarrassment. He was a genuine favourite with the young lady, and she was very 'gushing' upon his departure, and about the care she meant to take of his dear girls when he was gone.

'We shall be quite near neighbours to them, remember, Mr Dalton,' remarked her mother, as though he were likely to forget the Nook's locality. She was very nervous, and said little beyond that, except her parting speech, which was commonplace enough, and yet, under the circumstances, not a little peculiar.

'Well, good-bye, Mr Dalton, and I hope you'll enjoy yourself.' As though, in place of a voyage to Brazil, he were going to 'spend a happy day' at Rosherville Gardens, as Dalton described it afterwards.

But the truth is that, difficult as it is to find fit words to say to a man we dislike, when we meet him, it is much more difficult to do the like when we part from him, and especially if the occasion is a sentimental one.

We need not describe the leave-taking between Dalton and his own belongings, indeed there was little said on either side; for their hearts were too full for speech. To Edith, as we have mentioned, he had already bidden good-bye; but now, finding, though the carriage was at the door, that he had still a few minutes to spare, a longing seized him to see her once again. He rushed up-stairs, and hastily entered the room; but she heard him not. She was kneeling down by the bedside with her back towards him, and her face shut within her hands.

'Protect him, and bring him back to my dear ones,' he heard her praying, in earnest, passionate tones. Deeply moved, he hesitated a moment, and then softly withdrew. He would not interrupt that rapt communion between his wife and her God. Why had she said 'to my dear ones,' and not 'to me?' he wondered; but presently set it down to her freedom from the thought of 'self,' which might not intrude even in her prayers. For once he did her more than justice; it was not unselfishness that had dictated Edith's words. She had had such warnings in the way of physical weakness, that she had given up all hopes of his return to her; she was not imploring Heaven for a miracle; but only that her children should not be left in a world that no longer smiled upon them, without one parent.

A NEW WORLD IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

WHEN Lieutenant Cameron had finished his exploration of Lake Tanganyika, he started from Ujiji in May 1874, and between that date and November 1875 made his wonderful tramp to the Atlantic, through regions in most parts of which the foot of white man had never trodden. He was fortunate enough to be well received by King Kasonga, whom he ascertained to be the most powerful native chief in that part of Africa. When the narrative of his travels appears, written by his own hand, it will perhaps be illustrated with

drawings from his own pencil; but meanwhile it is pleasant to know that some of his sketches have been sent to the *Illustrated London News*, and have been engraved in the pages of that periodical.

These sketches are valuable, inasmuch as they give an insight into the manners and customs of a nation now introduced to us for the first time. In one we see the dress levée of King Kasonga of Urua, when he formally received Lieutenant Cameron. Lesser chiefs prostrated themselves before the great man, each giving his dagger or short sword to be held by an attendant. The official executioner, with axe in hand, stood ready for immediate work. Kasonga wore a European dress-coat, purchased from traders on the west coast, and a shirt, but no trousers! A long straight feather was stuck in the top-knot of his twisted hair. Two Amazons of his body-guard, in very airy costume, and armed each with an axe, stood near him; like the king of Dahomey, he has a penchant for a guard of lady-soldiers. All, men and women alike, had droll little apologies for pig-tails at the back of the head. On another occasion, Cameron met a native wedding-party. The dusky bride was lifted as high as possible on the shoulders of a stalwart man, and upheld there by another; they jumped or danced about in a grotesque way, to the music of a kind of kettle-drum thumped with the fist, and a sort of double pipe (such as has been known in Africa and the East ever since the old classical days). The assembled friends shewed the bride to the bridegroom, and congratulated him on the occasion. The costumes well, there was not much to speak of. A third sketch presents to us a Urua medicine-man, peripatetic doctor, or conjuring priest, clad in grotesque pomp of attire, with his implements of mystification, and followed by his servitors.

King Kasonga appears to be a good sort of fellow, as African princes go; nevertheless, he does a little more in slave-catching and slave-trading than is creditable. All our travellers in these African regions, however, agree that the Arab and Portuguese dealers—the former hailing from the east coast and the latter from the west—intensify the evil by encouraging it; and Cameron speaks of a certain Portuguese half-caste named Coimbra as being the worst of the lot. The lieutenant met a slave-gang of fifty or sixty wretched women, bearing on their heads heavy loads of plunder they had been forced to bring from the despoiled and destroyed villages. These poor creatures were all that were left out of five or six hundred, the rest having been killed in the villages, or starved in the jungle. All were roped together, some carrying their miserable infants at their backs; while the whip of a slave-driver urged forward those who were nearly exhausted with fatigue. These unhappy women were sent, not to the coast, but to various parts of the interior, where they were exchanged for ivory, black for white. On another occasion, Cameron sketched a dance of warriors, at a place rejoicing in the name of Kiwakasongo: the wild antics of the blacks, incited by the beating of drums, and encouraged by the admiring plaudits of the ladies, were not a little amusing. A clay idol, seen by him at Bwarwé, was a most unlovely monster, shaded under a thatched roof, where the worshippers bent lowly before him. Cameron

came upon a native family changing their abode, or 'fitting;' the men and women bore on their heads bundles of household chattels, and a gourd as a cooking-pot; one of the men carried a child on his head in a flat tray, just as a baker would carry home a hot joint of meat from the bake-house; but for the most part the women carried the bantlings in a peculiar manner at the bottom of the back. One interesting scene that met his view was a lake-dwelling, very similar to those constructed by the natives in Borneo and New Guinea, and now believed to have been well known to ancient nations in an early stage of their civilisation. This dwelling, on Lake Moheya, was elevated on twenty poles, and consisted simply of a living-room covered with a thatched roof; the ascent was made by climbing up a notched pole at one end; a boat, moored beneath, gave the inmates the means of communication with the shore.

Amid such scenes as these, Cameron trudged on. If obstacles barred his direct course, he turned to the right or the left, as the case might be, but still kept his face as nearly as practicable towards the setting sun. His journey was greatly prolonged by these detours. The number of rivers he crossed is almost incredible; he fully ascertained, as our explorers generally have anticipated, that equatorial Africa, instead of being a sterile sandy desert, is one of the best watered regions in the world, possessing immense capabilities for the future. Of course he was robbed, time after time; African travellers mostly are. While going round Lake Tanganyika (after his Livingstone search had merged into an independent series of explorations), he had at first thirty loads of stores, each a burden for one man; but by the time he had circumnavigated the lake, he had only four left, having lost six-and-twenty. Most of his men were by this time unnecessary to him; he would have had to feed them, without needing them as porters. He sent back to Zanzibar all he could dispense with, and started on his great journey westward, relying on the power of purchase to bring him the necessary supplies. Some parts of his trudge were terrible, through long grass twelve feet high, and thicker in stem than a man's finger. He had great difficulty in procuring food. The natives at one spot, who had never before seen a white man, could not conceive of any peaceful object such a traveller could have in view; they suspected him of slave-hunting and village-plundering schemes, and tried to keep him off by violence. Firmness and conciliation worked upon them; they abandoned their apprehensions, and sold him food in exchange for beads, cowries, and such other substitutes for money as he could produce. Looking at the route on Mr Ravenstein's temporary map (prepared under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society from the traveller's excellent and numerous determinations of latitude and longitude), we see how Cameron was driven by circumstances to change his course repeatedly. First, north-west from Lake Tanganyika to Nyangwé; then (being interrupted by hostile manifestations) nearly due south to Kilemba, and south-west to Kisenga, crossing a multitude of rivers, and passing near lakes known by unpronounceable names. Obstacles too great for him to overcome prevented him, time after time, from reaching the coast at the point where the river Congo enters the Atlantic; then he tried to reach the coast at Loando, in the district of

Angola; again frustrated, he pushed farther south, and at length had the pleasure of seeing the wide-spreading waters of the Atlantic at Benguela—the first white man who, entering Africa from Zanzibar on the east, had traversed the whole breadth of the continent.

One who is well entitled to express an opinion on the matter, Sir Henry Rawlinson, President of the Royal Geographical Society, evidently looks forward to a great future for Central Africa—dependent on the gradual lessening of the atrocious slave-trade. On the evening devoted to the special reception of Lieutenant Cameron, Sir Henry remarked: 'With regard to the political results of his journey, he has discovered a new political distribution of power in the centre of Africa, of which we knew absolutely nothing before. We had not so much as ever heard the name of the great chief Kasonga, who appears to be the most important potentate in equatorial Africa. Ascertaining the power of this chief is a most important element in the future of this part of Africa; for whatever negotiations or measures may be adopted in future with regard to the suppression of the slave-trade, will have to be mainly carried into effect through the operation of this great chief.' So much for political or international relations; nor did the trading aspect of the subject escape Sir Henry Rawlinson's attention. 'I may also remind you that there are commercial results of these discoveries of Lieutenant Cameron. He has for the first time established the fact, that at this great mart Nyangwé, or in the vicinity, the trade-routes from the east and west coasts of Africa unite in a common centre: the Portuguese half-caste traders from the west coast meeting the Arab traders from the east. He has further informed us of the very valuable products which exist in those countries, of which much use may be made in the future. Not only are there cereals of all sorts, but metallic treasures, gums, copal, and other most valuable products. Amongst the results of his work is the information he has brought us with regard to the slave-trade. He has tracked that atrocious traffic to its fountain-head, to those tracts of country and those villages which have been harried and depopulated by the slave-dealer. In furnishing us with this information, and in shewing how legitimate traffic may be introduced and made to supplant the slave-trade, he has done a great service not merely to geography, but to philanthropy and to civilisation.'

Fuller details from the highly successful explorer further illustrate the importance of the newly discovered region in regard to natural wealth and capabilities. Lieutenant Cameron brought home with him a specimen of light bituminous coal; as well as pieces of hematite, specular iron, cinnabar, and malachite. Scraps of information reached him which tend to a belief that gold, copper, and silver exist there in considerable abundance. Besides the copal and other gums above adverted to, he mentions nutmegs, coffee, sesame (the oil-producing sesamum?) ground nuts, oil-palms, mpafu (an oil-producing tree), rice, cotton, india-rubber, sugar-cane, and most of the productions of Southern Europe. What a list of productions from a region the very name of which was not before known to us! A canal thirty miles long, across a flat country, would connect the two great river-systems of the Congo and

the Zambesi, which even now are temporarily connected in the rainy season. Navigation, at any rate for boats, might thus be established right across Central Africa, from the Indian Ocean on the east to the Atlantic Ocean on the west. Lieutenant Cameron throws out a conjecture that a well-managed expenditure of a couple of millions sterling, and two or three years of steady labour, would suffice to establish—at least in its early development—one of the greatest systems of inland navigation in the world. This presupposes all national and political obstacles to be overcome—a difficult proviso, of course.

Ivory, it appears, is so abundant in these parts as to be regarded by the traders with eager interest. We hear of thirty-five pounds of ivory being exchanged for seven or eight pounds of beads, or five or six pounds of cowry-shells. A tusk of magnificent dimensions was on one occasion obtained in barter for an old copper bracelet. Some of the valleys are crowded with oil-palm trees; and Cameron found himself one day under a dense grove of nutmeg-trees, the whole ground being covered with nutmegs. A copper-working company has already, it appears, been established at Lisbon, to smelt down ore obtained through the medium of the Portuguese settlement of Benguela: some of the ore being so rich in silver as to yield a harvest of both metals.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, on the occasion above mentioned, did not confine his remarks to the political and commercial importance of the regions thus newly discovered; he gave a high meed of praise, as was naturally to be expected from him, to the indefatigable explorer who had achieved such grand results. 'This gallant young officer travelled on foot a distance of *three thousand* miles, with very short intervals of rest on the tramp, for two years and eight months, exposed to all the vicissitudes of climate, through forests, marshes, and jungles, enduring hardships of all sorts; and yet his courage never gave way. Lieutenant Cameron kept his eyes well about him; and the observations which he made, both astronomical and in relation to the physical character of the country, are of extraordinary value. The registered observations he has brought home, and which are now being computed at the Greenwich Observatory, promise to be of the most important character. They are astonishingly numerous, elaborate, and accurate; and I have every expectation that the result of their computation will be that we shall find laid down a defined line from one ocean to the other, across twenty degrees of longitude, which will serve as a basis, a fixed mathematical basis, for all future geographical discoveries in equatorial Africa. The observations with which he has furnished us, and which are now being computed—for latitude, longitude, and elevation—number nearly *five thousand*. Naval officers and surveyors will understand the extraordinary minuteness and assiduity with which he did his work, when I state that, in order to determine the longitude of some particular positions, he took as many as a hundred and thirty or a hundred and forty lunar observations in one spot.'

We must, in order to render justice to such scientific achievements, bear in mind that the observations were made under all the trials, peril, and difficulties of African travel, when the

explorer could but little guess on any one day what would befall him in the next. Sir Henry made pleasant allusion to an old chronometer which is likely to have scientific celebrity attached to it. When Cameron met the natives bringing down poor Livingstone's body from Ujiji, he obtained some of the instruments they had brought with them. One of these was a chronometer of which Livingstone often spoke in his narratives with affection, calling it playfully his 'deaf chronometer.' It would only go for three hours and a half; but within that range it was perfectly reliable. This was the instrument which timed the great majority of Cameron's observations.

The world must await the publication of Lieutenant Cameron's own narrative for fuller details; meanwhile our few jottings will shew what sort of man he is. Besides other rewards, he rightly wears the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society—a much-prized, rarely achieved honour.

ON HELVELLYN.

'A LETTER from Gerald, mamma, with "Immediate" on the envelope. What can be the matter?'

The speaker was a tall graceful girl, with a wealth of light wavy hair falling over her shoulders, and a pair of large blue eyes lighting up a face that was charming alike both in feature and expression. She was leaning over the shoulders of her mother, a stout matronly lady, who was presiding at a well-furnished breakfast-table. Opposite sat this lady's husband, a tall, gray-headed, aristocratic-looking old gentleman. Between them was a dark-haired little maiden, with a rich olive complexion, a pair of witching black eyes, and a half-roguish look lurking at the corners of her mouth.

From the window of the pleasant room in which they were all breakfasting, lay stretched before them one of the fairest prospects the eye could wish to rest upon. In the immediate foreground was a gravelled terrace and a wide sweep of soft green lawn; while all around and sloping downwards ran a plantation of thickly growing trees, rich in the glories of their early summer foliage. Below, stretching far away to the right and left, lay a broad and winding sheet of water, studded with little islets, and ruffled by the morning breeze, looking blue as jasper as it rippled in the sunshine. Beyond, on the other shore, were sloping woods and verdant meadows, with here and there a house peeping up from amid the trees; while still further, making a background to the entire scene, and forming a fitting contrast to the quiet beauty of the mid-landscape, rose a chain of lofty peaks and heather-clad mountains.

The sheet of water was Windermere, the largest, and taking it all in all, the loveliest of the English lakes; and the house to which I first introduced my readers was Raven Castle, the seat of John Vernon, Esq., and one of the most delightful residences in all the country round.

Mrs Vernon perused her son's letter, then read it aloud. It was dated from London, and ran thus:

DEAR MOTHER—Harry Standish is at last able to take a few days' holiday, and is coming down with me to-morrow to pay his long promised

visit to Raven Castle. We shall arrive by the afternoon train, and come up the lake by the steamer. You can send James across with the boat as usual to pick us up at the pier.—Your affectionate son,
GERALD VERNON.

'What a boy he is!' she cried, when she had finished, 'to give me only this short notice. He could not know that Miss Lewis was already staying with us.'

'O dear,' cried the little lady at the table; 'I'm afraid I shall be sadly in the way.'

'Nonsense!' said Mr Vernon, looking over his spectacles; 'the young men, I'm sure, will be only too delighted.'

Dora Vernon had betrayed symptoms of blushing during the reading of the letter, and the quick eyes of her young friend had soon detected her.

'By-the-by, this Mr Standish, is he not the young man whom Gerald introduced us to in London?' asked Mr Vernon of his wife.

'The same. He is so gentlemanly and nice.—I am sure you will like him, Miss Lewis.'

At this stage Dora left the table, and strolled through the open window into the garden. Her friend soon joined her there.

'Oh, you wicked little thing!' she cried, seizing Dora round the waist. 'I verily believe you are in love with this Mr Standish—or whatever his name is—and have never told me a word about it. But I've found you out at last. When did it happen? How old is he? Is he good-looking? Come, tell me everything directly. I insist on knowing.'

'Fanny, how can you be so absurd! I have only seen "this Mr Standish," as you call him, two or three times in my life.'

'And what did he talk about those two or three times?'

'I'm sure I really can't remember. Ordinary topics, I suppose.'

'Nothing else?'

'Nothing else.'

'Well, puss, isn't it jolly of your brother bringing him down just now, while I'm here? Won't we have some fun?'

'Fanny, I'm quite shocked at you.'

'And I at you, for blushing so at breakfast. But never mind; we shall see—what we shall see.'

Here Miss Lewis's bantering was put an end to by Mr Vernon appearing on the scene and asking the young ladies to accompany him for a constitutional.

Punctual to time that afternoon, the two travellers were landed at the little jetty attached to the grounds of Raven Castle. They were both tall, strongly built young men. Gerald Vernon was fair, like his sister; Henry Standish, darker and—though both were good-looking—more finely featured than his friend. They were warmly welcomed by both host and hostess. Fanny Lewis, who had been a school-fellow of Dora's, was a stranger to both; but the glad welcome of the latter, and the tender glances from the soft blue eyes, proved to Henry Standish that he at all events had not been forgotten. He was enraptured with all he saw—the house, the grounds, and all the country round, which he had never visited before.

'Well, Dora,' said her brother that evening, when they were all sitting talking in the drawing-

room, 'have you made out any programme for our week's amusement?'

'O yes,' she answered. 'To-morrow we spend on the lake; Thursday we ascend Helvellyn.'

'Helvellyn!' cried all the others in a breath.

'How delightful!' sighed Fanny.

'Capital!—the best thing we could do,' said Gerald, 'if the weather continues favourable, which I think it will.'

The day following was spent as suggested, rowing about the lake and picnicking on one of the little islands.

And then came Thursday, bright and cloudless, and giving every prospect of a fine and charming day. The four young people were driven over in Mr Vernon's wagonette to the little inn at Wythburn, from which the ascent was to commence. On the way they passed through Ambleside, then at the height of its busy season and full of summer tourists; Rydal and Grasmere, with the little white church and silent graveyard, where the poet Wordsworth lies buried; and then up the long steep of Dunmail Raise, till they reached the Nag's Head at Wythburn, their destination. Gerald and Dora had climbed the mountain so often that a guide was unnecessary, and the two ladies would not hear of ponies. So they started off in gay spirits, fully equipped with stout shoes, baskets for botanical specimens, and strong Alpine-stocks. The ascent began almost at the inn-door, and continued upwards by the side of a little stream that came dancing down the mountain-side.

Laughing and talking, slipping and stumbling, they were soon half-way up the frowning mass, and a map-like view of lakes and valleys, hills and bounding streams, was beginning to unfold itself at their feet. At length a point was reached where a faint sheep-track suddenly left the path-way they were pursuing, and wound up the mountain in a contrary direction.

'Now!' cried Dora, stopping; 'which road shall we take? Gerald and I explored this track years ago, and found it an agreeable change from the regular path, though rather longer.'

'But,' said Gerald, 'we are not far now from Brownrigg's Well; and if we do not keep to the main path, we shall miss it; and that would be a dreadful disappointment, for Miss Lewis and I are almost dying of thirst.'

'Suppose,' suggested Harry, 'that we divide into two parties, and meet on the summit?'

'Yes,' cried Miss Lewis; 'and have a race who gets there first, of course giving those who take the longer road a fair start.'

'What do you say, Miss Vernon? Shall we separate?'

'Yes, certainly, if you all agree to it. You and I can take the sheep-track; and Gerald and Miss Lewis the path past the well, as they are so thirsty.'

'Very well; it is settled, then,' said Gerald. 'Good-bye.'

'Until we meet,' added Fanny, pointing upwards with a little tragic gesture, 'on the mountain's brow.'

They then separated, and soon each couple was hidden from view.

Of the whole four, perhaps Mr Standish was the most pleased at this arrangement; for truth to say, he was enamoured of the fair-haired damsel by his side, and this was the first opportunity he had

had since his arrival of being left with her alone. A short year before, when the Vernons were staying in London, Gerald—who was then reading for the Bar—had introduced him into their little circle; and each time that he had visited them, he had become more and more filled with admiration of Dora. He knew that it was wrong and foolish in him—a comparatively poor man, with his own way to make in the world—to fall in love with a rich man's daughter; but he could not resist the fascination of her sweet society, and at last had parted from her with the avowal of his love hanging mute upon his lips, though not daring to give it utterance.

And Dora—what had been her feelings all this time! Ah! had she not betrayed them all too plainly that happy morning two days before, when she had first heard that he was coming?

They continued their rugged journey up the bleak mountain side, Dora leading the way, and Harry stopping every now and then to secure some rare little fern that lay concealed among the crevices of the rock, or to glance below on the glorious prospect that now lay stretched beneath them. At length the path they had been pursuing brought them gradually round to the other side of the mountain, and there joined one of the main tracks to the summit—the one leading from Legberthwaite and Thirlmere, past the Glen-ridding lead mines. Having reached a charming nook under an overhanging rock, which commanded a new and magnificent view, they agreed to rest for a few minutes, and then mount upwards as quickly as possible.

To their right, lay Red Tarn, six hundred feet immediately beneath the summit of Helvellyn, fenced in on the one side by the rocky ridge of Striding Edge, and on the other close to where Dora and her companion were resting—by a similar barrier, called Swirrel Edge, having for its eastern termination the conical-shaped peak of Catbedeckan. Beyond lay the lovely lake of Ullswater, with Stybarrow Crag and Gowbarrow Park fringing its western shores; while the lofty mountain of Cross Fell in the extreme distance closed in the horizon, and stood out boldly against the sky. It was a kind of rocky terrace they were on, overhanging a precipice that ran sheer down for about thirty feet, till it abruptly terminated in a small mossy bank. This also, in its turn overhung another precipice of considerable depth, making one faint and dizzy even to look down.

The young man had all through their walk been striving manfully to keep himself from making the long unspoken avowal of his love; but now that they were alone—here in the cool shade, with such a panorama before them and the knowledge of their utter seclusion from the outer world—he could no longer remain silent.

'Miss Vernon,' he said, after a pause, during which Dora had been occupied in sorting her ferns and flowers; 'do you remember that night in London when I said good-bye to you for the last time?'

'O yes,' she answered quickly.

'Well, I little thought then that I should ever see you again. I felt assured then that my secret was safe—that I should never be compelled to divulge it—that I should never suffer the humiliation which I knew could but follow its revelation.'

'A secret!' she reiterated, looking at him wonderingly. 'I do not understand. What secret?'

'Can you ask it?' he answered, taking her hand. 'In one short week, Dora—may I call you Dora?—I had learned to love you more than my own life; but I dared not tell my love—I dared not think of it. For I was a poor man then, as I am now, and you—you were the daughter of a rich man.'

She was trembling violently, and her eyes were moistening.

'O Dora!' he cried passionately, 'those tears give me new hope—new life. You do not scorn me then for my presumption—you do not cast me from you! Tell me, dear one, tell me—can it be possible that you love me?'

She did not speak, she did not utter a word, but allowed herself to be drawn by his strong manly arm in a fond lingering embrace—listening to the loving words that fell from his lips—with looks that told him all he wished to know.

How long they remained upon that little terrace can never be told; but Harry Standish at last looked at his watch with a cry of amazement.

'Why,' he cried, 'Gerald and Miss Lewis will think us lost! They must have reached the summit long before this; and we have evidently come considerably out of our way. Had we not better ascend at once?'

'O yes,' said Dora. 'It will indeed take us all our time to reach them, and then be back at the inn before dusk. Let us go at once.'

They made ready for an immediate scramble up the steep hill-side; but before going, Harry eyed a small plant growing at the edge of the path, and was on his knees in a moment, busily uprooting it.

'The *Cerastium Alpinum*!' he cried delightedly, 'and the first I have seen.'

'Yes,' Dora answered; 'it grows, I believe, only on Helvellyn. But do, do be careful; you are dreadfully near the edge of the precipice. Do not lean over; you will— Ah!'

With a wild cry she rushed forward. Her companion, too eager to secure the plant, had overbalanced himself, and with a cry of terror, had fallen down the abyss. Dora stood on the brink, gazing downwards, her eyes dilated with horror, unable to move, to speak, to help!

But his fall was suddenly checked by the shelving rock, covered with moss, which alone broke the precipitous descent; and Dora saw him lying there, with his arm twisted beneath his back, and a wound on the forehead, caused by a sharp-pointed piece of rock he had struck against as he fell. She called out to him in her agony and grief, but there was no response. She then cried aloud for help, with all the strength she could summon to her aid; but the only answer that greeted her was a dull faint echo from the distant peak of Catchedern. What could she do to save him? She knew that if left alone there for long without help, he must perish; and rushing frantically from one end of the little terrace to the other, she strove vainly for a means of reaching him. Her nerves were strung, however, to the highest pitch. She seemed possessed of a strength she had never felt before. She would reach and save him, or die herself in the attempt! With her Alpine-stock for a support, she half-

scrambled, half-slid down the rocks, some little distance from where her lover had fallen, and where the descent was not quite so precipitous; tearing her dress and bruising her face and limbs, but with the strength, energy, and courage that her desperation had endowed her with, she reached the mossy bank in safety, and rushed panting to the wounded man.

'My darling—my darling!' she wailed, as tearing her kerchief into strips, she quickly bandaged the poor wounded head and stopped the flow of blood. Then, while he was still unconscious, she gently raised him, and moved the arm from its painful position, to his side. She then knew that it was broken, and moaned aloud in her agony and despair; for how was he to be got away—away from this horrible mountain, to the civilised world below, where he might have help and succour? A dreadful thought, which she could not suppress, suddenly flashed through her brain: Suppose they could not get away at all—suppose help should *never* come! She leaped from her kneeling posture by the wounded man, and hastily traversed the little bank on which they were stationed. It was but a few yards long and a few feet in width. It would be next to impossible to get back again by the way she had come, or by any means above; while below, all around them frowned the deep precipice, with the Red Tarn at the bottom, and the mass of broken rocks that formed the base of Swirrel Edge. Even if she could have regained the pathway to go for help, could she leave him while he remained in his then unconscious state? But she would not despair; she would not give way to useless grief and idle tears. She believed that God would help her in this her sore distress, and kneeling down at the foot of a rock, she poured forth a prayer full of earnestness and yearning faith.

If she had had but a little brandy, or even a draught of cold water to wet those poor parched lips with, and to bring him back to consciousness; but she had nothing, nothing! Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her, and bending quickly over her lover's outstretched body, she gently loosened his coat and felt in his breast-pocket. A memorandum-book, and—what was this her fingers seized so eagerly, while a cry of joy burst from her lips? It was a small flask fashioned so as to fit comfortably in the pocket without fear of breakage. Unscrewing the lid, she tested the contents. It was full of brandy; and hastily emptying some into the cup that was attached, she held it to his lips, and poured the reviving fluid down his dry parched throat. Long and patiently did she await the result.

At last he moved slightly, while a faint moan escaped his lips; then opening his eyes, he looked steadfastly up at Dora's pale wan face.

'Where am I?—what is the matter?' at length he moaned feebly, looking wildly round.

With a great sigh of relief and thankfulness, Dora tenderly held him to her breast, and told him all.

The sun was already sinking over the western hills, and the strange silence all around oppressed, but did not frighten her. She had nerved herself to endure the worst that might befall her, and was now prepared for anything—even death itself. At length the crescent moon rose behind a distant

ridge, and the stars one by one lit up the dark blue canopy above.

'On Helvellyn!' he repeated, hardly crediting his senses. Then, with a sharp cry of grief: 'And it is my fault—all my fault. You, my poor Dora, here, at night, on this cold, damp mountain. Oh, I can never forgive myself; it is horrible, horrible!'

'O Harry, do not think of me. Think only what would have happened if I could not have reached you. Let us rather thank God that I came in time.'

'My preserver!' he cried fondly; 'my truest, dearest love!'

He was very weak, and his arm pained him considerably; but he bore it very patiently, and sublimed with a grateful heart while the girl improvised a splint made from a portion of her Alpine-stock, hastily broken off for the occasion. Exhausted with speaking, he fell into a quiet sleep, with Dora's hand clasped lovingly in his, and her face watching tenderly beside him. She had known neither hunger nor fatigue, though she had tasted barely anything since morning.

Through the tedious hours of the night she kept her sacred vigil, until at length morning dawned upon the great world below, and the sun rose magnificently over the mountains. Dora was on the alert. She knew that her father and brother would not leave a stone unturned to discover what had befallen them, and she felt sure that they would first thoroughly explore the path they had taken the day before. She resolved, therefore, to be constantly on the watch, for she could see easily, from the edge of the bank, any one who happened to be crossing the terrace above. Harry was still lying weak and stiff. But assistance was happily at hand, and voices could be distinctly heard, proceeding from overhead; and suddenly figures were descried moving on towards the edge of the precipice. Yes!—Dora could now distinguish them. Gerald, her father, and some men carrying tools and ropes.

'Gerald! father!—help! We are here!' she cried with all her strength, dreading lest they should neither see nor hear her.

'Mr Standish is here, dreadfully hurt. He cannot move.'

Adjuring her to take courage, they immediately proceeded to devise plans for relief. A rude car was fashioned by the men out of some boards, and let down the side of the rock by means of ropes.

Dora did not need to be instructed what she had to do; but with the bravery and strength that had sustained her throughout the whole of that dreadful ordeal, assisted Harry on to the rude craft—where he could lie at length—and bound him safely to it with pieces of strong cord that were thrown down to her.

Up, up it went. How anxiously she watched the ascent. It was lowered again, empty. She gave a sigh of relief; and hastily binding herself to the car, was soon hoisted into mid-air, and a loud and prolonged shout of joy burst from every lip as she safely reached the top of the precipice.

'Saved—saved!' she cried, rushing into her father's outstretched arms, and weeping glad tears of joy and thankfulness upon his breast.

She then quickly told him all that had occurred, for it was necessary that the wounded man should be got away as soon as possible. Indeed, this was a difficult task, for he was too weak to walk; but

the rescuers were brave and resolute, and converting the car into a species of stretcher, they carried him as carefully as possible down the steep and rugged descent.

'We have passed a dreadful night,' said Gerald to his sister, as they descended; 'almost as bad as yours. Yesterday, after leaving you, Miss Lewis and I made our way steadily to the summit, and reached it early in the afternoon. We must have waited there two or three hours, but you never came; and at last we concluded you had tired yourselves, and had gone back to the inn. We went down again by the way we had come, only to find, on reaching Wylthburn, that you had not been seen or heard of. It was then nearly dusk; and when it became quite dark, we were obliged to return alone, for it was impossible at that time to seek you on the mountain. This morning my father and I started with a gang of helpers before daybreak, and commenced our search in the early dawn.'

Gerald having then to go forward to help the men with the stretcher, Dora was alone with her father; and in a few short minutes had told him all that had passed on the little terrace, before the accident; of the young man's true and sincere affection, and of her own new-born love.

Weeks afterwards, a young man, with his arm in a sling, was lying on a sofa that had been brought out for him into a warm sunlit garden, filled with the perfume of sweet-smelling flowers and the gentle air that came up from the lake below. A fair-haired girl was seated near him, holding in hers his outstretched hand.

'Dora,' he was saying tenderly, as he looked up into her sweet young face; 'I often think that, were it not for the pain and misery you had then to suffer, I ought to look back upon my accident as the brightest event of my existence. For did you not save my life, darling, at the fearful peril of your own; did you not seal our betrothal with a noble self-sacrifice; did you not prove more than aught else could have done—that your love, like mine, was dearer than life itself!'

AN INTELLIGIBLE ART-WRITER.

SENSIBLE folks open any book professedly written upon Art with much misgiving, and the more so the more they are accustomed to books on this alarming subject. There is something in it that seems to have a scattering effect upon the wits of even intelligent writers. A welcome, therefore, should be given to any work on art which is reasonable, without pretence; and such a book now lies before us in *The Fine Arts and their Uses*, by Mr Bellars (Smith, Elder, & Co.). He addresses himself, not to artists, but to the general public, whom he warns off the rocks and shoals on which their taste is apt to be shipwrecked. He speaks of the thousands of people who go into raptures over Verrio's painted fiddle at Chatsworth, 'who would be in no way affected by the sight of a real fiddle.' The admiration they feel is the same as that extorted by any ingenious toy, and Fine Art, he wishes them to understand, is not a toy. The artist also who wishes to be admired merely for his skill and

patience, is not an artist in any high sense. Mr Bellars is honest—and very unexceptionally honest—in at once confessing that in passing from verbal poetry to painting we necessarily lose a great deal. Painting is after all inarticulate; it may make itself understood indeed to some, but not to others; and its sphere is much more limited than art-worshippers would have us believe. 'It is certain that of the people who visit our picture-galleries, nine-tenths see nothing more in Turner or Francia than a more or less successful attempt to reproduce some external fact of nature or history.' And it might even be added, that some people see more where there is really no more to see; just as the commentators will sometimes root out a meaning in their author which would astonish nobody so much as himself.

Mr Bellars does not go to this extreme of frankness; but he is more than 'tolerably honest' for a gentleman whose vocation is to write of Art. He acknowledges, for example, that music, though it exercises so widespread an influence, has 'the power of awakening but two principal phases of emotion: that is to say, elation and depression in all their various forms.' He is careful to point out, indeed, that when 'wedded to immortal verse,' its power is of much wider range; but then the sentiment of the words is often taken for that of the music itself. He adds, rather naively, that 'it will be found that the allusions in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony are much more fully understood when there is some sort of syllabus in the programme for easy reference. Even these are not fair examples, for as they contain direct imitations of natural sounds, it would not be surprising if their motives were readily recognised.'

As for Dancing, we do not dance now; that is, there is no such thing in fashionable society, while the dancing on our stage is simply meretricious. But if you want to see what dancing, were natural grace of action, can effect, look at Mr Bellars' pretty picture of it: 'One of our old friends the organ-grinders—such a source of pleasure to the lower, and so much abused by the upper classes—has wearily dragged his organ into a quiet street on a bright summer evening. He is heavy-hearted, for he has received but few halfpence; the sun has been intensely hot, and he has been "moved on" all day, having been unfortunate enough to disturb three sick persons and a mathematician. But he must try and earn another penny or two, and he begins once more to grind out the old tunes, now so familiar that he scarcely hears them. A group of little children from a neighbouring alley gather round him, and gaze with wondering eyes upon his instrument and on himself. He smiles upon them sadly enough, for in his simple heart he loves young children dearly; and once in the old Italian days days now so infinitely far removed—had some of his own. But soon the tune is done, the barrel is shifted, and he begins another. It is an old Scotch reel, with a lilt and a quaint chime about it that would

make the very gas-lamps caper in their sockets if they knew how. And soon the children's eyes begin to sparkle, the dimples deepen in their dusky cheeks, and with one merry glance at their entertainer, they are dancing as only children can. Their round arms escaping from their dingy sleeves; their rich tangled hair falling over their shoulders, and their little lithe forms swaying with an infinite grace; their innocence, for they are innocent as yet even in a London alley, their health, and all the exquisite joy of young emotions, find their best expression so.' Mr Ruskin himself need scarcely be ashamed of the above description, which gives us art at its best, because derived direct from nature. At the same time, it is undeniable that dancing may be brought to a very high pitch of perfection by art. 'Jeremy Taylor,' says an old critic quoted by our author, 'pronounced an anathema against dancing, but had he ever seen Taglioni, he would have rented a stall.' Dancing without music, however, it must be confessed, is like veal without bacon, rather insipid.

Mr Bellars gives what seems to us a rather singular reason for why so much of the best music is sad. It is for the same reason, he says, that the best poetry is sad; though he should surely rather say the sweetest poetry. 'Our sweetest songs are those,' sings Shelley, in his ode to the Skylark, 'which tell of saddest thought;' whereas the epic is not sad, but only sublime. 'Nearly all men who think or feel deeply,' says our author, 'are so oppressed by the miseries and mysteries around them, that Joy comes to them but seldom, and before they can embrace her, she has fled. Probably bright and happy men would always write bright and happy music—but such men are hard to find.'

This may be in part correct, but we believe that it is the memory of the Past, and especially of the happiness of the Past, that makes the poet and the composer both so sad. 'The sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things;' and it is not because the world is so black with them, but because it has once been so bright, that men sing and play so sadly. They are sighing for the 'happy days' of auld lang syne. Of the absence of imagination among the old masters, our author speaks boldly, though he seems to admire what common-sense tells us is a defect. The early Pre-Raphaelite painters 'knew of course perfectly well that St Peter never wore a triple crown, and that St Stephen did not go about balancing stones on his head,' yet they chose so to paint them: 'out of earnest faith and feeling,' and all the rest of it, says Mr Bellars; but why not from sheer want of imagination? From what one knows of modern painters and their 'faith and feeling,' we confess this seems much more likely. Painters took up with religious subjects in those times, not because they themselves were religious, but because those subjects were the only popular ones.

Mr Bellars of course denies that art is a matter of taste. But after all, that is what it comes to. It is certainly not a matter of fact. Nothing can be more absurd, for example, than to admire the old masters because they are old masters; a stupidity which led some painters of late years even to

imitate their acknowledged shortcomings, such as stiffness, angularity, and want of perspective. Nor is it true that even the most accomplished connoisseur can always distinguish between an old master and an imitation. We have seen some notable mistakes of this sort made within the last few years by the highest authorities; where stolen pictures of the utmost value have been hawked about, and pool-pooled as palpable forgeries by those to whom they were offered for sale—because they were offered at a cheap price.

Though the pretence of picture-impostors has been exposed a hundred times, imposture still goes on. Every one knows the story of Michael Angelo's 'Sleeping' (upil, which he buried, that the art-critics of his day might find it, and recognise it for a priceless bequest of antiquity! Mignard painted a Magdalen so much after Guido's manner that it deceived that prince of art-critics, Le Brun, who not only paid two thousand crowns for it, but wanted to bet three hundred louis that it was Guido's. 'Well, the picture I painted,' said Mignard, 'was done over the portrait of a cardinal; and with a pencil dipped in oil he removed a lock of the Magdalen, and shewed a cardinal's hat. The famous 'Innocent Impostors' of Bernard Picart, a set of prints professedly from the designs of the old masters, deceived the whole art-world of his time, as a similar work would doubtless deceive them now, though without abating their arrogance. The unhappy fact being, that the intrinsic merit of a work is nothing in their opinion compared with an established name.

Mr Bellars, to do him justice, is above this weakness. He has given, for the thousandth time, a definition of Beauty, which is at least original: he says it is *the intrinsic perception of goodness*. 'If we have to think and argue with ourselves about it, it is not beautiful to us.' According to this theory, Le Brun was right enough in his judgment of Mignard's picture, and ought to have stuck to it, which we may be sure he didn't. Though not quite coinciding with some of our author's ideas, he is generally quite plain and straightforward, even upon such a subject as *chiaroscuro*,* about which perhaps more rubbish has been spoken and written than on any other. He points out that the effects of nature in this line can only be represented on canvas by elaborate artifice. 'No lamp-black—even apart from its surface reflection—is so dark as a cleft in a rock; no whiteness which the painter can produce, when seen in the ordinary suffused light of a room, equals the effect of a white object under the direct rays of the sun. Yet Claude and Turner have painted the sun, and the glow of nature under its influence, and the deficiency in force does not strike us.' This is effected by the ingenious use of contrast. The sea-bird which seems white against the cliff will seem dark against the bright sky. On the other hand, it is true that some great masters have scorned these devices, though they seem reasonable enough. Michael Angelo, for example, worked in fresco, 'exhibiting therein a breadth and generalised treatment, both of form and colour, such as to raise the mind at once above the idea of deceptive representation.' He even ventured upon an observation, not often quoted by artists, that 'oil-paint-

ing was an occupation fit only for women and children.' He would probably have entertained the same opinion as Mr Bellars does of Gustave Doré's 'Christ Leaving the Pretorium,' wherein the prominence and dignity of the central figure, obtained by making every leading line of the picture converge upon the same point, is here likened to the conjurer's trick of 'forcing a card.' Our author does not certainly hesitate to attack great public favourites. He accuses Landseer, for example, of passing the boundary-line which divides legitimate exaggeration from caricature. 'No dog *smiles* like the glossy-coated spaniel in the "Alexander and Diogenes";' and the supercilious *hauteur* of the hound-footman is still less doggish.

Much of Mr Bellars' book is, as we have shewn, both intelligent and entertaining; but perhaps the best part of it is his examples of *colour* from the poets, drawn from the works of Shelley, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. He shews us how superior are the lines of these genuine poets to those of mere 'word-painters,' and how not only the scene is expressed by them, but the sentiment. Thus, in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—and in the same poem, by-the-bye, in which occurs perhaps the finest description of the dawn of day in our language—he points out an admirable representation of twilight:

The doubtful dusk revealed
The knolls once more, where, couched at ease,
The white kine glimmered, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field;

the last line of which 'exactly conveys the weird effect of spreading trees in an imperfect light.'

Again, in the same chapter (upon 'Verbal Poetry'), he calls some very interesting specimens of what he calls 'thought-rhymes' from the Bible, and arranges them in their rhythmical form. In the 135th Psalm, verses from 15 to 18 are thus presented to us:

'The idols of the heathen are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands.
They have mouths, but they speak not;
Eyes have they, but they see not;
They have ears, but they hear not;
Neither is there any breath in their mouths.
They that make them are like unto them:
So is every one that trusteth in them.'

The whole book, indeed, is evidently the product of a sincere and earnest mind, well stored, and capable of unusual appreciation. He has a rare reverence for what is sublime, and we may add divine; and yet does not scorn mere niceties. His account of the 'Asonante' verses—used by the Spaniards, and copied from them by Mrs Browning—is, for instance, well worth reading. In these verses 'the *same* sound does not necessarily recur, but one comes in its place sufficiently like it to suggest a correspondence between the two; thus, in the *Dead Pan* of our great poetess,

Neptune lies beside the *trident*,
Dull and senseless as a *stone*,
And old Pluto, dead and *silent*,
Is cast out into the sun;
Ceres smileth stern *thereat*,
"We all now are *desolate*—
Now Pan is dead!"*

* This alarming word might be simply translated, 'the absence of light and shade,' but that would make it too commonplace.

* We have italicised all the terminating words, as our author has done so, but as a matter of fact, only *trident* and *silent* are 'Asonante' rhymes; all the rest are what is termed 'allowable.'

A much more remarkable instance of this kind of rhyme is to be found in Shelley (where, however, it was probably not designed), in the lines :

I can give not what men call love ;
But wilt thou *accept not*
The homage the Heart lifts above,
And the Heavens *reject not* ?

For which contempt of poetic rules and regulations, as Macaulay would have said, 'any school-boy' would have been whipped.

Of the use (and abuse) of stained glass, Mr Bellars has some excellent advice to offer. Any effort at landscape in this art, he shews to be out of place, the colour not being painted on the glass (as some suppose), but given to it in the course of manufacture. 'There is no merit whatever,' he says, 'in the attempt to do anything which is out of harmony with the materials and methods at the disposal of the artist. . . . The Munich stained glass, for example, is admired by most people for the very quality which it ought not to possess, that, namely, of attempted realism.'

On the other hand, our author combats Mr Ruskin's views on the absurdity of form and elegance in a railway-station, and justly asks why that description of building need be ugly, in which people pass on the whole more spare time, in which they have nothing else to do than to admire, than in any other.

On the whole, we can cordially recommend this volume ; for, while true to his colours, and magnifying his office—or rather his subject—Mr Bellars does not, as some art-writers do, overwhelm us with big words and high-sounding eulogy. Art has very elevating effects, and much more distinct uses than is generally understood ; but it is also the very stronghold of affectation : chiefly for this reason, that patrons—flattered by their parasites—imagine that they are shewing good taste, and even considerable intelligence, when, in fact, their admiration of art is upon no higher intellectual level than their pretended craze for old china.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A FEW weeks ago, in the article, 'What to do with Money,' we offered a word of warning against making investments in fraudulently got-up concerns, and in particular advised every one to 'shun railways, mines, and other undertakings in the United States.' Since then, some remarkable statistics regarding defaulting railways in the States have been given in a New York newspaper. From these we learn, that from 1873 to the 1st January 1876, the bonds of defaulting railway companies amounted to seven hundred and eighty-three million, nine hundred and sixty-seven thousand, six hundred and sixty-five dollars ; or about a hundred and fifty-six millions sterling. Altogether, there seem to be seventy-four defaulting companies—that is to say, companies which cannot pay their borrowed money, independently of their embarrassments otherwise. Nearly a third of the money was borrowed from English investors. In the face of this fact, it seems little short of madness for people in this country to invest a shilling in American railway undertakings. All

American railways are, of course, not financially deceptive ; but who at the distance of three thousand miles, and without any power of discrimination amidst no end of lying reports, can get at the truth on the subject !

The constant occurrence of deaths from the foolish practice of pointing guns at persons, under the impression that the weapons are unloaded, calls for some severe punishment. A correspondent of *The Times* makes a sensible suggestion on the subject. 'It is, of course,' he says, 'an assault merely to point a gun or pistol at any one, but whenever it happens to result fatally, the accused person usually gets off scot-free ; he is usually very sorry, and every one feels that he is really a sufferer by the transaction. So he may be, and I would suggest that he be made really a sufferer. I would suggest that it should be made an offence punishable by imprisonment for three or six months with hard labour to point a gun or pistol at any one. It should be no excuse that the gun was not loaded or was thought to be unloaded. I think this would stop the abominable practice.'

A certain sea-side town has been considerably pulled into notoriety as a suitable resort for persons seeking health, on account of the quantity of ozone in the atmosphere. We will not dispute the fact, but it may be doubted whether one sea-side town more than another naturally possesses any specially large amount of ozone. What, however, is ozone ? That is a question more easily asked than answered. It appears to be a highly concentrated condition of the oxygen which forms the peculiarly vital part of the atmosphere, and is produced through electrical agency. The mechanical action of pure air over vegetation is productive of ozone, but still more manifestly is this subtle quality produced by the dashing of waves and spray against the air. These lashings of air and sea mixed are, electrically speaking, in the nature of one substance rubbing on another. They evoke ozone, which being inhaled in breathing, gives a stimulus to the constitution. Hence, the benefit to health from a sea-voyage, or a residence at a pleasant sea-side resort. We learn from a paper read by Mr Binney at a recent meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, that the atmosphere of towns may be sensibly ozonised, and of course improved in quality by the action of public fountains. He says : 'A water fountain may be regarded as a hydro-electric machine, the friction of the water issuing through the jets developing electric action, materially assisted by the conversion of the spray into aqueous vapour. I would suggest that this fact should be prominently brought before municipal bodies, to induce them to erect fountains in all available places in large cities, as sanitary agents. They might prove highly beneficial in crowded localities.' It need only be added, that the delicate and wholesome freshness of the air after a rattling thunder-shower in summer is very much due to the development of ozone. The subject of ozone, in its various phases, is at present engaging the attention of scientific inquirers, and we may soon hear more about it.

An attempt to explain the cause of the extraordinary corruptions prevailing among public

administrators in the United States, and now attracting public attention in Europe, is made by two of the leading London journals. The *Pall Mall* imputes much of the evil to 'the smallness of official salaries,' along with the vulgar taste for living extravagantly. Not being paid properly for his public services, and having no hereditary wealth to fall back upon, the official makes up for deficiencies by peculation or taking bribes to promote jobs and monopolies. We do not doubt that there is much truth in this conjecture; but it is not the whole truth. Official life in the States has become a trade in the hands of the least respectable of the population. Men of any mark shun it with disgust, not only, perhaps, from a matter of sentiment, but from the superior attractions of ordinary enterprise. The *Saturday Review* presents an analysis of the origin and education of the seventy-four senators and two hundred and seventy-two representatives in Congress; from which it is seen that a large proportion began life humbly, and enjoyed only the elements of school education. A number of them, for example, began life as farm-labourers, and worked their way on by skill and perseverance. While the facts disclosed make it obvious that, in the United States, the humblest citizens may aspire to the highest offices, it is not less certain that this facility for advancement acts detrimentally in deterring the well educated and the affluent from entering on public life. The acute observer from whom we quote, says very plainly: 'Political life has become so degraded that men of culture will have nothing to do with it. The way is thus left open for needy and half-educated adventurers who have fluency enough to repeat with effect upon the stump the commonplaces of popular oratory. They engage in log-rolling and wire-pulling and all the other practices by which Transatlantic politicians promote their own interests. Step by step they rise, and at last reach Congress. They have got on by courting the mob, by making themselves useful to men of influence, and availing themselves in turn of the services of aspiring followers. They have no knowledge or culture to grasp the principles of a broad national policy, or to perceive the defects of institutions worn-eaten by corruption. Naturally, therefore, they turn from this strange and uncongenial task of considering laws the merits and defects of which they are alike incapable of appreciating, to the practice of the arts on which they have prospered. Under their influence rings are formed and lobbying flourishes. They sell their support to the executive government for a share of its patronage. And they sell their votes to Credit Mobiliers and Railway Companies for hard cash. Their influence reacts upon the constituencies, and deepens their corruption. It extends to the Administration, lowers its moral tone, compels it to bargain for support, and surrounds it with tools fit for its purposes. And thus is brought about the state of things in which Cabinet Ministers barter away the offices in their gift, and the members of the President's family trade in government posts.' In these remarks generally there is uttered something of a note of warning. Alas! in this country, many men of upright character and of sensitive minds decline to take part in public affairs, from an unwillingness to propitiate mobs of illiterate voters by pandering to their

prejudices. In short, they prefer private life with its agreeable solacements to a public career secured by a dishonest avowal of principles. Where this is to end, we know not, but the subject is worthy of consideration before it is too late. W. C.

THE HERMIT.

The following verses were written in the last century by James Beattie, son of a small farmer at Laurencekirk, in Kincardineshire. Being appointed schoolmaster of the picturesquely situated parish of Fordoun, Beattie, who had shewn poetical talent while a boy, had now ample opportunity for developing it, the result of which was that he composed many pieces—such as the *Minstrel*—of very high merit.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
No more with himself or with Nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

'Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom intrude:
But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay;
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

'Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays:
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze,
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts went to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
"O pity, great Father of Light," then I cried,
"Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!"

'And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

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A MERCHANT PRINCE.

WHEN visiting New York in 1853, we were shewn an enormously large and splendid store of haberdashery in Broadway, known as Stewart's dry-goods store, and said to be the largest establishment of the kind in America, if not in the whole world. Stewart, we were told, was by birth an Irishman, but of Scotch extraction, and had risen to eminence in his profession, and attained enormous wealth by skill, perseverance, assiduous industry, and tact, along with his unswerving integrity. The career of this remarkable man was a study, and it has become more so since his recent decease. Rich as he was twenty-three years ago, he was far richer at his death, while his business establishments had spread and successfully taken root in all directions. Merely as a money-maker on a large scale, he would merit notice only as a kind of curiosity. His life, however, as has been pointed out by the press, was something more than that of a person eager in the accumulation of dollars. In short, Stewart's career bears a moral; and on this ground, after everybody else has had his say, we bring it under the special attention of the young.

Alexander Turney Stewart was born in the neighbourhood of Belfast, in 1803. His parents were in pretty good circumstances, but they died while he was still young, and as an orphan he fell to the charge of his paternal grandfather, who gave him a good education. He sent him to Trinity College, Dublin, with a view to being trained for the Established Church; but this plan of becoming a clergyman was deranged by the death of the grandfather. Stewart now fell under the guardianship of a respectable Quaker, by whose hints and good advices he was grounded in principles of honesty and truthfulness. Animated by an adventurous spirit, he at eighteen years of age went off to push his fortune in the United States. Scholarly in his tastes, and with no knowledge of business, he obtained a situation 'as teacher in a school, and in this capacity spent two or three years. He had private pupils, some of whom

are now living, to whom he taught writing and arithmetic, and he helped the present Secretary of State at Washington to acquire the rudiments of Latin and Greek. To advice that he should go into trade, young Stewart for some time turned a deaf ear; but being called back to Ireland to receive a legacy of a thousand pounds, he yielded to the suggestion of a friend, and invested a large part of the money in laces and "insertions," which he bought in Belfast, putting the remainder into a small miscellaneous stock of dry goods. He brought the stock to New York, and in a tiny shop—some twelve feet frontage and twenty-five feet in depth—he made his start as a business man. He was his own salesman, book-keeper, and porter. He was so little acquainted with his trade that when asked for hose he did not know that stockings were meant, and from more stylish customers he gathered the names of articles which he saw upon them and desired to add to his stock. He prospered, however, and moved into a larger shop in the same vicinity, near the City Hall Park. He bought job-lots at auction; married, and lived in a single room over his shop; and when the day's business was over, he and his wife worked through half the night, sorting the stock and presenting it to the best advantage. Again he prospered and again he moved, this time into premises capacious enough for a growing trade. Here he accumulated what, at the time, was deemed a competency. The panic of 1837, which swept away numbers of his neighbours, left him unharmed. In 1848, he built the large marble store on Broadway and Chambers Street, and combined the wholesale with the retail trade. A few years later, the exigencies of a business, to the expansion of which there seemed no limit, compelled him to separate the branches, and for the retail department he built the immense structure on Broadway, from Ninth to Tenth Street, and extending to the Fourth Avenue. This retail concern is said to cover an area of two and a quarter acres, is eight stories in height, and it cost nearly three millions of dollars. In the two establishments about two thousand persons

are employed, the annual current expenses are set down at a million, and the value of goods sold has in recent years averaged fifty millions of dollars, or about ten millions of pounds sterling.

These stores, vast as they are, represent but a small part of Mr Stewart's business. He owned silk, cotton, and woollen manufactories, with agencies in various parts of the States, Canada, and England. He had correspondents all over Europe. His purchases of silks, printed calicoes, lace, gloves, and woollen goods, were on a stupendous scale. Of course he employed a vast number of trustworthy assistants. In his pay-roll were included seven thousand persons. But like all who are set on doing well, he personally saw that every one was at his post and doing his duty. He allowed no nonsense, no perfunctoriness in the performance of obligations. From himself, he exacted the most scrupulous attention, even as regards what some would deem trifles. In matters of business, trifles are unknown. The Duke of Wellington, while carrying on his grand Peninsular campaigns, had an eye to the smallest concerns. He knew to a nicety the proper shape of a soldier's shoe, and how many hob-nails should be on the sole. That was eminently consistent with common-sense, for any shortcoming in the article of shoes might have ruined everything. In his multifarious business, Stewart was a kind of generalissimo, with the eye of a detective. 'He began the day in his retail store immediately after breakfast, and traversed every one of its capacious floors, his eye taking in the smallest details, and his pursuit of economy extending to the paper and twine used in the making up of parcels. He would rebuke a salesman for wasting a yard of string, and laid down a code of laws vexatious in its fines and rigid in its administration. The employés, male and female, on leaving the premises, passed before the skilled eye of an inquisitor. From the retail store he soon went to his wholesale place of business, where he remained until six in the evening. This was the routine of his life.' He does not seem to have taken much of amusement, even when his wealth was reckoned by millions. There, he undoubtedly was wrong. Recreation of some sort is necessary, if only to give rest to the brain; and we can imagine that, by taking things more easily, he might have lengthened his days. With him, attention to business was a fanaticism. He is spoken of as being a hard taskmaster to the clerks and workpeople about him. The chiefs he paid liberally; to the rank-and-file he gave the lowest market price for the service they rendered. He neither sought nor got their love. And yet he was a just man according to the strict letter of the law. What he engaged to pay, he paid; what he was entitled to receive, he exacted to the last farthing. The anecdotes told of this stern severity are anything but pleasing. Yet Stewart could do generous things when suggested by his caprices or charitable feelings. In doing them he took his own way. He freighted a ship with food which he sent to Ireland during the famine, bringing back a load of young men and women for whom he had provided employment. He bestowed a gift of ten thousand dollars to the starving operatives of Lancashire in 1862. He sent a hundred thousand dollars to the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War. He gave a hundred thousand dollars to Chicago for the relief of

certain classes of sufferers from the great fire. These are bright spots in the career of one of whom the multitude are now inclined to speak somewhat harshly.

Looking to Stewart's vast success as a tradesman, there must have been something in his method of doing business beyond what we ordinarily encounter. As far as we can learn, he was immensely indebted to a rigid adherence to the simple rules of honesty. He abhorred all trickery, finesse, and double-dealing. In his small beginnings he had a choice of two courses. One was to follow the ordinary routine of lying and pretence; the other, not to swerve in the slightest degree from downright truth, although at the risk of losing by his candour. For example, when shopkeepers generally did not mind representing an article left over from a former season as being quite the fashion for the coming autumn, or when they tried to get rid of a poor piece of goods at the price of one of superior quality, Stewart struck out a new and original plan of dealing. This novelty consisted in treating his customers with scrupulous justice and honesty. Any assistant was punished with dismissal who was found praising an article of doubtful value, or palming it off for what it really was not. A reputation for trustworthiness in his salesmen by and by spread over not only New York but distant parts of the country. The farmers soon came to know that when they made their periodical visits to the city they could buy all the finery which their wives and daughters wanted, without the slightest fear of having their innocence imposed upon. The Irish servant-girl, when she received the wages that seemed so large to her unaccustomed eyes, was satisfied that when she entered Stewart's stores she would get the value of her money as well as if she were a lady who had stepped over from Fifth Avenue.

Thorough honesty was thus the predominating cause of Stewart's success, but there were other material accessories. He sold only for ready-money, and he sold everything at the cheapest rate at which it could be afforded. In going to his store you were sure to get the best article for your money. Losing nothing by bad debts, he incurred no losses by taking credit. Paying for all his purchases in cash, he got them at the lowest price, while he was saved all the trouble and misexpenditure of time that would have ensued by giving bills. These are points on which beginners in business do not sufficiently cogitate. Often, they rush into transactions on credit, trusting somehow to get out of the difficulty, and are ever kept in a miserable state of expectation. Half their time is spent in contriving how to raise the wind. Obviously, all this is bad. Abilities are frittered away in paltry contrivances which never should have existed. There is no reason why this ought to be. If people, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie says, would only not put out their hand further than they can draw it in, they would save themselves no little perplexity. The error is, starting without the means on too grand a scale, living beyond the means, and so forth. Then follow bills upon bills; the plain English of which is carrying on business on borrowed money. The result is too frequently a proneness to living beyond available means; and although banks for their own sakes are wonderfully accommodating, the catastrophe usually comes at last.

Let us, within reasonable bounds, do honour to Stewart in his wisely considerate principles. He hated credit, he hated lies. He was not very genial, not fashionably absurd, but acting on prudential considerations, he let things take their chance. . . What more, in a business point of view, can any one be expected to do? Stewart was not in all respects a non-such. But as things go, who is perfect? In his tactics from first to last, we are greatly reminded of that eminently successful London merchant, whom, under the designation of 'Old Bob,' we made an effort to describe in these pages in the early part of the present year. And it is a pleasant thing to know that two men so alike as regards their assiduous industry, their foresight, and business qualities, should have been contemporaneous on opposite sides of the Atlantic. Both were a type of the extreme business fanatic, with a dash of culture in social and refining pursuits. In his devotion to business and to money-making, Stewart, it is stated, 'never lost the flavour of his earlier associations. He loved pictures—at least he loved the collecting of pictures. He went into the business of collection in the methodical way which belonged to all his pursuits. His agents scoured Europe every season in search of expensive works of art. He had built in Fifth Avenue a palace of white marble as his private residence, with a fine gallery for his pictures. There he entertained all manner of strangers, including many a travelling Prince and Grand-duke from Europe. It is said in New York that the white marble house was to be made a bequest to the city, with its gallery of paintings, for Mr Stewart had no child to inherit his enormous wealth.'

It is saddening to think that in human life a time arrives when success in the most agreeable and honourable pursuits comes to an end, and that there is nothing left but the cold and silent repose of a coffin six feet under the surface of the earth. Happy is the man who so lives as to have hopes beyond the grave, and who, in bidding the world adieu, leaves it some worthy memorials of his earthly pilgrimage, if only to shew that he has not altogether lived in vain :

Earth goeth on the earth glistening in gold ;
Earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold ;
Earth builds on the earth castles and towers ;
Earth says to the earth, all shall be ours.

Alexander Turney Stewart, after a career of commercial success so extraordinary as to be scarcely paralleled, lay down, sickened, and died, early in the present year. All his gigantic undertakings were abruptly left without a head. He cannot be blamed for dying ; but those who admired his diligence and integrity, would like to have to point to any great work consistent with his opportunities which he effected in his day and generation. Apart from the generousities to which we have alluded, and possibly some other charitable acts which did not sensibly trench on his massive fortune, there is absolutely nothing to record of his beneficence. He threw away opportunities of doing good such as few men possess, and so far deprived himself of honours and pleasures which amply lay within his reach. Nor had he the heart or the fortitude to be posthumously a benefactor. Prompt in his decision in everything else, he could not decide what he should do with his money. In this there was a

curious phase in human nature. Some men are unable to make up their mind how to destine their property after they shall have hidden it farewell for ever, and feebly, they leave all to take its chance. The only excuse that can be offered for Stewart's indecision is often the difficulty of knowing to a certainty what in the way either of donation or bequest will prove really serviceable.

According to popular report, Stewart left at his death property to the value of four millions of pounds sterling—though some make it as much as ten millions. At anyrate, and as a result of indecision, the sum-total, with exception of some legacies, was bequeathed to his wife, who was to be assisted in the administration by Judge Hilton. What is to be the upshot, no one knows. As for the great Merchant Prince, it was resolved to give him a public funeral on a scale which we in England are happily disinclined to parallel. We are told that the body was laid out in state in an evening dress, with white necktie and pearl buttons on the snowy shirt bosom, the deadly pallor of the cheeks being skillfully touched up with a little rouge. For anything like this we would need to go back to the dementally fashionable ladies in the reign of Queen Anne :

'Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke,'
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke :
'No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.'

So, Stewart, the Merchant Prince of New York, after the manner of Pope's Narcissa, was furnished up and painted for the tomb. We cannot go into an account of the funeral cortège, with its vulgarly gorgeous trappings, or the sensation that the whole affair created among the obsequious worshippers of mere wealth. We respect Alexander Turney Stewart for his honesty in business and other good qualities ; we rejoice in his deserved prosperity ; but lament he should have done so little good with his prodigious wealth ; and regard with pity and contempt the fantastic soppories of his funeral.

W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXIX.—MR HOLT ASKS MAMMA.

Is it worse for us who depart from this world and all we really love (because from all of which we have any practical experience), or for those who love us and are left? Surely—let us reverently hope—infinity worse for them. If not, woe indeed to man, and misleading as the marsh-fire all the flame of faith, the glow of aspiration. And what (we hope) is true of a death-bed parting, is certainly true of those foreshadowings of it, a man's departure on long travel, or emigration across seas, or to the wars. He has gone to his business, and will be more or less taken up with and immersed in it ; while those at home who are dependent upon him, or on the result of his labours, have to face the void that he has left by the fireside and at the board. New scenes, new companions, distract and employ his mind ; but *they* pursue the same small round of life, and must needs miss him from it.

As to Edith Dalton, there was not an hour of the day during which the fact of her husband's departure

was not brought home to her with a bitter pang, nor a single minute during which the consciousness of it did not oppress her with a weight like lead. Her only solace was found in her children, and she longed above all things to find herself alone with them, under a roof of their own, no matter how humble. Widowhood is respected by all; no friends, except the nearest, trespass on its privacy, when bereavement is yet new and strange; and was not *she* bereaved, who knew so well that she should never see her lost one more? No one could fathom her wretchedness; yet, despite her utmost efforts to conceal it, even the shallowest could perceive that she was wretched. There was something beyond mere pathos in her looks and tone—though, indeed, she spoke but little—that impressed itself on all who saw her; and it was from a sort of awe which she thus awakened, and not from mere pity (as her hostess endeavoured to persuade herself), that Mrs Campden shrank from continuing that conversation with her guest which had been cut short by Dr Curzon's call. The topic she had wished to introduce—her plan for raising the broken fortunes of the Dalton family—she had indeed, as we have seen, confided to Kitty, and in doing so (though it would have staggered some people) she had experienced little embarrassment; but to speak of it *now* with Edith was another matter. She would at least try, in the first place, whether Mr Holt could not be made to speak with her for himself. He, of course, was the proposed topic; and a marriage between him and Kate the plan that Mrs Campden had hit upon to relieve her relatives from their embarrassment. There were many reasons to recommend it to her. It was the shortest way, and it was the cheapest way, since it would not only involve no outlay in itself, but prevent the necessity of helping the family, whom it would indeed be an impertinence to assist, when they had acquired so wealthy and near a connection as the prosperous stockbroker. Besides these very natural arguments, I am afraid—for I regret to have to hint at such a weakness in so eminently Christian a lady Mrs Campden was rather pleased at the notion of the once universally admired Kate's acceptance of this very second-class husband. Her design had been unfolded pretty quickly to the object of her good intentions, but not before it had been guessed by Jenny, who, upon the first opportunity, as has been shewn, had expressed her strong disapprobation of it; for upon the nature of the 'sacrifice,' for which she had endeavoured to shew there was no necessity, there could scarcely be a doubt.

Moreover, Mr Holt himself was perfectly aware of the scheme laid by his hostess for his domestic happiness, and also for the reasons that prompted it. He knew that he had not been asked to stay on at Riverside—for even yet, after the departure of the friend who was his *raison d'être*, the cause of his being there, he was still pressed to do so—for nothing. The invitation had been given by his hostess without a word of endorsement from her husband: that gentleman endured his presence with much patience, but gave no sign of appreciating it; but Mrs Campden, who had been wont to treat him with such scant civility, was now all smiles and courtesy. In public, she paid him the most marked attention; in private, she was even more familiar with him, but it was a familiarity that bordered on contempt. She thought he was shilly-

shallying; that he had 'let the grass grow under his feet,' in prosecuting his addresses to her young friend, and had no scruples in letting him know it; and this was done—such was the adroitness of the female conspirator—without actually indicating the matter on hand. They used the same delicacy that receivers of stolen goods are said to employ when speaking of their effects, while at the same time they went to the point. They were talking together on the morning that succeeded Dalton's departure, and just after the carriage had been despatched with the three girls to the Nook, where they were to employ themselves all day in getting matters ready as quickly as possible. For once, Mrs Dalton had 'broken down,' and though it was understood that she would make her appearance at luncheon, had not quitted her room since her husband left it.

'Well, Mr Holt, the young people have deserted us again, you see; you have not too many opportunities, I fear, of making yourself agreeable. Yet I am sure I do all I can.'

'You are most kind indeed, Mrs Campden. But you would not have had me volunteer to accompany the young ladies to Sanbeck, when they declined the services of even Mr Derwent—a much older acquaintance?'

'Oh, Geoffrey is of no consequence one way or the other,' answered Mrs Campden pettishly; 'though, no doubt, he would be better out of the way. It might have been dangerous to volunteer; but then one must risk something. They will be settled in their new home in a few days, remember, so that there is very little time to spare, certainly none to waste.'

'Yes; but I have known her such a very little time,' remonstrated Mr Holt, with heightened colour: he had never gone so far as to mention 'her' before.

'True; but you must recollect that she is a very intelligent girl, and will make every allowance for the circumstances. Indeed, Mr Holt, it is idle to blink the fact, that the present conjuncture of affairs is very much in your favour.'

He knew all she meant, just as well as though she had said: 'This misfortune of our young friend is your opportunity; unless it had occurred, you would have had no more chance of marrying this girl than of getting the moon;' yet, outwardly at least, he did not vince. His dead-cold eyes were here of advantage to him, for they betrayed nothing.

'Why don't you ask her?' continued Mrs Campden, impatient at his silence.

'She is so cast down and out of spirits just now,' pleaded the other.

'What! because Mr Dalton has gone to Brazil? What nonsense! It is not as if the man were dead. On the contrary, there is all the more reason why, having lost fortune and father, she should welcome a cavalier.'

But the assuring smile with which the lady spoke was by no means reflected by her guest.

'My dear madam,' said he gravely, 'I dare not, and that's the truth. If her answer should be "No"—it seems foolish to say so, no doubt—but if it was, and I fear it would be'—

'It is foolish, Mr Holt,' broke in the other, with irritation: 'you are too diffident, too deprecatory of your own advantages. She would be mad to refuse such an offer; and if she did, it would only be for

a time. We should make some opportunity, a few weeks hence, of getting you back at Riverside—trust to me for that—and you would find her wiser by then. A few weeks at the Nook will tire her of cottage-life, or I am much mistaken.'

'Madam, I dare not do it,' answered Holt earnestly; his face fairly quivered with emotion, his forehead was damp, and his voice hoarse and low.

If he had been courting her own Mary, and betrayed this agitation, Mrs Campden would have graciously accepted it, as the homage to her daughter's charms, and still more to her exalted position, to which he might well feel it was madness in him to aspire; but in the present case she had no patience with the man's folly.

'I do not see anything to be afraid of, myself,' answered she contemptuously; 'you know the proverb, "Faint heart never won fair lady." Still you may approach the matter by another route. If you will not make your application direct, what do you say to "asking mamma?"'

'I would rather do that—much rather,' was the unexpected reply.

Mrs Campden could not understand how he could dare the cannon's mouth, and yet shrink from that of a drawing-room rifle. She did not comprehend—perhaps she was incapable of comprehending it—that Kate was to this man a divinity, to be approached with fear and reverence, and in whose hand, as it seemed to him, lay the issues of happiness and misery. However, she was well pleased to find that he would make his attempt in any way; and it was decided that he should do so, should an opportunity offer itself, that very afternoon, while the young ladies were at Saibek.

It is fair to the hostess of Riverside to say that she did her very best, when her guest and kinswoman came down to luncheon that day, to simulate sympathy for her forlorn condition; the genuine article she did not possess, and therefore could not offer it, but she shewed her pity, with only a very slight alloy of condescension. Where she did (though perhaps unconsciously) exhibit her sense of her own superiority, and of the change in their relations, was in her behaviour to Jeff. Hitherto, the presence of Mrs Dalton had always had a mitigating effect upon her denunciation of the lad's delinquencies, but why should she spare him now, when that lady's opinion of her was so much deteriorated in value? He had done nothing especially wrong that day, but she was especially angry with him, mainly on account of his being at Riverside at all. Mr Holt had dropped an expression or two which had led her to imagine that he looked upon the lad, if not actually as a rival, still as an obstacle to the accomplishment of his design; and though she had spoken of him, as we have seen, contemptuously enough—'Geoffrey is of no consequence one way or the other'—she secretly agreed with Mr Holt that there was danger in the boy.

On this occasion she seized the opportunity of the conversation turning upon Dalton's departure, to praise action and decry indolence. 'Even if your husband gains nothing else by his expedition, Edith, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he did his best: anything is better than eating the bread of idleness or dependence,' and she cast a look of sovereign displeasure upon

Geoffrey Derwent, as she emphasised the last three words.

Jeff coloured to the roots of his curly hair, but answered nothing, only stole a glance at Mr Campden, who moved uncomfortably upon his seat. He knew that duty called on him to defend the boy. He had told him scores of times, with his own lips, that to his father's liberality and friendship he was indebted for his own *existence*, and that he need never feel any sense of obligation for any favours that he received from him and his; that Riverside was his home; nay, he had even hinted—and most certainly had intended it so—that Jeff need not concern himself about his future, for which he, Mr Campden, would take care to provide.

'My dear,' said he, cutting a large slice of roast-beef with unnecessary haste and vigour, 'it is all very well to talk of indolence; but in these days, the professions are all so full, and for that matter, the trades also, that a man can't always find work to his hand.'

'A man can always do something,' Mr Campden, returned his wife severely; 'and my remark holds still more truly of a boy.'

'Well, of course there is commerce, my dear; but I have withdrawn from it so long, that I have no longer any influence; and remember, to get a lad into a good house, a large premium is required, even when he gets no salary.'

Mr Campden helped himself to walnut pickle with complacency; he had hit the nail on the head, he flattered himself, by shewing that it was cheaper to keep Jeff at home than to send him away.

'I am not speaking of commerce,' answered Mrs Campden acutely; 'of course people that have no money must do as they can. There is the merchant service, for instance, where, if so happens, you *have* interest; and though Geoffrey has been allowed to waste some years of his life in luxury and idleness, your influence would overcome the objection to employ a lad of his years. He cannot expect, of course, to rise at once to the top of the tree.'—

'The cross-trees,' suggested Mr Campden, with a feeble smile.

'I say, no boy who goes to sea,' continued Mrs Campden, frowning, 'can expect to be an admiral at once.'

'Not in the merchant service,' murmured her husband, but this time in confidence to his shirt-collar, 'because there are no admirals.'

'Yet I cannot imagine any lad of spirit not preferring honourable employment, however humble, to living upon the bounty of his friends.'

'My dear, my dear!' ejaculated Mr Campden imploringly; 'you have hurt the lad's feelings.'

Jeff had risen from his seat, and leaving his unfinished meal, walked straight out of the room. Mrs Dalton, who had sat a silent spectator of the scene, had lifted her hand to lay it upon his sleeve, but had been too late.

'I fear, Julia, you have gone too far,' said she in a firm but gentle tone.

'It's an infamous shame!' cried Tony, with a burst of boyish passion, as he ran out of the dining-room after his friend.

Mrs Campden's face was white with wrath, with that trifling but prominent exception of the tip of her nose.

'You may all express what opinion you please,' said she, 'and couch it in what terms you please; but if anything I have said shall have stung Geoffrey Derwent into doing something for himself—it being such high time—I do not regret it.' And with that, like a frigate who has just delivered both broadsides with crushing effect, she sailed triumphantly out of the room. Mr Campden muttered, 'eh, tut!' his note of dissatisfaction when his wife had performed any more than usually high-handed act, and followed her in nervous haste, so that Mrs Dalton and Mr Holt were left alone together.

'I regret,' said he—'I deplore above all things that our hostess should exhibit this inimical feeling towards Mr Derwent, who appears to me to be a most inoffensive young man.'

'He is better than inoffensive, Mr Holt,' replied Mrs Dalton gravely; 'he is a most excellent lad. I have known him from a child, and have never detected a single serious flaw in his character: a more honest or more unselfish nature I have never met with. Not the least regret that I feel for our own change of fortune is, that we are now powerless to help poor Jeff.'

'But I am not powerless,' observed the other quickly; 'that is to say, if the possession of some stake in the world of commerce can be called power. And you may be quite sure, Mrs Dalton, that whatever aid I can offer to any friend of yours will be most gladly—most eagerly—afforded. It is very obvious that the poor lad's position here is uncomfortable, if not untenable; and if you think a responsible position in my office is worth his acceptance, he is very welcome to it, and I think I may venture to say, that in that case, no one need trouble themselves about his future.'

'My dear Mr Holt, you are most kind,' said Mrs Dalton cordially; 'I could not have hoped to experience to-day, or any day, such pleasure as you have just conferred upon me. To take a lad like that, without experience, or recommendation—'

'Pardon me,' broke in the other, waving his hand gravely; 'do not say without recommendation, for since you have praised him, Mrs Dalton, he has the very highest in my eyes.'

'You are very good to say so, I am sure; but the fact remains, that out of pity for this poor lad's position, you have offered—'

'Nay, madam, I must interrupt you once again,' said Mr Holt earnestly, 'lest I should take credit for a virtue I do not possess. That I pity the lad is true enough, but it is solely for your sake that I shall take him into my employment. You may consider the matter as arranged, and I am profoundly gratified at having had an opportunity of affording you pleasure.'

'I know not how to express my thanks, Mr Holt. If my husband were here indeed, the fitting words would not be wanting; and when he comes to know what you have done, it will rejoice him, I am sure, almost as much as myself.' Her voice fell, her eyelids drooped, as she thus spoke: the mention of the absent one had frozen the springs of her short-lived joy.

Holt cursed his quondam friend in his heart, who had thus rendered his proposed task more difficult. A few moments ago, he thought he had 'seen his way' to the subject he had in hand; Mrs Dalton's manner had been genial, and even

encouraging; and now it seemed that he had all the work to do over again. Nevertheless, desperation urged him on.

'Your husband's absence, dear Mrs Dalton,' said he, 'is regretted by no one, out of his immediate family circle, so deeply as by myself; indeed, no one has more cause to regret it; for had the necessity for his departure not arisen—taking us all by surprise, and precluding all other matters, as it did—I should have ventured to put to him a question of the most vital interest to me.'

Mrs Dalton bowed; her face was a little paler, and her lips met together with unusual firmness, but she shewed no other sign of emotion; yet she knew what was coming quite well.

'Might I put the question of which I speak, to you, madam?' inquired he, after a little pause.

'Most certainly you may, Mr Holt.' Her voice was firm, but she had grown paler than before, for the words Mrs Campden had spoken to her on board the steam-yacht, about this very man's possible pretensions to her daughter's hand, were ringing in her ears: 'I should as soon have imputed to her an attachment to the footman.'

And now, in a few short weeks, so great a change had befallen her and hers, that Mr Holt was about to ask for her daughter's hand, at the express instigation of Mrs Campden herself. Her pride was wounded, and her heart was sore; but, except where her affections were concerned, which sometimes overpowered her—as we have just seen in Jeff's case—she had learned to repress her feelings.

'What I have to ask is a great favour, Mrs Dalton; in comparison with which all that I could ever do for you fades into insignificance, and which will leave me your debtor for ever: it is, that you will give me permission to speak to your daughter, Kate, as her suitor. I am well aware of her superiority to myself in all respects; of the social gulf between us, which I am the last to conceive has been in any way narrowed by reason of your recent misfortunes. I am only a plain, blunt man, who is devoted to her.'

It was impossible to mistake these words—which were spoken with a certain homely eloquence, that won the listener's ear in spite of herself—for anything but what they were, the genuine utterance of the speaker's heart. His cautious business manners, his Frenchified airs, were gone, and were replaced by an intense anxiety and earnestness. The very existence of the man appeared, to all seeming, to be in abeyance; he neither moved nor breathed as he waited for his companion's reply.

'I must needs say, Mr Holt,' answered she, with deliberation, 'that your question gives me great embarrassment. Its suddenness—to say nothing further—has taken me utterly by surprise. I am fully conscious, believe me, of the honour you have done my daughter in making this application. The gulf you speak of might well be considered—and doubtless is so—upon your side rather than hers; for you are rich, and she is penniless; but—but I have no authority to grant your request. When my husband returns, it will be surely time enough to apply to him for the permission you demand. In his absence, I must decline—with heartfelt thanks to you, Mr Holt—to take any action in this matter.'

'And do I understand, madam, that you also forbid me to apply to your daughter herself—to hear from her own lips whether I may look for hope or not?'

'No, Mr Holt; I have no more authority to forbid than to encourage you in this matter. My daughter is old enough to know her own mind. At the same time, I would venture to suggest, that a time like the present, when she has been deprived of her natural adviser, as well as smitten by sore misfortune, is scarcely one suited for a proposal of marriage. If you have that genuine regard for her (and I do not doubt it) of which you have spoken, I think it should lead you to spare her, at a time like this, a declaration which I feel sure would be a source of pain.'

'On account of its inopportuneness?' put in the other eagerly.

'I don't say that, Mr Holt; pray, do not force me to express an opinion that may sound harsh or uncivil. I am merely pleading for Kate, that you should not—forgive me for the word—impertune her upon this matter for the present.'

It was now Mr Holt's turn to bow and not to speak. His face exhibited a chagrin, and yet a resignation that went to Mrs Dalton's heart; she never thought (as she afterwards said) she could have felt so keen a pity for the disappointment of such a man.

'I am very sorry for you, Mr Holt,' said she, 'very sorry;' and he knew that, so far as she was concerned, her words were words of doom.

THE AQUARIUM.

PART II.—ITS INHABITANTS.

WE will imagine our aquarium healthily established in its vegetation. A crystal globe or tank of bright clear water, with plants of the pretty long-leaved valisneria, chara, and perhaps a water ranunculus floating at the top, all in their healthy growth giving off bubbles of pure oxygen when exposed to the light. At the bottom of the tank is a bed of clean river-sand, with bits of rock or stones lying about, and forming tiny caves or nooks for the retirement of any of the expected tenants of the pool. It has required perhaps a fortnight of patient waiting to accomplish this condition of things, and careful attention in removing every dead or decaying bit of vegetation. The tank has been shaded from too hot a sun, and exposed to the bright light of a warm aspect only occasionally. Were it left in a window with sunlight constantly upon it, the green vegetable matter called *conservæ* would increase and grow so rapidly as to destroy the other plants, and forming a green shiny film all over the light side of the glass, would obscure it entirely. This green film must be daily cleared away and the sides of the glass polished. A bit of clean sponge tied on to the end of a stick answers this purpose well, and if used daily, is sufficient to keep the glass clear; but if the *conservæ* be neglected, and allowed to establish itself, scrubbing will hardly remove it from the glass. Almost the first inhabitant that is tried in a fresh-water aquarium is a stickleback; he is so easily caught, and is the

first game of the youthful British angler. A bit of meat at the end of a piece of string entices him, and having once seized it, he never lets go till he is dragged out of the water and opens his mouth to gasp for breath. He very soon accommodates himself to new quarters, but asserts his sovereignty at once, allowing no intruders, and usually commencing his despotic reign in the aquarium by attacking all rivals. It is best not to attempt to establish an aquatic 'happy family' rashly. The mild and pleasant little gold and silver fish live peacefully with their neighbours; but the truculent stickleback is a fish to be wary of in the way of introduction. Let him have a habitation to himself with one or two of his own species, and he is delightful to watch and beautiful to behold. He will repay you for his disposition. He has all the ways of other fish, and many more besides. He and his family are found both in fresh water and in salt. It is almost a matter of indifference to them in which they live. In Yarrell's *British Fishes* we find seven distinct sorts of sticklebacks described, according to their peculiarities, number of fins, &c., and in each case it is mentioned that they are found 'indiscriminately in salt or fresh water,' in every river, brook, lake, and all round our coast from Land's End to the Orkneys.

It is the male fish that is the pugnacious one of his tribe. We have no Amazons among fishes. The habits of the female stickleback would satisfy the strongest opponent of 'woman's rights,' for she grows very fat, never assumes the brilliant colours of the male fish, and remains at home occupied with domestic cares. Her warrior partner, however, does not throw the entire burden of the establishment on his weaker half. After clearing the neighbourhood of all intruders, by using his sharp, well-directed spines much in the way that a Chinaman or Japanese wields his knife and rips up his enemies, he sets to work to *build a nest* and to rear a family. Look into your tank: there he is—larger than the rest, clothed like a knight of old in a resplendent coat of mail, glittering with purple and gold. See how his eyes glisten, and how with every movement his colours change! His nest being carefully prepared, he gently allures his mate into it, where she deposits her eggs, and resigns them to the care of the hero of the knightly suit, who watches over them with an anxiety known to few of the males in creation besides the male stickleback. He fans and freshens the water with his fins, and superintends the first exit of the little fry with true paternal interest. An account of the nest-building proclivities of the stickleback appeared in this *Journal* (April 23, 1876); and we ourselves have seen, in an aquarium kept by a lady in Aberdeen, a nest built by a fifteen-spined stickleback on a piece of rock covered with fine green sea-weed. For about three weeks the father fish never left this nest save to drive away or destroy all other fish that approached too near. When a stick was put into the water near the nest,

the valiant guardian would fly at it open-mouthed and bite it with great fury. But all his care could not save his little ones from destruction. As soon as they escaped from the nest, they disappeared, being mercilessly swallowed in their infancy by other fish, or entangled in the tentacles of the sea-anemones—for this was a *sea-water* aquarium in which they were hatched. Probably the experiment would have succeeded better had the nest been isolated, and all the other inhabitants of the aquarium removed.

Of course, in small domestic aquaria it is best to have small fishes as inhabitants. The tiny gold-fish we have mentioned as being very suitable, and the Prussian carp, found in ponds in the neighbourhood of London, though not so bright a fish as the golden carp, has a very lively and pretty appearance. The minnow is a sportive little fish, and is seldom more than three inches long. It is generally to be bought at the fishing-tackle maker's, as it is used by anglers as a bait for pike and other fresh-water fish. The loach and the gudgeon live well in aquaria; we have them both, and have kept them alive and in health for three years. Fish in an aquarium should be well watched, and when apparently sickening, should be removed gently in the hand-net, and placed alone in fresh water, where they will often recover. If they are doomed to die, it is better not to run the risk of their doing so in the midst of their healthy companions. We always have a hospital for our sickly pets.

But although at the first glance at an aquarium one is attracted by the active little fishes swimming amongst the bright green weeds, we who watch them daily, and spend many leisure half-hours in attending to them, in clearing away the overgrowth of weeds, and making subaqueous high-ways and paths for their better movements, know that the curious Water-spider (*Erythronecta aquatica*) with his crystal bubble, the queer little Water-flea (*Daphnia*), and the odd family of Water-beetles, are even more interesting, because their habits are more obscure than those of the finny tribe. The spider's brilliant bubble, which surrounds his body, enables him to rise through the water and float about at his pleasure. Diving, he constructs a sort of nest at the bottom of the water. When he wishes to take a journey and ascend to higher regions, he inflates his transparent jacket and floats away; and when wishing to remain on firm ground, dispenses with his air-bubble, and looks like an ordinary spider. He is an easy prey to fish, and cannot well be kept with them, though he may often escape for a long time.

The Great Water-beetle (*Dytiscus marginalis*) is a well-known beetle in our ponds and streams. It is the most ravenous of its kind, and will attack everything eatable; even the stickleback is no match for it, and tadpoles it devours by dozens in a day. Its larvæ are as destructive and tyrannical as itself, and have got the characteristic name of 'water-devils.' The little Whirligigs (*Gyrinidae*) should not be neglected; they are often seen twirling round like opera-dancers on the sur-

face of the water, and are among the earliest harbingers of spring. Beetles fly at night; and unless the aquarium be covered, some of them may take a moonlight-flitting and be lost. The Water Scorpions and the Water Boatmen form pleasant little objects in the water, and the larvæ of various other species of insects may be kept with interest. It is possible also to get a little colony of caddis-worms in their curious little cases, and to watch their habits and ways with much pleasure. But to those who really take interest in matters microscopic, and are furnished with a microscope even of small pretensions, the aquarium will be a constant source of study and delight. The Hydra family, the Polyzon, &c. may be nursed, and reared, and propagated in very small water-space, and are a perpetual supply of interest. Many earnest observers have a microscope so fixed as to catch the surface of the glass of a tank, and to revolve so as to be able to fasten just over any little object to be observed. Diatoms, animalcules, and curious plant-like cells, abound in fresh water, and grow and increase abundantly if left unmolested by larger creatures: *Volvox globator*, a dark-green moving and revolving globe, once thought to be an animal, but now regarded as a plant; and *Euglena viridis*, which some suppose to be a plant, others an animal, and which often gives to water the appearance of green pea soup. Amongst animalcules, we have the curious Sun Animalcule, which has the power of suddenly contracting its tentacles, and thus leaping about in the water. The microscope shews that it has no mouth or stomach, but has the habit of pressing food into its substance by means of its tentacles. The 'bell animalcules' or *Vorticellæ*, are likewise too small to be distinguished by the naked eye. In some species, more than one individual is found on a single stem, forming exceedingly beautiful objects under the microscope. The stalks of these Vorticellæ are thinner than the finest spider's thread, and have the power, while outstretched, of instantaneously contracting, so that a large mass, expanding over the whole field of the microscope, suddenly disappears, and, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaves not a wrack behind.' A little patience, and the beautiful creatures will once more reappear to expand themselves in all their beauty. Then we have the *Rotifers*, with their curious cilia, which have the appearance of little wheels ever in motion; and the *Polygastria* (many-stomached), so cleverly described by Professor Ehrenberg, who, with the most imperfect microscope, made careful observations on this group of animalcules, and determined to his own satisfaction that the little spots in their interior are in reality stomachs. He fed them with a little indigo or carmine, and then these spots became coloured blue or pink, shewing, as he then thought, that they were *many-stomached*. Recent observers doubt his conclusions, but they are nevertheless suggestive and interesting. Then we have the curious little Hydra in almost every stagnant pool in the summer-time, and we have successfully kept a colony of these singular creatures attached to a root of valisneria, which thrived well in a long glass vase—a confectioner's covered jar. Well is it named 'Hydra,' after the fabled monster that multiplied its heads as fast as Hercules cut them off, for no cutting up is

able to destroy this persistent creature. Every individual fragment very shortly becomes a perfect Hydra, which attaches itself to a bit of stick or a plant sending out its long semi-transparent green tentacles to clutch unwary prey that may stray towards it. From this very jar we have often taken bits of valisneria leaf, to make a pretty and instructive object under the microscope, for no plant shews so well the circulation of fluid through the cells and tissues of a leaf. Water-plants, being of less dense tissue than those that grow in the air, are peculiarly adapted for this purpose.

In furnishing our aquarium we must not forget the scavengers, of which we have before written. Certain varieties of Mollusca—snails with shells, in fact—live plentifully in fresh water, and have large appetites for green weeds. They are most useful in clearing off the growth of green conserved, which gathers on the sides of the glass when exposed to light; but care must be taken that their grazing is confined to that pasturage, and that they do not extend their rambles to the growing plants in the aquarium. The coil-shells are the best and least voracious of this tribe, and many of the mud-shells may be safely introduced. The large mud-shell (*Limnaea stagnalis*) is a dangerous fellow, and loves nothing better than a salad of valisneria. When vegetation is too rank in an aquarium, one or two of these fellows will soon clear it off, but they must be removed before the whole is devoured. The beautiful and common marsh-shells, the fresh-water mussel of both kinds, the swan mussel, and the pearl mussel, should be in every good collection; and as they lie at the bottom on the clean bright sand, they look very pretty, and have their use assigned to them in the colony.

We will now, however, imagine ourselves at the sea-side, anxious to preserve and bring home some of the living treasures we have gazed at in the rocky pools at low-tide, but which, on being ruthlessly pulled out of their natural element, have withered and died in a few hours. Even the seaweeds that we collect without injuring or disturbing the roots, droop, and look quite different in our basket, or when spread out on paper, from what they did when floating out in the pool of water, every frond extended, and seeming to give out sparkles of oxygen. Rather than run the risk of losing these pretty green and red weeds so essential to our aquarium—

Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean—

we gently raise the stones on which they grow, or, with a hammer and chisel, chip off some bits of covered rock, and at once carry them to our glass vase or tank, basin or foot-bath, and settle them in a bed of shore-sand with some shells and bits of rock. Take care that there be as little as possible on your bits of rock beside the weed itself. Scrape off any small adherent sponges, and see that no worms have made their tube-homes among the weed-stems; if they have, drag them out, for they will assuredly die, and as surely poison the water with sulphuretted hydrogen, blackness, and evil smells.

In a few days, when the water is clear and you feel sure of your vegetation, begin to make choice of your tenants. In the crannies of the rocks

you will find sea-anemones (*Actiniae*); and a dozen of these are sufficient to turn your glass vessel into a most brilliant living flower-garden. Hanging upon the under ledges of rocks, they look like mere lumps of jelly, but of divers colours. Take them from their piece of rock if you can without injuring them, by slipping your finger under them, or any blunt instrument; if this fail to remove them, try if possible to knock away the bit of stone to which they are attached, and so carry them off bodily in your basket of wet sea-weed. When you get them home, put them into a dishful of fresh sea-water, and leave them for the night. Next morning, what a change! The dull lumps of jelly have taken root and flowered during the night, and your dish is a garden full of the most beautiful and delicate-coloured sea-chrysanthemums, crimson, pink, purple, and orange. Touch one and it shrinks away, shewing nothing but a row of blue turquoise-like beads around its top or mouth, at the root of the petal-like tentacles it has withdrawn. This is *Metabryanthemon*, the commonest of all the sea-anemones, and to be found on most of our coasts. Others there are more gorgeous than he—some like quilled dahlias of all shades of colour. *Craspedocoris* is a large variously coloured anemone; and these two are sufficient to give much variety and interest to the aquarium; but the more delicate and rarer varieties will repay for a search: the beautiful *Anthea*, with its long hanging languid-looking filaments, which it never wholly retracts within its body; the *Callis*, or Sea-daisy, common on the south coast of England; and the lovely rose and white *Dianthus*, which is often brought up in the dredge adhering to oyster-shells or bits of rock. On the whole, however (unless an aquarium be specially set apart for the purpose), we believe it is best not to introduce creatures that live in the deep sea, but rather to confine the collection to such as inhabit the shore between the tide-marks. When your anemones have lived in their probationary dish for a day or two, carefully transfer the most healthy-looking to your aquarium, settling them as well as you can on a stone or bit of rock by means of your wooden forceps or a bit of stick. We once kept a common crimson-bodied anemone, with a row of wonderful bright blue spots like 'celestial eyes,' for several years, and had the satisfaction of seeing it bud and throw off innumerable tiny anemones during that time; none of which, however, lived to attain maturity.

A few tiny star-fishes are pretty in an aquarium; not the coarse five-fingered fellows with yellow bodies, but the beautiful little rose-coloured *Asterias*, which may be found in rock-pools for the seeking. Then you want a scavenger in the shape of a tiny crab, who will gently run about and eat up all decaying bits of food, and hide himself under the rocks when satisfied. Do not trust to a hermit crab; he is too fussy, and restless for an aquarium, and tears up the plants and scuttles about to the discomfort of the other inhabitants. He is very amusing, indeed, when not expected to submit to the rules of civilised aquarium-life. Put him into a basin of water with another of his kind, having gently taken both out of their appropriated shells, and leave one shell in the water for them to quarrel for. It is the funniest sight in the world to watch their

manœuvres and stratagems to secure the shell—the way in which first one and then the other will insert his naked tail into the coveted shell, as if ashamed of being discovered in undress, is not to be forgotten. But this amusement cannot be carried on in a respectable aquarium. You must introduce only a decent little shore-crab with a dingy russet coat, very flat, and able to fold himself up into a compact little object at any moment, and lie still and unobserved in any crack or cranny of the colony. Snails are as essential in a marine as in a fresh-water tank, and there are many varieties with pretty shells which will do the work you want them for, skilfully and surely. The green film which gathers on the sides of your glass, can, as we have already shewn, be removed by rubbing it yourself; but it is best to set three or four live shells to do it for you, 'to keep your subaqueous lawn closely mown.' A few shrimps or prawns, with their transparent bodies and swift, active movements, are desirable to secure; only keep your eye on them, for they have a way of retiring under stones to die without giving any signs of their intention, and then giving off bad gases and poisoning the water.

Of all things, beware of over-stocking a marine aquarium. It bears that process less readily than does fresh water, and is more difficult to renew. Heat and dust are the great difficulties to contend with. If once the water should become hot by exposure to the sun, it is all over with your pets. Yet they must have light, for without it the weeds would not grow; so the only thing to be done is to have a sort of shade or curtain which can be regulated according to the light and heat of your situation. Be careful to use the syringe daily, so as to pump oxygen into the water, and prevent any dust from gathering at the top.

We know how much pleasure such a collection as we have described is capable of giving at the sea-side; how it adds to the interest of the sea-shore rambles, and beguiles many a wet day in-doors. We also know the difficulty of moving the collection up to town; but it can be done by means of separate jars, and cans, and bottles of sea-water, and soon re-established in the midst of the murkiest atmosphere. Moreover, all that we have described—weeds, water, and animals—can be purchased at a established in an aquarium by those who never go to the coast at all. We have seen in London, in a large shop expressly for the sale of 'aquarium stores,' curiosities and treasures unknown to our British coasts, which live and thrive well, we are told, in many private aquaria, where temperature is carefully observed and great care given to all arrangements. For the fresh-water aquarium we saw many coloured spotted water-newts—salamanders they are called—whose native climate is a warm one, and who shed their skins curiously during the year, and cast off their four and five fingered gloves perfect as a model. Then for salt water, we saw a vase full of pretty little Sea-horses (*Hippocampi*), with horses' heads and curly tails; corallines of brilliant hue; serpulæ of bright rose colour; and other zoophytes innumerable. But these exotic treasures are only for those who can afford them, and probably do not yield so much real pleasure to the possessors as can be gained from the associations which naturally arise when we recognise the old friends of our childhood in the 'sea's abundant progeny,'

and recall the scenes and days when first we learned that a visit to the sea-side does not lose its interest when it is over, but may be prolonged through winter frosts and snows, and in the midst of city bricks and mortar.

P. L.

A DILEMMA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

MR DUHAMEL and his daughter Claire were alone; but Mr Duhamel was not benefiting by that fact as much as usual, for, strange to say, Claire did not hear a word of his talk. He, in a bright-coloured dressing-gown, was marching up and down the room; she, with the *Times* drooping from her half-unclashed fingers, was leaning back absently in an easy-chair. The sweet air of the summer morning came in through open windows, and set the muslin curtains waving gently; the room was full of scent from great basins of roses which stood on the tables. Claire herself, in her white dress, and her careless attitude, was a charming object. Mr Duhamel thought so, and as he walked and talked, congratulated himself on the beauty of his daughter and the general agreeableness of his surroundings. Only one thing vexed him: Claire was not giving him her attention.

'She might have believed me,' he was saying. 'I am not in the habit of making mistakes, and I always told her what would happen. I could and would, have arranged a nice, suitable, satisfactory marriage for her more than once while she was young; but she was obstinate—a real Englishwoman—must choose for herself; and see what it has come to! An old maid! But I always knew how it would be! And there's our poor neighbour, Sir George, the moment he quarrelled with his step-mother, I told him he had ruined himself. I told him she would marry again, and she *has* married; and not one penny will he ever get of all that his father left her. I have told him so fifty times, and you know I am a pretty good prophet.'

When Mr Duhamel's voice ceased, Claire lifted her eyes languidly, and said, 'Yes, papa,' but with so little interest, that her thoughts were clearly occupied with something else. Her father stood still, and examined her face.

'What are you thinking of, my child?' he asked, after a moment's silence.

'Can't you guess, papa?' she answered with a half-smile. 'What am I most likely to be thinking of?'

'Of Eugène, of course,' Mr Duhamel replied, beginning to walk up and down again. 'I will tell you more than that: you are thinking some misfortune has happened to him.'

Claire raised herself and spoke with some energy: 'He has never before missed writing every mail; two mails have come in now without a letter from him. Have I not reason to think something is the matter?'

'Nothing is the matter,' her father said with decision. 'He has a reason for not writing, no doubt, but none that need trouble you.'

'What can it be, then?'

'Suppose he were on his way to England?'

'Ah! that would be delightful; but then he would write to say he was coming.'

'My darling, I have never seen Eugène, any

more than you have, but I can tell you that he is romantic.'

'Not a bit romantic, papa; at least, not a bit too romantic.'

'Let me go on. He is romantic. You and he are engaged by the arrangements of your respective fathers; you have exchanged likenesses, and have written to each other a great many long and very delightful letters. You love each other. What now remains but that you should meet? Eugene has finished his business in South America sooner than he expected; he is impatient to see his fiancée; what more natural than that he should resolve upon surprising her with a visit?'

This time Claire fairly jumped from her chair, flew to her father, and seized both his hands. 'O papa, you have a letter! Oh, cruel; tell me all about it directly!'

Mr Duhamel took his daughter's two little hands into one of his, and patted them with the other, as he looked down into her face with a smile of loving superiority. 'A letter? No, my child. But your father was not born yesterday. He knows the world a little, and men too—even lovers.'

Claire's face sobered, but was still turned trustfully to her father.

'You really think that's it? But his name is not among any of the lists of passengers.'

'Silly child! How could he surprise you, if he allowed you to read his name in the papers? There's no law against inventing a name for one's self, is there?'

Claire's face gradually broke into a smile. 'Ah, if I could only believe that,' she said, and went back to her chair.

'Mind, I don't say *positively*,' Mr Duhamel went on, with a sly smile; 'I don't say it *is* so; but I am a pretty good prophet, and we shall see.' With this oracular sentence he walked out of the room; and Claire, much comforted, devoted herself to the contemplation of a small portrait which she wore in a locket.

While Claire studied the counterfeit presentment of her never-seen fiancé, and Mr Duhamel prepared himself for his morning walk, a very animated conversation was being carried on by two other people, who had met midway along a path which led to the house from a small side-gate of the garden. Of these two people, one was a lady, and the other a gentleman; the very lady and gentleman over whom Mr Duhamel had been lately lamenting: his niece (or rather his late wife's niece), Anne Burton; and his neighbour, Sir George Manners. Anne was what some might (erroneously) term an old maid; she was not quite thirty, and made no effort to appear younger. She was tall, neither stout nor thin, had plenty of pretty brown hair of her own, and a graceful figure, set off by a well-made gray dress. Sir George was a tall man, broad-shouldered, and not particularly handsome; not so handsome as Anne, by any means, yet pleasant enough to look at; certainly not poverty-stricken in look or dress, and at this moment very far from being oppressed by care.

'What will my uncle say?' Anne asked, laughing softly, as she twisted a rosebud about in her fingers.

'I expect he'll refuse to believe it,' Sir George answered. 'I shall have to bring all the docu-

ments to shew him—her letter to me after she quarrelled with her husband, the notice of her death, and Payne's letters about the will, &c.'

'It would be mere hypocrisy,' replied Anne, 'if I were to pretend to be sorry she is dead. She did you a great wrong by coming between you and your father.'

'And another by coming between me and you.'

'But that was your own fault,' Anne answered quickly.

'Give me that rose,' Sir George said; and made use of the excuse to take the lady's hand into his, very much as if she were a young maid. 'I had not courage to speak while I was poor, you see; but since you waited for me, all is right.'

Anne laughed, and, in spite of her thirty years, blushed, as she drew her fingers away. 'You will miss your train,' she observed.

Sir George looked at his watch. 'Plenty of time,' he answered. 'Ten minutes to see your uncle, if I must see him, and a good hour to drive to the station in. I'd rather stay here for the ten minutes.'

'No; you must go in, lest anybody should have noticed you. After to-morrow, you can come to visit me, if you like; at present, I am nobody.'

'Good-bye, then. I shall see Payne this afternoon, and if necessary, to-morrow. At the latest, I shall be down by the four o'clock train, and will come over here at once.'

'My poor uncle! It is a bad return for all his kindness, to prove him a false prophet.'

A minute or two after saying this, Anne went on alone through the garden-gate; and Sir George, with a rose in his button-hole, rang the door-bell, and asked for Mr Duhamel. Claire dropped her locket hastily as her father and Sir George came into the room together.

'Just off, are you?' said Mr Duhamel. 'Why, you look like a bridegroom already; and you are right, you are right. The lady won't say "No."'

'I hope not,' replied Sir George laughing; and Claire looked at him with sympathetic eyes.

'No, no. And I'm glad you've learned wisdom at last. A baronetcy on one side, a fortune on the other; a reasonable bargain, and one I always foresaw you would make at last. I am not in the habit of making mistakes.'

'But, Mr Duhamel, I never said I was going to be married, still less that the lady was rich.'

'No need to say it, my dear sir—no need to say it to me. But you can't say you're not thinking of marrying?'

'No.'

'Nor that you are looking forward to love in a cottage?'

'No. But my time is up. Good-bye.'

The visitor went, and Mr Duhamel followed him with a regretful glance, sighing 'Poor Anne!'

Half-way to the station, Sir George met a shambling fly with two young men in it. One of them was looking out, and it could be seen plainly that his dark, good-humoured face was that of a stranger. 'Who can that be?' said the baronet to himself. 'Claire's Eugene? Mr Duhamel prophesies that he will be here unexpectedly, and he may be right for once.'

But the young man who had looked out of the fly was not Eugene Bertrand, for his companion called to him: 'Do sit still, Marco, and give me your advice.'

Marco dropped back into his corner, and began to excuse himself in Italian.

'English! English!' cried the other. 'What have I told you?'

'Yes—I know,' answered Marco, bringing out each word by a separate effort of reflection.

'You tell me,' continued the first speaker, 'that I speak Italian as well as you do. My English friends have often said the same to me of their language. How do I do it? By *forcing* myself always to talk the tongue of any country I happen to be in.'

'Yes—I know,' said Marco again.

'Very well. Remember, I don't understand a word of either Italian or French as long as I am in England. And now, tell me, how am I to do it?'

'*Poveretta!*' began Marco, and then corrected himself. 'Poor girl! I am so sorry for her.'

'Poor girl indeed, for I believe she loved him. Her letters are—— Well, I am glad he told me to read them, for they shew she was worthy of him. But how to tell her that he is dead?'

'Yes, to tell her. She has a father?'

'Of course. It was her father who arranged it all. He and old M. Bertrand, Eugène's father, were great friends, and they decided that their children should marry. I suppose they would have been married before now, if it had not been for Eugène's unlucky journey to South America.'

'Why did not you write to them?' Marco managed to ask.

'Because Eugène made me promise to tell the news myself. He thought Mademoiselle Duhamel would bear it better, if she were able to hear all she should wish to ask.'

Both the travellers were silent for a while, and by-and-by the fly began to pass the first cottages of the village near to which Mr Duhamel's house stood. A minute or two more, and it drew up at the door of the village inn.

'Here we are,' said the elder of the travellers with a scrutinising look at their quarters. 'Let us see our rooms, and then get this miserable business over.'

Half an hour later, the two young men walked up to Mr Duhamel's door, and the elder sent in a card with a request for a few minutes' private conversation.

Mr Duhamel had come back from his walk, and was sitting with his daughter and niece when the card was given to him. 'Emile de Bellechasse,' he read aloud. 'Who is he, I wonder? Ah—h—h!' he went on after a moment, looking with excessive slyness at his daughter. 'E. B. We have seen those initials before, I think? There's a "de" here, to be sure. But what did I say? Eh, Claire?' He got up, and went briskly out of the room, leaving the card, on which Claire seized, eagerly reading the name over and over.

'What does it all mean, Claire?' asked Anne from her work-table.

'Papa said Eugène meant to surprise us—and oh, Anne,' Claire cried, breathless, 'if this be him!'

In Mr Duhamel's 'study' an odd meeting was taking place. M. Emile de Bellechasse, sorely troubled by his mission, stood dumb before the beaming looks of his host. He, who was so seldom embarrassed, stammered, and changed colour like a girl.

'Monsieur de Bellechasse?' said Mr Duhamel, with an accent which plainly expressed, 'Call yourself what you will, you are sure of a welcome.'

'Yes,' Emile answered. 'And this, Mr Duhamel, is my friend, Marco Castelli, who, like myself, was a friend of Eugène Bertrand.'

'Any friend of Eugène's is welcome,' answered Mr Duhamel. 'You, I fancy, Monsieur de Bellechasse, are a very intimate friend, though I don't remember to have heard your name from him.'

Emile felt his task grow harder as he looked at the arch face of the old gentleman. He glanced at Marco, but it was evident enough that his comprehension had left the conversation at its very beginning.

'I was his most intimate friend,' he began gravely. 'I bring very sad news, Mr Duhamel.'

'From Brazil?'

'Yes. We landed yesterday. Eugène met with an accident which resulted in his death, just before the time we had all fixed for leaving Brazil together.'

'Dear me! what a sad story!'

'Is he mad?' thought Emile. 'One would say he was rather pleased than otherwise.'—'Sad indeed,' he went on aloud, 'for me, who have lost my best friend, and still more for your daughter, to whom he commissioned me to break the news.'

'He wished you to tell Claire yourself, did he, poor fellow?' asked Claire's father, still with the most imperturbable good-humour.

'He did. But I should be thankful to be spared the task, if you, sir, will undertake it.'

'Not I, indeed, *Monsieur de Bellechasse*. Claire will bear it much better from you. I will fetch her.'

'Good heavens! Marco, what does it mean?' cried the bearer of bad tidings, as they were left alone. But Marco could give no information.

Mr Duhamel, shutting himself into the drawing-room, gave way to the utter aggravation of his daughter—to a fit of the merriest laughter. Claire ran to him, pinched his arm, implored him to tell her what had happened. Anne pushed away her workbox, and looked on in silent wonder. Was it really Eugène?

'O Claire, Claire! what did I tell you?' were the first words they heard. 'You'll break your heart, my child—you'll never get over it!'

'Papa, don't talk in riddles! Tell us, is it Eugène?'

'O no, my dear, only M. Emile de Bellechasse, a *very intimate friend of Eugène*—so intimate, my dear, that they are quite *inseparable*, ha, ha! And if you don't see Eugène to-day, Claire, you will never see him, depend upon that. Come and ask M. Emile if it is not so.'

Claire drew back from her father while he spoke, and clasped her hands together with a pretty gesture, half-doubt, half-joy. She drew one deep breath, then slipped her hand through Mr Duhamel's arm. 'Let us go to him,' she said.

'Take care, then,' her father answered. 'Don't spoil his pretty romance—and yet he *can't* expect us to be taken in by it. He will tell you a terrible story, my dear. It is well to warn you beforehand.'

By this time they had reached the study door. Mr Duhamel opened it, and led Claire, trembling now, and changing from white to red, straight up to Emile.

'Monsieur,' he said, 'let me present to you the fiancée of *your friend*, Eugène Bertrand.'

Claire, hardly knowing what to do, put out

her hand, and Emile took it. Neither of them found anything to say, for *her* heart was beating with stifling quickness, and *his* ideas were all thrown into confusion by the sudden vision of loveliness that flashed upon him.

'Mademoiselle,' he stammered, after a moment, 'it is a cruel fate which sends me to you.'

'I can hardly think so, monsieur,' she answered, trying not to smile, 'or why yield to it?'

'You do not guess, then, what my business is?'

'How can I? Except that you come to see us.'

'What shall I say?' Emile questioned himself. 'How can I tell her?' and then his puzzled glance fell on the face of Mr Duhamel, who stood, beaming with smiles, a little way off. 'Mr Duhamel, I have a packet of letters to deliver to your daughter; will you give them to her for me?' he said in despair, drawing a small parcel from his pocket.

'Letters?' Claire repeated, and for a moment her face darkened, but a look from her father reassured her. 'Whose letters, monsieur?' she said.

'Your own, addressed to my poor friend, Eugène Bertrand, and intrusted to me by him,' he replied, giving her the packet.

'A great trust,' she answered, half-smiling, as she took them. 'And my likeness?'

'Is here,' he replied, as he put into her hand a pocket like the one she herself wore.

She held the things all together in her hand for a moment, and then laid them on the table close to him. 'Why did Eugène bid you bring me these?' she asked.

'I was his dearest friend. I knew all the story of your engagement—and I was with him when he died.'

Claire's cheek turned white for a moment. Again she looked at her father, who nodded approval and comprehension.

'Since you are so deep in Eugène's confidence, archly pursued Claire, 'you may keep those things, monsieur; I do not reclaim them.'

'I, mademoiselle?'

'Yes; at least, if you will tell me one thing.'

'Whatever you will,' he answered, giving up the problem as unsolvable.

'Did Eugène really care for me?' Claire asked very gravely, but with rose-red cheeks.

'Far more, mademoiselle, than I should have thought it possible to do for a lady one had never seen.'

'And do you think that seeing me would change him?'

'Mademoiselle, if he could have been more utterly devoted to you than he was, he must have been so from the day of your meeting.'

A suppressed sound of applause from Mr Duhamel greeted this speech, spoken with a quite involuntary amount of fervour. Claire's eyes shone like stars; nothing less like a widowed bride could possibly have been imagined. Emile felt his senses deserting him, and stood dumb.

'Well, gentlemen,' said Mr Duhamel, 'you are very welcome to England, and to my house, as I have told you already, and I hope you have made arrangements to stay with us some days at least.'

'We have taken rooms in the village,' Emile answered; 'we did not, certainly, expect so cheerful a welcome.'

'Ah, I daresay not—I daresay not. Well, give up your rooms, and come here.'

'No,' said Emile to himself; 'that will never do.

The whole family must be mad. And besides, in an hour's time, I should find myself making love to Mademoiselle Claire, who seems nowise unwilling. No; I must get away at once.'

But this was not so easy. Matters ended in a compromise. The two friends would go back to their inn, where they were expected, but they would dine with the Duhamels, and perhaps to-morrow change their lodgings. Mr Duhamel, chuckling, accompanied them to the door.

'Eugène I mean *Monsieur de Bellechasse*,' said he (and Emile thought he had never heard his own name pronounced with so much emphasis), 'you are a very clever young man, and a capital actor. But you should have been warned that some people can see a little further through a stone wall than their neighbours. It is not such an easy thing to make *me* shut my eyes. *Au revoir*, seven o'clock precisely.' Still laughing at the stratagem of his intended son-in-law, Mr Duhamel followed Claire back to the room, where Anne Burton had waited impatiently for some account of the new-comers.

'And you are satisfied?' were the words Anne was saying as he came in.

'Ay, my child, tell us now, are you satisfied? Has your old father chosen well for you?'

For all her answer, Claire threw her arms round his neck, and hugged him heartily.

'Is he like his picture?' Anne asked again.

'Not very,' Claire answered. 'But I always was certain he must be ever so much nicer than *that*. Oh, he is delightful, Anne. I know now *exactly* what I wanted him to be like, and I never was quite sure before.'

'Happy girl!' laughed her cousin. 'I hope he is equally pleased.'

'I do think he is—at least he looked like it. —Didn't he, papa? But I think he was a little put out because we seemed to guess his trick.'

'He'll forgive us,' said Mr Duhamel. 'But we shall see if he keeps up his character this evening. They are coming to dinner, Anne, so then you'll see them.'

'Oh, what shall I wear?' cried Claire, as she ran up-stairs to her room, whence, through the open windows, she could be heard singing from one of her favourite French poets:

Si vous n'avez rien à me dire,
Pourquoi venir auprès de moi?

THE MOABITE STONE.

SOME time ago, in an article on Explorations in Moab, suggested by the deeply interesting work of Dr Tristram, we had occasion to allude to the famous Moabite Stone, discovered by Dr Klein in 1868. What we said on that occasion may possibly have whetted a desire to know more about this ancient monument. If such be the case, we purpose, from the best sources, to offer some information on the subject.

We begin by leading the mind to the land of Moab, which lies on the east side of the Dead Sea, and is now, with its ruined grandeur, in the hands of barbarous Arabs, tributary to that unimprovable of all people, the Turks. The Moabite Stone, as it has been called, is nearly three thousand years old, and was erected by Mesha, king of Moab, in the year 890 B.C., as a commemorative

offering to his god Chemosh, for delivering him from the hands of his oppressors. After numberless defeats, King Mesha finally succeeded in shaking off the yoke of the oppressors, and recorded his victories in the Phœnician language on this very stone, which he set up at a place called Dibon (now written Diban), to the east of the Dead Sea, where it was discovered in 1868, by a Prussian missionary, the Rev. Augustus Klein, under circumstances we shall presently narrate.

In the meantime it is necessary to go back and tell the story of the stone, what led to its erection, and the great historical interest attaching to it, which brings us face to face with those far-off days when Elisha befriended the widow, and Naaman the leper was healed; for we read in the book of Kings how 'Mesha [the same who erected this stone] king of Moab was a sheep-master, and rendered unto the king of Israel an hundred thousand lambs, and an hundred thousand rams, with the wool.' A very heavy tribute this to pay, considering the smallness of the kingdom of Moab, which was in reality no larger than a good-sized English county.

Again we learn--from the Bible--that after Ahab's death the Moabites called the neighbouring tribes of Ammon and Edom to their aid against the oppressors; but the allied armies quarrelling among themselves, were defeated, and became the spoil of the conquerors. But the Moabites, or rather King Mesha was not one to accept defeat; and we next hear of him through Jehoram, who calls upon Jehoshaphat to help him, saying: 'The king of Moab hath rebelled against me: wilt thou go with me against Moab?' And he said: 'I will go up: I am as thou art, my people as thy people, and my horses as thy horses.' (2 Kings, iii. 7.)

The armies of Israel and Judah then united against King Mesha, whom they regarded as so formidable an enemy and dauntless that they even strengthened their forces by an alliance with the king of Edom. And now comes the connection between the Bible narrative and the inscription on the stone that is so full of interest. The three kings, it seems, instead of taking the direct route into Moab by the north of the Dead Sea, made a circuitous route to the south through the wilderness of Edom, where the lack of water and other privations made them despair of ever reaching Moab, had not Elisha worked a miracle in their favour, and supplied them with water. We are not told in the Bible why they took this longer route, with the certainty of danger attending it; not until the stone was discovered do we learn from the inscription that they were forced to do so, as King Mesha had possessed himself of, and fortified all the towns along the northern frontier.

But all King Mesha's efforts proved unavailing to withstand defeat. He was overpowered by the kings, and in his despair and desperation he strove to appease the wrath of his god Chemosh, who--the stone declares--was angry with his land. Mesha, therefore, brought to bay at last, on seeing the destruction which war had made upon his country, how 'the Israelites rose up and smote the Moabites, so that they fled before them . . . and beat down the cities . . . stopped all the wells of water, and felled all the good trees . . . then he took his eldest son that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon the wall. And there was great indignation against Israel,

and they departed from him, and returned to their own land.'--(2 Kings, iii. 24-27.)

The Bible narrative throws no further light upon the fate of Mesha. It is on the stone we find the sequel, which, after reading, we cannot help fancying is hinted at in the closing verse given above: 'And they departed from him, and returned to their own land,' owing, as we believe, to the 'indignation' of the Moabites against Israel, which, according to the sequel, must have manifested itself in the indomitable courage of Mesha, who, if his account of his victories be true, which some seem to question, like a true warrior, refused to be beaten, and determined to fight or die in delivering his country from the oppressor. How he accomplished this we learn from the stone, which has been translated into English by Dr Ginsburg as follows: 'I, Mesha, am son of Chemoshgail, king of Moab, the Dibonite. My father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I reigned after my father. And I erected this stone to Chemosh at Korchah (*a stone of salvation*) for he saved me from all despoilers, and let me see my desire upon my enemies. Now Om(r)i king of Israel, he oppressed Moab many days, for Chemosh was angry with his l(eg)nd. His son succeeded him, and he also said, I will oppress Moab. In my days he said, (*Let us go*) and I will see my desire on him and his house; and Israel said, I shall destroy it for ever. Now Omri took the land MEDERA, and (*the enemy*) occupied it (*in his days and in*) the days of his son forty years. And Chemosh (*had mercy*) on it in my days; and I built Baal Meon, and made therein the ditch, and I (*built*) Kirjathaim. For the men of Gad dwelled in the land (*Ataroth* from of old, and the k(ing of Israel fortified A)taroth, and I assaulted the wall and captured it, and killed all the wa(r)riors of the wall, for the well-pleasing of Chemosh and Moab; and I removed from it all the spoil and (*offered*) it before Chemosh in Kirjath; and I placed therein the men of Siran and the m(en of) Mochrath. And Chemosh said to me, Go, take Nebo against Israel. (*And I*) went in the night, and I fought against it from the break of dawn till noon, and I took it, and slew in all seven thousand (*men, but I did not kill*) the women (*and maidens*, for (*I*) devoted (*them*) to Ashtar-Chemosh; and I took from it (*the ves*)sels of Jehovah, and offered them before Chemosh. And the king of Israel fortif(ied) Jahaz, and occupied it, when he made war against me; and Chemosh drove him out before (*me, and*) I took from Moab two hundred men, and all its poor, and placed them in Jahaz, and took it, to annex it to Dibon. I built Korchah, the wall of the forest, and the wall of the city, and I built the gates thereof, and I built the towers thereof, and I built the palace, and I made the prisons for the crim(inal)s with(in the) wall. And there was no cistern in the wall in Korchah, and I said to all the people, Make for yourselves every man a cistern in his house. And I dug the ditch for Korchah with the (*chosen*) men of (I)sræel. I built Arcer, and I made the road across the Arnon; I built Beth-Banath, for it was destroyed; I built Bezer, for it was cu(t down) by the armed m(en) of Dibon, for all Dibon was now loyal; and I reign(ed) from Bikran, which I added to my land, and I bui(lt) (*Beth-Gamul*) and Beth-Diblatthaim and Beth-Baal Meon, and I placed there the p(oor people of) the land. And as to Horonaim (*the men*

of Edom) dwelt therein (on the descent from of old). And Chemosh said to me, Go down, make war against Horonaim, and take it. And I assailed it. And I took it, for Chemosh restored it (t) in my days. Wherefore I ma(de) . . . year . . . and . . . I . . .

The subsequent story of the stone will account for the italicised letters; but it is curious to note, before passing on, that all the towns mentioned in the inscription are spoken of by Jeremiah, warranting the conclusion that the stone was well known and a source of offence to many of the prophets, who threaten Moab with destruction because 'he magnified himself against Jehovah.' What we have narrated is its history as it stood until the year 1868, unknown to any, save the Arabs of the neighbourhood of Dibân, who were ignorant of the characters of the inscription, and simply regarded it with superstitious reverence as the protector of their crops. For nearly three thousand years it had stood hidden from the observation of the traveller, until a German missionary, the Rev. Augustus Klein, arrived one day at Dibân on his way to Kerak. He was received with friendliness, he tells us, by a sheik of the tribe Ben Hamide, encamped at Dibân, who entertained him with all the ceremonial of Bedouin etiquette. He was accompanied by, and owed his welcome to his friend Zattam, son of a famous sheik. Zattam, who was all anxiety to make the missionary's journey safe and agreeable, informed Mr Klein, while drinking coffee in the tent of the sheik of the Ben Hamide, that there was an interesting stone among the ruins of Dibân with an ancient inscription, which no one had ever been able to decipher, and volunteered to shew it to him. As the sun was nearly setting, the missionary was all impatience to start at once to visit it, especially as the sheik of the Ben Hamide said it was one of the wonders of the region, which no Frank had yet seen. Zattam, however, was not disposed to go at once, so the sheik volunteered to conduct him to the spot without delay, as a mark of honour both to his friend Zattam and to the missionary, who was travelling under Zattam's protection. They went accordingly, as the offer was gladly accepted by Mr Klein, who was not only the first, but destined also to be the last European who should ever see this Hebrew monument in perfect condition.

And now we will quote the result of his visit in his own words, written in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 20th April 1870. 'When I came to the spot where this precious relic of antiquity was lying on the ground, I was delighted at the sight, at the same time greatly vexed that I did not come earlier, in order to have an opportunity of copying at least a good part of the inscription.' He copied, however, a few words from several lines at random, with a view to ascertaining the language of the inscription, on his return to Jerusalem; or to 'prevail on some friends of science to obtain either a complete copy of the inscription, or the monument itself,' which he describes as lying among the ruins of Dibân, perfectly free and exposed to view, the inscription uppermost. He got four men to turn it round (it was a basaltic stone, exceedingly heavy), in order to ascertain if any inscription were on the other side; but there was not. It was rounded at both ends, and had thirty-four lines of inscription, each about an inch and a half apart; those at

the top and bottom of the stone being somewhat shorter than the rest, on account of the narrow breadth in those parts. It was about three and a half feet high, and about two in breadth and thickness, and in a state of perfect preservation, not a single piece being broken off. But according to the *Athenæum*, the stone has been found, since its restoration, to measure 'four feet one inch by two feet one and a half inches, and the inscribed portion is surrounded by a raised border of two inches in width.' It is, moreover, square at the lower end, and not oblong, as Mr Klein supposed. From great age and exposure, some of the letters had been worn away until they were scarcely legible; but before he left, Mr Klein was able to make not only a correct sketch of the stone, but to collect a perfect alphabet from the inscription.

About this alphabet we must say a word. The origin of language, and how mankind succeeded in representing their ideas to the sight as well as to the ear, has always been a subject of the deepest interest; and here, in this stone, we are made acquainted with a fact, sometimes disputed, that an alphabet capable of forming consecutive words existed three thousand years ago. The characters are Phœnician, and the Phœnicians are supposed to have been the first originators of the alphabet, every letter of which was formed to represent some familiar object, from which it took its shape and sound. As the progenitors of mankind were pastoral in their habits, they went to nature for their characters, and every letter represents, curiously, both in form and meaning, some attribute of their pastoral life. Thus, *Aleph* (A) means ox, and the character rudely drawn is intended to represent the head of the animal. *Beth* (B), a house, looks like a tent; while *Gimel* (C) is a camel, and is drawn to represent the head and long neck of the animal. It is in these Phœnician characters that the inscription on the Moabite stone is written, and they are identical with the ancient Hebrew characters.

But to return now to Mr Klein and his adventures—or rather the adventures of the stone as soon as Mr Klein had found it. On reaching Jerusalem, he shewed his sketches to the Prussian consul, who at once perceived the value of the discovery when he saw the Phœnician characters of the inscription. He lost no time in writing home to the directors of the Royal Museum of Berlin, who telegraphed in reply that he was free to purchase it.

Mr Barclay of the Jewish Missionary Society, and Captain Warren of the Engineers, in command of the Palestine Exploration party, came to hear of the stone also; but on learning that the Prussian consul was in treaty for the purchase, they determined not to display any eagerness in the matter, knowing that if they did, the Arabs would become alive to the value of the stone, and charge accordingly. In the meantime, Mr Klein despatched a trusty messenger to the most powerful sheik at Dibân, praying for his aid to procure him the stone; but the sheik was not to be relied on, and failed to help in any way. A second messenger was then sent to another powerful Bedouin, asking him to negotiate with the Arabs for the purchase of the stone, offering him the sum of one hundred napoleons, half of which should be paid him before starting, if he would bring the stone in safety to Jerusalem. But this messenger was not any more

successful than the last, and came back with the news that the Arabs had hidden the stone. The fact is, the moment they heard that a price was likely to be offered for it, they regarded it as the Italian brigand does his captive—it was to be heavily ransomed, or destroyed! The price they put upon the stone was something enormous—equalling a thousand pounds of our money, because they pretended that if they sold it, misfortunes would overtake their crops; so they were determined to realise a handsome sum as a set-off against any number of bad harvests.

The Prussian consul of course would not pay them that sum; and the help of Turkey was asked in the matter, the Grand Vizier writing to the Pacha of Jerusalem to let the Prussian consul have the stone for the money he saw fit to give. But the pacha turned out another failure. Truly it was a precious stone, and difficult to be got at. Eight months had passed since Mr Klein had first discovered it, and still they were no nearer to possessing the stone. About eight months after that again, the sheik to whom the hundred napoleons had been offered in the first instance, came to the consulate with the news that the Sheik of the Ben Hamle, whom we have before met as the one who first shewed the stone to Mr Klein, would let him have the stone for one hundred and twenty napoleons. The money was paid at once, and the sheik returned to get the stone from the Arabs who had concealed it; but when the moment came for signing the contract and taking possession—lo and behold, they began to grow jealous and quarrel among themselves about it, until finally they refused to let it be carried away!

But now counter-influences which were at work around the stone, caused its destruction. M. Ganneau of the French consulate, hearing nothing further of the Prussian negotiations, entered the field on behalf of the French government as a purchaser, offering nearly treble what the German consul had offered, and sending a messenger to take a 'squeeze' (an impression) of the stone. It was while this messenger, an Arab, was taking the impressions with damp paper, that several parties of Arabs assembled around the stone, each advancing their separate claims for a share, and squabbling loudly for their dues. They became so excited at last over the dispute, that M. Ganneau's messenger chose the better part of valour and fled, but with his impressions of the stone nearly torn to pieces in the encounter, and a sword-thrust in his back as a parting token of remembrance. He appeared before his master in a sorry plight, handing him only a bundle of crushed papers as the result of his enterprise. But crushed as they were, M. Ganneau succeeded in deciphering them; and they were subsequently of the greatest use when the fragments of the stone came to be put together. To make a long story short, the Bedouins finally received orders from the Wali of Damascus to deliver up the stone; but rather than do this, as they had a personal spite against him, they determined to break it in pieces, which they did, distributing them among the chief families of the districts, who guarded the fragments as a charm against bad harvests.

And now that the poor stone was scattered, who would ever think of its coming together again! The energy and perseverance of Captain Warren and M. Ganneau effected the marvel. They at

once, on hearing of its destruction, had agents everywhere to secure the missing pieces; success has crowned their efforts, so much so that the *Athenæum* states, that 'the stone has been restored by means of two large fragments purchased by M. Ganneau, the small fragments obtained by Captain Warren, and given by the Committee of the Palestine Fund to the Louvre.' A fac-simile cast of the stone, as now restored, has been presented to the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Thus will the stone of King Mesha, the indomitable, find an honourable asylum in the Louvre, to testify of its preservers, no less than King Mesha, that they were men who refused to be beaten, and defied destruction.

CORNISH SARDINES.

'Are pilchards sardines?' is a question which we are told has now been answered, by scientific investigation, in the affirmative. But there is another method of determining the point, more homely, but not less accurate than that of comparing anatomic structure, in the application of an old proverb, 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating'; and the identity of pilchard and sardine may be proved in that way too. In an article in October 1875 we mentioned that a Company had been formed at Falmouth, under the name of the 'Cornish Sardine Company, Limited,' for the purpose of preserving pilchards in oil, after the same process as that adopted with the French sardines. This Company seems to be thriving. The fish are selected according to size, the smaller ones being put into tins holding eighteen ounces, and labelled 'Cornish Sardines'; while the larger ones are called 'Pilchards in Oil,' and packed in tins of twenty-two ounces. The result is a delicacy which we are told cannot be distinguished from the 'sardines' imported from France, thus practically proving the identity of the two differently named fish.

The importance of this industry in a commercial sense is likely to be enormous. Pilchards are found in vast numbers every year off the coast of Cornwall; but beyond a quantity annually sent to Italy, after being salted and pressed, and rendered unpalatable to all but fasting penitents in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in vinegar by the Cornish villagers for use during the winter months, very few of these naturally delicious fish have been added to the food-supplies of the world. Large numbers are used for manure; and others are pressed for the sake of the oil they produce; but otherwise they have been little esteemed. The fish deteriorate so quickly after capture, that they cannot be sold fresh even in English markets; but the method of preserving them in tins adopted by the above Company enables them to be now brought within the reach of all. With the present high prices of meat and fish, such a means of adding to our food-supplies ought to be welcomed; and as a British production, the 'Cornish Sardines' and 'Pilchards in Oil' will sooner or later occupy a high place in the estimation of the British public. At any rate the pilchard is at last in a fair way of overcoming the prejudice against it which has hitherto unfortunately existed.

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THE CROWN OF LIFE

THERE is very little unanimity of opinion anywhere, and 'so many men, so many minds,' is a time-honoured saw which incloses more truth than always belongs to these concrete crystals of thought called proverbs. But about nothing is there less unanimity than about the highest meaning of life, and what is the best thing to strive for, the sweetest thing to cherish. With some it is love; with others it is success; with a few it is religion; and with even fewer still it is abstract duty—duty irrespective of personal reward here or hereafter; duty apart from the praise of men, and without the hope of gain; duty because of the sacred obligations lying in itself alone; duty because it is duty!

It is a favourite saying with the emotional and feeble-minded that duty is cold, and that love alone gives warmth and life to action; that doing one's duty, however thoroughly, carries no sense of healing with it, leaves behind it no sense of blessing. In which is the same kind of mistake as has been so often made between justice and legality; for the duty which these objectors mean is merely the mechanical performance of so much practical obligation, and the duty which we mean, and which alone is worthy of discussion, is that which involves the sacrifice of self for the sake of conscience, the love of the soul for virtue rather than the love of the heart for love.

There are people who make the very name of doing one's duty odious, because it is all a lifeless mockery of the real thing, without truth and without meaning. The cold unloving woman who fulfils to the letter every required condition of her marriage-tie; who keeps her husband's house in respectability and outside comfort—but as his house rather than her own, or maybe as hers rather than his, anyway not as a joint home, where both have rights, and both find joy; who balances her books with accuracy, and does not fill his rooms with undesirable guests; who takes sufficient care of his money and his comforts alike, and neither sends him in milliner's bills which he cannot pay,

nor puts before him a dinner which he cannot eat; who does not defy him when he forbids, nor refuse when he requests; but who contrives, with all this apparent dutifulness, to make his life a burden to him, and his marriage a misfortune—is she one who can be said to lead a life of duty in the higher sense, whatever she may do in the way of fulfilling her obligations with what we may call mechanical correctness? Does the dull automatic performance of a few routine duties (we want two words for the different things included now in one) constitute the grand life known as conscientiousness, self-sacrifice, love of right?—all of which virtues are gathered together in that one word, Duty. Surely not! This is legality in the place of justice, obligations painfully discharged, not duty nobly accepted and loyally performed.

So, the man who 'does his duty by his family'—but the bare bones of his duty only, giving nothing beyond what the law and public opinion force him to give—cannot be said to live for that kind of duty of which God demands the strict fulfilment, if we are to find favour in His eyes. He gives his wife money enough to keep the house, but he gives her nothing of his care, none of his thoughts, his sympathies, his tenderness. Let her be happy or unhappy, it is all one to him. He has done his duty by her in the way of a liberal allowance for housekeeping, and pocket-money for herself; in the way of freedom of action, and that form of indifference called liberty, which does not care even to chide and never to direct; he has done his duty by her, he says; for the rest—who can blame him? He sends his sons to school, and then to college, or puts them into the business that offers itself; but he gives them no advice, never makes himself their friend, and simply feeds and educates them, as the obligation laid on him by society and the law, supplementing nothing of this obligation by grace given voluntarily and striking to the deeper root of things. If he had a true sense of duty, he would know that this was simply keeping the promise to the ear, while denying it to the heart

and to truth ; and that human life demands more than bare bones for its sustenance, however accurately these may be arranged and labelled. Indeed this kind of thing is not duty at all, any more than mechanism is life. But just as the ignorant savage believes that a watch lives, and that the ticking of its wheels is the beating of its heart, so does the untaught conscience accept obligations discharged as duties fulfilled, and make itself happy in the conviction that it is above reproach and beyond the need of amendment.

Nothing strikes one so much in the history of the ancient Greeks and Romans as their glorious sense of duty. The duty of the citizen to his country was the first and holiest law laid on each man's soul. For that country he must be prepared to sacrifice family and goods, and life itself when the need came, without any of that fond looking back by which the resolution of even the heroic is weakened, and the spirit of brave men subdued by their emotions. It was his duty. The world contained nothing greater or more compelling than this word ; and what discipline is to modern life, this was to the ancient—only that, being more individual in its action than discipline, the duty of the ancient hero had a certain largeness and picturesqueness wanting in general to this other. And yet, when we remember the Balaklava charge and the wreck of the *Hirkenhead*, we cannot say that discipline fails in picturesqueness ; or that masses of men, moved to consensaneous action by the law of obedience, are not as glorious as individuals voluntarily sacrificing themselves for the sentiment of duty—that unspoken law which ruled the public life of men as it has never been ruled before or since. Each method has its grandeur, its beauty, and each has its fitting time. To the smaller communities belongs the prominence of individual qualities, individual action ; to the larger, the submission to authority, to law, to organised command. But we can never forget what we owe to the ancients, as we familiarly call them ; nor how the history of humanity has been enriched and ennobled for all time by the pictures left to us of the men who went to destruction for the sake of their country, of the women who devoted themselves to death that by their sacrifice they might appease the anger of the gods and free their land from the curse—all in the name and for the sake of abstract unrewarded and impersonal duty.

So far as this goes indeed, the annals of every race and time and country teem with records of brave men and noble women who have given themselves for their kind, preferring the hard things of duty to the soft ones of selfishness, and loving the right better than pleasure. No passion has roused men to a grander life of heroism, or led them to a nobler death, than the love of country, and its twin-sister, the love of liberty. From Leonidas to Wallace—and both before and after—we see what can be done under the influence of this great love, this duty which is synonymous

with love ; and the sacred fire is not yet burnt out. If need be, and when the need is, the flame shoots up anew ; and even the most miserable war gets itself hallowed by the splendid sacrifices that are made in it, and the magnificent virtues that it brings forth. Dull and dim as the sentiment of public duty becomes in the piping times of peace, when domestic liberties are not threatened, nor the honour of the country assailed, nor its national existence in peril—when a man's highest civic functions are to serve on a jury, attend the vestry meetings, and perhaps be elected guardian of the poor, or one of the School Board—there is no question that, if the scene changed and the country demanded sacrifice, there would be thousands of volunteers for the pathetic honour of martyrdom ; thousands of brave hearts ready to give themselves for the cause, and to do their duty to the death without bewailing or remonstrance.

The race of heroes never dies out, but the dress of heroism changes according to the circumstances of the time. Now it is Leonidas at Thermopylæ, and now it is Galileo in prison ; now the poor Jew in Spain crying out from amidst the flames of the auto da fé, 'The God of Israel, He is the only God ;' now the poor Catholic in England making the sign of the cross and praying to the saints and the Holy Mother when bound to the stake at Smithfield as the best way to cure his errors ; or it is the Covenanters shot down like a malefactor in his house for reading the Bible, which was more to him than life ; or the Socinian tortured and burnt with anathemas as if he were a dog ; or it is Joan of Arc roused from her sleep by a Voice bidding her deliver France ; or a few comparatively obscure men passing years of their lives in prison not so very long ago, that the 'taxes on knowledge' might be done away with, and the press made cheap that the people might learn to be free. Sometimes in one form and sometimes in another, but always present among men is this noble spirit of duty, this glorious acknowledgment of a life higher than the life of self, and greater than the joys of sense. Without it, indeed, we should never have come to where we stand to-day ; and though our plan is infinitely below our ideal, and less than our possibilities, still, seeing that we have gained what good we have by striving after it, mainly actuated by the law of duty, we may take heart for the future and confess our gratitude to the past.

We have nothing better as a rule of action than the law of duty ; but it must be wisely directed and generously planned. We know that this law by itself, without this wisdom, this generosity, can be translated into cruelty and fanaticism of the worst kind—as witness the fearful religious and political persecutions that have taken place, and that still take place, with more or less rancour in the persecutors, and more or less suffering to the persecuted, as the law and public opinion may forbid or allow. But it is not to be supposed that men, as a rule, liked the task of harrying and burning those who differed from them in opinion.

A few unnatural monsters, half-mad and wholly callous, might have felt a fiendish kind of pleasure in witnessing pain and adding torture to torture. We have always had these semi-maniacs, these moral madmen, in the world, and we suppose we always shall; but they are the exceptions, even among the ordainers of cruelties and oppressions. The actuating motive was the sense of duty. It was their duty—so even the inquisitors taught themselves to believe—to stamp out this and that dangerous heresy from the world; and they took the best means known to them. Open and fair controversy, public discussion of differences in views and opinions, was not a method in vogue in those days, and would have been thought high treason to the majesty of truth had it been allowed. 'So many men, so many minds,' was a doctrine of shameful laxity, of consenting with sinners, and by no means to be sanctioned by the guardians of the majesty of truth. Hence the only thing remaining was to kill the bodies of those whose minds were evil, that they should not corrupt the innocent nor mislead the virtuous by their debased thoughts. It was their idea of duty to them, the inquisitors and law-makers; if also duty in their poor victims to still testify, whatever the consequences, and to prefer torture and death to recantation and life. And what we have seen in the world's history we might see again, if the current of conscientiousness set that way, and illiberality to men was again considered the highest expression of fidelity to God.

This narrowness and illiberality, this fanaticism and perfect satisfaction with one's own ideas on things, are just the dangers of very dutiful people. What they think they ought to do, that they do, without the smallest reference to the feelings, the right of free opinion, or the need of free action in others. Those rights indeed, if connected with opinions pronounced to be wrong by the fanatics, are as accursed as was ever Judaism in Spain, Mohammedanism to all Christendom, Protestantism under Mary, and Papistry under Elizabeth. Still the desire to regulate the souls of others according to the laws by which we regulate our own, dominates those of us who are earnest and faithful, lovers of the right and aspirers after good. We cannot concede the liberty of difference of opinion when we believe that we hold the truth, the very truth for what second reading can there be to truth? what difference of opinion on the supremacy of the absolute? We think it our duty to argue and protest; to suppress if we can, to deny always, such things as we hold to be errors. It may be unpleasant to the hearer and an effort to ourselves; but it is our duty, we say, and that word clamps the most shaky will into serviceable stiffness. Thus, we sometimes say that it is our duty to remonstrate with our friends for their shortcomings here and their wrong-doings there—to tell our mind to A. about his habits, how the turf will be his ruin, and cards his destruction; to inform B. that, to our view of things, his business is badly managed, and his family ill-conducted; and so on. 'It is our duty,' we say, and we must neither fear nor avoid the most disagreeable results of this powerful watch-word. But there are limits even to virtues, and the practical exercise of our idea of duty has its boundaries like the rest. It is rarely our duty to be aggressive; and putting all the world to rights may be overdone, however sincere our intention.

These are the slips made by zeal when more warm than wise, the weak points of action in a strong faith. Nevertheless, for all the mistakes that have been made, and are still daily made in the name of duty, it is the noblest thing for which to live; it is the truest compass by which to steer our course; the best guide; the most faithful counsellor; the fairest jewel to be worn on our breast; the golden chain about our feet binding us to good, keeping us back from following evil; the lamp that illumines us in the dark hours of the soul, the distracted moments of the mind's doubt; the throne whereon we rule Ourselves; and the imperishable Crown of Life.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXX.—MR HOLT DEPARTS WITH FLYING COLOURS.

HOLT did not know the precise moment at which Mrs Dalton had quitted him; a mist seemed to come over his eyes at her last words, and the next sound he had any clear cognisance of was a subdued clatter of forks and dishes. He was standing with his face to the mantelpiece, on which rested his elbows, and with his back to the table, from which the servants were removing the luncheon things. He knew not how long he had been in his present position, or how he had assumed it. He was perfectly aware, however, of what had happened: that he had proposed for Kate to her mother, and that that lady had referred him to her husband—in other words, had rejected him. He had good reasons of his own for knowing that if Dalton was to be asked the same question the answer would be a very unmistakable 'No.' To be sure there was still Kate herself, to whom he had not been absolutely forbidden to apply; but that was an experiment from which he shrank; a last hope, to which he must be hard driven indeed before he resorted to it; for he felt her answer would be final. The present, as her mother had said, was an inopportune time to speak to her, and, what concerned him more, it was an unfavourable time. 'You have only to wait,' Mrs Campden had said, or as much as said, 'until she begins to feel the discomforts of poverty, and then your chance will be improved.' Indeed, she thought it a certainty. But could he wait? There was the rub. Could he afford to wait? Being now alone, he drew his pocket-book out, and from it a slip concerning some shipping intelligence, on which he pondered with anxious care. 'The quickest ship on the line,' he murmured; 'curse him!' Then he studied the almanac. 'There is not a day to lose; there is not an hour. The pursuit is madness; I will give her up.'

As he said so, the soft crunch of gravel came from the sweep without, and an open carriage drove by the window: the three girls had come home from Sanbeck. He caught a glance of Kate, as she looked up with a cheerful smile towards her mother's room; her sun-bright hair, her pale expressive features, and her gentle reassuring eyes, made up a picture exceedingly beautiful; it passed in a moment, as though an angel had looked out from heaven, and then withdrawn herself into the impenetrable blue. But he knew that it was reality, and that his adored one was at the hall-door, within a few feet of him. He did not stir,

however, but stood as if spell-bound, listening to the ring at the bell, the footman letting down the steps, and all the usual sounds of arrival. These died away, and were presently succeeded by other sounds: a thumping of some object on the encaustic tiles that composed the floor of the hall; a rapid flutter of female garments, and some hurried talk. Then the door opened, and revealed Mr Geoffrey Derwent with a carpet-bag in one hand, and dragging a huge portmanteau with the other; behind him came Kate Dalton, entreating, commanding, cajoling. Her colour, already high, rose at the sight of Holt.

'I did not know you were here, Mr Holt,' said she eagerly; 'but I am glad of it. Do speak to Jeff. Something has happened between him and Mrs Campden—I don't know what—and he is quitting the house in this fashion.'

'I don't want Mr Holt's opinion upon the subject,' said Jeff vehemently; 'nor any man's opinion. I will not stay another night under this roof.'

'But why carry all that luggage about with you, Mr Derwent?' asked Holt, smiling.

'Because I don't wish to be indebted to any one belonging to Mrs Campden for the smallest service. I shall leave them here, behind the door; and go myself to Bleabarrow for the fly, which will take them away.'

'And then?' inquired Mr Holt with an amused air.

'Yes, indeed; that is what I have been telling him, Mr Holt,' broke in Kate earnestly. 'What is he to do in London, without money, without friends? He will starve to death.'

'He will have to apply for outdoor relief, at all events,' said Mr Holt in corroboration.

'What is that to you?—that is my look-out,' answered Jeff, turning fiercely upon the last speaker. 'You heard what that woman said to me at lunch: would you not think it better to starve than to stay here, if she had spoken so to you?'

'I should certainly not have staid here, in that case,' said Mr Holt quietly.

'There, you hear him!' cried Jeff triumphantly; 'even Mr Holt would not have staid.'

'Pray, do not encourage Jeff in his obstinacy,' pleaded Kate, with tear-dimmed eyes. 'You know the world, and should give him better advice.'

'My advice, Miss Dalton, is, that he should go at once,' answered Holt coolly—'and with me. Your mother and I were talking the matter over; and we agreed, if Mr Derwent himself approved of the plan, that I should take him into my office upon trial: after a month or two, he would be able to judge if stockbroking suited him.'

'Oh, Mr Holt, how good of you! Is this really true?' ejaculated Kate.

'I don't understand,' hesitated Jeff; 'of course it is most kind of Mr Holt; but—'

'Well, just run up to Mrs Dalton, my lad; it was she who proposed the matter, and who will be therefore in the best position to explain it to you. I suppose you would have wished her good-bye in any case.'

Jeff coloured and hung his head; his indignation had indeed been such as to induce him to leave Riverside without bidding farewell to anybody. 'Yes, I will do that,' he said, after a little

hesitation, due, doubtless, to the fear of meeting his hostess upon the way—not that he was afraid of her, but of himself.

Thus, by a most unlooked-for accident, Mr Holt found himself alone with Kate. He was by far the more embarrassed of the two, and shewed it by his silence; he that had been so glib in the presence of a third person had now not a word to say for himself. Kate, on the contrary, poured forth sentence after sentence, without much thought of anything except that she must not give her companion the opportunity of saying anything to her save in the way of reply.

It was 'so kind' in him, 'so thoughtful,' and 'so opportune' to think of taking Jeff into his employment; she was sure he would find him 'so intelligent' and 'so nice.'

'To tell you the truth, Miss Dalton,' said Holt frankly, 'I don't much care how the young gentleman suits me, though I shall do my best to make things suit him.'

'That is still more kind of you,' answered she, 'for Jeff has no friends, except Mr Campden and ourselves, who are, alas, powerless to help him.'

'Nay, Miss Dalton, don't say so: you are all-powerful. Your wish, at all events, is my law in this matter—and indeed in all matters, if you would only let me serve you.'

'You are very good, I'm sure.'

He remembered that those were the very words her father had used, and the very tone, when he had declined his assistance.

'I am not at all good, Miss Dalton,' answered he bitterly; 'except in so far as I am devoted to your interests. Should the time come to prove it, pray remember that.'

She had grown suddenly very pale, and was listening eagerly, not to him, but for Jeff's return. As his quick step was heard in the hall, the girl drew a sigh of relief. Holt perceived all this; but still he had spoken to her in a significant, if not a tender fashion, and had not been rebuked. He felt another man, and a far happier one than he had felt an hour ago. A gleam of hope illumined the dark path of his future, though it was very faint—so faint, that he also hailed Jeff's coming. It had at least precluded her from replying to his last speech, as she had replied to the preceding one. He had bidden her remember to apply to him if she needed aid, and she had not refused to do so. Still, 'not to refuse' was far different from 'to accept.'

'Well, Mr Derwent,' said he, assuming a cheerful air, 'was I not right? Does not Mrs Dalton endorse your acceptance of my offer? You must learn to employ these business terms, you know;' and he smiled pleasantly enough.

'I have no choice,' answered the boy naively. Then conscious that the words were ungracious, he added precipitately: 'But if I had, I should always have felt grateful to you, Mr Holt, for a proposal which, though I know it is not made upon my own account, is certainly generous and unselfish; for I am afraid—at first, at all events—that I shall be of very little service to you. And now, please, I would rather be off. I will stay at the *Golden Cross* in London, where I used to put up on my way from school, till you choose to send for me.'

'O Jeff, don't go away like that!' cried Kate imploringly.

'I must, Kitty. Mr Holt himself said I was right to go.'

'Yes; but not this minute, my lad. That will only make a disturbance in the house, and distress others besides your hostess, which I am sure you do not wish to do.—There is the postman's horn. Now, why should I not have a letter of importance that demands my presence in town to-morrow morning? Then you and I can start to-night.'

'I am afraid that would be hurrying you away,' hesitated Kate; 'but still, if you would'—

'You would be better pleased, Miss Dalton,' interrupted Holt with a touch of bitterness: 'that settles the matter. We must be off by the 6.30 train, my lad; so I will go and put my traps together.'

He did not wait for thanks from either of them, but repaired at once to his own room. He ran upstairs three steps at a time, for he felt like a young man. By a great piece of good fortune he had contrived to lay Kate Dalton under an obligation, and had made his first step with her in the way of friendship, familiarity, confidence. As to the *per contra* side of the account, his engagement of Geoffrey Derwent, it weighed but as a feather's weight in the balance. Indeed, he was by no means certain that it might not be placed in the same scale. If he found Derwent able to do his routine work, it might even be a good stroke of business. Of course, he would take care to treat the lad well and handsomely; but indeed he intended to make him something else than a mere clerk. He had long been of opinion that his 'manager,' Brand, was too clever by half, and had resolved to take the first opportunity of parting company with him. The same objection, he reflected with a contemptuous smile, would certainly not apply to Jeff.

There was not one member of the party at Riverside who was not grateful to Mr Holt that evening. By persuading Geoffrey Derwent to avoid a public scandal—which his slight, as originally intended, would certainly have caused—he had done good service to Mrs Campden, of whom the lad was now persuaded to take leave, though in a very stiff and formal manner. The Daltons were sincerely obliged to him, on Jeff's account; and 'Uncle George,' whose conscience reproached him for his pusillanimity in that matter, still more so. Moreover, as a host relieved of an incubus, Mr Campden blessed his guest for taking himself off.

His departure did not long precede that of those to whom he was originally indebted for his invitation, though for the future he had the assurance of its coming—and that soon—from the fountain-head, namely, the hostess herself. On the third day afterwards, the Daltons took up their residence at the Nook in Sanbeck. Before they left, Mrs Dalton received a farewell letter from her husband, written from on board the *Flamborough Head*. Knowing what we do of him, we can pretty well imagine its contents; but amid all the love and pathos of his parting words—he made no mention of his remorse, since he knew it would distress her—there was a sentence or two of genuine rebuke.

'When I asked to be shewn my berth—which, as I had been informed, I was to share with "a commercial gentleman," bound for Rio—to my

great surprise I was introduced to a first-class cabin. Some one had called, they told me, at the London office and paid the difference for the exchange. Of course I know who sent him, and why you were so particular to ask me about the agent's address. My darling, to think that you should have robbed yourself just now to supply me with a mere luxury, goes to my heart. How could you, *could* you do it?'

Yet what he deemed—and justly—to be self-sacrifice, was in one respect an act of selfishness. Nothing the money—or ten times the sum—could have brought her, would have given Mrs Dalton half the satisfaction she derived from this reflection, that so far at least as his physical needs were concerned, 'dearest John' would be made comfortable upon his voyage. She was herself bound upon a longer journey far than his (as she was well convinced), and one with more uncertain issues; but her chief thought and care were still, as they had ever been, for him.

CHAPTER XXXI.—REALITIES.

It is not to be supposed that the Daltons, being so well liked a family as they were, were neglected by their friends because misfortune had befallen them. Human nature is not quite so base as some philosophers would have us believe, though there are a great many selfish persons in the world, and especially (I am afraid I must say) in good society. John Dalton had been right in his idea that he was rather an obstacle to the good-will of others towards his belongings, and that if he were dead they would find many offers of assistance that were almost of necessity withheld while he was alive. Even his departure for Brazil brought some of these into blossom—nay, into solid fruit, if only Mrs Dalton had cared to pluck it. One good lady would even have taken Kate off her hands—she had been always 'so fond' of Kate—for good and all; though it must be owned that her proposition was a little vague. Another would have been glad to offer Mrs Dalton and both daughters a home, 'while they looked about them for a suitable residence.' Condolences and sympathetic inquiries had long been rained in showers upon this unfortunate lady; so that not the most cynical could have described her as forgotten. But the fact is, admitting that there is any number of mean and miserly people in the world, who will weep for their friends in need, pray for them, sympathise with them, and, in brief, go to any length short of assisting them, it is also difficult—it must be confessed—to afford assistance such as would be acceptable. I would on no account be supposed to have any of that 'enthusiasm of humanity' which the critics agree is a sign of the feeblest intelligence; I know how easy it is for folks to condole with their friends upon the loss of their relatives, and how difficult, because dangerous and compromising, they find it to do so on the loss of their goods; but it must be acknowledged withal that, hard as we may find it in this world to help ourselves, it is even harder to help others who are helpless. People are not more malleable, do not fit into any shaped groove that may be offered to them, the more easily because they have become poor. Mrs Dalton had two fixed ideas, in adhering to which she was resolute, and which, without doubt, rendered their case very

impracticable—namely, (1) that she would not be separated from her girls; and (2) that they should have a home of their own, however humble. Sorrow, she knew, is doubly grievous when it has to be borne with a forced smile, as it needs must be when we are guests in the house of a friend. Otherwise, when Lady Skipton wrote to invite Kate, Mrs Campden was strenuous in urging that her offer should be accepted: 'It would give the poor girl a chance once more, in the way of suitors; and perhaps she added also to herself, 'and how convenient it would be for Mr Holt in particular, to prosecute his attentions.'

These kindnesses, these offers, these well-meant attentions of all sorts, were, however, all laid before her daughters by Mrs Dalton, not so much that each should have a voice in their acceptance or rejection—for she well knew what their replies would be beforehand—as that they should understand their own position with respect to others. Even when these communications were unpleasant, as they sometimes were, she did not withhold them from their eyes. It was well that they should look the world in the face, since the time was coming when there would be none to disguise from them its stern realities—when the hand should be powerless that had secretly warded off from them its sharpest buffets, and the voice that had interpreted its tones so tenderly for their sakes should be stilled for ever.

One little indulgence Mrs Dalton did permit herself—she resolved that Tony should not be sent to school for another half-year: he was still young for Eton: his education under Jenny's auspices was going on quite satisfactorily; he was a diligent little fellow, and did not require to be nailed to his work, &c. All which excellent reasons were contained in one still greater, though she never owned it to herself: 'I cannot spare the boy; let us all be together for a while, and while we may.'

Instead of saying, 'This is weakness, Edith,' as might have been expected from so uncompromising and well-principled a person as Mrs Campden, that lady fully approved of this arrangement; and would not, perhaps, have murmured if it had been decided not to send the boy to school at all. As for Tony himself, the prospect of the new life at Sanbeck almost made up for the postponement of his Eton joys.

CHAPTER XXXII.—LADY SKIPTON'S CHARITY.

Mr Campden was sorry to lose his guests, yet not altogether so, so far as he himself was concerned; they had already begun to be the cause of quarrel between himself and his wife. He was inclined to be kinder to them in his manner, because of their misfortunes; and this his Julia stigmatised as 'weakness,' and even as cruelty to those he pitied: they would only miss everything afterwards the more, she said, from the sense of contrast; and she took care not to err in this way herself.

When the little family were all in the Riverside barouche together on their way to their new home, Tony put this question to his mamma, preceded, after the fashion of his age, by an affirmation: 'I am precious glad we are going to Sanbeck. What has made Mrs Campden so cross with us all since papa went away?'

Kate and Jenny exchanged a rapid glance.

'Even Tony has remarked it, you see,' said the latter in French. She had spoken of the matter to her sister with vehement indignation, which Kate had endeavoured to mitigate; like her mother, she always strove to find excuses for people.

'Cross, Tony?' answered Mrs Dalton quietly. 'I am sure I didn't know she had been cross. Perhaps you were troublesome.' She thought it best to ignore the general charge of crossness altogether.

'O no; I wasn't, mamma. Only she used to call me "her sweet boy," and now she says "You little nuisance."'

Nobody answered this observation, since it was impossible to refute it. Only Jenny laughed—a little bitter laugh. She had coldly touched her hostess's lips without a word, after her mother and sister had expressed their thanks for Mrs Campden's hospitality, though she had kissed Mary tenderly, and thrown her slender arms about Uncle George, and bidden him quite an extravagant adieu.

'I wish Jenny was not quite so "thorough,"' Kate had sighed to herself; 'though one loves her all the better for it.'

Mrs Dalton, too, had dropped a tear in secret over that independent spirit of her second daughter, which under present circumstances could not but be detrimental to the poor girl.

But Jenny neither sighed nor wept. She had an honest contempt for all scoundrels, as her favourite Carlyle would have expressed it, and in her indignation against them, was apt, like himself, to spare neither sex nor age, nor even social position in the county.

'That woman is a mean wretch,' was her private comment upon Tony's bill of indictment against his hostess.

The people in Bleabarrow acknowledged their presence civilly as they passed through the little town: the young with pulls at their forelocks, or rapid courtesies; the elders, with grave obeisances, as they stood at their shop-doors.

'They little think we have only one hundred and fifty pounds a year,' thought Jenny. This was a mistake of hers, for the bows were given to them as occupants of the carriage. To the British provincial eye, a fine equipage is little inferior in dignity to the Ark among the Hebrews. Indeed, even in the metropolis, it must have something sacred, or at least curiously significant, as it is often sent empty to 'represent' Royalty itself at the obsequies of our great men.

In Sanbeck, as usual, the barouche created a still greater sensation. It was followed upon this occasion by a *fourgon* containing the luggage. When they had deposited their burden and driven away, 'There go our last pomps and vanities,' said Jenny philosophically. 'Now for the crust and the cross.'

It was a relief to all of them to find themselves under their own roof. Even Lucy—about whom they had naturally some misgivings—expressed herself as agreeably disappointed, and pronounced the clipped yews upon the little terrace, which represented winged dragons, 'heavenly.' She shewed much affability to Margate, as the late Jonathan Landell's housekeeper was called (but probably not after the fashionable watering-place), and spoke of her eulogistically as 'quite a character.' She was, in fact, a great curiosity, being an honest, simple, old

woman, who had done her duty in the world for sixty years, to the best of her ability; if she had ever possessed the vanity of her sex, it had long departed; but she did think that there was no one in Derbyshire who could in its season make a better black pudding than herself; and she had just cause for her confidence. The only trial she ever caused her 'young ladies' was when she would proudly set this delicacy before them as 'a surprise,' as the cookery-books say, and then wait to see them eat it. Tony was the only one who appreciated it, and yet they could not have wounded old Margate's pride for worlds, by leaving it on their plates. Black puddings added another terror to winter at Sanbeck, for they came in with the cold, as fruit does with the warm, weather. Margate's familiar and assistant, Nancy, was a stout village lass, the very incarnation of good-nature, but with no particular beauty to boast of, save the unusual one (for persons in her position) of a set of dazzlingly white teeth; a very fortunate circumstance, since it was her custom to keep her mouth wide open.

'I do think, Kitty, we shall be happy here,' was the verdict passed by Jenny upon the Nook and its belongings, on the night of their arrival.

'If only it suits dear mamma,' faltered Kitty.

Jenny had equally thought of that, we may be sure; and both were well aware that it was not a question of 'smiting;' Mrs Dalton would have been content with far inferior lodgment and ruder fare. But there was something underneath the cheerfulness of her face, and which belied it, that both her daughters read. She had exhibited no curiosity about the house, though she had striven to appear interested in what they told her of it; her only solicitude had been expressed concerning the post—as to what time the letters arrived in Sanbeck.

It was very improbable, indeed, that any communication should be received from her husband for some time to come; yet every morning, when the horn was heard—it was near noonday generally—her eyes would light up with expectancy, and her pale face flush, till the postman had passed the house. Jenny, too, had her anxieties, it seemed, in this respect, for on the third day after their arrival she walked out alone to meet the postman. There was only one letter for the Nook, and that was for her; it was evidently the one she had expected, and she took it eagerly from the man's hand. It was an answer to one she had written to Lady Skipton, after much consideration. Folks had often praised her lace-work, telling her that nothing equal to it was to be got at the shops; that it was worth six guineas a yard at the very least; &c. &c. So she had resolved to utilise her gift of lace-making, for the benefit of her belongings. Under other circumstances, she would have applied to Mrs Camplen to effect this; but she felt too angry with that lady to ask any favour of her, however small. So she had written to Lady Skipton, an old friend of her mother's, and who had always been kindly disposed towards herself, inclosing a yard of her lace, as a specimen, and begging her to find out at what price such work could really be disposed of. If the reply was satisfactory, and such as she had always been led to expect, so far from being a burden to her family in their altered position, she could easily double their present income. Instead of returning home,

where she would be subject to interrogatories, she entered a labourer's cottage, where the auld wife placed a chair for her by the fire, to read the letter. The poor girl would have much preferred to do so in the open air; but the unusual exertion of walking a few yards alone had already fatigued her, and her white face had appealed to the old dame's hospitality. 'Now read your note, young leddie, and dinna mind me,' said she, and then had busied herself about her household work as usual. The contents of the envelope felt thicker than ordinary, and when Jenny opened it, and found a five-pound note within the folds of the letter, she gave a little cry of joy. It was doubtless the price of the yard of lace which Lady Skipton had sold for her in Regent Street or Bond Street, and perhaps she had sent orders for ever so much more. Every one who has looked upon the first money made by their own exertions will understand something of the pleasure which Jenny experienced at this spectacle; but in her case the joy was enhanced tenfold by the peculiar circumstances of her position. Instead of lifelong dependence upon others, here was independence for herself and for *them*.

'Ye will have good news, missie, I reckon?' said the goodwife, as she saw the light leap into her young guest's eyes.

Jenny did not answer, for she was already deep in her ladyship's letter, if depth could be obtained in anything so shallow. It was a long rambling rhapsody upon the Daltons' troubles, dotted with 'so sorry' and 'no one out of my own family so dear,' and not a word about the lace, except in the postscript, which ran thus: 'As to your beautiful work, dear Jenny, we all admire it above measure; but you know an amateur can never compete with these professionals; one can hardly go asking tradespeople what they will give for the production of a young lady—one's own personal friend too—and I am sure it could only result in disappointment; you might work your fingers to the bone, and only gain a few shillings. But if you will let me be the purchaser—just for this once, at all events—I shall be so pleased. I have no doubt you will find a use for the payment which I inclose herewith.'

Jenny's heart did not sink; it was not of the composition that does so, yet it turned heavy and cold. 'They are all alike,' she murmured bitterly; 'all base and cruel alike. This woman could not even ask a question for me, because of her false pride.' She folded the bank-note up very small, and gazed wistfully into the fire. 'That is where I should like to put it,' she went on; 'only she would never believe it.' Then she rose and thanked the woman of the house for her hospitality.

'Lor, missie! don't speak of it. We would all do a deal more for ye than that.'

'Why?' inquired Jenny brusquely.

'Because the doctor has told us all about ye, and whose was the hand that has given many a bit and drop to them as needed it in these parts. You're poor yourselves, I hear, now, missie, but it will nae be for long; the blessing o' the poor is on ye, and ye will thrive yet.' The woman, a hale and hearty one, though old, spoke with earnest energy.

'Thank you, dame,' said Jenny simply, and she felt genuine gratitude. The other's words had put

a strange confidence into her; it was a comfort too to feel that she had confided to no one her intention of writing to Lady Skipton. No one could remonstrate against her returning that five-pound note to her ladyship by the next post. Money in some cases is said to 'burn in the pocket;' but no spendthrift ever felt such a desire to get rid of a bank-note as now burned in Jenny's heart. She did not want five pounds for what was only worth a few shillings. Her ladyship need not have been so afraid of having to buy more lace at that fancy price. 'Just for this once, at all events,' was a phrase of quite unnecessary precaution; but it had wounded its recipient to the quick. 'Work her fingers to the bone.' Yes; she would do that, and more, before she ever appealed to that woman for assistance again, or indeed to any one. She had another string to her bow, which did not depend upon friends (so called) at all, and she now regretted she had not tried it first. If that failed—God help her!

Then she smiled to herself to think of the absurdity of that last reflection; as though we should only trust in God when all other means fail. Such a phrase was surely as ridiculous as Mrs Campden's 'D.V.s,' which she was so careful to introduce in her ordinary correspondence. How angry poor Jeff made her once by telling that story of the old lady who would 'come to tea on Wednesday, D.V., but on Thursday at all events.' By the time Jenny got home—it took her a long time to walk even those few yards—she was quite herself again.

The days rolled on at the Nook for Jenny faster than for the rest; she was used to solitariness, and never tired of reading, and Mr Landell's library gave her endless occupation in that way; almost all the books, though old, were new to her, and some of them very strange and curious. Tales of witchcraft, fulfilments of dreams, treatises upon simples, local superstitions, habits of birds and beasts—the quaintest and most old-fashioned ideas imaginable, whereof one in twenty were really noteworthy, and through desuetude had become novel. Tony, too, after he had done his lessons with her, found employment and amusement enough in the valley; but to Mrs Dalton and Kate the time hung heavy on hand. Mrs Campden and Mary drove over to the Nook occasionally; at first with laudable frequency; then less and less often; sometimes Mary came alone, and was always kind. But her kindness was of quite another sort than in the old days when Kate had been her 'dearest friend.' There was nothing to complain of in Mary—nor did Kate ever breathe a word of complaint against her—but she had evidently overrated the strength of her own attachment. Her visits became briefer, as well as rarer, being cut short by 'pressing engagements' here and there, such as in the old days would not have weighed with her a feather.

The doctor, indeed, called every day, but, unhappily, not as a mere visitor; Mrs Dalton, though she kept 'up and about,' was seriously indisposed, and gave him cause for much secret anxiety. 'My medicines,' he frankly told her daughters, 'can do your mother little good; the true remedy for her would be a letter from your father.'

But none such arrived, although weeks had gone by since Dalton's departure. The postman brought them few letters, indeed, now from anybody; though

there had been one or two from Jeff, speaking favourably upon the whole of his employer, and very cheerfully of his own position and prospects. He seemed to be in quite a responsible post—something altogether above that of a clerk. Indeed, there was nobody over him at all except Mr Holt himself; and yet he was by no means overworked. 'For all which, I know,' wrote Jeff, 'I have to thank dear Mrs Dalton.'

His immediate correspondent was Jenny, who, in return for his own confidences, wrote him a pretty exact account of how matters went on at Sanbeck; all which she well knew would have an interest for him. 'If we could only hear from papa, and mamma were better,' wrote she, 'we should not have much to complain of. Could you find out how long a letter ought to be coming from Rio? for, of course, papa would be sure to send us one by the first mail after his arrival. Would there not also be a chance of the *Flamborough Head*'s meeting a ship coming home, and sending letters by it? We are all so ignorant here, and, alas, so helpless.'

To this Jeff wrote back a cheerful reply, stating in general terms that the arrival of the mails was more or less variable, and that the wind had been contrary; but added a private slip for Jenny's eyes: 'Don't breathe a word of it to your mother, but the Brazil mail arrived some days ago; Mr Dalton could not, therefore, have reached Rio when it left. Indeed, the *P. H.* was mentioned at Lloyd's yesterday as overdue. This is likely enough, with these west winds, and there is really no cause for anxiety as yet.'

'As yet.' Those two little words sent a stab to Jenny's heart.

REMINISCENCES OF FEN AND MERE.

Few men whirled rapidly southward in the 'Flying Scotchman,' and putting out their heads to catch a momentary glance of Peterborough and its cathedral, think of the time, not so long ago, when the fair and fertile region was a swamp pregnant with malaria. We read, it is true, of the ancient time when the forests of Western England were first cleared by monastic colonies, and 'Glastonbury Tor' rose like an island out of a waste of flood-drowned fen that stretched westward to the Channel. And we read, too, how 'wilder even than the western woodland was the desolate fen-country' on the eastern border of the kingdom, stretching from the 'Holland,' the sunk, hollow land of Lincolnshire, to the channel of the Ouse, a wilderness of shallow waters and reedy islets, wrapped in its own dark mist-veil and tenanted only by flocks of screaming wild-fowl; how here, 'through the liberality of King Wulfere, rose the Abbey of Peterborough; and how here, Guthlac, a youth of the royal race of Mercia, sought a refuge in the solitudes of Crowland; and so great was the reverence he won, that only two years had passed since his death, when the stately Abbey of Crowland rose over his tomb. Earth was brought in boats to form a site. The buildings rested on oaken piles driven into the marsh. A great stone church replaced the hermit's cell, and the toil of the new brotherhood changed

the pools around them into fertile ground.' The Abbey of Ely, stately as that of Crowland, was founded in the same wild fen-country by the wife of Egfrith, king of Northumbria. But in his *Reminiscences of Fen and Mere*, the volume now under consideration, Mr Heathcote deals with the days of his own boyhood, and we will follow the story as he tells it—the story of the eastern fens, of the district 'bounded on all parts by highlands, from that point of land about Hunstanton in Norfolk to Winthorpe in Lincolnshire.'

That great fen-level comprehends some seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of land, of which, in South Lincolnshire alone, so recently as 1817, seventy-five thousand acres lay under water for the greater part of the year. In a curious notice of the ancient condition of the inhabitants of this damp county, we find its little townships thus described: 'They were small, rustical, and wild; the fashion of their houses had little changed since the days of the ancient Britons. The houses, or huts, were of a round shape, and not unlike the form of bee-hives. They had a door in front, and an opening at the top to let out the smoke, but window to let in light there was none. The walls were made of wattle and daub. The roofs, of rushes or willow branches, cut in the fens.' The condition of an Eskimo's hut would be about as comfortable. Fennmen still use the same pole which was in fashion eight hundred years ago, when we find a young novice in Crowland Abbey making his way to Spalding with a leaping-staff 'fashioned like the staff of a pilgrim; the lower part armed with a heavy iron ferrule, from which projected long steel nails and spikes.' In those days 'the kingfisher flitted across the traveller's path; the wild duck rose from the fen, and flew heavenward; the heron raised itself on its long legs to look at him from the sludge; the timid cygnet went sailing away in quest of its parent swan.' The Isle of Ely—now so fertile, which takes its name from *Hebig*, the British name for willow, on account of the willow-trees which grew into almost impenetrable forests there, concealing the marshes and quagmires beneath them—was to all intents an inland island, surrounded on all sides by lakes and meres and broad rivers. Three thousand eels, taken close under the very walls of the abbey, were by ancient compact paid every Lent to the monks of Peterborough, for leave to quarry stones in a quarry appertaining to Peterborough Abbey. And ten times the number might have been paid, and not been missed, says the old chronicler. That this vast marsh had once been dry firm land, undisturbed by the stagnation of fresh, or the inundation of sea water, is sufficiently proved by the great number of trees which have been dug up, such as oak and fir, which will not live in water. Curious little incidents are perpetually occurring, when the soil is dug down to any depth; for instance, at Whittlesea Mere, eight feet below the moor, the diggers came to a perfect soil, and swathes of grass lying as they were first mown

down; and at Skirbeach sluice, near Boston, there was found, at sixteen feet deep, covered with silt, a smith's forge and all the tools thereunto belonging; at a still greater depth, furze bushes and trees have been found standing in solid earth below the silt; while the earthy strata of the fens have proved a perfect mine of interest to the geologist, who has found remains of hippopotami, rhinoceros, ibex, elephant, and walrus among the buried treasures. We find, in ancient days, the wild boar of the fen so plentiful that the head only was served up, while in later days, 'it was facile to snare the crane, the heron, the wild duck, teal, the eccentric and most savoury snipe, the swallow-kite, the swarth raven, the hoary vulture, the swift eagle, the greedy goshawk, and that gray beast the wolf of the weald.'

Crowland lay amongst the deepest fens and waters stagnating off muddy lands, so shut in and environed, Camden writes, as to be inaccessible on all sides except north and east, and that by narrow causeways. And with an apology for comparing small things with great, he says it is not unlike Venice! 'consisting of three streets, divided by canals of water, planted with villas, and built on piles driven into the bottom of the fen, and joined by a triangular bridge of admirable workmanship.' Dugdale, whom Mr Heathcote largely quotes, says that the overflowing of rivers made a deep lake, rendering the place uninhabitable except in high places where the monks resided, and to which there was no access but by navigable vessels, except into Ramsey 'by a causeway raised on the one side thereof.' In these precincts was Ely placed, encompassed on every side by fens and waters. On the borders of this district is Connington Castle, which in 1753 was purchased, with the manor thereunto appertaining, for two thousand five hundred pounds by Sir John Heathcote. In those days it was possible 'to get into a boat from the windows of the dining-room on the ground floor, and paddle off to shoot coots on Connington Fen. The farm-horses used to plough with wide boards attached to their shoes by straps.' As recently as 1805, a small cutter was brought into Whittlesea Mere (now all under cultivation), which drew two feet of water, and had a large mainsail, foresail, and jib, a cabin where eight persons could dine, an after-cabin, sleeping-berths, and a kitchen. In that small craft, for many a year, parties were made for sailing and fishing. Professor Selgwick relates how, in 1809, he started from St John's College, Cambridge, and walked all night, that he might join his friends at Whittlesea for a merry day's fishing on the mere. In 1842 there was a regatta on the mere; and not few are the regrets of the naturalist, who can recall the days when a pike weighing fifty-two pounds was taken from the lake, and the great copper-butterfly glistened in the sun. To him it is small compensation that 'over the habitat of the fen-fowl *Ceres* now pours her golden gifts.' The whole country, extending, as we have said, from Hunstanton in Norfolk to

Winthorpe in Lincolnshire, and embracing some seven hundred and fifty thousand acres, was the delight of artists and of every one else capable of appreciating the kind of beauty Cuyp and Ruysdael, Teniers and Hobbima, have cared to paint. With the enthusiasm of a true fenman, Mr Heathcote writes: 'Those who have studied the principles of Dutch art, and know the basis on which the fame of that school permanently rests, will acknowledge that the fen-country, *when in an undrained state*, teemed with the beauty which the artists we have quoted above have embodied in their works. Here,' he says, 'were found the same long flat lines, the same richness of local colour, arising from an exuberant flora, the forms of cattle reflected in the drains, the mills, the dwellings, dress, and habits of the inhabitants, the boats which navigated the rivers, and the same conspicuous atmospheric effects, contingent on the exhalations, rising and falling above the swampy surface. All these objects are included in the term picturesque, and from time immemorial have been a source of inspiration to those who desire to represent the real appearances of nature.' But perhaps, in the eyes of the artist or the student bent on a holiday, the fens were never more enchanting than in time of frost; when cottages 'modern thought has learned to despise and calumniate,' with willows and trees denuded of leaves, made picturesque groups, and the mills stood out bare and gaunt against the sky; and it was possible to skate from Connington to Ely Cathedral and back in the course of a winter's day. Indeed, in 1799, one Francis Drake, an officer of the Bedford Level Corporation, is said to have put on his skates at Whittlesea, and crossed both the Middle and South Levels without taking them off; a distance of nearly fifty miles.'

During the continuance of frost, 'the occupation which excited the greatest interest was a skating race. A good surface of ice gave as good a prospect of competition, and as happy a holiday, as a day of the Derby.' The candidates for the prizes, Mr Heathcote says, came from the surrounding towns and villages of the fens, and much rivalry was excited between them. The prizes offered were a cocked-hat, a pig, or a purse containing from one pound to twenty pounds. But life in the fens, even on its picturesque side, was not all holiday. 'During frost, when the rivers and drains were frozen, and when high-land work was slack, a winter harvest commenced. The cutting of reed and sedge was a busy and interesting scene. A gang of ten or twelve labourers in rich, warm, stuff jackets and high fen-boots, were employed in cutting white reeds fourteen feet high, with brown feathery flowers in filaments at the top. The reeds were laid in bundles, piled in sledges which ran on marrow-bones, and were removed along the ice to the entrance of the lodges or rivers where they were stacked, and left for further removal when the river-navigation was open. The sedge was mown; and the scenes presented during the harvest-days were exceedingly picturesque.' We can easily believe it, and also that the rarest butterflies and the richest wild-flowers were to be found in the same neighbourhood. But to all this pleasant picture there was another side.

Those same 'conspicuous atmospheric effects,' so

precious in the eyes of the artist, could not conceal the malaria which lurked beneath them. The 'old draining-mill' was a picturesque object enough, but it did not save the land from being for weeks at a time under water, when the winds happened not to blow, and its cannibrous machinery was at a stand-still. It might be pleasant for the squire to get out of his dining-room windows to a boat, and paddle to a day's shooting; but it was less so to his steward, 'who, when he drew on his fen-boots in the morning, left the floor of his cottage and the legs of his bedstead covered with water.' Cottages with fireplaces but with no egress for the smoke, are familiar to the mind of the Arctic traveller, but scarcely compatible with English ideas of civilisation. In honest truth, the whole *morale* of the fens, social and physical, up to some thirty years ago, was at an exceedingly low ebb. Dr Adam Mercer, writing in 1505, says of the fen country: 'It is one of the most brute and beastly of the whole realm, a land of marshy agne and unwholesome swamps.' The oldest Anglo-Saxon poem we have, of any considerable note, the legend of Beowulf, speaks of the monster Grendel, born and bred in the marshy swamps of Lincolnshire; and some modern interpreters have even gone so far as to believe the monster with his deadly grip, coming ever in the night to destroy the bravest in the land, to be but another name for the deadly malaria which was exhaled from those dreary fens. In 1620, we find James I. 'for the honour of his kingdom determined no longer to suffer these countries to be abandoned to the will of the waters, nor let them lie waste and unprofitable,' but 'did himself undertake by a law of sewers a great work of drainage.' But the design was opposed by those corporations to whom all progress is evil, or as the old chronicler Mr Hentzote quotes, puts it: 'He who will do any good in sewaging must do it against the will of such as shall have profit in it.' An old ballad quoted by Dugdale, in his History of the Fens, in 1620, shews the spirit in which innovation was regarded by the fen squatters. Here are two of the verses:

Come, brethren of the water, and let us all assemble
To treat upon this matter, which makes us quake
and tremble;

For we shall rue it, if it be true the fens be undertaken;

And where we feed on fen and reed, they'll feed
both beef and bacon.

The feathered fowl have wings, to fly to other nations,

But we have no such things to help our transportations;

We must give place—oh, grievous case—to horned beast and cattle,

Except that we can all agree to drive them out by battle.

Macanlay, writing of the condition of the fen-country at the close of the seventeenth century, speaks of 'a vast and desolate fen, saturated with all the moisture of thirteen centuries, and overhung the greater part of the year by a low gray mist, above which rose, visible many miles, the magnificent tower of Ely.' In that desolate region, covered by vast flights of wild-fowl, he says, 'a half-savage population, known by the name of Breedlings, led an amphibious life, sometimes

wading, sometimes rowing from one islet of firm ground to another.'

In many a parish of the 'Holland' of Lincolnshire, even so late as the middle of the present century, ague and opium-eating went hand in hand. In 1793, Arthur Young reports 'that numbers of sheep die of the rot when depasturing in the drier parts of the fen during the summer months; that the number stolen is incredible; they are taken off by whole flocks; whole acres of ground are covered with thistles and nettles four or five feet high, nursing up a race of people as wild as the fen.'

In 1795, a thousand acres in Blankney fen were one of the most fertile parts between Lincoln and Tattersall. They were let by public auction at Harecastle, and the reserved bid was ten pounds for the whole tract. More or less was this the state of things before 1810. Since then, all has been changed. The Middle Level Act was passed in 1844, and the lands of the Middle Level were taxed to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds; a subsequent Act imposing a further tax of two hundred and thirty thousand pounds. Engineering works for the drainage of this vast area were commenced and vigorously carried on; the task was an herculean one that had to grapple with seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of water; but the day was won. 'In 1850, the water finally left the bed of Whittlesea Mere dry. It had been made to flow out by a small cut of the New Middle Level Drainage at Folkester Point, on the north-west side.' And now here, as over the whole district, came the question of the fertility of the land: would the huge experiment pay? A few facts may suffice. Within the space of thirty-five years, Mr Heathcote tells us, the annual rental of two hundred and fifty thousand acres, forming one-third of the area comprised in the Bedford Level, has increased one hundred per cent. An estate near Marshland, which before the drainage sold for seven thousand pounds, has lately been purchased for fifty-seven thousand pounds. Land near Ramsey which sold for ten pounds is now worth forty pounds an acre. Land once mere marsh and snipe ground is now yielding returns which may be estimated thus, according to Mr Heathcote's calculation: Three thousand acres, formerly the bed of Whittlesea Mere, now corn-land and pasture, furnish wheat for three thousand three hundred and twenty-nine persons; oats for three hundred and seven horses; beef for three hundred and eighty-two persons; mutton for three hundred and six. Add to this the whole question of the storage of the water drained away, about which we will give one detail with one set of results. The Ely Level Board of Health has been in existence only five-and-twenty years. The total cost of its water-works was sixteen thousand pounds. The population of the town is eight thousand. *All cesspools have been abolished.* Thirty-five gallons of water per day are allowed to each person, and an unlimited supply to the town. The decrease of mortality is from 25·60 per 1000 in 1841-51, to 19·55 in 1861-71. It is all very prosaic, no doubt; but a diminished death-rate, higher wages, better food, may well compensate for the loss of 'conspicuous atmospheric effects, gorgeous butterflies, and savoury snipe in a great district, rendered by sheer force of modern industry one of the most fertile and most healthy, instead of the most miserable in the

whole land. After all, poet and artist would do well to remember, that turning a swamp into a corn-field is but the nineteenth-century version of causing the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

A DILEMMA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

THE two young men were fairly off Mr Duhamel's ground before they exchanged a word. Marco Castelli did not often begin a conversation, especially in English, and Emile was fairly at his wits' end; at last he spoke.

'What am I to do? I believe the best way would be to leave here at once, and when we are safely back in France, write to Miss Duhamel, and tell her the whole story. Neither she nor her father would hear it to-day.'

'Yes,' said Marco, who had simply come to England because Emile did, and who had no desire to stay there—'yes, that is best.'

'But then—poor Eugène—I say, Marco, what a beauty she is!'

'Very pretty,' assented Marco.

'Pretty! She is perfection! We should be fools to go away without seeing more of her. And yet, she cannot have cared a bit for Eugène.'

'English people have no hearts,' said Marco dryly, delighted at being successful in remembering that favourite calumny.

'Nonsense, my friend,' answered Emile sharply. 'Besides, she is not English. She was born in England, and had an English mother; that's all. Otherwise, as pure French as I am.'

Mr Duhamel was impatiently looking for his guests when they re-appeared at seven o'clock. Claire, lovelier than ever, was sitting about, and saying a word now and then to her cousin about Eugène. The June evening was still light and warm; and the flowery drawing-room, with its abundance of colour and perfume, was a fit shrine for such a dainty nineteenth-century nymph. So Eugène's representative thought, as his eyes greeted her, and a pang of envy—envy of his lost friend—went right through his heart, and shocked him. The puzzle of the morning was not solved. He had told Mr Duhamel, and Claire herself, that Eugène was dead. Either they were rather glad of it, or they did not believe him. But if they did not believe him, why did they not treat him as a rogue, an impostor? And how could Claire be glad of her freedom, she who had written those letters, full of innocent girlish affection, which his dead friend had bidden him read?

'I will let things go,' was Emile's last resolve. 'It is a midsummer night's dream, and I'll make no further effort to break it.'

It would have been pleasanter, perhaps, if Mr Duhamel had not seemed to take such a singular pleasure in calling him by his name. He could not even say: 'Monsieur de Bellechasse, will you take Claire in to dinner?' without a pomp that made it sound as if he had said 'Monsieur le Marquis de Carabas;' and he looked so excessively mischievous and knowing, that he was a most embarrassing host. Miss Burton looked a little puzzled too, and evidently examined both the guests with some curiosity. She made herself very agreeable to Marco, who, finding that she could speak Italian, ventured to disregard his leader, and refresh himself with his native tongue. After

all, however, other people might be or do what they liked, they could not much affect Emile's happiness. Claire sat beside him, Claire smiled upon him, Claire talked to him with the grace and gaiety which he had found in her letters; Claire was rapidly dazzling the young man into that condition of blissful folly sometimes heard of as 'love at first sight.' She was so happy herself! She had quite forgotten what the story was with which her Eugène had introduced himself. He was pretending to be somebody else—perhaps to test her constancy to his imaginary absent self—and her clever father had found him out; that was enough for her. Since he was everything she wished in other respects, that one little whim might be forgiven him. The test was easily stood.

After dinner, the gentlemen, none of them being English, followed the ladies out of the dining-room; but on their way to the drawing-room, Mr Duhamel renewed Emile's doubts of his sanity.

'Are you satisfied now, Monsieur de Bellechasse?' said he, aside, 'or do you mean to keep up your comedy through another act? You might as well take me into your confidence, for you can't deceive my eyes, you see.'

He trotted off, after this mysterious sentence, with such an intensely knowing expression of countenance, that the unfortunate messenger of evil tidings had almost fled from the house and its enchantments there and then. In his distress, he was suddenly aware of a pair of serious and lustrous eyes regarding him. They were those of Miss Burton; and with a sort of gasp of relief he took deep into his mind the conviction that she, at anyrate, was sane, and safe—neither bewitched nor bewitching. 'She knows what it means, and will tell me,' he said to himself; but how to speak privately to her? She was still good-humouredly giving her attention to Marco, and Emile himself would have been the sport of perplexity for ever, rather than voluntarily desert the girl, who seemed tacitly to claim him. Mr Duhamel regarded the young people with looks of delight. He hovered round them, putting in a word now and then, and making Claire shew off for the benefit, or to the undoing, of the helpless victim. At last she was bidden to sing, and while she was turning over her songs, and calling upon Anne for advice, Emile found an opportunity of whispering to his companion: 'Ask what it means. You must find out why they treat us in this way.' Marco nodded; but Emile did not feel certain that he had understood; for many of the sayings which were most irritatingly problematical to him, had never reached the Italian's consciousness at all.

At last the evening was over, and the mid-summer night's dream was a more complete, more entrancing dream than ever. The two cavaliers walked slowly away through the dewy darkness, and one of them kept his head turned till the very last possible moment towards the white-robed figure lingering at the open window.

She seemed a splendid angel newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven,

he repeated to himself; and then:

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

M. de Bellechasse prided himself greatly on his acquaintance with modern English poetry, but

the appropriateness of his quotations did not trouble him. He came back to prose with a sigh, and a comfortable recollection that Marco would not understand him, and eagerly inquired: 'Well, what does Miss Burton say?'

'Says that you may be Eugène Bertand.'

'What? That I am?—'

'Eugène. That you perhaps pretend to be Do Bellechasse.'

'Good heavens! They are mad, then! Explain!'

'In Italian, then?'

'As you will.'

Marco then proceeded to state that Anne, questioned by him, had honestly told him the true state of the case. She had, perhaps, already begun to suspect that her uncle was mistaken, for had she not reasons of her own to doubt his discernment? She, upon the whole, believed Marco when he assured her that his companion was not Claire's betrothed; but when he begged her to make Claire and her father understand, she positively refused.

'I should offend my uncle, and throw Claire into confusion and distress,' she said. 'I strongly advise you and your friend to let the mistake go uncorrected for a little longer—that is, if Monsieur de Bellechasse admires Claire as much as he seems to do.'

'Admire her!' repeated Emile, when Marco had conscientiously reported this advice. 'I have admired plenty of women, but I never saw one like this. Wise Miss Burton; I will do as you bid me; but for how long?'

'Let the mistake go uncorrected,' Anne had well said; but in saying so, she reckoned without her host. Mr Duhamel was far too proud of his discernment not to be impatient to force his future son-in-law to confess.

The two young men were to be at Mr Duhamel's in good time next morning. Both Claire and her father had willed it so; and Emile had been too weak to say 'no.' He had argued with himself that it was impossible for him to run away while they were in their present position; and propped by Anne's advice, he meant to take all the good provided—and wait. But as he walked up to the house, his mind was still unsettled and uneasy. A harum-scarum by nature, and already fathoms deep in love, the temptation to yield, and allow himself to play the rôle forced on him, was great indeed. Yet, on the other hand, he shrunk from defrauding at once the dead Eugène, and Eugène's betrothed. And finally, honour got the better, for the moment, of love. 'I am going to compel them to believe the truth,' he said to Castelli. 'I shall have a fight with the old gentleman, and get it over. Poor girl!'

'Stupid old man,' answered Marco, with his usual deliberateness.

Mr Duhamel met them at the door, and Emile begged for a few minutes' conversation, and was taken to the scene of their first meeting.

'Well, Monsieur de Bellechasse,' Mr Duhamel began in great good-humour, without giving him time for a word, 'you have something particular to say to me?'

'I must beg you to believe me to-day'—Emile commenced, very earnestly.

'Yes, yes, my dear boy, of course'—

'What I told you yesterday,' he went on.

'I forgive you,' said Mr Duhamel heartily. 'And so does Claire. We know all about it, you see.'

'Will you tell her, then?' Emile answered, beginning to believe that Mr Duhamel *must* know what he was talking about. 'Let her understand that I had no intention of deceiving her'—

'Or, at anyrate, not much,' interposed the other; 'and quite innocently. But I hope you are satisfied *now* that she loves you?'

'I believed that she loved Eugene'—

'And that she *likes* Monsieur de Bellechasse, eh? As you please. And you don't *dislike* her?'

'I love her with all my soul,' cried poor Emile in despair. 'But pray, listen'—

'*Claire! Claire!*' cried Mr Duhamel; and before another word could be spoken, Claire, beautiful and bright as the summer morning, stood in the room.

'He has confessed, my child,' said her father laughing; 'and he says he finds you tolerable. So, what do you say?'

She said nothing; but put out her pretty little hand, and Emile, for all the world, could not have put it away from him.

'Bravo! bravo!' chuckled Mr Duhamel. 'Did not I say so, Claire? Did not I say so?'

'Dear Eugene,' said Claire, 'why did you try to deceive us? Was it for your own sake, or mine?'

'Did not I tell you he was romantic?' asked her father impatiently.

'You might have trusted *me*. Don't you remember what I wrote to you?'

'Could I forget it?' Emile answered. 'Oh, if I am to be cross-questioned, I shall be found out without fail, and just as I had given in,' he thought with disgust.

'What did I say?' Claire went on. 'Was it not that I never had thought, and never would think of anybody but you?'

'You said that,' Emile answered boldly, 'to Eugene'—

'And you answered,' she went on. 'What?'

'Why oppose her? She will not hear me,' said Emile to himself. Then aloud: 'Did not my answer please you?'

'Yes. But I want you to repeat it.'

'When I have said a thing once I mean it always,' he replied.

'But perhaps not this, because you had not seen me. Say it, if you mean it *now*.'

'Heaven help me!' thought Emile. 'But why should I have changed, Claire, since you are all, and more than all, I fancied?'

'Oh, how obstinate you are!' cried Claire, drawing her hand away from him. 'Papa, he will not say it, because he does not like me.'

'Now you mean to quarrel, do you?' said Mr Duhamel, laughing. 'I see I must settle it. Give me your hand, Claire.—Now, monsieur, do you care for this present I have here for you? It is precious, and deserves to be valued.'

Claire, between anger, fear, and innocent love, was watching his face keenly—to hesitate for a moment, would be, he felt, to lose her for ever.

'Only give her to me,' he answered; 'you shall never find me ungrateful.'

'Bravo! bravo!' cried Mr Duhamel again, and in a trice was out of the room, calling Anne as he bustled into the drawing-room.

An arrival had taken place there during his

absence. Sir George Manners was sitting near Anne, and telling her how he had been able to get away from London last night instead of this morning.

'Ah, Sir George!' cried Mr Duhamel, delighted to see him. 'Back again already? I wish you joy, my dear sir—I wish you joy!'

'Thank you. And you are to be congratulated too, I hear?'

'Yes. I have just left them together to settle their own affairs. A fine young man as one could find anywhere. Exactly what I always thought my dear old friend's son would be.'

'But rather whimsical, I should guess?'

'Ah, Anne has told you. Romantic, Sir George, romantic. These young people *will* be foolish. But he has confessed now, so we will say no more about it. And about yourself, my good neighbour?'

'I find I am sure of the money, Mr Duhamel.'

'There now; I could have told you beforehand what you would say. At Eugene's age, for instance, the lady is everything, and the money nothing. At yours, men are wiser. Sure of the money, eh? So much the better. The lady *brings* the money, so that's all right.'

'Not in my case, Mr Duhamel. You always warned me to expect my step-mother to defraud me. But for that, I should probably have tried to get a wife long ago.'

'Yes, of course I did. And I turned out right, you see.'

'Not quite right in the end. She quarrelled with her husband, and forgave me. Her death, about three weeks ago, has given me back all that my father left to her.'

Mr Duhamel gazed at his visitor with a face where dismay gradually gave way to congratulation. 'Well, well; I always said you would get nothing from her while she *lived*,' he said emphatically. 'And so now you have got two fortunes?'

'Only one. And I am reasonable enough to be satisfied.'

'But you said just now that you had made sure of your bride's money?'

'No, Mr Duhamel; only of my father's. As for my bride, I hope I am sure of her, but I should like to have your consent.'

'My consent?' repeated Mr Duhamel, bewildered.

'Yes, please, dear uncle,' said Anne, quietly coming to the side of her lover.

'What! Anne? What do you both mean?'

'Uncle, you do not wish me to be an old maid?' murmured Anne, smiling.

'No, child, no. Bless me!' said Mr Duhamel, 'who would ever have thought it? But she has no money at all to speak of!'

'Quite enough for me,' answered Sir George; 'thanks to my step-mother.'

Mr Duhamel here left the pair and trotted back to the study, where Claire and Emile were entertaining one another. 'Come with me, young people,' he said, 'and don't fancy you've got all the love-making to yourselves. Ah, I *did* suspect it once.' He led the way to the drawing-room, and announced cheerfully: 'Here is my son-in-law, Sir George—fairly caught at last, you see.'

'De Bellechasse!' cried Sir George, as Emile came in with Claire; 'are you here? Welcome to England!' and while they shook hands, he looked

expectantly for the appearance of Mr Duhamel's son-in-law, Eugène.

'De Bellechasse!' repeated Mr Duhamel and Claire together.

'Certainly,' answered Sir George. 'I did not know you were acquainted.'

'But, my good fellow, this is Eugène Bertrand,' assuaged Mr Duhamel.

'Mr Duhamel,' answered Emile, 'do me the justice to own that I never said so.'

'You called yourself De Bellechasse, certainly,' Mr Duhamel owned—'for a whim.'

'Was it for a whim that I was called De Bellechasse in Paris, Sir George?'

'I have no reason to think so. Your conduct has always been honourable and straightforward. But what does all this mean?'

Claire had left Emile's side, and clung fast to her father's arm; both father and daughter looked confounded. It was Anne who came to the rescue.

'My dear uncle,' she said, 'you have only made a slight mistake, and one easily mended. This gentleman is *not* your old friend's son, but he seems very willing to act as if he were—why not let him?'

'Yes,' added Emile eagerly; 'only try me, Mr Duhamel. Claire, don't, I beg of you, *don't* send me away!'

Claire could not help smiling; and Mr Duhamel saw a way out of his dilemma.

'As you will, then,' said he, suffering his good-humoured face to beam on the circle. 'But you are the only people I ever knew who were clever enough to mislead me.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE *Challenger* has returned from her three years' voyage round the world laden with specimens of plants and animals, with samples of the sea-bottom from many latitudes, and with observations and theories, all of which, when sifted and classified, will be taken into the service of physical science and of natural history. Two hundred cases of specimens, in addition to the prodigious heap previously sent home and stored in the cellars of the University of Edinburgh, imply an amount of work yet to be done in description and classification which seems overwhelming. It may be that Professor Wyville Thomson will find this harder work than the work of collection was amid vicissitudes of wind and weather. But not until it has been done can the results of the voyage be satisfactorily known. A popular account of the memorable cruise will in all probability be published before the end of the present year; and some years hence the scientific account of the voyage, with its discoveries, its facts and conclusions, will appear in a goodly series of quarto volumes with appropriate illustrations.

The *Pandora* yacht has sailed once more for Greenland and the Polar Sea to pick up news, if possible, of the Arctic expedition. It is thought by some naval officers, that if Captain Nares had a favourable season last year, he may, with the heroism of a first onset, have succeeded in reaching the Pole. Should this be the case, the *Pandora* will meet him coming home in triumph.

Notes of a Voyage to Kerguelen Island to observe the Transit of Venus, December 8, 1874, is the title of a small book which is well worth reading. The author, Rev. S. J. Perry, was one of the scientific men who volunteered to go out to that land of Desolation for the advantage of astronomy, and indeed of physical science generally. A man must be thoroughly in earnest when, in order to make observations of a transit, he sails away to a lonely island three thousand miles from human habitation, through a region of mist and storm, where, during three weeks of every month, the wind blows a gale, and the greatest waves in the world are upheaved. All this, and the severity of the labour in a wild climate, and passages of daily life, and touches of adventure, are well described.

A few sheep, carried from the Cape of Good Hope, were turned loose on the island, and liked liberty so well, that, when they were 'wanted,' they took to the hill-tops, and could only be captured by stalking. A small number escaped, and if, as Father Perry says, 'they are not dead of cold, they may still be enjoying their freedom on the Kerguelen hills.' Small colonies of rabbits were established in boxes in different parts of the island, in the hope that they would increase and multiply. The botany of the island was allotted to a young curate of the Church of England, who collected plants with praiseworthy activity, with addition of specimens of natural history.

By way of turning the South Kensington Exhibition of scientific apparatus to profitable uses, a series of conferences has been held in the various branches of physical science represented by the instruments. Natives and foreigners have met at these conferences, and we may assume that one of the effects will be to establish a community of scientific opinion among those who cultivate science throughout Europe. To the cultivated observer there is something especially instructive in the contents of the long ranges of glass cases; and the thought will perhaps arise that past generations were not so benighted as we fondly imagine them to have been. Galileo's telescope, for example, is found to be a good telescope, and the favoured few who have looked through it down the long galleries of the Exhibition declare that objects are seen with surprising distinctness. Another thought is suggested by observation of the apparatus with which Faraday and other philosophers worked—namely, that genius achieves its object with the very simplest appliances. Given the genius, one may be trusted to make his research even without endowment; and he will outstrip those who put their trust in costly and complicated apparatus. Other famous names are similarly illustrated; and any one who walks through the Exhibition, catalogue in hand, remembering how much lies beneath the surface, will not fail to carry away an impression that may animate him for the rest of his life.

A Society of Public Analysts has been formed to promote and maintain the efficiency of the laws relating to adulteration—to secure the appointment of competent public analysts—to improve the processes for the detection and quantitative estimation of adulterations, and to secure uniformity in the statement of the results, by holding periodical meetings for the reading and discussion of original papers on chemical and microscopical analysis, especially with reference to the detection

of adulteration. The new Society shew that they are in earnest by publishing the first volume of their *Proceedings*, containing reports of meetings and of the papers read, with statements of legal cases and results. Among others there are papers on the detection of alum in bread—on milk—on natural constituents of wine—on butter, pepper, tea, and other articles, all connected with the general question. A Society willing to do so much for the advantage of the public generally surely deserves to prosper, and find members in every town in the realm.

Dr Stokes, Regius Professor of Physic in the University of Dublin, in the course of a lecture on Sanitary Science in Ireland, stated that there are in Dublin a thousand houses unfit for human beings to live in. 'I believe,' he continued, 'that this estimate is far below the mark. The Reports of our nuisance inspectors remind me of early days spent in visiting the poor in the Liberties of Dublin, since which time decay and destitution have been doing their work fourfold in all the poorer parts of our city. The marks of physical degradation in the inhabitants are sickening to look at: the ill-developed frame, the pallid and hollow cheek, the sunken eye, all tell of a population through which endemic and epidemic disease run riot.' As regards the origin and propagation of contagious diseases, Dr Stokes is of opinion that we know less than is commonly supposed; and he says: 'I believe that we must mainly trust for disinfection to cleanliness in the widest acceptation of the word.' The lecture is published in the *Journal of the Royal Dublin Society*, along with papers 'On the Discrimination of Good Water and Wholesome Food'—'On the Geographical Distribution of Disease'—'On the Prevention of Artisans' Diseases'—and other subjects; all of which may be read with advantage by any one interested in sanitary science.

From a paper read at a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, we learn that the breakwater at Holyhead is seven thousand eight hundred and sixty feet long, and that it shelters a harbour comprising four hundred acres of deep water. The base of the breakwater was formed by dropping into the sea lumps of stone of all sizes, the refuse of the neighbouring quarries, until a mound arose broad and solid enough to serve as foundation for the masonry of the superstructure. The depth of water varies from forty to fifty-five feet; hence it is not surprising that seven million tons of stone were required for the whole work. The dropping was carried on from railway trucks running on timber-stages, built temporarily in the sea; and the daily quantity thrown down was about four thousand tons. The cost of the breakwater was one million two hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds.

A good work has been done at the mouth of Carlingford Lough, in Ireland, by dredging a navigable channel through the bar, and thus giving access to the twelve hundred acres of safe anchorage inside. The bar was composed of blue clay and boulders, some of them four tons weight. These were raised by chains and a crane; but stones of thirty hundredweight could be lifted by the dredge. The maximum weight raised in a single day was four thousand tons.

The subject of another paper read at the same place was the Pneumatic Transmission of Tele-

grams. The length of the pneumatic or air tubes in London is nearly eighteen miles. There are five tubes in Manchester, four in Liverpool, three in Dublin, three in Birmingham, and one in Glasgow. Small tubes can be worked more economically than large ones; a blast costs less than a vacuum; and it is found that lead tubes are more suitable for the work, and more durable than iron. The 'carriers' in which the bundles of telegrams are despatched are cylindrical boxes of gutta-percha covered with shrunk druggel, and their weight is less than three ounces.

A curious fact was related at a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, namely, that a blasting-furnace in which a rich quality of iron has been smelted for some time continues to produce an equally good quality for a few days after the 'burden' has been changed; that is, after inferior ore has been put into the furnace. The explanation appears to be, that during the first smelting the furnace becomes saturated with carbon, which has a beneficial though temporary effect on the subsequent charge.

Another fact is, that in some of the saw-mills in the United States, circular saws are used with loose teeth, which can be taken out to be sharpened. Holes or recesses are drilled in the edge of the saw disc; the shank of each tooth is made with a dovetail which, when put into the hole, is turned round and thereby secured in its place. It is obvious that, if a few sets of teeth are kept always ready, the blunt ones may be taken out and the sharp ones put in with but little loss of time.

An account of another curious fact is published in a recent number of the *American Journal of Science*. 'Several years ago,' remarks the writer, 'after spending a portion of the day in experimenting with phosphuretted hydrogen, prepared from phosphorus and solution of potash, on retiring to bed I found my body quite luminous, with a glow like that of phosphorus when exposed to the air. Either some of the gas having escaped combustion, or the product of its burning, must have been absorbed into the system, and the phosphorus afterwards separated at the surface have there undergone slow combustion. I was conscious of no feeling that could be attributed to it, nor was my health apparently in any way affected by it.'

The Gas question has been discussed at the two ends of the kingdom: in London before the Institution of Civil Engineers by Mr Suggs, who stated that by his system one standard burner only was proposed for all qualities of gas. It can be easily gauged and verified. When used with sixteen-candle gas, it burns five cubic feet per hour with a three-inch flame, the light from which is equal to that given by sixteen sperm candles at six to the pound. At Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mr Pattinson, President of the Chemical Society, after describing his experiments with various burners, said: It thus appears that burners are in use in Newcastle which give a light equal to only three and three-quarter candles, with the same quantity and quality of gas as would give a light equal to seventeen and three-quarter candles when burned in a good argand, or twelve and a half candles in a good burner of its own class. From this we gather that if consumers will be careful to use proper burners, they will gain from three to five times the amount of light given by the improper burners. Besides

the saving in the cost of gas, there would be, as Mr Pattinson observes, 'the additional advantage of having the vitiation of the air in the room by sulphur compounds and carbolic acid from the burning gas reduced to the same extent.' He publishes his results, in the hope that public attention will be called to the question.

A fact which may be of use to workers in metal is mentioned in the *Journal* of the Chemical Society. A firm in Germany have invented a new grinding or polishing stone, which is prepared with emery, water-glass, and petroleum, and thus differs from those formerly manufactured of gun, shellac, and emery; a composition which, when it became warm, lost its grinding property. The new stones may be set spinning at the rate of from one to two thousand revolutions a minute without the same tendency to heat, and can therefore be used for the grinding of steel, if the surface be moistened from time to time with petroleum. The inventors of these stones are Van Baele & Co. of Worms.

We learn from the same *Journal* that the pyrites dug from the mines near Meggen is treated in such an ingenious way that it yields a number of valuable products. In the first place it is the raw material for most of the sulphuric acid works in Germany; it yields six per cent. of zinc, and Glauber's salt in crystalline masses, and the refuse on exposure to moisture forms a beautiful red powder which can be advantageously used for polishing certain kinds of plate-glass.

The President of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club, in his last anniversary address, presented many interesting facts in natural history, among which the following may perhaps be thought worth attention by general readers. 'I have long thought,' said Mr Carr-Ellison, 'the heel-claw of the skylark and its congeners one of the clear demonstrations of beneficent design in organisation, to enable ground-roosting diurnal birds, of small specific gravity, to pass the night, not squatting, but crouching, and fronting the storm, without being either blown away or frozen to the ground. Neither the skylark nor any of its congeners could roost upon the ground, as they do, in winter, and in rainy windy weather, without the support of such a heel. They would be frozen to the ground; for they are diurnal birds, and sleep soundly at night. They do not keep shifting their position like the wakeful peewit and gold-plover; nor can they betake themselves to hedges, as the buntings do when the ground is wet. Hence I take the liberty of reading the lesson of the lark's heel in my own way, heedless of all that evolution has yet adduced, however interesting.'

At Oxford a project is on foot for the establishment of a School 'for the benefit of students who are natives of India, so that they may take the usual degrees in Arts after examination in the classical languages of their own country.' These languages are Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persian. They stand in the same relation to young Indian students as Latin and Greek to European students, and would form a real subject of examination in *literis humanioribus*. Mr Monier Williams, Professor of Sanscrit at Oxford, says of the proposed School: 'Its principal aim will be to draw England and India closer together, by promoting a reciprocity of thought and feeling between the two

countries, and a better knowledge of each other;' and he believes that it will 'partly effect this object by adapting itself to the needs of young Indians, who, as soon as an Indian School for degrees is established, will probably flock to our university.' This seems to be a project which ought to succeed.

Asiatic cholera is so well known to be such a terribly fatal disease, that any plan of treatment that gives promise of success must excite general interest. A method has lately been introduced by Surgeon-major A. R. Hall, of the Army Medical Department, which, it is hoped, will lessen the mortality caused by this fearful malady. It consists in putting *sedatives* under the skin, by means of a small syringe (hypodermic injection), instead of giving stimulants by the stomach. Surgeon-major Hall has served nearly twelve years in Bengal, and has suffered from the disease himself. In most accounts of the state of the patient in the cold stage, or collapse of cholera, the heart is described as being very weak, and the whole nervous system much exhausted. Stimulants have, therefore, almost always been administered; but experience has shewn that they do more harm than good. Surgeon-major Hall observed, in his own case, while his skin was blue and cold, and when he could not feel the pulse at his wrist, *that his heart was beating more forcibly than usual!* He therefore concluded, that the want of pulse at the wrist could not depend upon want of power in the heart. A study of the works of a distinguished physiologist, Dr Brown-Sequard, with some observations of his own, suggested the idea, that the whole nervous system is *intensely irritated*, instead of being exhausted; and that the heart and all the arteries in the body are in a state of spasmodic contraction. The muscular walls of the heart, therefore, work violently, and *squeeze* the cavities, so that the whole organ is smaller than it ought to be; but it cannot dilate as usual, and so cannot receive much blood to pump to the wrist. Surgeon-major Hall *looks upon the vomiting and purging as of secondary importance*, but directs special attention to the spasmodic condition of the heart and lungs. The frequent vomiting generally causes anything that is given by the mouth to be immediately rejected; so it occurred to him that as the nervous system appeared to want soothing instead of stimulating, powerful sedatives if put under the skin would prove beneficial. A solution of chloral hydrate (which has a very depressing action on the heart) was employed in twenty cases where the patients were either in collapse, or approaching it, and eighteen of these recovered. They were natives of Bengal. It is probable that, among Europeans, in severe cases, more powerful depressants may be required; and Surgeon-major Hall recommends the employment of solutions of Prussic acid, Calabar bean, bromide of potassium, and other true sedatives. Opium (which is not really a sedative, but a stimulating narcotic) and all alcoholic stimulants are to be avoided, and nothing given to the patient to drink, *in collapse*, except cold water, of which he may have as much as he likes. It is to be hoped that this sedative treatment may have an extended trial, and that before long we may have further favourable reports concerning it.

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BENEFACTORS.

DOING good, as must be pretty well known, does not altogether consist in giving donations of money and other articles to the needy, nor in ordinary acts of kindness and sympathy. Tradition supports the idea that doing good is very much a matter of almsgiving—giving of your abundance to the poor. It scarcely recognises the principle of doing good on an extensive scale through incidental agency that is to say, without the act of giving, be the gift much or little. Modern notions of fulfilling the duties of life take a much wider sweep. It is now understood that immense good may be done without either giving or pretending to give; in fact, by benefactors squaring their own interests with the public benefit. We will offer a few examples of what we mean, that being the best way of clearing the matter up.

A wealthy man with benevolent feelings becomes acutely anxious at the beginning of winter regarding the condition of the poor of a small town in which circumstances have given him an interest. The price of coal at the spot is as much as twenty shillings a ton, and sometimes higher, for the article has to be brought a long way in carts. It is a painful consideration, how at this rate the poor are to be able to procure a sufficiency of fuel to keep themselves warm; and, troubled in his mind on the subject, the worthy individual we speak of benevolently sends a present of ten pounds to the town, for the purchasing of coal to that amount for general distribution among all who are not above receiving a dole of this nature. It is a well-meant and benevolent act, which is highly appreciated in the community, and is, of course, noted and extolled by the local newspaper.

We now come to another species of doing good. The small town in question is so ill provided with means of intercourse with places at a distance, that no wonder coal is dear and scarce at the very season of the year when it is specially required. There has been a dearth of fuel of good quality for generations. In their pinching misery, the poorer classes have barely preserved warmth in

their dwellings, with all the expedients within reach, donations included. To all appearance, this state of things is to go on for ever. The so-called benevolent do not concern themselves about it. They have relieved their feelings by charitable contribution, and otherwise leave the town to its fate. At length, among a class of persons who have never been conspicuous for making donations, there arises a desire to remedy the condition of affairs by having recourse to a feasible and plain commercial principle. They strike out the idea of a railway, to reach the nearest coal-fields and a busy centre of population. Not contenting themselves with merely talking over the matter, or drinking toasts about it, they put their hats on their respective heads, and manfully go forth to secure adherents to the undertaking. After some trouble, and encountering a variety of rebuffs, they succeed in bringing the scheme to a practical issue. The required capital is raised. The railway is made, and comes into operation. One of the first consequences which ensues is, that the price of coal drops to one half. A slower but equally effective result is the growing prosperity of the town, along with a largely increased demand for labour. The poor no longer need to depend on charitable contributions of coal. Each, from the savings of his well-recompensed labour, is able to lay in a frugal store to carry him through the winter.

It has now to be judged in which of these examples we have the highest demonstration of the art of doing good. Whether has the benevolent gentleman's annual gift of ten pounds, or the conduct of the railway projectors, produced the most benefit? One need hardly ask the question. The gift was meritorious, but it falls immeasurably short of those lasting and prodigious advantages springing out of the railway undertaking. The true benefactors were the individuals who, risking their money on a commercial enterprise, diffused innumerable blessings in what had hitherto been an outlying and almost unknown neighbourhood. Were we disposed to spend time in the recital, there would be no end to an account of similar and vastly more important acts of beneficence effected

by undertakings primarily designed as a mere money investment. Is there anything in the annals of doing good to match the expenditure of hundreds of millions in creating a network of railways in the British Islands, or in the boundless outlay of establishing ocean steamers which communicate with all the ends of the earth? Has any one seriously considered how these mechanical agencies, with the aid of accumulated capital (savings from labour), are effecting a stupendous moral revolution—everywhere breaking down narrow and unworthy prejudices, meliorating poverty, and uniting all mankind in what they ought to have been long ago, a universal and sympathising brotherhood? Thus has physical science become the powerful handmaid of religion and civilisation. Within our knowledge, there is one man who, in a pure spirit of enterprise, by his fleet of steamers, has done more to open up, and introduce modern civilisation and comforts into, the Western Islands than all the land-proprietors and all their gifts put together for the last hundred years. David Hutcheson (the name of this enterprising individual) can only be spoken of as a great public benefactor. Are there not many other men who have in a like manner signalled themselves, not in charitable doles, but as promoters of objects which immensely tend to the public benefit? The late Mr Bianconi with his cars, the precursors of railways in Ireland, familiarly occurs to recollection as one of the great benefactors of his age. In the front rank of another class of men noted for good deeds of a transcendent nature stand the names of James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine; of George Stephenson, the improver, almost inventor, of the locomotive; and of Rowland Hill, who boldly devised the scheme of a uniform Penny Postage, with all its incalculable benefits as regards social and commercial intercourse. Wheatstone, with his invention of the electric telegraph, will also be ever renowned as a benefactor to mankind.

Legislation, considering its opportunities, does not loom largely in acts of public beneficence. The contests of party and the ventilation of crotchets too much occupy the space that might be reasonably expected to be devoted to the doing of good on a scale worth mentioning—that is to say, to the promotion of measures of any solid advantage. The truth is, legislation is fully more noted for keeping back than for advancing such measures. It is now a century since Adam Smith clearly demonstrated the advantages of free-trade, freedom in the rights of labour, and the folly of all ineconomic restrictions. Seventy years elapsed before the beneficent doctrines of that truly great man were generally recognised as sound and brought to a practical issue by legislation. In some countries, they are not recognised yet. Here is a striking example of how a boundless degree of good may be obstructed by a union of ignorance and selfishness. The significance of Smith's doctrines, as has been said by an eminent living

statesman, is not that they make a number of men rich who formerly were poor, but that their effect is 'to mitigate the labour of those who were in hard and bitter circumstances, giving comfort, and even reasonable abundance, not to scores, or hundreds, or thousands, but to millions, to whom before life was a burden.' Surely, then, Adam Smith, by his celebrated work, *The Wealth of Nations* (which every young man should make a point of studying), is to be classed among the greatest thinkers and benefactors. Considering the heroic manner in which Smith's more important economic doctrines were, in the face of determined and short-sighted opposition, brought into practical operation by Richard Cobden and Sir Robert Peel, one has a satisfaction in feeling that he was a contemporary of these eminent individuals. If free-trade had its battles with fierce and unreasoning selfishness, so had the freedom which naturally appertains to human beings. Only after enormous struggles by Wilberforce, Clarkson, and their successors, were the slave-trade and negro-slavery abolished. Middle-aged persons may have an interest in remembering the establishing of the legal principle that every man and woman was the unchallengeable proprietor of his or her own person. Looking at it in a plain point of view, that seems a very rational principle: That every man belongs to himself, and not to somebody else. Nevertheless, years and years were expended in vindicating that wonderfully simple principle. We have heard the most beautiful oratory—the outpouring of wind-bags—ingeniously shewing that slavery was a right and proper state of things. In spite of all sorts of windy and specious declamations, the right of each man to the property of his own person was triumphantly carried. Those who stood out for right against might at this memorable occasion deserve to be gratefully remembered. They were undoubtedly great men, great benefactors, who effected the meliorations we speak of. 'There were giants in those days,' and it would be befitting to emulate them wheresoever we may be directed by a sense of duty.

Doing good on a comprehensive scale, and as opportunities occur in modern society, far transcends anything pictured in the literature of past ages. Nor are there wanting many who are eager to be benefactors. In numerous instances, the prime difficulty is how to overcome obstructions presented by the lukewarm and the selfish. In the broad category of general beneficence, may be included various eminently successful schemes for supplying towns with an abundance of pure water, for introducing better kinds of sewage, and for improving cities, with a view to promoting health and lessening the rate of mortality. We could specify cases in which, by such improvements, the death-rate of a large population has been permanently reduced from twenty-nine to twenty-two per thousand. There is a clear gain of seven lives in the thousand annually. The

lives of fathers, and mothers, and children spared that would have been otherwise sacrificed. Surely that counts for something in the annals of doing good, although it is not so obvious to the eye, and not so heroic as the saving of a single life from drowning.

It is easily understood how in ancient times, in a simple organisation of society, with neither enlarged intelligence nor accumulated capital—with barely security for human life—the giving of alms was exalted to a virtue, because under an oppressive system of polity, there were numbers ever on the brink of starvation without any public provision for their succour. The Scriptures abound in the most expressive injunctions to make eleemosynary donations—'Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man.' 'He that soweth little, shall reap little; and he that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously.' 'To do good, and to distribute, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.' 'Whoso hath this world's good, and seeing his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' Excellent admonitions, not to be lightly disregarded, but in the present advanced condition of society not wholly falling in with a public code of morals. As every one knows, the giving of alms only creates a host of professional mendicants. Begging becomes a trade. Old injunctions, therefore, require to be weighed in connection with the teachings of modern experience. We are called on to apply an enlarged degree of knowledge to a subject which has been studied with a substantial regard to good-doing only in recent times, and which, in those countries still in a rudimentary state, is not studied at all. In some parts of India, for example, the giving of petty alms in the ancient style flourishes with a vigour which was common throughout the East two thousand years ago. In defiance of accumulated experience, the morbidly benevolent in our own land are seen to encourage a reliance on charity, and consequently to increase pauperism. Under the notion of doing good, they get up soup-kitchens and houses of nightly refuge, which, while possibly assuaging some immediate wants, serve as 'a draw,' from the remotest parts of the kingdom; so that, by these inconsiderate attractions, a city condemns itself to a perennial supply of dissolute idlers and their unfortunate progeny.

Three hundred years ago, and even later, it was not unusual for wealthy individuals to bequeath large sums of money in trust for the endowment of hospitals for the blind and education of the young. No one will aver that these institutions have not done good in their day and generation. They supplied a want. Many of the youths they trained rose to eminence. But the general feeling now is that, as too monastic in character, they have outlived their time, and stand in need of some very special modification. Perhaps a knowledge of this fact may have induced Stewart, the 'Merchant Prince' of New York, to hesitate so long about what he should do with his wealth that he finally did nothing at all. For men of his stamp, it would be well to have some definite

notion of what really constitutes doing good by benefactions. Everything, as it appears to us, should be avoided which breaks down the sense of independence and self-respect of recipients. Obviously there is great scope for liberal benefactions, by bequest or otherwise, in promoting schools of science and art, as well as in such less technical but still important branches of education for both sexes as are not likely to be reached by ordinary appliances; also in aiding public hospitals for the sick and hurt. One of the most remarkable and gratifying demonstrations of good feeling within the past few years has been the large subscriptions and bequests for building churches, and restoring from a lamentable state of decay those ancient ecclesiastical structures which we associate with the glory of England. There is in all this a wide field for doing good, which is clearly beyond challenge.

The same thing and much more can be said of the prodigious and single-hearted efforts made to reclaim from barbaric paganism. The assaults on the savagery of Africa from all sides, along with courageous attempts to introduce Christianity, are among the marvels of the age. In this line of beneficence, merchant millionaires would be quite safe. Already, in the matter of African discovery, from Park to Livingstone, there has been a 'noble army of martyrs.' Long did the enterprise appear well-nigh hopeless. In recent events we at length see the dawn of a brighter day. Africa is in course of being opened up by different bodies of pioneers as assiduous in the cause of civilisation as any noted in history, and from the plans pursued likely to be peculiarly successful.

To come nearer home in connection with matters of social concern, there have, in attempts to do good, been some mistakes calculated to discourage intending benefactors. We are not without instances of public libraries and reading-rooms being completely thrown away on the persons for whom they were intended. Some few years ago, we took a hand in establishing what was loudly called for—baths for the working classes. The baths, after being got up on an approved principle, proved an entire failure. The people did not take advantage of them. In a city we could mention, certain Improvement Trustees spent ten thousand pounds in building houses for the poorer classes, who had been dispossessed by the removal of their dwellings. With the multitude, this was a popular act. Like the baths, it proved a miserable failure. The poor could not rent the houses, nor did they care about them, and the last thing we heard of the dwellings was that they were put up to sale. One would need to take care how he trenches on the principle of natural supply and demand. Further, it must be kept in mind that what will work well in one place may work badly in another. In other words, be sure of your man before you try to expend money in benefiting him. It is very painful to think that there are masses of people who like to live in dingy holes and corners no better than pig-sties, in preference to wholesome apartments with the light of day; but such being the case, we must act accordingly. The rooting out of what is offensive will usually be found to lead naturally enough to something better without any extraneous effort. In short, doing good on a large scale, apart from that species of commercial adventure which necessarily

develops into a lasting public benefit, is about the most difficult art that can be cultivated to any useful or satisfactory purpose. We commend the subject to professional teachers of ethics. W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—EVIL TIDINGS.

JENNY said nothing of the news she had got from Jeff, even to Kate. It was quite right of Jeff to tell her: she would have resented it, had he not done so; but it was also right in her not to tell her sister. That one of the family should know it—and be miserable accordingly—was sufficient. What Kate would have said, had she known that Jenny, the weakest of them, was bearing this burden all alone, was another matter. There had been a time when Kate had been Jeff's confidante, and not Jenny; but of late he had changed in this respect. His letters were full of Kate, as Jenny noticed with many a quiet smile, but they were not addressed to her.

'He is quite wise,' reflected the recipient of these missives, 'or that man might be tempted to open them.'

This invalid young lady was certainly rather strong in her likes and dislikes. She thought Uncle George 'an old dear,' and the doctor 'perfection'; but she had no hesitation in pronouncing (to herself of course) Mrs Campden as 'base'; Mary, as 'weak' and 'undependable'; and Mr Holt as 'a horror.' She would never forgive his having aspired to her sister's hand, or Mrs Campden for 'egging him on' to do it (as she guessed), under pretence, too, of its being for the benefit of the family, and especially of herself. She even suspected Holt of being the cause of her father's ruin.

A fortnight had passed by since she had been told that there was 'no cause for anxiety as yet'; and she could see that her mother was growing very anxious. In default of letters, Mrs Dalton read the newspaper every morning with avidity—that is, the two half-columns of it which referred to 'Shipping Intelligence' and 'the Mails.' This paper, which arrived at Riverside in the afternoon, was forwarded to them by post next day with commendable regularity.

'It is so kind of Julia,' said Mrs Dalton, speaking of this to the doctor, 'and so thoughtful.'

'Yes,' added Jenny drily, 'and so troublesome. Marks [the butler] directs it himself, and puts it in the bag.'

One morning, the *Morning Chronicle* came instead of the *Times*, which the girls could see had quite a depressing effect upon their mother. The reports about the shipping, she complained, were not so full.

'Never mind, mamma,' said Kitty: 'Tony shall go over the hill after dinner, and fetch the *Times*, and take a line from Jenny to Marks to tell him to be more careful in future: the old fellow is devoted to her interests.'

But before Tony's lessons were over, Mr Campden himself arrived on horseback; he had come once or twice before, but always hitherto with his wife or daughter.

'This is a great compliment, Mr Campden,' said Mrs Dalton gratefully, 'that you should come riding over in this way, when we know you hate riding.'

'I hope I should ride much farther than this, or walk either, my dear, to oblige you,' was the reply, given with unusual earnestness. He had never called her 'my dear' before.

'I always thought you were a duck, Uncle George,' said Kate.

'I always said you were,' said Jenny; 'I had the courage of my opinion.'

'What is it you want of me, girls?' inquired Mr Campden, but his voice was mechanical, and unaccompanied by the usual sly smile.

'Well, I want the *Times* newspaper,' said Mrs Dalton. 'I frankly tell you, Uncle George, I hoped you were come to repair a mistake that was made this morning: the *Morning Chronicle* was sent instead.'

'Dear me!' said Mr Campden: 'how stupid of them. The fact is, we have such a lot of papers, and they get laid about so. But it shall not happen again.'

'There was nothing in the *Times* about—about Brazil or the Rio mail, Uncle George, was there?' inquired Mrs Dalton.

'Nothing, nothing, my dear,' answered Mr Campden, turning very red. 'I'm going up to the mere, to see about some damage that has happened to the keeper's cottage from the wind.'

'Ay,' said Mrs Dalton with a shudder, 'what winds there have been lately!'

'They have been partial, however very partial,' continued Mr Campden: 'nothing seems to have suffered in the south.—What do you say to a little walk to the lake-side, Kate? If you will be my companion, I will put up the mare here, and go on foot.'

To this Kate gladly agreed; and Tony looked up eagerly from his book with: 'May I come too, Uncle George?'

'Well, no, my boy,' returned Mr Campden gravely: 'it would be an interruption to your lessons; and just now it is expedient that you should buckle to.'

A faint flush came into Mrs Dalton's face; it was the first time that Mr Campden had alluded—even thus indirectly—to the changed circumstances of the family.

'That is quite right,' said she quietly. 'But you can go down for a minute, Tony, and see that Uncle George's horse is put in the stable, and some corn given to it.'

'Oh, never mind the corn,' said Mr Campden hastily; and then he got so red again, that Jenny became red too, from sheer sympathy with his embarrassment. Fortunately, at that moment, Kitty, who had left the room, re-entered it, equipped for her walk, giving the squire an opportunity of complimenting her upon the rapidity of her toilet, and after a few commonplaces, they took their departure.

Over the bridge and past the churchyard, they walked in silence, or only returned the greetings of the villagers; but as soon as they got clear of the hamlet, Mr Campden addressed his companion with an unaccustomed tenderness and gravity.

'Kitty, my dear, you are a brave girl, I know; but I have got something to tell you that will try your courage.'

'Not about papa, Uncle George?' cried she with sudden vehemence. 'Oh, don't say there is bad news about papa!'

'Well, my darling, it may not be bad news

at all; there may be really nothing in it; but it does concern your father.'

She did not answer, but he felt the arm within his own grow very heavy.

'That is right, dear; lean on me: whatever happens, lean on me,' said Uncle George encouragingly. 'You see, although there may have been many causes to retard the ship in which your father sailed, the prevalent wind has been against it, for one thing, and the wind makes a difference even to a steamer. It is without doubt overtime. That circumstance gives us anxiety, of course, and causes us to feel alarm, where perhaps there is no reason for alarm.'

'Yes, yes. But what has happened, Uncle George? I am sure something has happened.'

'No, no; we are not sure of that, thank goodness. We can still hope for the best. But a vessel has come into Liverpool that has fallen in with a lot of wreck—not of the ship, not of the ship, Kitty. Here; sit down on the hill-side.—(Good gracious, she will catch her death of cold,' cried Mr Campden helplessly. 'What the deuce shall I do with her?' added the squire privately, who was one of the clumsiest, as well as the most amiable of men.)

'Never mind me—I am better now,' said Kitty slowly. 'You said it was not the wreck of the ship?'

'Nor was it, my dear girl. It was only a bit of a boat belonging to the ship; the cutter, I think, they call it. You have seen how boats are swung upon deck, and how easy it must be for a big wave to sweep them off into the sea. That is what has probably happened in this case. The ship has lost a boat or two—that's all.'

'But how did they know the cutter belonged to papa's ship?'

'Because it had *Flamborough Head* painted on the stern. There may be nothing in it; but that's why we didn't send the paper that had the paragraph in it on to the Nook.'

'How good and thoughtful you are for us, Uncle George!' said Kitty, who had risen to her feet, and was now walking slowly on.

'Well, we must not put that item down to our own credit, Kitty. We might have taken the precaution or not. Perhaps we should have done so, had the paragraph caught our eyes; but it might have escaped them. I am bound to say I think it was very considerate in Mr Holt to telegraph and draw our attention to it. "Send on the *Chronicle* to Sanbeck," he wired; "the bad news is not in that." He is a sharp fellow, there is no doubt; and I begin to think he is a kind fellow.'

'It was very kind of him to telegraph,' answered Kitty in a low tone.

'Yes. Not one man in a thousand, as my wife says, would have thought of such a thing; and it shews the very strong interest he takes in you all. I don't think your father gave him quite credit for a good heart.'

Kitty did not reply to this; and they walked on in silence for a while.

'I think, my dear, you are beginning to tire,' said Mr Campden presently; 'it is ill walking upon bad news.'

'But we are not at the mere yet, Uncle George.'

'Oh, never mind the mere,' answered the other, turning about towards home; 'that was only my

excuse for getting a walk with you alone. I thought it right that one member of your family at least should know what had happened.'

'And when shall we know more, Uncle George?'

'That is impossible to say, my dear. I hope the next Brazil mail may bring good tidings. Otherwise—otherwise, there will, no doubt, be grave cause for anxiety. You must try and hide your feelings from your mother, Kitty dear.'

'(O yes, Uncle George; nobody shall see that I have her—her—heard anything; and she made a strenuous effort—which almost succeeded—to stifle a sob.

'Yes, yes; you are a brave girl, and a clever one too. Now, as for me, I can never hide anything from Julia—I wish to heaven I could, sometimes! And just now, in your dear mother's presence, I felt like—I don't know what—a disconcerted pick-pocket. It was the worst job I have had to do for many a day. She seemed to look through and through me, poor dear; as much as to say: "How can you deceive me, and keep things back like this, Uncle George?" I can't see her again, Kitty; I dare not. But if there is good news to bring, I'll bring it to her, at the best pace the mare can go. You must make some excuse for me to your mother: say my wife insisted on my being back to lunch then she will understand I had to go.'

Poor Uncle George: his distress and embarrassment were so extreme that he was ready to part with this last rag of independence, even before society, with whom he had hitherto kept up some fiction of his being responsible for his own actions.

Kitty let him go, of course; and as he got on his horse at the old 'mounting-stone' in the Nook yard (within view of them all, as she knew), shook hands with him gaily, and waved her handkerchief as he rode out under the archway. Then, putting on as cheerful a face as she could assume, she entered the house. On the narrow and ill-lit stairs, stood Jenny with her finger on her lips, as pale as a ghost. 'Come into my room,' she whispered; 'mamma is tired, and has fallen asleep on the sofa; and Tony is at his sums.'

Kitty followed her, alarmed for her secret; her sister's eyes seemed to pierce her.

Jenny's room was a pleasant one in its way, though like others at the farm-house, low and dark. Books were on the table, the floor, the chairs, and even the little bed; her old desk was heaped with them; reading and writing had elbowed out the lacemaking, which, however, she still pursued in the parlour. 'What news, Kitty? I am sure there is bad news; were her first words as she closed the door.

'No—nothing,' faltered Kitty.

'Don't deceive me, Kate; I mean, don't try at it. Do you suppose I am blind? Uncle George did not come here for nothing. Who ever saw him like that before, so nervous and ill at ease. Was it like him to tell Tony to remain within doors? Of course he had something private to tell you; some misfortune—something about papa.'

Kitty burst into tears. 'Yes, Jenny, he had.' Then, as well as she could, she told her. She had wept but little before Mr Campden; sympathy of the passionate sort was wanting between them, and she had a reputation for courage to keep up; but now she broke down utterly.

'Hush!' said Jenny warningly; 'mamma will hear you.' Her voice was firm, her eyes were

tearless. Kitty thought she must have some hope.

'You think with Uncle George, dear, that the boat must have been washed overboard,' said she eagerly—'that nothing has happened to the ship itself?'

'No, I don't,' was the cold reply.

'But you don't think the steamer has gone down, Jenny?' continued her sister pleadingly; 'things will not surely be so bad as that.'

'My thinking will not alter them, Kitty. They have been bad enough hitherto. One thing I confess I am surprised at, that Mr Campden should have had the forethought to keep back the *Times*; that was a piece of prudence beyond Uncle George, and an act of tenderness (as I should have thought) beyond his wife.'

'It was Mr Holt's doing, Jenny,' said Kitty. 'He telegraphed to Riverside, to put them on their guard about the paragraph.'

'O indeed; that explains the matter.'

'It was very thoughtful of Mr Holt—was it not, Jenny?'

'Certainly. But no one ever accused him of want of forethought. He is a man who lays his plans very far ahead, I reckon.'

'Jenny, darling, what makes you so hard? Surely, at a time like this'—

'Hard? I am not hard,' broke in the other. 'It is you, Kitty, who are too soft. Do you suppose that this man cares one farthing about dear papa or mamma, or even about *you*, except so far as you concern himself? Do you suppose he took Jeff because he liked him, or out of charity, or from any good motive of any kind? No. He did it because he hoped to melt your heart towards himself; in hopes that you would say: "How thoughtful and kind Mr Holt is!" Just what you have said, in fact.'

'O Jenny, how can you talk of Mr Holt now, with such sad news knelling in our ears!'

'That is the very thing that makes me so bitter against him. At the first tidings of danger to dear papa, this man puts himself forward, presses himself upon your attention. He knows Mrs Campden is backing him.'

'And yet, if he had not telegraphed, Jenny; and the *Times* had come, and mamma had read the paragraph'—

'True; it would have killed her.—Pardon me, Kitty,' said Jenny, throwing her arms about her sister's neck; 'I have been unjust and harsh. One has no right to disbelieve in good, for that means in God. Perhaps it is all for the best, but we have been greatly tried of late; and we are feeble folk like the conies—a few women and a child. It has seemed hard to me, that's all: I have known about papa for weeks; that is, that the ship has been spoken of as Lloyd's as overdue. Jeff wrote to say so.'

'O Jenny, how could you keep such a dreadful secret to yourself?'

'Because it was needful, Kitty, as it is needful now to keep this one. I believe that mamma suspects something even now. She was no more deceived by Uncle George than I was.'

'But, Jenny, if she asks me!'

'She will ask nothing. She will be as dumb as an Indian at the stake. She will know that we have good reasons for being silent; and that will be enough for her. She is a saint and a martyr;

and yet not a martyr for any purpose. I mean, "unmerciful disaster" pursues her "fast and ever faster," without any reason, except it be to shew the futility of being good.'

'O Jenny, don't say that. The ways of Providence are inscrutable.'

'I think I have heard that remark before. For my part, Kitty, I derive no comfort from such commonplaces. You will presently tell me that we may be even worse off than we are. Mamma may die, for example, as well as papa be drowned. Then you will say, like the Job's comforters of whom the poet speaks, that

Death is common to the race.

His reply was, if you remember:

And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

I confess that I agree with him.'

'O Jenny, do not be so bitter. I am sure, I am quite sure, that if dear mamma knew it, it would distress her almost as much as this sad news to-day.'

'You are quite right, Kitty; that is, because she is an angel. Yet only think what she has suffered! Is Fate a coward, think you, that it should thus heap blow on blow on one like her, so helpless and so innocent; or how is it?'

'The riddle of the painful earth' was growing too much for this poor girl, as it does grow once or twice in a lifetime for most of us; and for some, alas! all their hard lives through. Her thin hand was clenched, her frail frame trembled, her large soft eyes flashed defiance—at the Universal Law. There was one thing excusable about this poor impotent mutineer—that she was not in rebellion on her own account. No one had ever heard her, cripple and invalid though she was, utter one impatient word with respect to her own condition. These bitter reproaches against Fate—the *sera indignatio* that Swift felt upon his own account, and would have had sculptured on his tombstone—were all for her mother's sake; she reviled the Inevitable, as the hen flutters her feathers in the face of the cruel fox because her young—not herself—are menaced.

Mrs Campden used to say of Jenny that she had an undisciplined mind: one of those severe but sagacious remarks that even the shallowest people will bring forth sometimes, who are always talking, and always with the view of making themselves more or less disagreeable.

Kate herself, as we heard upon the occasion of our first introduction to her, was by no means one who had accepted life without question, or concluded it easy-going for everybody, because the way had been always, until recently, made smooth for her; but Jenny's revolt was so decided, that it shocked her into propriety of opinion, as a respectable Whig, finding himself in Radical company, will shake his head, turn short round, and retrace his steps. In argument, she knew her sister was too strong for her, so she wisely avoided it.

'My dear Jenny, all these things are too difficult for me,' said she frankly. 'Of course, I am well aware that dear mamma does not deserve to suffer; for if she does, who on earth would escape suffering, as certainly some folks do! Perhaps she suffers—as she does everything else—for the sake of other people: of you and me, for instance. In the end,

she will be among the blessed for ever, but in the meantime she is martyred for our sake; being a lesson to us of obedience and submission to the will of God such as we should never learn elsewhere. One may say, if this be so, it must be cruel to wish her to remain with us; and yet we are both so selfish, that we cannot bear to think of parting with so sweet a teacher.'

'That is true, at all events,' said Jenny softly. 'I will go to her now, lest our absence should excite her suspicions. I shall say that I have seen you, and that Uncle George is gone. Kiss me, Kitty.'

The two sisters embraced tenderly; they had never had the quarrels that sisters do; thanks, perhaps, to Jenny's condition.

If Fate was resolute to be hard upon them, it would at least find them united.

MISTAKEN IDEAS OF INDIA.

THE writer of this is what is known as an 'Old Indian,' and like many others of his class, has a very tender regard for the country in which many of the best years of his life were spent. He cannot forget the happy friendships he formed there, the social enjoyments in which he participated, the exciting pleasures of the chase, and other sports in which he indulged, and last, but not least, the many kindnesses he experienced at the hands of the natives. It will not be wondered at, then, that he is often very much amused, and occasionally somewhat put out, while listening to the disquisitions which arise in social gatherings, particularly among the ladies, regarding his old country.

Lamentable to say, he often hears it spoken of as a dreadful region, in which at every turn, by day as well as by night, both indoors and out, in the quiet security of the cantonment, as well as in the densely wooded forest, one is constantly exposed to some covert danger, which nought but constant vigilance and precaution can guard him against. The writer has often endeavoured to disabuse the minds of people who entertain erroneous notions of a country which he holds dear. He has mildly expostulated, and tried to convince them that some war had been amusing himself at their expense by playing upon their credulity; but to no purpose. Meanwhile, he is determined to make an effort to place on record a reply, not only to the present generation of detractors, but one that may serve for others who may feel inclined, in the future, to perpetuate the calumny.

In undertaking this onerous task, he feels that his only chance of success lies in giving authentic instances, which will serve as proofs that the charges brought against the country, in which he was for many years an exile, are of a doubtful character; and to begin, he will give an instance of devotion, involving self-sacrifice on the part of an Indian attendant, which equals if it does not surpass many cases of the kind on record.

The attendant whose devotion he would record was called Vittu. He was a man of caste, and had been in the writer's service for fifteen years. He was attacked with cholera early one morning, and died during the afternoon of the same day. The writer became aware of his illness at about 10 A.M., and from that time, in the absence of a doctor, did

all in his power to save his old and tried servant; but in vain. The fell disease progressed with rapid strides, and finished its work in spite of every effort to arrest it. When Vittu was gone, the writer asked his butler how it was that he had not been made sooner acquainted with the poor fellow's illness. Mark the reply. 'Vittu warned us particularly not to say anything to you about his being attacked, till you had breakfasted, for fear that you would get alarmed and not eat anything.' The writer had gone out early in the morning, but returned home about 8.30 A.M., and thus fully an hour and a half was lost before any remedies were resorted to. And why? Because the stricken man would not have his master upset, so as not to be able to eat his breakfast. Vittu was aware of the risk he was running, for he had been a witness of many deaths from cholera; but he also knew that his master dreaded the dire scourge; and he would rather sacrifice himself than alarm him at an untimely hour. Instances of the devotion of native servants might be multiplied; but let this suffice. The writer would merely add, let us hear no more of the treacherous Indians. Treat the natives of India kindly, and they will be found equal to any race in gratitude and fidelity.

The allusion to cholera leads to a consideration of the climate of India. The worst that can be said against it is, that it does not in all cases agree with the constitution of Englishmen. But to condemn it for this reason, would be to say that because the English climate does not suit the natives of India, it also is a bad one. But the question to be settled is, whether or not the climate of India is as bad as it is made out to be. Many people judge of it from the numbers of our countrymen who return from India with shattered constitutions; but if the history of each of these broken-down men with enlarged livers were known, it would be found that it was not so much the climate of India, as imprudent habits, which had undermined their health, and reduced them to the infirm state in which they have returned home. Ruined health is chiefly due to a too free indulgence in intoxicating beverages, and heedless exposure to the rays of the sun; and if to these be added late hours and a recklessness as to the mode of living most suitable to India, we should find little left for the climate to account for. Though undoubtedly there are cases of home-sickness such as that of the artisan whose daily life we lately described in these pages, still there are few men who have led temperate lives, and have been careful as to exposure to the sun, who return home the worse for the climate of India; many indeed who, on retiring from the public service or from business in India, elect to spend the remainder of their days there, in preference to returning to England. Why is this? Because they see that numbers of their countrymen, who have made the same choice before them, have lived to a great age in India, and they would much rather not expose themselves to the chance of being attacked by a host of diseases peculiar to England, from which they have nothing to fear in that country. The writer himself resided for thirty-five years in India, and lived under canvas for fully half the time, exposed to every vicissitude of weather; notwithstanding, he has a very vague idea of dyspepsia, and is not at all aware that he possesses a liver.

He will now pass on, and say something of the dreadful animals which are supposed to endanger life in India. The native idea is, that all wild animals have a wholesome dread of man inherent in them; and that even the tiger will not molest a human being, unless he is at first attacked himself. The writer is inclined to attach much importance to this assumption, based as it is on the personal experience of the natives. They tell you that wild animals slink out of their way when met in the jungles; and the following incident, which may be fully relied on, shews that even the tiger is chary of gratifying his voracious propensity at the expense of a human being.

Nearly half a century ago, a Captain J— of the Bombay Engineers was travelling along the western mountain range, then covered with dense forests, and infested with tigers, leopards, bears, and other wild animals. He had retired to rest one night, and was all but asleep, when hearing a rustling in his tent, he stretched out his arm, to get hold of a cane he knew stood against the tent-wall close by. In doing so, his hand struck against a tiger, which had somehow found its way into the tent. On being touched, the animal uttered a deep growl; and J—, fairly aroused, became aware of the nature of his unwelcome visitor. He was seriously alarmed, but wisely remained perfectly still; and the brute after a little time quietly left the tent, and was seen walking leisurely away, by men who were posted in the vicinity to keep watch during the night. They commenced shouting at the animal, which merely quickened its pace at the noise, and disappeared in the jungle close by. Here was a chance for the tiger; but if the truth were known, it would very likely be seen that it was as much terrified as J—, and lay crouching in the dark until it thought it could escape with safety.

Another idea the natives have regarding the nature of the tiger is, that once the animal has tasted human blood, it will, in preference to devouring cattle, seize any man it can get hold of. The idea is beside the question at issue; but as the following remarkable incident, illustrative of it, which fell under the writer's notice, may prove interesting to the reader, he ventures to narrate it. It happened just after the Mutiny of 1857, when the people had been disarmed, and were unable to defend their cattle from wild beasts. How the tiger to which the story relates had acquired a taste for human blood, was never cleared up; but so great was his partiality for it, that he would rush among a herd of cattle and carry off the keeper, leaving the cattle unmolested. Such was the daring of the brute, that one night he entered a hut, in the outskirts of a village, which was occupied by a man, his wife, and child. He first seized the child, and was carrying it off, when the mother rushed after him with a hatchet; the tiger dropped the child, and seized the woman, whom, in turn, he also dropped on seeing the man pursuing him. The woman was too much injured to continue pursuit, but succeeded by her screams in arousing some of the villagers. When they came to her aid, pursuit was useless, for the brute had got clear away. The remains of the man were found next day; the woman died a few days afterwards; but the child, which was not very much injured, survived. The tiger was killed a short time subsequently, by a native

Shikari (hunter), who had obtained a license to keep firearms. It is believed that the consequence of eating human flesh, to the tiger, is an attack of mange; and there appears some truth in the notion, for this animal was covered with mange, particularly its tail, which was one mass of scabs and without a hair.

Whether or not tigers and other such wild animals, under ordinary circumstances, will not, except in self-defence, attack men, there is no doubt that the snakes of India will not do so. The writer has seen great numbers of them in his time, but he never heard of one attacking a man. In short, they invariably rush off at his approach; and so long as he avoids treading on, or otherwise hurting them, he is quite safe. Their principal food consists of frogs, rats, and mice; and if they enter a house, it is rather in search of these animals than to injure the inmates. The following instance will shew how little danger is to be apprehended from snakes.

Some twenty years ago, a Mr F— was travelling during the rainy season, and arrived rather late at a staging, or travellers' bungalow, where he intended to remain for the night. He found, on his arrival, that every room was already occupied by travellers; and he was obliged, therefore, to remain in the veranda for the night. After partaking of some refreshment, he spread a small carpet on the floor, converted his saddle into a pillow, and lying down, soon fell off to sleep. It rained all night, and towards morning he was aroused by a cold wind which had set in. He lay awake for a time, moving from side to side, and suddenly felt something move under the carpet near his head. As it was still dark, he groped to see what it might be, and to his horror, discovered from its smooth scaly skin, that it was a snake. He jumped up and procured a light, just in time to see the snake rush out of the veranda. It had come to seek shelter from the pouring rain and cold, and was glad, no doubt, of the opportunity of warming itself under Mr F—'s carpet. It certainly had no idea of molesting him.

The animals which remain to be spoken of, from which it is just possible that some danger may be apprehended, are, the bear, the bison, the elephant, and the wolf; but the chances of danger from these are so remote, that the mere mention of their names seems all that is necessary. The carnivorous wolf would, of course, be glad of a bite of human flesh; but he is too great a coward to attempt to attack a man; and even when he is himself attacked, as long as there is any way of escape, he will rather run away than shew fight. As to the rest, if the right of way in the forest is disputed, bruin may give one an ugly hug; bright colours may provoke a charge from a bison; and an elephant may revenge himself on one man for the insult offered by another; but if these animals are not molested, they will not go out of their way to take upon themselves the offensive.

Having dismissed those dreadful denizens of the forest, from which, under certain circumstances, the life of man is endangered, a few words may be said of those smaller animals, of an objectionable nature, which either live in the neighbourhood of man or share his dwelling.

Among these may be mentioned the scorpion, the mosquito, the frog, and the house-lizard. The scorpion is the only one from which any great

inconvenience may be apprehended. Its sting, particularly in the case of a black scorpion, causes much pain, accompanied with swelling, which sometimes continues for a day or two; but as the scorpion seldom enters the houses of Europeans, there is not much fear of their being stung by it. In short, the writer does not remember a single instance of a European suffering from the sting of a scorpion. He has, however, known several cases of natives being stung by this animal; but when it is considered that the thatched huts of the natives afford peculiar facilities for animals of this kind to secrete themselves, and that the poorer natives go about night and day without shoes, the wonder is that they are not oftener stung by scorpions.

The mosquito is very like unto, if not identical with the gnat of England, which is common in summer; and the reader will therefore have no difficulty in forming a correct idea of the nature of this much-dreaded insect. Mosquitoes are, it is true, much more numerous in India than gnats in England, and therefore the inconvenience arising from them is proportionally greater; but at the worst, inconvenience is all that need be apprehended from them—danger there is none. All the precautions the poorer natives use to guard themselves from the attack of the mosquito is, when lying down for the night, to envelop themselves from head to foot in either a coarse blanket or thin sheet, according to the season of the year. As a matter of course, this does not secure impunity from the enemy; but it shews what little importance the natives attach to the bite of the mosquito. A good rub and a grunt are the only indications the sleeping victim shews of the infliction he has undergone. Europeans who can afford them, have net or gauze curtains to their bedsteads, which effectually keep out these little tyrants, and all that has to be done to secure a quiet night's rest is, on getting under the curtains, to make certain that no stray member of the mosquito community has found a lodgment within them.

Frogs are perfectly harmless, and seldom intrude into houses, except for shelter during the hotter season of the year. They may then be seen in bath-rooms or such places, crouched under earthen pots or other vessels containing water. If it were not that they prove a strong temptation to snakes to come into the houses in search of them, there could be little objection to a frog or two taking shelter from the heat in those parts of the house visited but once or twice during the twenty-four hours.

The house-lizard, or fly-catcher as it is sometimes called, is not a nice animal to see about the house, and some ladies, from its look, have a perfect horror of it. However, it also is quite harmless, so far as the genus *homo* is concerned; and its preference for his dwelling to the open air, arises simply from the fact that it lives on flies and mosquitoes, and these are found in greater abundance within houses than anywhere else.

And now the writer trusts he has dispelled some of the idle fears with which India is connected in the minds of many who have not been there to judge for themselves, and whose confiding credulity has been practised upon, for the sake of amusement, by those who have. He does not object to a little fun in its proper place, but he certainly objects to a mosquito being turned into an ele-

phant, and a house-lizard into an embryo crocodile, particularly if the transformation is intended to cast a slur upon a country of which he is known as an indubitable champion.

DASHMARTON'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER I.

IF the county of — be the warmest, sunniest county in England—as its inhabitants pretend—it may be safely affirmed that there is no warmer, sunnier spot than Mordieu within its compass. The house of Mordieu is an old-fashioned red brick and tiled house, which has been added to here and there; here a substantial wing put on, there a bow-window thrown out. The front of it is covered with ivy and creepers, out of which the cheerful windows twinkle and blink in the sunshine; and from early spring to Christmas-tide almost, the hum of bees and twittering of song-birds never cease about its walls. Then it has a fine old-fashioned walled garden, where rich peaches, and luscious nectarines, and sunny apricots grow and ripen in their seasons. Add to this that it is infolded and sheltered by a group of noble trees, of varied, well-contrasted foliage; that you have a charming lawn, surrounded by gay flower-beds, and rose-trees running riot in profusion, backed with flowering shrubs, such as the nurserymen of Woking and Bagshot may envy, and you will admit that Mordieu has about it the elements of a pleasant tranquil retreat. But add another element. Let it be known that the house whose outward shell we have described is happy in the presence of fair and graceful womanhood, and the place assumes a brighter, warmer interest, Mordieu is very well in its way, but Lucy Dashmarton, who lives there, is far more worthy of our respectful admiration.

John Dashmarton, her father, is the owner of Mordieu and the farm of the same name; a tall, good-humoured, but passionate, prideful man, with healthy, ruddy cheeks, a fine aquiline nose, and a frank, impetuous bearing. He is not only the owner of Mordieu, but also the agent to the Chilprune estate, a position that gives him commanding influence in the neighbourhood; for far and wide, stretching for miles around, this great estate of the Chilprunes has swallowed up and digested all the minor properties that came within its folds. It is in the hands of trustees now, for the benefit of the little Lady Chilprune, a child some five years old; and these trustees appear upon the scene at rare and uncertain intervals, so that nobody in the neighbourhood knows much about them. John Dashmarton is the virtual ruler of the estate; and if you asked any of the smaller tenants who was their landlord, the reply would be, in nine cases out of ten, 'Mas'r John Dashmarton.'

John had long been a widower; and for several years—ever since she left school—his daughter Lucy had ruled over his house. She was now nearly two-and-twenty, with a dark winning, almost Irish face; a neat, well-developed figure, rather under than over the middle height; a pleasant, caressing manner for those whom she liked, and a good deal of dignity and promptitude for the rest of the world. Nature and the position she held had given her a good conceit of herself; indeed, she

could hardly have been John Dashmorton's daughter without a fair share of that quality; but it was tempered by an affectionate disposition and generous, kindly impulses.

There was a brother, Spiller, a year younger than his sister, who was now an undergraduate at Cambridge. In him the family trait, of a somewhat inordinate self-opinion, had developed in the kindly soil of the university, till it had almost choked and superseded any other qualities he might have originally possessed. With his budget of current slang, his wardrobe of the choicest Cambridge cut, his handsome expressionless face, his overweening assurance, and his measureless contempt for everything outside his own small clique, he was an object of wonder and aversion to the disinterested observer; but it must be admitted that he was popular enough with the ladies of his acquaintance, and was dearly loved by his sister Lucy.

It is a letter from her brother Spiller—and not a love-letter, as you might have guessed from the breathless attention she gives it, and the heightened colour that glows in her cheeks—that Lucy Dashmorton is reading at the breakfast-table in the parlour at Mordieu this fine October morning. She is alone, for her father breakfasted a couple of hours ago, and was away with his gun and dogs before Lucy came down. The parlour is warm and sunny, and the windows were wide open down to the lawn; a pleasant breeze steals in with the rustle and murmur of leaves and the hum of bees, and, it must be added, of wasps also, from the neighbouring grape-vine. Nothing in this world is perfect; and Lucy's appreciation of the balmy morning, of breakfast, for which she has an excellent appetite, and of her brother's letter, is somewhat marred by the occasional incursions of these little warlike and aggressive insects. They have begun to crawl now too, and thus to render themselves particularly dangerous to the petticoated sex. Lucy is not brave against physical dangers, and is a good deal worried in her mind about the wasps. Still, her brother's letter seems to be an important one, and claims her thoughtful consideration. One passage she reads over and over again.

'I have fancied,' wrote Spiller, 'from your mentioning Alfred Harvey's name several times in your last letter, and from what I observed in his manner when I was last at Mordieu, that he is not unlikely buoying himself up with the hope of making himself agreeable to you. Now, I hope you will at once and firmly stamp out any idea of the kind he may have conceived. Of course, I don't allude to the possibility of your thinking seriously of his attentions. I know very well that you have too much family pride, too much consideration for my interests, to dream of an alliance so compromising. Such a man I could not possibly introduce to any of my friends. He would be set down at once as a common cad. Now, Tresilian Whitwick—although I think you might look much higher—is still in every way unexceptionable.'

But Spiller seemed to have overshot the mark a little. 'A common cad,' she repeated to herself more than once. 'No; he is not that, Spiller. And considering how kind and hospitable he always is to you, it is not grateful of you to say so.' Spiller, had he been present, would have rejoined, that he had said nothing of the kind, that he had only set forth what opinion his friends would

have. But Lucy's common-sense would have at once ignored such a nice distinction.

'Well, he is gone now,' said Lucy, with a sigh—'gone away for six months, perhaps; and in that time what may happen? I dare say he will bring a wife home from America—the girls there are very fascinating, they say; and as Alfred has plenty of money, they are not likely to be so fastidious as Spiller would have me be.'

Alfred Harvey was one of the principal tenants on the Chilprune estate—the son of a wealthy shopkeeper in the chief town of the county. He was a farmer of the modern school, with plenty of capital, a farm well stocked, and furnished with all the latest mechanical appliances. A man with an ugly, good-tempered face, a great brown beard, and a manner somewhat brusque and rough. He had been a good deal at the Dashmortons' lately, for John liked his company, although he sneered at him sometimes behind his back. He had shewn his admiration for Lucy pretty plainly, and a very little encouragement from her would have brought him to declaration point. But that encouragement she would not give. She liked him well enough, but she had pictured to herself a very different type of man as the ideal husband; and then to marry him would be to a certain extent a decline in the social scale. The Whitwicks would not visit her, nor the Mainprices, nor the Leystones, nor any of the good families of the neighbourhood with whom they were now on friendly terms.

And then, what was worse than all, Alfred had a very objectionable father and mother.

They had been on a visit at their son's house, not long ago, and Lucy half-suspected, with the object of 'taking stock,' as Harvey *pere* would have expressed it, of Lucy herself. Alfred had persuaded Lucy and her father to meet them at a picnic which he gave at an old castle near by; but the thing was a failure. John and Mr Harvey quarrelled desperately more than once; whilst Lucy and the mother had not an idea in common, and grew wofully tired of each other ere the day was out, Mrs Harvey being one of those plain-spoken women who seem to have an instinctive knowledge of everybody's tender corn, and to delight in trampling on it.

After that, the father and the mother both set their faces resolutely against any alliance with the Dashmortons. Mr Harvey had no doubt kept a tight hand over his son in the way of the capital he had advanced him, and what he said went for a long way. Still, if Alfred persevered, there was no doubt his father would give in at last; and somewhat fearing this, the elder proposed to his son to take a tour in America for three months or so after harvest, to see what they were doing over there in agriculture and implements—the father to pay all expenses. This might be the means, Mr Harvey hoped, of weaning his son's affections from the girl at Mordieu, by shewing him how many other pretty girls there were in the world, and that a man with his pockets well lined need not bate his countenance before any one.

Well, Alfred was gone; he had started for Liverpool the night before, and was to sail this very day. But the last house he had visited had been Mordieu, and the last adieu he had made had been to Lucy Dashmorton.

'I shall take no one's hand in mine after this, on this side of the water,' said Alfred, in parting,

giving her a long and tender clasp; 'and when I come back I hope it will be the first to greet me.' Alfred's eyes were all of a swim, and he might have blurted forth a declaration of his love, then and there, but at this moment John Dashmarton came out, and took him by the arm. 'Come along, Harvey,' he said; 'I have got a word or two to say to you about what we were talking of just now' (Alfred had been closeted with Dashmarton in his business-room for some time); 'give me a lift as far as Ashleyhurst.'

And then the dogcart had dashed away from the gate, and she had seen no more of him. Well, if the declaration that had trembled on his lips had been made, she would have refused him point-blank. She felt sure of that. And on the whole she was glad that he had not asked her. She had now three or four months to think about the matter, and test her feelings for Alfred, and of course she could not do that effectually without flirting a little with somebody else.

Breakfast was over and luncheon, and still John Dashmarton had not returned. Lucy was not surprised at this, although she wondered a little that her father had not sent home for refreshment, as he was not given to long fasting. But perhaps he had gone further afield than he originally intended, and had claimed hospitality at some farmhouse. He would bring home a good bag of game, no doubt, and it would come in handy at this present time, for Lucy meditated a little dinner-party. She could give a dinner-party now with a mind free from anxiety, lest Alfred should resent being left out, or the other guests should be offended at being asked to meet him. Lucy had donned a pretty afternoon costume, and now sat down in the drawing-room by the open window to make a list of the guests whom she would invite, and draw a rough sketch of the dinner she would give them. The bustle of an arrival, however, soon disturbed her; a carriage—the Whitwicks'—drove up to the door. Lucy ran to the pier-glass in a little trepidation, to see if her hair was all right, and ready to receive visitors; and then she snatched up her company bit of Berlin-wool work, and began to stitch artlessly and originally.

'My dear Lucy!' said Mrs Whitwick, a stout portly dame, who delighted in black velvet and sparkling heads of jet. 'Always busy, you indefatigable girl. Now, whom may this charming piece of work be meant for? A curate, according to the books. Well, here is a curate for you.—Tresilian, come forward. —I brought Tresilian; poor boy, he was so anxious to see you.—Now, Tresilian, would not a piece of work like this reconcile you to a curacy?'

Tresilian was a mild-looking but rather pompous young man, with his mother's somewhat massive face, but without the strong determined will that shone in hers. He was of Oxford, and had taken orders in compliance with his mother's wish; rather to keep him out of mischief, and under her maternal wing, than that she thought him peculiarly qualified for the profession.

'Yes,' went on Mrs Whitwick, as soon as Tresilian had greeted Lucy, and they were all settled; 'I think poor Tresilian has made up his mind to take a curacy. It is a great trial for us all, but we think it for the best, especially as we have met with such a charming opening. Of course a common curacy would not do for Tresilian.'

'Of course not,' said Lucy; 'I should have thought he would have taken a bishopric at once.' 'Come now, Miss Dashmarton,' cried Tresilian; 'don't chaff a fellow, now; ha, ha!'

Mrs Whitwick, seeing that her son was pleased, smiled too, condescendingly. 'You are so severe, Lucy; you really want some one to curb you,' she cried, shaking her finger in playful menace. 'But you know some of these curacies are so disagreeable. Upon one trying occasion, Tresilian had to lodge over a barber's shop; and really on Saturday nights the snipping, and shaving, and stamping of feet in and out—oh, it was dreadful!'

'But the pomatum was the worst,' said Tresilian.

'Yes. Fancy in the hot weather the smell of the pomatum and hair-oil. Poor fellow, he shall never be exposed to anything of the kind again. His pa is going to build him a church by-and-by; but in the meantime, a most fashionable neighbourhood, a charming house—the vicarage—the rector gives it up to him, being a man of large property, who lives at the manor. Plenty of room for his old mother, when she comes to see him—ah, and for a young wife too, Miss Dashmarton!'

'Perhaps not,' said Lucy sagely; 'it might not be big enough for them both.'

'Ah, of course, my dear Lucy, the mother would retire into the background then.—Tresilian, my dear, I must have one or two of these charming blue flowers I see at the end of the garden—with your permission, Lucy. Ah, do go and get me some; and, my dear boy, run round to the gate first, and see that Thomas is not teasing the horses; flick, flick, flick; he drives them almost mad when we are not looking after him.—And now, my dear,' said Mrs Whitwick, as soon as her son had left the room, 'now that we've got rid of Tresilian, I want to speak to you seriously. Poor boy, he has set his heart upon you. Candidly, I tell you I would rather he had waited; but I can deny him nothing. Now, Lucy, what are you going to say to him?'

'Why, when he comes and asks me himself, perhaps I may give him an answer.'

'But, my dear girl, consider; the poor boy's nerves are so delicate. I am sure that the shock of a refusal would unman him completely. Not that I think you *would* refuse him, dear, for just consider, an only son—all his pa's property and mine. You were laughing about a bishopric just now, Lucy; but I assure you there are many bishops who are worse off than Tresilian will be by-and-by.'

'Still, if I can't make up my mind to like him, Mrs Whitwick?'

'Well, Miss Dashmarton,' said Mrs Whitwick, 'I can only say that there is not a girl within twenty miles round who would not have jumped at such an offer; but if you don't know your own mind—Ah, what's that?'

'It sounded like a shot,' said Lucy, going to the window, through which Tresilian was just entering.

'Yes, it was a shot in the woods,' said Tresilian.

Shortly afterwards, the clock on the mantel-shelf struck the hour three, and the church clock boomed solemnly forth. At the same moment, a sharp rat-tat was heard at the door, a noisy double-knock, which had a certain business-like harshness about it.

'It was my father, I daresay, firing a parting shot at a rabbit; he is coming home now, I fancy.'

'And yet,' said Tresilian, 'it had a muffled heavy sound, like a gun fired close to the ground.'

'More visitors, it seems,' cried Mrs Whitwick, rising, as the servant entered with a card. 'We can't stop any longer, Lucy, no, not even to see John Dashmarton. We'll find our way across the lawn, dear; and think of what I've said, and try to make up your mind.' Mrs Whitwick kissed her fingers, seized her son by the arm, and led him out.

'Mr Elkins,' said Lucy, reading over the name on the visiting-card. 'I don't know him; but shew him in, Jane; he is one of papa's friends, I daresay.'

Mr Elkins was a short, precise-looking, elderly man, dressed in professional black, with a shrewd, pinched face, and bright, wide-open, unwinking eyes. He bowed very coldly to Miss Dashmarton. 'I have an appointment with Mr Dashmarton,' he said—'three o'clock prompt.'

'Papa will be here directly, I think. I heard his gun in the home-woods just now.'

'Oh, shooting, is he?' said Elkins, looking at his watch with a dissatisfied expression. 'My time is valuable, young lady; can you let your father know that I am waiting? Mr Elkins, the auditor of the Chilprune estate.'

'But Mr Partridge is the auditor, and my father did not expect him for another month.'

'Mr Partridge has resigned, and I am here in his place; and, as I said before, my time is valuable.'

'You are not so nice as Mr Partridge, anyhow,' said Lucy to herself; for Mr Partridge's visits had always been occasions of festivity at Mordien. He usually gave plenty of notice of his coming; a dinner-party was generally arranged in his honour; and he was such a funny, courteous, pleasant little man, that his company was always appreciated. But this new man didn't seem at all pleasant, and Lucy did not think that she would even ask him to stay to dinner.

'Perhaps you can shew me the books, young lady,' said Elkins, after a moment's fretful impatience, 'and I can make a start.'

'O dear, no,' said Lucy; 'I would not touch any of papa's books on any account—he would be so angry.'

At this moment the drawing-room door was flung violently open, and two handsome spaniels, panting and open-mouthed, dashed into the room, and sprang joyously towards Lucy.

'O Chance, Dash! you naughty dogs, get out of the room directly.—But papa is home now, anyhow, Mr Elkins; here are the dogs.' Lucy ran to the door, and called out loudly: 'Papa, papa! call away these dogs of yours; they are making such a mess in the drawing-room.' But there was no reply; and Lucy, with an undefinable feeling of uneasiness, ran out to the gate, to see if her father was coming along the road. But instead of her father's well-known figure, she only saw the keeper hurrying towards the house, his face ashen pale. 'What's the matter, Giles? Is anything wrong?' cried Lucy, her heart giving a strange throb of foreboding.

'Master—master!' gasped the keeper—'in the home-wood—shot dead—through the heart!'

There was a long argument among the twelve honest farmers and tradesmen who formed the coroner's jury over John Dashmarton's body, as to the verdict they should return. That no one was

concerned in his death but the man himself, was evident enough. His gun, still smoking, had been found at his side; whilst in the trigger-guard was twisted a flexible strip of ground-ash, that had no doubt been the means of discharging the weapon. Half the jury had come to the conclusion that the death was the result of an accident. John had been making his way through the wood; his gun had caught in this twig; he had turned round to disentangle it, and had received the contents in his chest. The other half pointed out the improbability of a man like Dashmarton, an old and careful sportsman, carrying his gun in such a reckless way. Some of these latter, too, remarked, that they had noticed John looking a bit worried lately; and altogether they thought that a verdict of temporary insanity would best discharge the obligations of their oath, without unnecessarily distressing the feelings of the dead man's relations. But the foreman, a well-to-do farmer, a great friend of poor John's, threw the weight of his influence on the other side. 'Why should we go and cast a slur upon the family?' he asked—'a family as has always lived respected among us. There was never any insanity about John—as clear-headed a man as ever lived, and what's more, one as paid his way, every halfpenny of it. Why, I happen to know that John went round the town the day before he died, and settled up every bill he had in the place. Does that look like temporary insanity?' This statement was corroborated by more than one of the shopkeepers who were on the jury, and led to a general revulsion of feeling. The more favourable verdict was returned—'Accidental Death.'

Even in the depth of her distress at the loss of so kind and loving a father, Lucy Dashmarton had a sense of vivid relief and comfort, when the result of the inquest was told her. An uneasy doubt had entered her mind; she strove to thrust it out, but it dwelt there, nevertheless. Could her father, in a moment of depression and causeless dread, have put an end to his own life? He had not been himself, of late, had sometimes fallen into fits of low despondency. His manner—to her more affectionate than ever—had often about it a tinge of sorrow and regret. When he had kissed her sometimes, she had seen his eyes dimmed with tears. At the time, she had set this down to nervous fancies about his health and prospects of life; but now she dreaded, and the news of the coroner's verdict came to her as an answer to her unjust suspicions, and relieved the dark shadow that had fallen upon her heart. Those who were best qualified to judge had put it on record, after a long investigation, that her father was guiltless of self-slaughter.

Spiller was on his way home; he had been telegraphed for, and was expected that evening; and Lucy put off her grief for a while, whilst she hurried here and there to see that everything was ready for his reception. Many other duties fell upon her; and the messages and condolences from all the county round were incessant—very gratifying, as shewing the respect in which Dashmarton had been held, but at the same time keeping the house in no little confusion.

Mr Elkins the auditor had not yet made his appearance again at Mordien. He had attended the inquest as a casual spectator, and had smiledardonically when the verdict was given. But Lucy

had a note from him in the course of the day. Mr Elkins was deeply sorry to intrude at such a moment, but his time was valuable. The books of the estate were the property of the estate, and must be given up to him, that he might perform his duties. He would call in the course of an hour, and trusted that Miss Dashmorton would give the necessary orders.

To this Lucy replied that her brother was the master of everything now, and that she could do nothing till his return. He was expected home that evening, and Mr Elkins could see him then.

Spiller came as expected—a good deal agitated and distressed at meeting his sister under such altered circumstances, but still with his natural self-importance cropping up through it all. He soon made it evident that he was the master now; and Lucy, too glad for the moment to be relieved of all responsibility, gave up everything into his hands.

When the first shock was over, Spiller reviewed his position with some little complacency. But yesterday he had on his mind the awkward fact that he owed two hundred and fifty pounds, and that ere long he would have to confess as much to his father, and beseech him to help him out of his difficulties. To-day, he was the owner, no doubt, of Mordieu—and that must be worth ten thousand pounds at least—so that, if he had been five times as much in debt, he need not worry himself about the matter. Then, as to the future, he could hardly perhaps hope to succeed to his father's post and the enjoyment of his full salary all at once; but still it was possible—a sort of hereditary right among the employes of a large estate being often acknowledged by those who owe so much to that principle. Altogether, Spiller looked hopefully to the future; and if, as he expected, his father had left a good round sum invested—the accumulations of his lifetime—to his sister Lucy, they might live together for a while very comfortably and easily, without troubling themselves about the Chilprune agency, if it did not fall in to him.

'Who is Elkins?' said Spiller to his sister, as that gentleman's card was brought in once more. 'And what does he want bothering at this time?'

'He is the new auditor,' said Lucy. 'He was to have met papa yesterday at three o'clock, to go through the books, and it was just at that hour—' Lucy was overpowered with the reminiscence, and hastily left the room.

'Perhaps,' said Spiller to himself, 'I had better keep in with these people if I mean to try for the agency.'

Mr Elkins was therefore admitted. He had brought with him the clerk who was employed by Dashmorton at certain periods to help him with the accounts.

'This young man knows where everything is kept, I believe,' said Elkins in explanation.

Spiller led the way to the business-room. The books of the Chilprune estate were kept in a fire-proof safe built into the wall; Spiller had his father's keys, and it was soon opened.

'There's only one book I want at present,' said Elkins quietly, 'and that is, the banker's pass-book.'

Dashmorton's funeral was attended by a large number of friends and by the tenantry of the Chilprune estate; but even at the ceremony itself sundry sinister rumours were whispered about. It was said that deceased was consider-

ably deficient in his accounts; that large defalcations had been discovered, that his estate was in fact insolvent. The purport of these rumours soon reached the Dashmortons in a very substantial, unpleasant form. Mr Elkins shewed conclusively a deficiency of ten thousand pounds in John Dashmorton's balances. The Mordieu property, it turned out, was mortgaged to its full value. The trustees of the Chilprune estate seized upon all that was left, and that was little beyond the furniture of Mordieu, the horses and carriages, and a cellar of choice wines. Nor was anything remaining for Spiller and his sister, except a few articles of furniture and some personal belongings, which they were allowed to carry away. So they were driven out from sunny Mordieu, and took lodgings for a time in the neighbouring town of Friddenden. Much sympathy was felt with the young people, and they received many offers of assistance. John Dashmorton had been wise in this; he had incurred no debts in the neighbourhood. He had, at all events, robbed no one but his employers, and even they did not feel it personally. Only the little being of the Chilprunes who was yet in the nursery would perhaps have a tiara of brilliants the less, or a *parure* of pearls, in the days to come. Thus all the world of Friddenden looked very favourably upon the Dashmortons, and did what they could to make them welcome; and as something must be done for daily bread, Lucy determined to set up a little school—a kind of preparatory school for young ladies.

SICK-NURSING, AN EMPLOYMENT FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

To many who are anxious to give their daughters a staff to lean on in life, an occupation which will render them self-dependent and useful, the necessary education for the medical profession is too expensive, independently of other and more serious difficulties. Latterly, many sources of employment have been secured to women; and within the last year, certain of the government offices have opened their portals to educated girls, capable of passing an examination by no means trivial, at the hands of the Civil Service Commissioners. With what success this step will be attended, it is early to prophesy. It has one great recommendation—namely, that the requirements are not such as to dismay any good pupil in a well-directed collegiate school, and can possess no terrors for those who have already passed the local examinations of the universities—a test which most parents who estimate real mental training for their daughters would desire them to submit to, whatever their prospects in future life may be.

The complete recognition of the large field of labour open to women as nurses, dates we think, from the time of the Crimean War, when Miss Nightingale and her band of assistants were of such incalculable service to the heroes of their country, when wounded, sick, and dying. Every one at that time felt that the dire necessities of war had developed a sphere for woman's work, the value of which could not be gainsayed; but it has taken years of effort, unassisted by the great pressure of the battle-field, to convince the directors of hospitals, boards of guardians, and district visitors, that to nurse wisely and well, and with benefit to the patient be he even a pauper, *intelligence* and

special training are necessary, and that without these qualifications a nurse (so called) is often a curse instead of a blessing. Gradually the state of feeling which made it possible for 'Mrs Camp' to be more than a creation of fancy, is passing away, and all classes are beginning to see, that in sickness the choice of a nurse is perhaps more important even than the choice of a doctor; that oftentimes life and recovery are in her hands, when the doctor has done his best or his worst as it may be. Nor will any who have ever passed through the valley of severe illness fail to estimate at its true value the tender care of one not only well instructed in her art, but by reason of her previous surroundings and education, capable of entering into the minute refinements of feeling, be they for pleasure or pain, which severe suffering frequently develops in a patient. Well can we understand the feeling which was gratified and soothed, inadvertently enough, in the frame of a poor dying girl in a workhouse, when we gently stroked her thin wasted hand. She exclaimed: 'Oh, do that again! It is so long since I felt a soft gentle hand—never since I was a little child!' At that moment we knew that were it no other gift in a woman which fitted her specially to minister to the sick, her soft white hand is in itself an instrument of healing.

But the education necessary for an efficient sick-nurse is not of the sentimental or dilettante sort; she must in the first place have good and vigorous health, which supposes also good spirits, and we think she ought to have a sympathetic and kindly heart devoted to her calling. At present there are but few women who take the social rank of ladies, who have given themselves to this work; and there are perhaps some difficulties to encounter in their necessary training when they volunteer for the service. Notable amongst the women of the upper classes who give their lives to the nursing of the sick, and to training others to do so, is Miss Florence Lees, the friend and assistant of Miss Nightingale. She was the first student of the art of nursing who entered St Thomas's Hospital, London, under the Nightingale Fund as it is called; and since that time she has seen considerable service in the hospitals of the continent in the Franco-Prussian War, and is now superintendent of the Metropolitan Institution for providing trained nurses for the sick poor. In an address on 'Nursing the Sick,' recently given by Miss Lees before the National Health Society, she explained the working of this nursing Institution, and the great benefit derived from its operations wherever they extend. Unconnected with any particular religious creed or denomination, the object of the association is to provide nurses for the sick poor in their own dwellings. Unless in a hospital, but few of our poorer neighbours know the luxury of a nurse in illness. With the best intentions in the world, neither the ability nor the time of the relatives of the sick admits of the necessary care and attention. Medicine given just when remembered, and dirt and squalor rendered more terrible and overwhelming than usual, from the extra demand which sickness makes on the resources of every household—these conditions must be apparent to all who have ever visited the sick poor in their habitations. The district nurse changes all this. As far as possible, after she is called in, the sick-room assumes a

different aspect; cleanliness takes the place of dirt; the atmosphere of disease is purified and changed, and many are the recoveries which can be traced mainly to her beneficent influence. The want of especial nursing is felt perhaps more terribly by poor than by rich patients, so few of the former class know even how to apply the simplest remedies, to prepare a poultice or to apply a fomentation; and it is with the hope of remedying this great deficiency, that the system of district nursing is being encouraged largely in London, and has already been most successful in Liverpool, Birmingham, and other large towns.

The nurses at present employed in London as workers amongst the poor, are taken chiefly from the class that would otherwise become superior domestic servants. They are lodged and boarded in a district Home, of which it is contemplated to open three as soon as possible in different quarters of the metropolis. Two are already in full operation, containing six nurses each, who are lodged, fed, and superintended by a district lady manager. Every nurse is required to undergo one year's training in a hospital; and most of the large hospitals arrange to receive them. In the Nightingale training ward of St Thomas's Hospital, the probationary nurses obtain a thorough professional education. As soon as the nurse has passed her hospital year, she is placed in one of the Homes of the association, and commences her practical duties as district nurse amongst the poor of the neighbourhood, directed and assisted by the lady superintendent of her Home. The expenses of training are not great, and are within the means of all but the very poor. The hospital year costs the probationer thirty pounds for her maintenance during that time, payable in two instalments, fifteen pounds on entering, fifteen pounds at the expiration of six months. Immediately on being received into the Home, and commencing work amongst the poor, the nurse receives a salary, beginning at thirty-five pounds a year, and increasing three pounds a year till it reaches fifty pounds. As a rule, each nurse is provided in the Home with full board, washing expenses, a suitable and sufficient uniform dress, a separate furnished bedroom, and the use of a comfortable sitting-room. Every nurse is required to work eight hours a day in her district; and as a rule, unless in some cases of sickness, her duties cease after five o'clock in the afternoon. This is, of course, whilst occupied in district work, which is in a measure a training for more advanced positions and greater responsibilities.

Miss Lees tells us that nursing the sick is by no means a cheerless or depressing occupation; she thinks that no brighter or happier group of women-workers can be found than the nurses in her Home; and we can well imagine that the deep interest that must arise in the mind of every woman engaged in so good a work, must greatly elevate and purify the character of the nurse herself. Miss Lees is anxious to induce gentleness to join her staff of nurses, and to qualify themselves by the prescribed training, and by the experience gained in district nursing, for the entire charge of special cases amongst those who can afford to make skilled nursing a remunerative employment for women.

Miss Merryweather, who until lately had the charge of the district nurses at Liverpool, and is now lady superintendent of the Westminster

Hospital training-school for nurses, is most anxious to induce ladies to join her ranks. The difficulties existing in the way of the intimate association of different classes of women in the training Home—at present too small for all requirements—may, it is hoped, be removed by the erection of a suitable building, and the inauguration of a fund in memory of the late lamented Lady Augusta Stanley, than whom none more fully appreciated and encouraged the idea of trained and skilled sick-nurses. We can well understand how valuable an assistant the anxious surgeon or physician might secure in a well-trained, cultivated, and intelligent lady nurse. It is often highly desirable, for the sake of change of air, to send a patient to a distance from her medical attendant; but lest matters should go wrong, and for lack of some friend whose knowledge is equal to the necessity of the case, the change is pronounced to be impracticable. We will suppose that a lady equal in social standing with the doctor himself, possibly with the patient also, has been engaged at the early stage of the illness, has, with the doctor, watched the progress and symptoms of the disease, and has taken her place as nurse and companion to the patient. Her education and experience are such that the doctor can with confidence trust her to keep a watchful eye on his patient, to note every changing symptom, and to keep him informed daily—hourly if need be—of the minute details of the case on which his treatment is based. In the charge of such a nurse, the most anxious medical man might trust his patient to remain at a distance, feeling sure that the state of the pulse, temperature of the body, and every changing phase of disease, would be accurately communicated to him by letter or telegram, and so enable him to regulate his visits intelligently and according to necessity, and not by the caprice of an excited and nervous patient, or an ignorant and terrified nurse. Such skilled attendance would undoubtedly command liberal payment; and we can well imagine that many who now toil their lives away as governesses—vainly striving to teach that which they never knew, and to exercise a vocation for which they were never fitted—might have experienced a very different fate, and spent happy and useful years, had it not been for the fixed idea which until lately remained unchallenged, that educated and refined women who required to earn their living must of necessity be governesses or nothing.

It is right to say that recently the committee of the Nightingale Fund have afforded increased facilities for gentlewomen wishing to qualify themselves in the practice of hospital nursing, and a limited number of such probationers are, as we have already stated, now admitted to St Thomas's Hospital upon payment only of the cost of their maintenance during their year of training. These candidates are supposed to enter with a view of ultimately taking superior positions in public hospitals and infirmaries. These lady probationers—whose ages should not be less than twenty-six to thirty-six years—receive instruction from the medical instructor and the hospital 'sisters' or chief nurses in the wards, and serve as assistant-nurses during their year of probation. The lady superintendent of the Nightingale Institution at St Thomas's Hospital is at all times accessible to written inquiry, and to personal visits on Tuesday

and Friday between ten and twelve o'clock. It is difficult to imagine an occupation for our daughters and sisters, more entirely in harmony with the character of a true woman, or more beneficent in its object than that of tending their afflicted fellow-creatures.

LEECHES.

THE great demand which suddenly sprung up for leeches for surgical purposes at the end of last century, caused their natural haunts in the swamps and marshes to be invaded by armies of collectors, who soon denuded them of their ordinary stock. The French seem particularly partial to leeches, and their use in that country has always been more general than elsewhere. As a consequence of the drain upon her supplies, she was the first to suffer from a diminished yield; and in time the famine spread to Hungary, Turkey, Greece, and Germany, and even to Algeria and Syria, all of which countries were ransacked in the search for these bloodthirsty creatures. The scarcity and dearth of leeches at last attracted attention, and it was, we believe, about 1830 that the idea was conceived by a Frenchman that leeches might be kept in regular farms and bred, just like any other animal for which there is a steady market. The idea was soon carried into practice, and with such success, that leech-breeding has come to be regarded as a distinct industry of no little importance, and is carried on to a considerable extent in different parts of the continent.

The success of such an establishment depends, of course, on the choice of a suitable locality, and as the spots best adapted for this purpose are generally tracts of marshy ground, which are either useless for any other purpose, or—worse than useless—a nuisance, the selection of such areas and turning them to account in this way, is a double benefit. As an instance of the advantages attending the establishment of the industry in such places, setting aside the actual and immediate profits of the trade, we may quote a French writer, who, twenty years ago, gave his experience of such an undertaking. Natural swamps previously neglected are cultivated and placed under control, their miasmatic effects are neutralised, and employment is given to many poor people, who would otherwise find it hard to get a living. In the department of La Gironde alone, about ten thousand acres of land have been devoted to this purpose; its value has risen six or eight fold; men's wages have risen from 1s. to 2s. 6d. and 3s. a day; women and children also find remunerative occupation; shops have sprung up where none previously existed; and the condition of the peasantry generally has been vastly improved.

Let us examine one of these farms which have been the means of doing such an amount of good. We will pay a visit to one of the first of many which were established by M. Laurens—namely, that at Purempuyre, about nine miles from Bordeaux. Here an area of about four hundred acres near the Garonne, is devoted to this industry. The marsh is subdivided into compartments of five or six acres in extent, each of which can be inundated separately. It is surrounded by a ditch eight feet wide by five feet deep, outside which is a bank of earth which acts as an obstacle to the escape of the

leeches, and which also enables the watchmen to go round the property at night without being seen; for there are some thieves who cannot resist the temptation of stealing even leeches when the opportunity presents itself. Outside the bank, is a second ditch, connected with the inner one by occasional breaches in the intervening bank. Each compartment is intersected with drains, and can be flooded or laid dry at will by opening the hatches with which the ditches are provided. In the case of draining the water off, the lower hatches are replaced by perforated metal ones, through which the water, but not the leeches, can escape. Besides these breeding-grounds is a reservoir, similar to them in every respect, which is replenished at every opportunity with the larger leeches; so that, when the other beds are laid dry, there is always a stock on hand ready for the market. This reservoir is always kept covered with water to the depth of three to five inches, and holds from forty to fifty thousand leeches to the acre—a rate rather larger than that observed in the breeding-ponds, which are populated to the extent of thirty to forty thousand leeches per acre. During the cold season the leech remains quite underground; but the first rays of the spring sun bring him out, and then a troop of horses is made to enter the breeding-grounds, in the proportion of ten to the acre. The leeches attach themselves to the lower part of the legs of the animals, and then gorge themselves. The same troop of horses remain 'on service' for five or six hours, when they are recalled and tended, and sent back to their pastures, where they are allowed to rest and regain strength. After eight or ten days' rest, the horses are again despatched on duty; the hitherto unfed leeches, and those that have digested their last repast, come out again; and from about the 1st of March to the middle of June they are thus fed about eight or ten times each.

In June, the leeches all go underground, and the laying dry of the parks commences; the horses are kept out of them, the weeds and reeds are allowed to grow, and the soil becomes better knit together, as it were. In July and August the leeches come out to deposit their eggs in the tufts of herbage, and then the drains before mentioned are filled with water enough to keep the ground moist. The leeches having performed this duty, again burrow underground, and in a short time the young ones make their escape from the eggs.

The parks are now inundated, and at the end of August the fishing commences. The fishers, protected by high boots, enter the pond arranged in lines, and beat the water with sticks, to arouse the dormant leeches, which soon appear in great numbers, ready, after their long fast, for another feast. The large ones are carefully lifted out and placed in bags, with which each person is provided; and the line of fishers gradually advances till the whole bed is thoroughly beaten. It is then left to be subjected, three or four days afterwards, to another careful search, a sufficient stock being always reserved in the shape of the young and small leeches, and those that, not having digested their food, do not put in an appearance on the uncere- monious summons of the collectors.

The price of leeches in the market now is about four pounds per pound-weight—an average of five hundred individuals going to the pound. An

establishment such as that described above will produce several million leeches annually in a healthy condition. Serious losses are experienced in cold weather, and in consequence of injudicious handling of the annelides; but the profits are nevertheless considerable, as the cost of maintenance and collection is not very great.

The method of feeding these interesting flocks is, as we have said, by sending a number of horses into the ponds periodically, for unless leeches are provided with an ample commissariat, they will take themselves off in search of forage elsewhere. The horses used for this purpose do not suffer to anything like the extent that might be imagined. They are closely watched during the operation, and carefully tended afterwards. In many cases, horses which have been bought for a trifle have, under the care bestowed upon them, improved so wonderfully as to have been sold afterwards at a profit, so little does the system injure them. Old horses, whose lives have hitherto been a succession of hard knocks and fastings, and a perpetual round of fatiguing journeys, here find a relief from their burdens; death is deferred for months, and even years, and the latter period of their life is passed in a paradise, compared with the experience they have gone through.

Paris alone 'consumes' some twelve million leeches annually; and, prior to the establishment of the system of producing them in artificial reservoirs, the annual importation into France from abroad, exclusive of its own production, was nearly fifty millions. The enormous demand for these useful surgical attendants throughout the world may be estimated from the above figures.

A LULLABY.

Hush! hush! The night draws on;
The sun has long since set;
And the fast-closing flowers
With heavy dew are wet.

Shut close thine eyes;
Twilight is darkening the skies.

Hush! hush! All sounds are still;
The birds are gone to rest;
The mother-bird keeps warm
Her young within the nest.

Shut close thine eyes,
For the last songster homeward flies.

Hush! hush! The moonbeams fall
Upon the summer leas;
The night-wind murmurs soft
Among the dusky trees.

Shut close thine eyes,
For the last streak of daylight dies.

Hush! hush! The day is done.
Lie down, my child, and sleep;
The silver stars above
For thee a watch will keep.

Shut close thine eyes;
Sweet peace upon thy pillow lies.

Hush! hush! And happy dreams
All through the silent night.
Fear nothing; slumber on
Until the morning bright.

Shut close thine eyes,
For angels sing thy lullabies.

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GILBERT WHITE.

In the sequestered village of Selborne, in Hampshire, lived, a hundred years ago, a clergyman named Gilbert White. Apart from his sacred office and his reputation for learning, his parishioners thought little or nothing of him, except, perhaps, that he was an oddity. The parsonage there was essentially his home. It had been his birthplace, and was destined to be his deathplace. Seventy-three years made up the sum of his tranquil existence. The very room in which he was born (18th July 1720), and in which he died (26th June 1793), is still shewn to the strangers who, out of respect for his innocent memory, come to take note of his haunts under those picturesque old roof-beams.

Imbued with a strong love of nature, this earnest observer had an eye for every living thing he met with during his rambles. The subtlest change in the atmosphere, the first unfolding of a leaf, the first budding of a flower, he took note of, as matter of importance. For him a saunter down a lane, a stroll through his own garden, a peep into a hedgerow, a momentary glance at a wayside bramble, was fraught, any day in the year, spring, summer, autumn, or winter, with keen enjoyment. A thousand chances to one but at these times some hitherto unregarded fact in the natural sciences would in a twinkling be brought to the knowledge of this investigator, who, having recognised the new fact, would duly record it for his own satisfaction and for the benefit of others. And it was through the simple day-by-day accumulation of the notes thus jotted down, apparently haphazard, and given to the world in a series of Letters, that there gradually, almost imperceptibly grew up, as an oak does from an acorn, that vigorous and indigenous product of the English soil and atmosphere, White's *Natural History of Selborne*.

Nestling in one of the most richly wooded corners of perhaps the best timbered district in England, the village of Selborne lies at a distance of fifty-four miles to the south-west of London.

Two hours' journey from the Waterloo Station by railway, and another hour's drive, in a fly, from the Alton Station, bring the traveller by two easy stages to his destination. The single straggling street three-quarters of a mile in length, which forms the main road of the village, is sheltered from the westerly winds throughout its whole course by a precipitous height running parallel with it, known all over that country-side by its old Saxon name of the Hanger. This noble acclivity rising abruptly three hundred feet above the village, is clothed from spur to summit with an umbrageous mass of beeches, and is at once the screen and glory of the village. Skirting either side of the cartway worn by the traffic of generations, and immediately under the shadow of this beechen Hanger, is a line of thatched cottages with diamond-paned lattice-windows, each with its little patch of garden, bright in the summer-time with gilly-flowers and sweet-williams, and in the autumn with tiger-lilies and hollyhocks.

Whatever changes have come upon the place during this century have only helped to beautify it. Its woodlands are more umbrageous; its thickets are more densely tangled; its hedgerows are more luxuriant. But the flowers, the birds, the beasts and insects of coppice, lane, and mere—the flora and fauna of Selborne—are nowadays very much as they were when watched and recorded more than three generations back by the old parson-naturalist. Written though his book was so long ago, it is still to this moment the exactest possible handbook to Selborne.

The original edition, published in 1789, was a quarto of four hundred and sixty-eight pages. It consists of a series of letters, one hundred and ten in number, addressed partly to Thomas Pennant, partly to the Hon. Daines Barrington. Since its earliest appearance, the work has been several times reprinted, often with additions, never once—a fact that has its significance—with emendations. Within the past twelvemonth a charming reprint has appeared, with Notes by Frank Buckland; a chapter on Antiquities by Lord Selborne;

some New Letters; and illustrations by P. H. Delamotte. (London, Macmillan.) Than Frank Buckland, no more suitable editor could have been selected among living naturalists; and very lovingly has he discharged the duty intrusted to his hands. As for the embellishments scattered through the volume, they are worthy of the letter-press. Delamotte's frontispiece gives at a glance the whole panorama as seen from the Hanger! The village itself, the white tower of the rustic church, the snug parsonage, the comfortable farms, the pretty cottages sprinkled over the landscape, the straw-yards, the hop-lands and the corn-fields, are all so clearly indicated by the artist's pencil, that that single leaf strikes you as a revelation. Instead of looking at a picture in a book, you are there, at that aerial height among the beeches, gazing down at the old Hampshire parson's homestead. Opening the volume elsewhere, you are in the central playground of Selborne, called familiarly the Plestor, where, with a circular bench for gossips round the trunk, flourishes to this day a noble sycamore, upon the site of which formerly stood, for at least four centuries, a vast but stunted oak that was levelled to the dust eventually by a hurricane. Hard by, from time immemorial, stood the village maypole, round which the lads and lasses danced to the pipe and tabor every spring-time, when the Maid Marian of the season was crowned with cowslips and May-blossom.

The parsonage of Selborne—now and for the last three-and-thirty years the residence of a worthy successor, Professor Thomas Bell—is a snug, homely rustic dwelling, trailed about, up to the very eaves, and in between the dormer windows on the roof, by blooming creepers, such as rose and clematis. A world of greenery brims up the front-garden to the very palings, so that as you stand outside in the roadway you catch but a half-glimpse of the front-parlours upon either side of the porchway. From under that trellised porch, and out through the little swing-gate in front of it, old Gilbert White has often emerged upon the village highway—a little, thin, prim, upright man in the clerical wig, buckled shoes, and knee-breeches of a by-past generation.

Crossing the entrance-hall, which has a curiously low ceiling, you are at once in White's own study—the very room in which he so often wrote and meditated. And yonder, propped in a corner, is the very walking-stick (a pale Malacca) upon which he so often leant in his tranquil saunterings.

In the back-garden, at the opposite extremity of a lawn covered with a deliciously soft grass carpet, upon which Frank Buckland's observant eyes took note that many water-wagtails were busily at work, you come upon White's own sundial. Visible at a glance from that back-garden on the acclivity of the hillside, is the Zigzag pathway (so called and so formed), tempting way-farers to climb the Hanger. Immediately at its foot is a shiver-leaf aspen, reputed to have been planted as a sapling by Gilbert White himself, a splendid tree, now a hundred feet high and eight feet six inches in circumference. So completely does the whole scene breathe of the old-world days when the Selborne parson strolled there noiselessly over the turf, or with crackling shoes over the gravel, that you are half inclined to look about you among the flower-beds for Timothy

his tortoise, to hear the clucking of his favourite bantam hen Guntery; or are prepared to encounter at a turn of the shrubbery, his faithful Thomas, at once butler, valet, gardener, and assistant-naturalist; a factotum whose very 'small beer,' when he brewed, his good old master did not disdain to 'chronicle.'

Gilbert White was born in the very same room in which seventy-three years afterwards he peacefully breathed his last. The house—familiar even then as a home to several generations of his family—was at that time the residence of his grandmother. His father, John White, a barrister of the Middle Temple, was the only son of the Rev. Gilbert White, vicar of Selborne. The naturalist's mother, Anne, was the only child of the Rev. Thomas Holt, rector of Streatham.

Passing over his education at Oxford, where he took honours, we find him installed in the old family home as parson, taking with delight to a humdrum existence, that, for nearly fifty years together, was as the very breath of his nostrils to him as an Out-door Naturalist. His habits were secluded and temperate, his life being singularly monotonous and methodical. For years together he kept a diary with scrupulous care and neatness; while as for the epistles that, growing up side by side with this diary, compacted themselves into the completest possible History of Selborne, upwards of twenty years were given by him freely to the task of their compilation. The earliest date affixed to them was the 4th August 1767, the latest being the 1st January 1788. It was his custom, whenever he returned home from his out-of-door excursions, to take the first sheet of paper that came to hand and write upon it the day's observations. Having no blotting-paper in those days, the metallic glitter of the pounce sprinkled upon the wet writing may even yet be discerned.

The naturalist's father in his will directed that no monument should be raised to his memory, desiring only, as he said, to have his name inscribed upon the Book of Life. The son's name, it may be remarked with truth, has been inscribed by his own hand upon the Book of Nature. And although in the chancel of the old church at Selborne there is a marble tablet to his memory, his actual burial-place, with a modesty akin to that of his father, is barely indicated. A headstone marking the fifth grave from the north wall of the chancel has upon it his initials and the date of his death, the lettering being almost filled up and obliterated with moss and lichen. Otherwise, there is but a slight heave of turf, beneath which repose the remains of the naturalist and philosopher. Close by, within the toss of a pebble, is a grand old yew-tree, the age of which is unknown, the girth of its giant trunk being five-and-twenty feet; popular tradition according to it an existence of at least seven centuries.

So luxuriant is the vegetation all round Selborne that Mr Buckland pronounces it to be 'a primeval English forest.' Its Hanging Lanes, not less than its Hanging Woods, are among its distinctive peculiarities. These Lanes are really rocky hollows, which in the lapse of ages have been worn down by the fretting of water and by the traffic of generations. New roads having been opened to the neighbouring towns since Gilbert White's time, that traffic has long ago ceased

altogether. They are much wilder, consequently, these wonderful Hanging Lances, than they were in his day, having been for years almost untrodden. Bisected by the high-roads now traversed to Alton and Liss, they reveal the aspect of matted jungles, are avoided as frightful traps by fox-hunters, and altogether present a mingled wildness and beauty that Salvator Rosa's pencil would have rejoiced to delineate. Looking more like water-courses than anything else, even a hundred years ago, these sandy channels—walled upon either hand by the gnarled roots of the stunted oaks, hazels, hawthorns, and dog-roses, by which they were overhung—had their banks carpeted in profusion with wild strawberries, ferns, and primroses. From the presence of so many trees all over the parish, the air of Selborne is soft and moist even to humidity. The manor, in all its sloping coverts, abounds with hares and pheasants and partridges. In old days, the woodcocks thereabouts were plentiful. A few quails may still be met with, these however mostly affecting the open; and after harvest you may come upon an occasional land-rail. The whole country is abrupt and uneven, being full of hills and woods, and consequently rife with birds of unusual variety. Hence it is that while Gilbert White is, in the broadest sense of the word, a naturalist, he is especially and pre-eminently an ornithologist. Secluded from the rest of the world at Selborne, he watched the coming and going of the feathered tribes with the intensest curiosity. While he had the keenest sympathy, of course, with the poor of his parish, who during the dear months of the year were busy spinning wool for the Quakers at Alton, to turn into the 'gentle corled stuff' called barragons, he had a watchful observation also for the light-winged denizens of the air. Nothing escaped him in this regard. He not only haunted his own garden chiefly to observe their habits, but made frequent excursions to the royal forest of Woolmer, a domain seven miles long and two and a half broad, that always afforded him an endless amount of entertainment both as a sportsman and as a naturalist. There he listened to the piping and drumming of the snipes, and marked, according to his opportunities, the fitful ways of the wild ducks, teal, and lapwings. His vigilant glance took note of the widgones preening and resting among the osiers in Woolmer Pond until sunset, when they went forth in parties in quest of food to the neighbouring brooks and meadows.

There can be little doubt that among his parishioners he was regarded throughout life as one in no way out of the common—as, indeed, a mere potterer and maulderer. Two years ago, the oldest inhabitant at Selborne, one Mrs Small, a shrewd intelligent old woman aged ninety-three, and who was consequently eleven years of age when Parson White died, speaking of him to Mr Buckland, described him simply as 'a quiet old gentleman, with very old-fashioned sayings.' A village labourer named Henry Wells, and nicknamed Farmer, told the same authority last year, with a sense of mother-wit underlying the simple observation, that Gilbert White was 'thought very little of till he was dead and gone, and then he was thought a great deal of.' While, a whole generation back, a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the course of a paper descriptive of

a visit then recently paid to Selborne, reported the remark of an old dame who had nursed several of the family, to the effect that Parson White was 'a still quiet body'; adding, almost in contemptuous commendation: 'There wasn't a bit of harm in him, I'll assure you, sir; there wasn't indeed!'

Early in the correspondence that was to render him so famous, it is amusing to find the naturalist complaining that he lacks a companion 'to quicken his industry and sharpen his attention;' as if they admitted of being quickened and sharpened! By reason of this, he modestly insists he has made but slender progress in a kind of information to which he has been attached from his childhood. Moreover he had a charmingly unaffected tendency to self-depreciation. Thus, when describing, under date 25th December 1778, in a letter to his sister Mrs Barker, the fine warm winter-room his great parlour made, he—who must surely have been gifted with the keenest sense both of sight and hearing that naturalist ever enjoyed—laments naively, as the chief fault in the apartment, 'a strong echo, which when many people are talking makes confusion to my poor dull ears!' His every sense, we may be certain, was exquisitely refined, and matters trivial to others were important enough for him to note and chronicle. If a Stone-curlew is skulking on the bare ground, where it lays its eggs, endeavouring to evade his observation, and undistinguishable itself from the gray spotted flints around it, his keen glance detects it by the spark-like scintillation of its eye. He perceives upon the instant what nobody had perceived before, that bats sip water as they fly. If, in handling one of these creatures, his olfactory nerves are affected by its rancid and offensive smell, his sense of sight and feeling are simultaneously so gratified that he seems yearning over what the moment before has nearly sickened him. 'Nothing,' he says, 'could be more sleek and soft than their fur, which was of a bright chestnut colour.' Gilbert White it was who noticed that birds are strangely influenced by colour in the choice of food; not always, by the way, to their own advantage. Thus, though white currants are sweeter, they eat up all the red before touching the white, in spite of the latter being the riper and more palatable. He comments upon the noble and providential supply of ivy-berries for birds in winter and spring; the black fruit of that evergreen never appearing to freeze, whereas at the first sharp frost the haws are ruined. The hedge-sparrows at breeding-time, he notes, have a remarkable flirt with their wings; while he distinguishes between the redstart, shaking its tail horizontally, as a dog does when it fawns, and the up-and-down bob of the wagtail, like that of a horse completely jaded. Nothing distracts his attention. In the midst of what he calls 'an awful thunder-storm,' for example, on the 23d December 1791, we find him busy counting the number of seconds between flash and explosion. Every now and then, too, he evidences a quiet sense of the humorous, peculiarly his own; the merest glint of a smile, as we may conjecture, flitting over his features at these times while he is jotting down his observation. Thus, when he is remarking that in August the winged ants swarm by myriads in the air, bent on immigration, he adds that they

do so 'to the great emolument of the swallows, who fare luxuriously.' Again, where he speaks of their having had a weekly concert one winter at Selborne of 'two violins, two re pianos, a hautboy, a German flute, and a violoncello,' he refers to the entertainment as presumably 'a great annoyance to the neighbouring pigs, which complain that their slumbers are interrupted and their teeth set on edge.' Or, again, if he is expatiating upon the peculiarities of that eccentric bird, the Long-legged Plover, of which there is a folding sketch opposite page two hundred and nine in the first quarto edition, its legs, as he expresses it, are distinctly 'in *caricatura*, the length of them being so extraordinary.'

He is his own Boswell, this simple-hearted parson-naturalist. He lets us into an intimate knowledge of all his little whims and oddities. He babbles his partiality for whipped syllabubs. He speculates with a tenderness that is half pathetic over what he conceives to be the erotic rather than simply erratic movements in June of Timothy the tortoise. If he grumbles about the dogs eating his gooseberries, he anticipates the modern outcry against bird-murder by energetically defending the rooks and crows from destruction, as themselves the destroyers of vast numbers of cockchafers. His wildest conjectures he puts into the plainest possible language. He wonders to himself and to his correspondent, and is wondering on now to posterity, whether it may not be possible to naturalise canaries by placing their eggs in the nests of their congeners the goldfinches and greenfinches, the callow young being possibly rendered hardy before winter, and able to shift for themselves. He speculates quite seriously as to the possible hibernation here in England of a few straggling swallows. Apropos to which not unfrequent surmise of his, we would here note the fact, that on the 3d of November 1789, the good old parson of Selborne made quiet record in that secluded village of the fact that 'Two swallows were seen this morning at Newton Vicarage House hovering and settling on the roofs and out-buildings. None have been observed at Selborne since October the 11th. It is very remarkable that after the hirundines have disappeared for some weeks, a few are occasionally seen again; sometimes in the first week in November, and that only for one day. Do they not withdraw and slumber in some hiding during the interval?' Observe the date—a date, in truth, so portentous—the 3d November 1789! It was the very morrow of the day, as it happened, upon which in France, the National Assembly at one fell swoop confiscated the whole ecclesiastical property, otherwise one-third of the entire landed property of that kingdom, estimated at about eighty million pounds sterling. Here, a simple-hearted curate in England wondering to himself with astonishment at the flight of a couple of swallows in November. Yonder, upon the other side of the Channel, a whole hierarchy shattered into the ghastliest ruin by something worse than a volcanic eruption or an earthquake—by the explosion of one of the most appalling Revolutions of which there is any record in the history of the human race. The startling contrast presented to view by those two dates and their respective incidents, demonstrates more clearly even than the beautiful book over which we have been lingering, that the lines of

Gilbert White's life had indeed 'fallen unto him in pleasant places,' when they led to his birth, his long career, and his peaceful death in that little silvan village of Selborne, of which it was his destiny to be the historian.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A CATASTROPHE.

'O MAMMA! Kitty! news, news!' cried Tony, running joyfully into his mother's room one morning. She was not yet up; yielding to her daughters' entreaties and to the monitions of her own growing sense of weakness, she had of late consented to take her morning meal in her bedroom.

As her son entered, she rose from the pillow with eager eyes.

'What news, my child? It is not post-time yet. How can there be news?'

Kitty too, who was arranging some late autumn flowers in a little vase upon the dressing-table, so that her mother should see them reflected in the glass, turned round with a beating heart. 'The ship must have arrived at Rio!' thought she.

'O mamma!' said Tony, his ardour greatly cooled, and half-conscious of having aroused undue expectations, 'the first snow has fallen upon the fell. It is quite high up; but one can see it plainly, and it looks so beautiful. Margate says that it will not go away again till late in the spring; and that its coming so early is a sign of a hard winter.—What is the matter, dear mamma?'

Mrs Dalton had sunk back on the pillow, and covered her face with her thin hands. What sort of news she had expected, Kitty knew not; but it was plain that the disappointment had been a terrible blow.

'A hard winter,' she repeated, 'a hard winter.'

'That is what Margate says,' continued Tony, reassuringly; 'but Margate may not be right, you know. And even if she is, what will it matter? The snow will fall and fall; the beck will be frozen; the roads will be choked up, so that only light carts can come; and we shall be snug and cosy in Sanbeck, all by ourselves, just as though we were out of the world.'

'Out of the world,' repeated his mother slowly.

'Yes, mamma; but why should we care, being all together,' reasoned Tony gently. 'I have heard you say yourself, that you are always happy when you have us about you; and I am so glad that I am not at Eton this half.'

She was kissing him now in a strange passionate manner, and the rare tears were streaming down her cheeks. Kitty would have drawn the boy away; but she signed to her to leave him.

'You have not forgotten who is *not* here amongst us all, Tony?' whispered she.

'O no, mamma: I often think of dear papa.'

'And pray for him, darling? Do you pray for him?'

'Yes, indeed I do; every night and morning,' answered he in her ear, 'just as you taught me. There is no snow where he is gone, Jenny says.—I went to Jenny first, because I knew she was up and at her desk. And I have promised her to write to him all about it. Margate says there will be skating on the mere, and sleighing; the timber trucks make capital sleighs, and the boys will draw me—half-a-dozen of them at a time, Margate says—and one shoots down the fell like an arrow.'

Now, all that will be something to write about to papa. I don't mind writing, when I have got something to write about—that's her difficulty, Jenny says; so it happens to clever people as well as to stupid ones. And oh, dear mamma, I do hope you will get out as far as the bridge to-day, and see the snow on the fell.'

Poor Tony came back to that as his one strong point, and the sole excuse for his enthusiasm; but he felt that it was not so strong as it was, and that he had overrated the importance of his tidings. He even understood that his mother's thoughts were too occupied with 'dear papa' to take much interest in the natural phenomenon which had taken place; but beyond that, matters were a puzzle to him. Kitty, on the other hand, now felt that Jenny had been right when she said that her mother suspected something was amiss; that her apprehensions respecting the *Flamborough Head* and the precious life it carried were not less poignant than hers and Jenny's, though they had not the same sad foundation. She had never said one word to her of her walk to the mere with Uncle George, or even referred to his visit; a suspicious circumstance of itself, and which, joined to what she had seen that morning, made tender Kitty's heart bleed.

Jenny had now no secrets from her sister as respected the steamer. Jeff had written again—at Jenny's desire—describing what had happened at Lloyd's; how first 'the Committee' had announced 'that they would be glad of information regarding the *Flamborough Head*,' and how afterwards it had been placed in the dread list of 'Missing Vessels.' Yet even he had not said one word of the paragraph about the wreck, wishing to spare his correspondent, and ignorant that his employer had already supplied the information.

So week after week went by, and the snow fell as Margate had prophesied it would do—heavier than it had been known to fall for many a year in Sanbeck; no roll of wheel nor beat of hoof was heard—and indeed, save the doctor's pony and the butcher's light cart from Bleabarrow (the latter only at long intervals), there was no traffic of any kind in the little valley. The voice of its stream was hushed, and its fir-trees, too heavily weighted by the snow, had ceased to murmur; all was silence and solitude. The Daltons were literally out of the world. Few letters arrived for them now, even when the postman came, which was not always (for there was danger of him being 'smooored' in the drifts); the most sympathising folks cannot be always writing to condole with us, and there was no opportunity, alas! in this case for aught else but condolence. Our misfortunes are wearisome to our friends as well as ourselves, and make dumb both us and them. As to the Daltons' ordinary acquaintances, who had been very numerous, the family had 'gone under,' and were already forgotten. Kitty was the one who suffered most from this isolation; to her mother it seemed well to be alone with her wretchedness; and Jenny had Occupation—the balm for anxious minds. She was for ever writing and reading. Kitty was fond of reading, but not of study; she was not omnivorous, like her sister, and the library of the late Mr Landell had few attractions for her. She was, in truth, a devotee at the shrine of the circulating library; a persecuted faith, but one which has a great many charming followers. As the

family subscription in London was not yet run out, the books came down with those of the Campdens to Riverside, and were afterwards forwarded by carrier.

'If the snow permits it, pray send me over our batch of books,' wrote Kitty imploringly to Mary; 'it is a case of real destitution; I am starving for light literature: not a novel has met my eye for a fortnight. I am now reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*—one of the most recent works in the library of the Nook.'

Mrs Campden denounced this note as 'flippant,' considering the circumstances of Kate's position. The writer, indeed, was by no means in a flippant mood; only she no longer wore her heart upon her sleeve with respect to Mary. She did not feel inclined to lay bare to her, her miserable anxieties, and affected a gaiety that she was far enough from feeling. It is true, we should never affect anything; but Kitty would have found it hard to please Mrs Campden now by any style of composition. With a large class of persons, the unfortunate, like the absent, are always in the wrong; and besides, the mistress of Riverside was angry with the girl for refusing or withholding encouragement to Mr Holt.

However, the books were sent off as requested, and reached their destination, although with some difficulty, and not until late in the afternoon. The carrier, who was suitably entertained in the kitchen by Margate in recompense for his courage, gave a terrible account of his journey. If his cart had not been the best built and lightest of all carts, and the horse a paragon of strength and endurance, he could never have come up the valley! The snow was five or six feet deep in many places, and hung so heavy on the hedgerows that they looked like white walls! He tossed off his glass of spirits so quickly after his meal, in order that he might get home before dark, that he found he had just time for another. The treasure he had brought with him was taken into the parlour, and at once divested by Kitty of its coverings. She had thrown down the brown paper and the white upon the ground, and plunged in a first volume of her favourite author; and under his benign influence, Time, notwithstanding its weight, and weariness and woe, was flying. She only knew that it was growing late because of the waning light, which made her bring the enchanted pages nearer to the window. Presently, her mother entered the room, and her first act was to pick up the discarded wrappings of the parcel.

'O mamma, I am so sorry,' said Kate remorsefully. Neither she nor her sister, though neat enough in their personal appearance, were really tidy; whereas, if Mrs Dalton had a weakness, beside good-will for everybody, it was for putting things straight.

'Nay, nay, my dear,' answered she, smiling; 'don't reproach yourself: it was natural enough that, in your eagerness for the kernel, you should forget the husk.'

'But that I should have made you stoop to pick them up, mamma—I am quite ashamed of myself.'

And she cheerfully shut up her book, with the air of a good nun who has prescribed for herself a penance.

'Nay, my darling; I am going to look through

our weekly accounts; so do not punish yourself in that way. I don't want you to make yourself agreeable just now; only please to get the lamp, for my old eyes will not serve me in this twilight.

Neither Margate nor her myrmidon were intrusted with the trimming of the lamp, which, with many another household duty, was now Kitty's peculiar care. Notwithstanding the economical fashion in which the Daltons lived at the Nook—it was much more meagre than what fine folk call 'quiet'—their establishment was to be even still more reduced; it was found that Lucy could not be retained beyond the quarter. The fact was, with all one's good sense and wish to spend as little as possible, certain free-handed habits—a shilling here and sixpence there, and food for whoever set foot in the house on real or pretended service—could not be discarded all on a sudden. In vain the weekly accounts were pared to the thinnest proportions; the 'extras' somehow swallowed up the savings. Of course it would be a pang to part with their last attendant; but not so severe as it would have been a few weeks ago. Although her emoluments were the same as before, Lucy was not so easily reconciled to the roughness of the new régime as were her mistress and the young ladies; and she complained of the lack of 'society.' Margate's gossip—for it is not to be supposed that Nature had denied her the usual topics of conversation—itsself by no means piquant, was also entirely local; while 'the gurl,' as the third retainer of the family was scornfully denominated by the lady's-maid, was a mere sponge or sucker. Her ears—and mouth—were open for everything, but there was no reciprocity. We cannot all of us be self-denying for ever; it is something if one makes a temporary sacrifice at the shrine of duty, and poor Lucy had found by this time that her promise of life-long service to her old employers would be not a little irksome to keep. So she was parting from them, though on the best of terms; and in the meantime Kitty was learning to 'make herself useful' about the house—a very elastic phrase, which, as we have seen, included lamp-trimming. A neater-handed Phyllis than Kitty it is impossible to imagine; and whatever she set her hand to she graced. If you could have seen her now, as she comes up the oaken stair with the lamp, burnished, and throwing its mellow light upon her golden hair, you would have said that the Daltons had one family ornament at least still left to them, one rare and beautiful picture, which—however humble its frame—would not escape the judicious eye of the connoisseur.

'Congratulate me, mamma, upon my success,' said she, as she stepped carefully into the parlour over the raised threshold that had been very literally a stumbling-block from generation to generation of the dwellers in the Nook: 'does it not burn well?'

There was no reply; and hastily setting down the lamp, Kitty looked around her in some trepidation. Under the deep window-seat where she had herself been sitting a few minutes before, lay a motionless figure.

'Mamma!' shrieked she, in an agony, and was down on her knees beside her in a second; then, 'Lucy! Margate! Help! help!' rang through the old house.

Her first thought was of physical aid, and there-

fore she did not call Jenny; yet Jenny arrived somehow—though her chamber was farthest off—as soon as the others. When the kitchen-girl, rushing in with the rest, wrung her hands and cried: 'She is dead, she is dead!' it was Jenny who said: 'Hush, fool!' as Margate afterwards observed, 'like a man,' and took the direction of affairs.

'Lift her up and put her on the sofa,' was the order that three pair of strong and willing arms promptly obeyed; and in the meantime, Jenny's own hands had removed the pillow.

'Yes; she has fainted—that is all, Jenny,' whispered Kitty with anxious pleading.

'How did it happen? Where did you find her?' returned the other, in the same low voice.

'Just as you saw her. I had left the room for the lamp, only a minute or two.'

'What is that newspaper in the corner?'

'It is what the books were wrapped in; mamma had just taken them up.'

Jenny walked quickly forward and picked up the paper. Her eye glancing quickly over the page, fell at once on the heading: *Supposed Loss of the Flamborough Head*. 'Good Heavens, Kitty, mamma has read it—the paragraph about the wreck.—Margate, some one must go for Dr Curzon instantly: not one moment is to be lost.'

'Indeed, ma'am, there is not a soul to send—if we had known it before the carrier had gone; but there is not a man nearer than Farmer Baynton's; and the snow'—

'I will go,' cried a small voice half-choked with sobs; and Tony, who had crept in unobserved, and was standing by his mother's side in a passion of silent grief, instantly left the room, and the next moment was seen flying across the courtyard.

'The poor child has not even put on his cloak,' murmured Margate pitifully. The night was falling, and the snow was deep; but at that awful time, with that lifeless form and death-like face lying before them, neither Kitty nor Jenny could think of aught save her who had given them being.

STORY OF THE LUTINE.

ON one of the closing days of the last century, the good ship *Lutine* left the shores of England, laden with a vast amount of treasure; on the following night she was wrecked on the north-west coast of Holland, and all the treasure went to the bottom. Hence arose the most remarkable case of 'salvage' operations ever known—operations not even now concluded, although more than three-quarters of a century has since elapsed. The newspapers and magazines at that time set down the value of the treasure, some at one hundred and forty thousand pounds, some at six hundred thousand; this grew to one million five hundred thousand, and at length mounted up to three millions sterling. There was, therefore, abundant scope for what would nowadays be called 'sensational' newspaper writing.

That a shipwreck should occur at that particular spot was not matter for surprise, seeing what fierce battles had long been going on there between land and water. The great gulf in North Holland called the Zuider Zee, now open to the German Ocean, was at one time an inland lake, separated from the sea by a continuous line of coast, low

and sandy, but still unbroken. On a particular night in the thirteenth century, the sea, under the influence of a furious north-west gale, broke through the barrier, and opened a channel to the inland lake. Later in the same century a second irruption took place, involving the sacrifice of a hundred thousand lives. Since then, an almost constant shifting of the sands has led to the formation of a number of low islands, which appear on the map something like a semicircular grille on the seaward side of the entrance to the Zuider Zee. These low islands bear the names of Wieringen, Texel, Vlieland, Schelling, Ameland, Schiermonnik, Rottum, Borkum, &c. Fringed with numerous shoals and sandbanks, they are separated by channels which are constantly shifting their directions and dimensions. The inhabitants hereabout are mostly hardy pilots and fishermen; but even they are embarrassed by the insecurity of their homes and the intricacies of the navigation. Ships of every class and almost every nation have been wrecked on that bit of treacherous coast; among them the *Lutine*.

In what way the freighting of the ship was managed, partly by the government and partly by merchants, has never been fully known, until a recent investigation of the subject by the examination of official documents brought to light the facts. Some public writers stated that the treasure on board was consigned by English merchants to their correspondents at Hamburg; some that it was sent by the British government to Texel, to pay the British troops at that time in Holland; some that it was a subsidy to the Dutch government; while others spoke of the crown jewels of Holland being on board, after having been reset by Messrs Rundell and Bridge, at that time the leading goldsmiths and jewellers in London. The truth appears to have comprised portions of most of these statements.

In September 1799, the Treasury transmitted a letter to the Admiralty, announcing that a large amount of silver coin was about to be sent to Texel, for the payment of British troops stationed there, as also a consignment of bullion to Hamburg; and requesting the Admiralty to furnish a vessel or vessels suitable for the purpose. The silver coin was speedily sent off in the *Amethyst*, which safely conveyed it to its destination; but similar good fortune did not attend the bullion. The Admiralty sent an order to Admiral Duncan, commander-in-chief of the North Sea naval squadron, 'to send a cutter to Gravesend, for the service of receiving on board some bullion and conveying it to the Elbe.' (The Elbe is the important river on the banks of which the city of Hamburg is situated.) Admiral Duncan made arrangements for sending either the cutter *Nile*, under Lieutenant Wood, or the armed cutter *Courier*, under Lieutenant Terrel; but when the merchants, bankers, and bullion-dealers heard that a vessel of war was to be employed on this service, they sent valuable consignments so largely to Duncan, that he thought a better defended vessel should be selected. He chose the *Lutine*, a French thirty-two-gun brig which he himself had captured, and which, clipped of the preliminary *La* in its name, had been added to the British fleet. Taking in a cargo of immense value, in bullion and other treasure, the *Lutine*, under Captain Lancelot Skynner, set sail from Yarmouth on the

9th of October—whether for Texel, or Hamburg, or both, is not even now quite clear. Before the Admiralty received Duncan's letter announcing the departure of the *Lutine* from Yarmouth, the unfortunate vessel was a hopeless wreck.

There was no Baron Reuter in those days, no submarine telegraph, no rapid means of communicating news by a flash from the continent to the British coast. More than a week elapsed before the Admiralty received official despatches relating to the disaster; although the underwriters or marine insurers knew about it much more speedily—one example, among many, of commercial enterprise outstripping the government. Admiral Mitchell, stationed off the Dutch coast, announced in a despatch that the hapless *Lutine* had been wrecked on the outward bank of the Vlieland Passage, in a heavy gale from the north-north-west. The *Arrow*, under Captain Portlock, and several other vessels, came to render assistance as soon as the disaster was known, but all without avail; for the *Lutine*, which struck in the night, was nowhere to be seen when day dawned; she had gone to pieces—the main portions sunk, and the fragments floating about. The treasure, whatever may have been its amount, of course sank by its own weight. But, more sad to tell, the officers and crew lost their lives, all except two men; and even these were able to give but little information concerning the disaster, for one of them died soon afterwards from the fatigue he had encountered; while the other, Mr Shabrack, a notary-public (there were a few passengers on board) was not versed in seafaring matters.

The government money for paying the British troops had mostly gone to Texel by the previous vessel, which had escaped disaster; the treasure on board the *Lutine* was the property of mercantile firms, and was consigned to Hamburg. As is customary in such cases, the treasure had been insured in marine insurance offices, or by underwriters; and when the loss of the vessel had been clearly certified, the underwriters promptly paid the heavy demands made upon them. When insured property is lost, the wreck or *débris*, under the name of *salvage*, belongs to the office or the underwriters, and is collected and brought to market so far as may be practicable. When, however, a ship is wrecked on a foreign coast, other considerations have to be attended to; and so it was in this case.

How the seas and the sands have been made to give up much treasure from the *Lutine* during a period of three-quarters of a century, and why it is that the enterprise is not ended even yet, we have now to tell.

The Admiralty sent orders to Admiral Mitchell to do what could be done to recover the stores and bullion from the wrecked ship; while Lloyd's Committee, representing the underwriters, sent out salvage-officers on a somewhat similar errand, for it was known that the treasure had belonged much more to mercantile firms than to the government. The two governments put in rival claims, but did not enforce them; the salvage-men could do nothing without well-appointed diving appliances; and thus it happened that for a considerable time the wreck was left to the fishermen of the neighbouring coast and islands, who managed to bring to light a harvest of treasure now and then. The wreck of the ship was partly exposed at very

low ebb, about midway between the islands of Terschelling and Vlieland, with the IJergat Channel close to it. In a year and a half the fishermen recovered no less than eighty thousand pounds worth of bullion: comprising fifty-eight bars of gold, thirty-five bars of silver, forty-two thousand Spanish silver pistoles, two hundred and twelve half-pistoles, one hundred and seventy-nine gold pistoles, with small quantities of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth pistoles, single and double louis d'ors, English guineas and half-guineas. The fishermen conducted their operations under sanction of the Dutch government, who took two-thirds of the proceeds, leaving one-third to the finders; the government share was taken to Dordrecht, and minted into about fifty-six thousand pounds worth of Dutch guilders. The fishermen suspended their operations at the end of 1801, because the wrecked hull of the *Lutine* had become covered with a great depth of sand, and because they formed an opinion (afterwards known to be incorrect) that the store of treasure was pretty nearly exhausted. One day they found a small packet of silver spoons, marked W. S.; they sent these to England, where they were recognised by the Rev. Mr Skynner as having belonged to his son, Captain Skynner, who commanded the *Lutine*. They also sent over a curiously shaped sword, stamped 'Cullum, King's Cutler, Charing Cross, London'; it was found to have belonged to Lieutenant Charles Castine Aufrère, of the same vessel. Sadly strange it was that not one dead body was ever fished up; either they had floated away seaward, or had sunk deeply into the sand.

In those troubled warlike times, when Holland shifted its alliance from England to France and from France to England, as exigence compelled, the two governments had more important matters to think about than the poor wrecked *Lutine*; the fishermen ceased to search for treasure; while Lloyd's agents found they had practically little power in the matter; and thus it arose that the first thirteen years of the present century passed without much being done in connection with the wrecked treasure-ship. In 1814, however, a gentleman of Terschelling, M. Pierre Eschancier, filling the office of Oppor Strand Vonder, wrote to inform the Dutch government that there was reason to believe in the existence of a large amount of treasure still in the *Lutine*. The ticketed gold and silver bars found had numbers and letters marked on them; the whole store had probably such numbers and letters in consecutive order; and there were great gaps here and there, inasmuch that he inferred that the bars still immersed in the sand and water were at least tenfold more numerous than those which had been fished up. Here was a tempting suggestion; here was a golden harvest ready to be reaped, if only the reapers were expert and persevering enough!

The Dutch government made a grant for the prosecution of renewed search. They began mainly by dredging, but found that the body of the wreck was far too deeply imbedded in shifting sands to be reached by that process. Tediously lingering were the operations for seven years, during which lengthened period the dredgers brought up only seventeen pieces of coin—a very sorry crop! In 1821 an agreement was made to the effect that the Dutch government would

advance a certain sum of money on condition of receiving one-half of whatever treasure might be recovered. M. Eschancier organised a society or company for supplying the rest of the means and carrying on the operations. A diving-bell and divers were obtained from England, and many attempts were made in 1822; but unsuccessfully. As not even a buoy could be kept steady among the ever-shifting sands, the exact locality of the wreck could not be determined. A sum of five thousand pounds was spent that summer, and no treasure fished up; the divers returned to England, the Dutch government bought the diving-bell, and M. Eschancier and his colleagues retired from an enterprise which had brought them much anxiety and no profit.

All this time we hear little of Lloyd's Committee and the English underwriters. But they suddenly woke up. The doings of the Dutch attracted attention. The underwriters at Lloyd's felt that if the wrecked *Lutine* still contained any treasure, the treasure or its value belonged commercially and equitably to them, who had honourably paid all the losses arising out of the insurance. They appealed to Mr Canning, who opened communications with the Hague; and the Dutch government agreed to hand over their half of the possible salvage to Lloyd's. Mr Canning advised Lloyd's to be content with that half, and to leave the other half to the Eschancier alliance or syndicate, with whom friendly working arrangements might probably be made. Diplomacy took a curious form on this occasion. The Dutch government made the cession to the British government, not to Lloyd's, 'solely as a proof of friendly feeling towards the kingdom of Great Britain, and in nowise from a conviction of the right of England to any portion of the said cargo.' Here we see that there were the materials for a pretty quarrel, if quarrelling had been the tendency of the two nations; the Dutch government claimed as salvage all wreck on the coast of Holland, and merely waived their claim on this occasion. The Dutch Alliance greatly disliked all this; they regarded Lloyd as an interloper. Nothing effective was done by either party from 1823 to 1830, when the instrumentality of England in bringing about the independence of Belgium so offended the Dutch as to convert coolness into anger; M. Eschancier, too, died about this time, and left no one behind him who cared about the matter.

The poor *Lutine* had sixteen years more of such rest as the ever-shifting sands would permit to her. A change in the Dutch laws, declaring that the salvage of all wrecks on the outer banks of the coast should be open to all persons on stipulated conditions, induced two English divers, Messrs Hill and Dowes, to petition the king of Holland for permission to dive for treasure in the *Lutine*. This was in 1846. It came to no practical results, and was followed by a long negotiation between Lloyd's and the remnant of the old Dutch Salvage Alliance. The Dutchmen woke up from time to time, and then went asleep again. Not until 1857 did a real working treaty come into operation; the Dutch to make all the research, Lloyd's to have half the proceeds.

Joy came over the dismal spot. A fierce southwest gale blew away some of the shifting sand that had so long buried the *Lutine*, and permitted approach to it. Lloyd's agent was soon able to

send home news that coins had been fished up, sufficient at all events to shew that the treasure-ship was not yet really empty. A whole fleet of fishing vessels came out from the Zuider Zee to aid in the golden search; and the Dutch government had some trouble in maintaining order among them. Year after year, something or other was fished up—now the ship's bell, after a silence of two generations; now a part of the ship's rudder; now a packet of gold bars, now silver bars. Between 1857 and 1861, the findings were such as to provide about twenty-two thousand pounds as Lloyd's share. The harvest was so small in 1861 as not to pay the cost of search; and not much has since been done. Nevertheless, an act of parliament in England, and an understanding with the Dutch government, give to Lloyd's Committee a continuous ownership of the *Lutine* and her contents; and it is within the range of fair probability that we shall again, from time to time, hear of dredging and diving near the remains of the poor old brig. Much depends upon whether the sand is drifted back again over the wreck, and channels closed up by furious gales. Lloyd's are not to pocket the treasure that may come to their share. When the Royal Exchange was destroyed by fire in 1838, most of the documents were lost which might have identified the original underwriters of the *Lutine* in 1799; and there are not now the means of determining who are the successors or representatives of those persons. The salvage proceeds are to be applied 'for purposes connected with shipping or marine insurance, according to a scheme to be prepared by the Society (Lloyd's), and confirmed by Order of Her Majesty in Council, on the recommendation of the Board of Trade subject to previous public notice, and to any claim by individuals that may be put forth and proved.'

Whoever has occasion to visit the Library at Lloyd's, among the up-stairs apartments at the Royal Exchange, will there see something which serves as a memento of the *Lutine*. A table and chair have been made from the old broken rudder, which was fished up in 1859, and bears an inscription recording the wreck of the hapless vessel. On the table is placed the ship's bell, weighing about eighty pounds, and in excellent condition; it is stamped with the name 'Saint Jean,' and with the crown and arms of Louis XVI. of France, the sovereign to whom *La Lutine* originally belonged. The bell will never again tell the hour to any ship's crew; nevertheless, it is an interesting though silent witness to an eventful catastrophe recorded in the annals of a period seventy-seven years back.

DASHMARTON'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER II.

In the prospectus which Lucy put forth regarding her school project, one of the referees was the Rev. Tresilian Whitwick, M.A., of Frieldenden Lodge. She had humbled herself to ask this favour of him, and he had graciously consented. As to what had passed, however, between Mrs Whitwick and herself on the day of her father's death, she heard not a word more. That lady studiously ignored the whole subject, and Lucy did not desire to bring it to remembrance. Under present circumstances, it would have been a great temptation had she been offered a good home at the hands of Tresilian;

but she was glad to be spared the temptation, though the thought was a bitter one that she was deemed no more worthy of his attentions.

Alfred Harvey had not returned yet—having been away nearly four months. It would be the same with him, no doubt; she could not expect anything else. She had discouraged him in the palmy days of her prosperity, and she had no reason to imagine that he would continue a hopeless suit under such altered circumstances.

Spiller had made one attempt to obtain employment. He had penned a formal letter of application to the trustees of the Chilprune estate for the agency vacant by his father's death. Old Lord Tancerville, who was one of the trustees, was rather pleased with this letter, and would have helped the youth if he could. But Elkins, who had a good deal to say in the matter now, as a confidential adviser, set his face strongly against it. Thus Spiller was informed that the trustees had made other arrangements, and were unable to entertain his application; and so this outlet was finally closed against him.

After this, the brother became a source of much anxiety to the sister. The little house she had taken at Frieldenden was of course his home, till he could get something to do. One thing he had learned thoroughly in his university career—namely, to play billiards. The *White Hart* at Frieldenden boasted a well-attended billiard-room, where pool went on almost every night, and Spiller's skill at this amusement brought him in a considerable amount of pocket-money. This involved late hours and a good deal of general discredit, and did not redound to the advantage of the young schoolmistress's establishment, as Lucy bitterly felt and deplored. But she could do nothing with Spiller now—her influence over him seemed altogether gone—she saw him gradually sinking lower and lower into the character of a mere tavern-haunter, and she could do nothing to help him out of the mire. At this juncture she heard that Alfred Harvey was coming home.

It was night, and Lucy Dashmorton was in bed, and almost asleep, when the dog-cart went past that brought Alfred Harvey from the station. There was a little pleasant excitement in the knowledge that he had really come home, and yet well, Alfred Harvey was one of those men who are perhaps most lovable at a distance, when their sterling qualities shine forth through the rough outer coating. She had become almost fond of Alfred as long as he was in America; but now, with his harsh voice and uncounted ways, she felt that she would at once become disenchanted.

Spiller had not come home yet. He rarely came home till the billiard-room at the *White Hart* had closed its doors for the night, which was between one and two o'clock, usually. Spiller was gradually developing a mania for gambling. His sister saw it, but was helpless to prevent it. There might have been not so much harm, if he had kept to billiards; but there was a little room leading out of the billiard-room where it was said games of even greater risk were indulged in on occasions. Amongst the occasional frequenters of this little back-room was Mr Whitwick, the father of Tresilian, who, although in a general way kept tightly in hand by his wife, continued to break loose now and then, and indulge his favourite

passion; and the story went in the town that he had lost twenty pounds to Spiller Dashmorton in one night, and that his wife had found it out, and was dreadfully angry.

Altogether, Lucy had a fair share of trouble and vexation of spirit to occupy her mind in the night-watches, when she was in a wakeful mood. To-night, she was especially wakeful. Harvey's return had banished sleep for a while, and, now that she sought to bring it back, it would not come to her. So she heard the clocks strike twelve and one, and at about half-past one, footsteps approached the door. It was Spiller returning, no doubt. He and a companion, it seemed, with whom he was talking. The voice of the latter was raised rather loudly, and it seemed as if Spiller were trying to soothe and conciliate him.

'Well, good-night, old fellow,' said Spiller as they reached the door. 'You'll find that all right in a day or two.'

'You'll find yourself all wrong, if it isn't,' was the reply, in a tone more menacing than friendly; and the speaker turned on his heel and departed.

Spiller was down in time for an early breakfast, for a wonder, next morning; and Lucy hailed the fact as one of encouraging promise; for her wayward brother had got into the way of lying in bed till one or two o'clock in the afternoon. He was as well there perhaps as anywhere else, but Lucy with her active habits thought such laziness quite sad and unnatural. His object, however, in this early rising was to have some talk with his sister before she went in to school.

'I met a man last night,' said he, 'who knew a lot of my Cambridge friends indeed, he has come over here partly to see me.'

'The one who came to the door with you last night?'

'Yes,' said Spiller, a little confused. 'Did you hear anything he said?'

'Nothing—except that he seemed put out with you about something.'

'Why, the fact is,' said the youth, rushing into the middle of his subject, 'I owe him some money—and he's dunning me for it.'

'How much is it, Spiller?' asked Lucy faintly.

'Well, fifty pounds would pretty nearly square it.'

'Fifty pounds!' cried Lucy, in dismay. Then after a pause: 'Well, you can't pay him, Spiller, and you had better tell him so at once, fully and fairly, and not delude him with false promises. What chance have you of getting fifty pounds "in a day or two"?''

'Then you heard that,' said Spiller, assuming an aggrieved air. 'I didn't think you would go eaves-dropping like that.'

'I heard it, because I could not help it,' said Lucy. 'Why don't you tell your friend at once that we are ruined, and haven't got a halfpenny in the world but what I may earn at this poor school.'

'You could borrow the money from Mrs Whitwick,' suggested Spiller. 'I know she would lend you it, you are such a favourite of hers.'

'I shall do nothing of the kind; I shall not borrow money for such unworthy purposes, even if I could.'

'Not even to save your only brother from prison?'

Lucy shook her head.

'Nor even from self-destruction?'

'I don't fear that,' said Lucy. 'You are too

fond of yourself, Spiller, to have any promptings that way.'

'I don't know,' replied the young man; 'I should have a good example before me if I did, and upon my honour that seems the only way out of it.'

'What do you mean by a good example?' inquired Lucy, trembling.

'I mean a good example,' replied Spiller, mockingly. 'Are there not all kinds of examples in history? Cato and Brutus, and lots of fellows.'

'You didn't mean that,' cried Lucy, bursting into tears; 'you meant to wound me about poor papa. But I tell you it is false; and every one knows that it is false. Was there not a long investigation, and did not everybody exonerate papa?'

'Yes; that verdict was conclusive, certainly,' assented Spiller, getting up, and beginning to whistle carelessly as he arranged his necktie at the little pier-glass. 'Well, I'm going out now, Lucy, and if I don't come back, you won't be uneasy. I shall be a good riddance for you, after all.'

'Don't talk like that,' cried Lucy, going to him and throwing her arms round his neck; 'don't make life harder for me than it is. You know if I had that money you should have it, even if I worked myself to death to make it up. But I haven't it, and I can't get it.'

'Haven't you any money at all, Lucy? Not a five-pound note even, as a sop to stay the fellow for a while?'

'Look here!' said Lucy, opening her desk, and shewing Spiller the receptacle where she kept her money. 'Here are thirty shillings. It will be three weeks before I get any money from my pupils, and even then I can't count upon it; and here is what is left to keep us. Take it, if you will.'

Spiller shook his head. 'That's no good,' he said. 'But for all that, I think you could borrow some. I know somebody who would let you have a hundred, in a minute.'

'Pray, who?' asked Lucy, with heightened colour.

'Why, Alfred Harvey. He came home last night, and he'll do it in a minute for you.'

'What! "the common cad"?''

'Was that what I called him?' asked Spiller, with a forced laugh. 'Well, upon my word, I was right; he is an odious cad. But circumstances alter cases. Tresilian has declared off, and'—

'And you would sell your sister to pay your debts! Thank you, Spiller; I know what brotherly affection is now,' she cried with a sob.

'I would do as much for you, Lucy. But I shan't ask you again. It is all U P with me now—very well, let it be U P.'

'But, Spiller,' cried Lucy—the clock had just struck nine, and the murmur of voices and shuffling of feet were heard from the schoolroom—'promise me, dear, don't do anything rash. What I can do for you, I will. But I must have time to think. You won't give way to despair, dear brother; remember you are all I have left now. Promise.'

'Well, I promise you I'll not do anything desperate either to-day or to-morrow—after that, I don't know,' said the obliging youth.

So Lucy was fain to be content with this, and went off to her schoolroom, whilst Spiller strolled away to the *White Hart* to face his unwelcome visitor.

Morning school had come to an end, the children had all departed, and Lucy had retired to her little parlour to think over her brother's troubles. Ah, that fifty pounds—if she had it, and for her own purposes, how much she might do with it. With a little, a very little capital, she could take a larger house and have boarders, and in that way she might form the nucleus of a really good, paying school. But Spiller stood in the way of that too, even if she dared adventure it. She could not turn him out of the house, and yet with such an inmate she saw clearly that a boarding-school was impracticable.

Here she heard the outer gate swing to, and a heavy, quick tread upon the garden walk.

'Please, m, a gentleman to see you,' announced Emily, the little maid, next moment. And in walked Mr Alfred Harvey.

'You see I've kept my promise,' cried Alfred, taking her hands and squeezing them till Lucy was almost breathless with pain. The first greeting in coming home, the last going away. 'Well, how are you getting on?'

Alfred was decidedly not improved in appearance, thought Lucy, by his American expedition. He wore a tall Yankee silk-hat, which did not suit him at all; and his once bushy beard had been pared and trimmed after the billy-goat fashion; and then he had taken up a little of the Yankee twang, which, added to his own natural burr, had an unmusical result.

'You are not looking amiss, Lucy,' said Alfred, shaking her hands again, and looking into her face with his head leaning first on one side, then on the other. 'No, considering all things, you seem to have kept your health pretty well, thank God.'

'Yes, considering all things,' said Lucy with a sigh. 'Of course you have heard all about us?'

'Yes, yes,' said Alfred. 'Terrible bad job that—terrible bad job. Didn't hear of it, though, till a month ago, right in the Far West; and I've been travelling homewards ever since.'

'Did you have a good passage home?' asked Lucy, to break an awkward pause of silence that followed this announcement.

'Middlin,' said Alfred absently. 'Yes,' he went on, 'I came over as quick as ever I could, after that—as quick as ever I could. Well, I'm glad to see you looking so well, Lucy.'

There was another awkward pause, during which Alfred still continued to gaze on Lucy with an admiring but undecided air.

'I have got a nice little school together, you will be glad to know,' said Lucy desperately; 'in fact, I have succeeded better than I could have expected, for a first quarter.'

'Ah, next quarter we shall do better—yes, yes,' repeated Alfred, shaking his head, still in an absent-minded way. Another pause of stillness succeeded.

'Well,' he continued after a while, stretching out his arms as if he were about to grapple with a sack of wheat. 'I've got this job to do, and I must do it.—Lucy, I don't want to harrow up your feelings, not to harrow 'em up without occasion; but what I want to ask you is this: do you remember my coming to say good-bye, the night before I sailed?'

'Yes; of course I remember that.'

'Very well. And you know that I had a long talk with your poor father before I went away?'

'Yes; I recollect that too.'

'Well, the subject of our conversation was—Miss Lucy Dashmorton. Says I to your poor father: "I'm going away for two or three months, and perhaps longer, and nobody knows what may happen in that time. Now, before I go, I want to make it right with your daughter Lucy." Your father took me by the hand, and says he: "Alfred, you have my best good wishes." Well, I needn't tell you what he said about me; anyhow, he thought me fit to be his daughter's husband. But he said: "Alfred, don't you speak to her before you go; the girl is unprepared for it, and you'll get perhaps an answer you won't like; but take my word for it, Lucy likes you well enough; and when you are gone, she'll begin to find it out. Now you promise me?" Well, I thought the old man was right, and I promised. But I pretty nigh broke my promise, I can tell you, when I stood beside you at the gate and said good-bye. What would you have said, Lucy, if I'd taken you in my arms then and there, and given you a hundred kisses?'

'I should have been most indignant,' returned Lucy proudly. 'Please don't talk so absurdly.'

'Well, you'd a narrow escape of it then,' said Alfred; 'but your father came along, and we drove off together. Well, I was to put him down at Ashley-hurst, and so I did. "Alfred," he said just before I pulled up, "life's uncertain, and you and I may never meet again. I've written a letter here for my little girl, and I give it you to take care of. When she reads that, she'll know what her father's wishes were; and depend upon it, Alfred," he said, "they will go a good way with her; only you must promise me two things." "What are they?" I asked. "First, that you'll not trust it into any other hands but yours to deliver; and next, that you'll not come home any the sooner for what I've said to you to-day." "There's my hand on it," said I, and then your father gave me the letter; and here it is,' continued Alfred, producing from the breast-pocket of his coat a little packet carefully wrapped up in brown paper. 'There it is, Lucy. It's been with me wherever I went, speaking hope and comfort. But I know that you must feel it a good bit, through what has happened since, so I shall leave you to read it by yourself. I shall come for an answer to-morrow. I'm going to see father and mother now, Lucy; so good-bye.'

When he was gone she averted her head, and tore open the letter: and as she did so, something light and rustling fell from the envelope to the ground. It was a Bank of England note for five hundred pounds.

The letter of John Dashmorton to his daughter was short and hurried, written in an almost undecipherable scrawl; but after a little difficulty, Lucy made out the following:

MY DEAR DAUGHTER—Alfred Harvey is a good fellow; marry him if you can; make up your mind to it, dear. Inclosed is what I could save out of the fire; it will buy you gowns and ribbons if you marry, or keep you a little while if you don't. Lucy, you must take it: all I could save. It was your mother's money; she brought me as much as that when we married. Keep it, dear, promise me; and let no one see this letter, as you value your father's blessing. Good-bye for ever and ever, my own dear daughter.—YOUR UNHAPPY FATHER.

There was a blister on the sheet, as if a hot

despairing tear had been dropped upon it. Lucy pressed the blotted scrawl to her lips, to her heart. There was no doubt in her mind now—none. Her father had done this dreadful deed; he had destroyed his own life. That letter and the circumstances attending it would prove as much to any one who read it. No one must ever see it, or know that he had sent her that money.

What care he had taken in all his troubles that the money should reach her, and in such a way that she could hardly refuse to avail herself of it! Had it been left in her hands before his death, she would have given it up, of course, to the managers of the Chilprune estate, to reduce the amount of defalcations. But could she do this now without explaining all the circumstances, and revealing to the world that her father had been a suicide, and, as every one would say, a robber? It was a cruel position to be in. Then there came upon her the thought of how much this money would do for them. It would set her up in a way of making a good living; it would give Spiller another term at Cambridge, where he could take his degree; and then, who knows but he might take orders, and become a respectable curate in some country parish, out of the reach of temptation and bad company.

Lucy could not make up her mind what she ought to do. She would do what was right, if she could only find it out. But what *was* the right? The estate had seized everything it could lay its hands on. They had given up everything that their father had left behind; and this money, that had come in this unlooked-for way, that had been her mother's dowry too, was it not rightly if not legally hers? Would it be any consolation to her, when she had given up this little capital which would be salvation to them, to swell the hoards of the little Lady Chilprune, when she saw her brother sinking step by step into a mere tavern-haunter and gambler, herself toiling on, losing heart and hope, earning just enough to save them from starvation, or hardly that? Would it be any good to her, having wrecked both their lives and sullied her father's memory; that she might ling herself upon the possession of a superfine sense of honour, that perhaps had its root only in an exaggerated personal pride?

Spiller came in presently, and informed his sister that he was going to dine with his friend that afternoon in the *White Hart*, but that he would bring him over afterwards to partake of coffee.

'You are still on friendly terms with your creditor, then?'

'O yes, we are capital friends; only, he wants his money, and will be in a desperate state without it.'

'I had much rather you brought your friends here than spent the evening playing cards at the *White Hart*. That is, if they are respectable. Is he respectable, this friend?'

'Highly so,' said Spiller; 'he's well connected, and very pleasant in innner. I think you'll like him, Lucy. By the way, hasn't Alfred Harvey been here to-day?'

'Yes,' replied Lucy shortly.

'Oh, you didn't try that on, eh? The matter of the loan?'

'No, I did not; I said not a word about it.'

'Then you are still determined to let me go to prison?'

'Now tell me, Spiller,' said Lucy, with an expression of serious determination on her face, 'if you were to get this fifty pounds, would that clear you of your debts?'

'Why, not quite; but there would be nothing pressing: the rest would do at any time.'

'And how much would it take to complete your terms at Cambridge, and pass your B.A.?'

'Well, a hundred and fifty would do it comfortably.'

'And if a friend, a kind dear friend, found this money, would you promise to give up all this gambling and public-house work, and take orders, and become a decent respectable man?'

'Indeed, I would,' said Spiller eagerly. 'Don't think I'm fond of the life I'm leading—I hate it. But what can I do? I should go mad, to sit at home all day long and think of past and future. Give me but a chance; let me but see my way. Lucy, I'll read, I'll study, I will never touch card or cue again.'

'Dear boy,' cried Lucy, kissing him affectionately. 'I knew there was good in you, Spiller, and that you would work through your little follies. When would you begin this new course of life?'

'When I get the money,' said Spiller cautiously.

Lucy sighed, and turned away. The money was locked up in her desk. Should she tell him? No; she must have time to think it out.

'Don't build upon it, dear brother, for I don't know how far I have been justified in talking of this dear kind friend. It is all in the clouds, you know—as yet.'

'Well, whatever is done,' said Spiller gloomily, 'must be done quickly, if it's to be any good. Once I'm blown upon, and it's all U.P.'

The afternoon was a half-holiday as it happened; and Lucy had made up her mind to walk to the little church of Tattenden, about a mile and a half distant by field-path. It was to this parish that Mordien belonged, and there in the churchyard had John Dashmorton been buried.

It was winter now—dead winter; there was a thin coating of rime upon the ground, and the snow lay in patches under the hedges. The foot-paths were hard and frost-bound, and crackled crisply under the tread. Day was drawing in fast. Already, only an orange patch in the horizon shewed where the sun had sunk to his nightly rest. Here and there a star was twinkling with pale-yellow gleam in the vault overhead, that had here a sea-green tinge, and was there darkening into purple.

It was almost dark as Lucy entered the churchyard, all silent and tranquil, where the dead so quietly slept. She had hoped that in her walk some revelation might have come to her of the course she should pursue; but she stood still undecided by the side of her father's grave. Lucy was shocked to see how bare and neglected it looked, as if belonging to one upon whom a secret ban had been set. The turf above it was brown and withered, showing here and there rents and seams in the frost-bound earth beneath. No headstone had been put up as yet; there had been no time to think of that—and no money indeed. This should be seen to at once, said Lucy to herself. His grave should not lie neglected and bare, like that of some homeless wanderer or nameless suicide. Ah! what a bitter thought it was—of her father's life and death! What evil had he

done to any man, that this should be the end? Was he not always kind, considerate, a friend in need, a help to the widow and fatherless? A genial, hospitable man indeed, but an enemy to riot and excess. He had squandered no money in riotous living, had never ground the faces of the poor, nor made a market out of their distress. It was to provide more handsomely for his children, that he had been led to speculate, misled by artfully luted falsehoods and lying promises. Then he had grown desperate with losses, had plunged deep and deeper still, losing money too that was not his own, and thus made an end of all. This was a daughter's estimate, that perhaps left out many things that weighed heavily against him. But she was not the one to reproach him. There was nothing in her heart but blessings for him, could they only reach him—could they only penetrate this cruel frozen earth, and whisper comfort to him in his last long sleep.

The orphaned girl was turning away sadly, her mind still full of doubt and uncertainty, when she heard distant voices, the owners of which were invisible, but who appeared to be approaching by the very path she would have to traverse. Shrieking from observation and casual greetings, she retreated into the church porch, a favourite resting-place on hot Sunday afternoons. As the persons approached, Lucy thought that one of the voices was familiar to her. Yes, one of the talkers was Elkins the auditor. The other voice too, she thought she had heard before; and then she remembered that Lord Tancenville was expected down about this time, and came to the conclusion, rightly, that it was he who was Elkins' companion.

'Ah! a pretty scene this,' said his lordship, coming to a stand just opposite the porch, where a gleam of light was still visible in the west, throwing out the dark-blue distant hills, and repeated in the mirror of a little stream that made a shallow reach just below. 'A very pretty scene! The light glimmering in the cottage window, the smoke curling up against the wood.'

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.'

'Yes,' said Elkins, shivering a little; 'very pretty, but chilly.'

'Well, to resume,' went on Lord Tancenville, striking his stick nervously once or twice on a grave-stone. 'You think it necessary to watch these young people still?'

'I do certainly, my lord. I still adhere to the opinion that the man made up a purse of some kind and left it behind him. It is not likely that the children would make anything but a show of poverty at present; but it will come out by-and-by, when everything has blown over.'

'Well, well,' said his lordship, walking on once more, 'if you think it necessary.'

'Why, look at the young man,' said Elkins, 'squandering money every night at billiards and so on; does that look like real poverty?'

'As far as my experience goes, it does,' replied Lord Tancenville.

'Well,' said Elkins, 'time will shew who's right. I've managed to put the screw on the young gentleman pretty tight, and now we shall see if he goes to the secret hoard.'

Further conversation became inaudible as they passed on; and Lucy crept out of her hiding-

place trembling all over with a kind of guilty terror.

They were watched then, thought she; there were spies about them; perhaps during her absence the house had been entered and searched; perhaps the bank-note had been discovered, and seized as evidence; perhaps they were waiting to arrest her, to carry her off to prison, as a receiver of stolen money!

She hurried breathlessly home, anxious to know the worst; but everything was quiet and undisturbed at the cottage. No one had been, said Emily, the little maid. The bank-note was safe in its receptacle. It must stay there no longer, however. But where to put it? It would not be safe on her own person, for she might be arrested and searched. She could not venture to hide it anywhere in the house, for she had a sort of superstitious estimate of the power of detectives, and believed that they would find out her place of deposit as if by instinct. Before she had come to any decision on the matter, Spiller and his friend appeared at the garden gate. She hurriedly placed the note in her pocket, thinking that after all it would be safer there; but she left her father's letter in her desk.

LA CROSSE.

THE newspapers told us some time ago that 'a Canadian team are about to visit England, to display their skill at La Crosse;' and the arrival duly followed the announcement. The uninitiated amongst us have hardly yet become familiar with this use of the word 'team;' but we are learning it by degrees. A 'team' of cricketers went out to Australia; a 'team' of riflemen came over from the continent; a 'team' of oarsmen crossed the Atlantic to challenge a 'team' in the American rivers; and 'teams' of polo-players contend for the honours at Hurlingham.

A few remarks on this word 'team,' before we proceed with our immediate subject. Although thus applied to parties of competitors, each party comprising a definite number of colleagues, the word was undoubtedly first used in reference to wagons and horses; and a most curious question arose about a dozen years ago, whether a 'team' means the wagon as well as the horses, or the horses only. A farmer in Oxfordshire agreed to a clause in his lease, whereby he bound himself to render a certain number of days 'team-work' for his landlord every year, at any season except at hay or harvest time: the team to consist of 'two horses and one proper person.' The landlord (one of our Midland nobles), or his bailiff, one day requested the farmer to send a cart to fetch coals from a railway station to the dual precincts—as part of the service to be rendered in lieu of a portion of rent. The farmer agreed to send the horses and a man, leaving the bailiff to provide a cart or wagon. The bailiff expostulated, and pointed to the 'team-work' in the lease. 'Well, here's the team,' said the farmer. 'No; they are only the horses; there can't be a team without a cart or wagon.' 'Nonsense; the horses are the team.' Both parties were obstinate; and as neither would yield to the other, the majesty of the law was appealed to. An action of ejection was commenced by the nobleman against the lessee, for refusing to fulfil a condition or

proviso in the lease; and a common jury gave a verdict against the farmer. Determined not to be beaten, except after a good fight, the farmer appealed; and the judges at Westminster went fully into the matter. They quite enjoyed the episode, for it gave them an opportunity to rake up their stores of knowledge concerning the old English meaning of the word 'team,' and to argue the matter with the counsel on both sides. Caesar, writers of the mediæval times, Spenser, Shakspeare, Roscommon, Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth, Johnson, Walker, Richardson, Bosworth—all were brought into court. It was found that neither plea could really upset the other; two judges decided for the farmer, and one for the duke; and we believe some kind of compromise was arrived at, due to the conflicting use of the term by celebrated writers.

At anyrate, the Canadian players of *la Crosse* may well contend that they need no wagon or cart to constitute *them* a 'team'; for, does not sweet Spenser apply the term to a group of graceful swans?

Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings and cleave the liquid sky.

The game of *la Crosse* is so old in America that no one can assign a date for its origin. It was played by the Iroquois and other tribes of Indians far more than a century ago, seeing that it was learned from them by the French Canadians before the English conquest of that part of the American continent. Montreal was once its headquarters, from whence it has travelled west to Toronto; and it is now played alike by the white man and the red man in those regions. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1860, he witnessed the playing of a game, and was elected an honorary member of the Montreal *la Crosse* Club. A team of Iroquois Indians came over to play the game in England in 1867; a little attention was paid to the subject, and *la Crosse* Clubs were established at Blackheath, Richmond, and a few other places; but it cannot be said that the game succeeded in naturalising itself in this country. When Prince Arthur (now Duke of Connaught) went to America, he, like his eldest brother, saw the game played by Canadians and Iroquois, and, also like him, was elected an honorary member of the Montreal *la Crosse* Club. When the public journals announced that a team of Canadians and another of Iroquois intended to visit England, in order to teach us Britishers how to play the game, the announcement was welcomed; for many advocates of healthy open-air sport wish to see *la Crosse* taken up by our public schools.

La Crosse may be put into comparison with several other sports as a mode of illustrating its character by resemblances in some particulars and differences in others. It partakes a little of cricket, the one having goals and the other wickets; and a little of racquets and racquet tennis, the former having battledores and the latter racquet-bats. It partly resembles football, in the struggle of many players to get close to a ball; in some degree polo, for the same reason; and in a still greater degree hockey, or, as it is termed in Scotland, shinty, in regard to the general mode of play. But it has characteristic features of its own distinct from all these.

There is only one ball used in the game, but as many battledores or bats as there are players.

The ball is smaller than a cricket-ball, eight or nine inches in circumference, and four ounces weight; it is made of india-rubber in what is called the 'spongy' state, solid rubber being too hard for the purpose. The battledore consists of a kind of network-spoon at one end, with a handle of light hickory, and is nearly six feet in total length; it is usually held in play—not with one hand as the racquet-bat—but with two as the cricket-bat or the croquet mallet. The netting which forms the lower end of the battledore consists of strings of catgut (strings of deerskin as originally constructed by the North American Indians), stretched across a pear-shaped frame in opposite directions, with sufficient looseness to allow the netting to assume a somewhat hollowed or concave form, approaching to that of a spoon or scoop. The battledore is called by the Canadians the *crosse*, perhaps in reference to the crossed strings of the netting; and the game seems to have hence derived its name. The goals or wickets are posts or poles about six feet in height, with small distinguishing flags; the red goal, belonging to one team or party, near one end of the field, the blue near the other end; each goal consists of two of these posts, placed six feet apart.

The field and the fielding are not so definitely prescribed in *la Crosse* as in cricket. In the latter, allowing for occasional exceptions, there are eleven players on each side; all the eleven on one side, and two on the other (the batsmen), are engaged at once; the wickets are a definite distance apart (twenty-two yards or sixty-six feet); and there is something like an approach to uniformity in the size of the field or playing-ground. In *la Crosse*, on the contrary, the number of players, the distance between the goals, and the size of the field, may be varied considerably without affecting the general character of the game. The greater the number of players, the more elbow-room they require. As little as a hundred yards, as much as a mile, have been named as extreme limits to the length of the field. All the players on both sides are engaged at once, and very energetic exertions they are called upon to make. Each team has its captain, who directs the positions and movements of all the other players. As the incidents of the game bring many of the players pell-mell together—now here, now there; now (to the somewhat bewildered eye of an uninitiated spectator) everywhere at once—the opposing teams require to be distinguished by some predominant colour, say red in the one case and blue in the other, in their caps, vests, leggings, or other outer garments; the light blue and dark blue of the Cambridge and Oxford University rowing-crews would probably not be distinctive enough.

The field or ground is prepared for play by setting up the red and blue goals, at whatever distances apart may be agreed on; each goal (as we have explained) consisting of two upright posts, and each post surmounted by a small flag, red or blue, according to the side to which it belongs. Each team is subdivided and designated according to the duties to be fulfilled by the several players. One, the *goal-keeper*, or *goal*, stations himself near his goal, to prevent the ball, if possible, from passing through it; a second, known as *point*, is placed somewhat in front or advance of the *goal-keeper*; a third, the *cover-point*, still farther in

advance; a fourth, the *centre*, takes his place near the middle of the field; a *fifth*, receiving the appellation of *home*, is the farthest removed from the goal, and the nearest to the enemy; while all the others, whatever their number may be, are *fielders*, who rush about to all parts of the field according to the exigencies of the game. A good hold of the ground is necessary for the swift movements of the players; spiked shoes are not allowed, but a kind of moccasin is found to be well suited for the purpose.

Such being the preliminary arrangements, let us now watch the playing of a game. The object of each team is to drive or throw the ball between the posts of the enemy's goal; if this be accomplished, the game is won. The keeper of each goal therefore encourages his colleagues to frustrate any assault upon their goal, while vigorously maintaining an attack on the enemy's. The ball, placed at first on the grass in the centre of the field, becomes truly a creature of circumstances, a sport of fortune; driven hither and thither, never quiet for a moment, but at the mercy of reds and blues alternately or (rather) indiscriminately. It is neither struck with solid wood, as in cricket, trap-ball, and croquet; nor kicked with the foot, as in football; nor tossed from the hand, as in toss-ball; nor struck with an elastic bat, as in rackets and shuttlecock; nor struck with the palm of the hand, as in fives and hand-tennis. The manœuvring is peculiar. The ball is scooped up and then carried. The player who succeeds in getting nearest to it, scrapes or spoons it up with the curved edge of his crosse; he holds it horizontally on the slightly-concave netting, and runs forward swiftly but steadily. If he can nearly reach the enemy's goal, and throw the ball between the posts, he wins the game for his side. But this is just the thing that the enemy won't permit. Supposing the player who has the ball at the instant to be red, he is beset by one or more blue fielders, who dodge his steps, and endeavour to knock the ball off his crosse. It is his turn now to frustrate the blues; when he can no longer keep the ball in safety, he dexterously throws it off his crosse not at random, but in some direction where a colleague or colleagues happen to be at the moment. A first-rate throw sometimes reaches two hundred yards; but usually the distance is much less than this. And so the game goes on; the reds watching every chance of driving the ball through the blue goal, and the blues defiantly seeking a directly opposite result.

Many conditions have to be observed for the due playing of the game. The ball must not be touched with the hand, except under a few clearly defined exigencies. The players must not come into personal conflict, by striking, kicking, grasping, or tripping up; no one may lay hold of the crosse held by another; the assilant crosse only must touch the ball, or the crosse that supports it, in the endeavour to sweep it off. In doing so he may, and often does, accidentally strike his adversary's person, but not avowedly. It is not requisite that the reds and the blues shall attack the ball alternately; two or more players on the same side may successively have command of the ball, without giving an intervening chance to the other team. Incautious throwing of a ball may bring the team to grief; if driven through the red goal by a red player, it is just as fatal to the

reds as if thrown by one of the blues—like as a cricket batsman may clumsily stamp himself out at his own wicket. The player who is carrying the ball on his crosse at any particular moment may hold it high up or low down, straight forward or a little inclined to the right or left while running; but he must mind his *Ps* and *Qs*, for if he accidentally lets the ball fall to the ground, there are sharp-eyed and nimble-footed antagonists ready to take advantage of his mishap. Sometimes a skillful player, when closely pursued, will throw the ball off his crosse upward and backward, then rush past the enemy by a return flank movement, and regain command of the ball before the enemy can look about them. Where the field is large and the players numerous, one single game may last for hours, involving an amount of hard running not easy to estimate.

The players from across the Atlantic, already mentioned, comprise about thirty men, in order to insure twenty or twenty-four for each game. The Indians give themselves the fanciful names of 'Deerhound,' 'Wild Wind,' 'Great Arm,' 'The Loon,' 'Flickory Wood-split,' &c.; whether these are their real names, we need not inquire too curiously. The fielders are subdivided into *first field*, *second field*, *third field*, *first home field*, *second home field*, *third home field*, &c. The Canadians or whites have a dress mostly white; while the Indians or reds disport themselves in picturesque red and white stripes, with a slight dash of the semi-barbarian about them. At Edinburgh, among other places, they adopted a goal-distance of about three hundred yards apart. The incessant activity of the players, with none of those hulls which characterise cricket, keeps the spectator also on the *qui vive*; and he must possess tolerably good eyesight to see how the more distant tussles are going on. As to the players themselves, if watchfulness of eye, steadiness of nerve, promptness of muscle, readiness of resource, fleetness of foot, are useful aids towards obtaining that *mens sana in corpore sano* so much recommended to us—then our young men might do well to familiarise themselves with the game of *La Crosse*.

GUARANA.

GUARANA-BREAD, as it is called by the Brazilian Indians, has some properties worthy of being known. It is the product of a small climbing shrub, growing chiefly in the northern parts of the empire, and on the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries, known among botanists as the *Paullinia sorbilis*. The plant ripens its seeds about October or November. They are then gathered, peeled, dried, and stored away until wanted for conversion into guarana-bread. The manufacture is of the simplest. After being slightly roasted, the seeds are reduced to powder by means of a coarse file, and the powder worked into a stiff paste with water; a certain proportion of whole and broken seeds being mixed with the mass before it is moulded into oblong cakes or cylindrical rolls; looking when dry, like chocolate-coloured sausages. If they are of a dark-brown hue, it is a sign that the seeds have been over-roasted; in which case, the guarana loses both flavour and efficacy, and fetches, of course, a lower price in the market.

Munteguza pronounces guarana to be without

a rival as an aliment for travellers, its virtues being unaffected either by heat or damp, putrefaction or time; while it is available for service wherever a draught of water is procurable; for, unlike tea, coffee, and cocoa, guarana needs only to be mixed with cold water to furnish a refreshing, sustaining beverage; which, by the addition of a little sugar, is rendered as palatable as it is stimulating, leaving its grateful flavour a long time in the mouth. No wonder the Indians of the Amazon consider guarana-bread an indispensable necessity when journeying far afoot, especially indispensable, seeing they think it a panacea for diarrhoea and dysentery, and credit it with making tongue-tied folks eloquent.

We are assured that there is nothing in the world so healthful and so reinvigorating as a cup of fresh guarana, its stimulating properties far exceeding those of coffee or tea; but like all stimulating drinks, guarana must be indulged in judiciously. Taken immediately after a meal, it is apt to derange the digestive functions; and if the drinker mixes his cup too strong, or imbibes too freely of the beverage, it produces over-excitation, inquietude, and wakefulness, and destroys the appetite.

Guarana is scarcely destined to obtain a place among European, much less British beverages, but it may possibly find favour as a remedial agent in nervous ailments. Dr Leconte, a French physician, enrols it as a specific in cases of sick-headache, one of the most obstinate complaints with which doctors have to deal; and writing to an English medical journal, says: 'I feel myself justified, as well by my own experience as by that of many physicians of my acquaintance, in affirming that this medicine never fails, except when improperly prepared, adulterated, or injudiciously administered.' To be properly prepared, the rolls of guarana should be pulverised, and then treated with alcohol, dried and reduced to powder; to be administered in doses of two grammes, a second dose following at an interval of a couple of hours, if the first fails to produce the desired effect. Dr Wilks, if not quite so enthusiastic as his French brother, speaks favourably of the new remedy, deposing that one lady-patient of his contrived to keep her old enemy at bay for half a year by its aid; and that another wrote to him: 'When you prescribed guarana-powders for me for severe and frequent headache, you asked me to let you know if I found them beneficial. I have every reason to believe them a complete preventive of headache; as on the least symptom, I have taken a powder, sometimes a second in two hours' time; and in no case have they failed as an effectual cure.'

Spite of this testimony to the merits of guarana, it may be doubted whether those who have recourse to it will not find it lose its power after a while, if it does not prove harmful in the long-run. The writer happens to know by painful experience what sick-headache is, and he also happens to have found a preventive, at least in his own case: the very simple one of abstaining from tea altogether, and taking coffee, pure coffee, morning and evening. Having enjoyed a twelve-month's freedom from headache, he is impelled to advise all sufferers that way to imitate his example before trying the vaunted guarana of Brazil.

SONGS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE COUNTRY LASS.

This old English and scarce ballad dates from the seventeenth century; the air to which it was sung being that now adopted for *Sally in our Alley*. The author is unknown. Some of the lines bear the peculiarity of having an additional syllable, 'a,' to make out the metre, as was not uncommon in old English ballads. As originally written, *The Country Lass* would scarcely be fit for singing in modern times. In the following version some changes are introduced; otherwise, the ancient ditty is preserved.

ALTHOUGH I am a country lass,
A lofty mind I bear-a;
I think myself as good as tho'
Who gay apparel wear-a.
My dress is made of comely gray,
Yet is my skin as soft-a
As those who, using choice perfumes,
Do scent their garments oft-a.

At times I keep my father's sheep,
A thing that must be done-a,
A garland of the fairest flowers
Oft shades me from the sun-a.
And when I see them feeding by,
Where grass and flowers spring-a,
Close by a crystal fountain clear,
I sit me down and sing-a.

I take my part in household work,
I card,* I sew, I spin-a,
I milk the cows at early morn,
Kind Robin's smile I win-a.
I bake and brew with sister Sue,
My brother's hose I darn-a,
At harvest-time a sickle wield,
And winnow in the barn-a.

My ruddy cheeks with glow of health,
Seek neither paint nor patching,
At church I have my duty learnt,
And need no constant watching.
With Robin at the Whitsuntide
I dance upon the green-a,
While pipe and tabor cheer the throng—
A merry set I ween-a.

I envy not the ladies fine,
With skirts that sweep the ground-a,
Not trained to any useful art,
They're good for nothing found-a.
In idleness their days are spent,
Abroad for recreation,
We simple lasses hate their pride,
And keep the country fashion.

Then, do not scorn the country lass,
Though she go plain and meanly;
Who takes a country girl to wife
That goeth neat and cleanly,
Is better sped than if he wed
A lady from the city,
For there they are so idly bred,
They're only worth our pity.

w. c.

* Carding wool for spinning.

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IDLERS.

FOREST trees have worms at their roots; and rats and mice devour the seeds which would have given the land good harvests had they been suffered to grow; buds have grubs that eat out their hearts and thus prevent the fruit which would have ripened for the summer's joy and the winter's store; and workers have idlers about their paths who set themselves deliberately to interrupt their labours, to destroy their work, and to reduce them to the same level of inanity and uselessness as themselves. They float about the world like clouds of moral bacteria to settle where they can find a suitable place for their own pleasure, at the cost of others' pain. Nothing stops them, and no business is too precious, no work too sacred for them to respect. They want to kill Time—Time that evasive Mercury to the busy, who hangs as heavy as so much lead on their idle hands—Time that light-footed runner whom the occupied can never catch but whom the idle can never pass by—yes, they want to kill Time, the enemy of their happiness and the source of their deepest enmity; but they cannot kill him without a companion to help them. Wherefore they come to you to get your aid in the destruction of that which is your best friend, the sower of your future harvest and the giver of your children's bread, the ground-work of your success, of your fame, of your well-doing—that of which you have not half enough for your needs, and the duration of which you would if you could, increase a hundredfold.

It is in vain that you try to make them understand the difference between your position and theirs. Idleness has other faults beside itself; and there was never an idle person yet, out on the errand of killing Time, who was not selfishly unable to comprehend such differences as interfered with his own desires, and as selfishly determined to accept no denial of what it is his pleasure to demand.

'Not able to go to the theatre to-night, because you cannot give the time? Nonsense! I could have understood the plea of another engagement,

but this absurd excuse is no reason at all! It will be only for three or four hours, and you surely can give that,' says your idle friend jauntily; adding if a man: 'There is no fun in going by one's self!'—if a woman: 'How can I go alone? It is impossible! I must have a companion and you really must come with me!'

You refuse a ticket for this *fête*, for that morning performance? always on the same plea of want of time, and things that have to be done? Your idle friend, transformed by idleness and the imperious need of selfishness into your enemy—and one of the worst that you can have—absolutely refuses to take your 'no' as an answer, and makes your companionship on this occasion a test of your friendship and a condition of its continuance. You have the alternative—either to destroy your day or give up your friend; and the chances are that you do the former, and weakly hold to the latter as a hinderance and obstructive for many other days to come. It would be better if you had strength of mind enough to hold to your word and brave the consequences of your friend's displeasure. But if you have cause of gratitude for past kindness?—if, for some old sentiment, some pleasant association, you are unwilling to break the tie!—well! then you submit to the tyranny, to the loss, to the discomfort, and lay aside your work at the bidding of your friend, to fulfil his caprice and to give him pleasure. By which you simply pull the straps a little tighter and prepare worse trials for yourself—trials which will some day become intolerable, when the break must come and more painfully than it would have come now. As we have said, it is morally impossible to make an habitual idler understand the value of time, and even more impossible to make a rich idler understand your need of work nor how important it is for you to have a stretch of uninterrupted hours if you are to do any good. He cannot take it in and he will not try. A stretch of uninterrupted hours means nothing to him but so much breadth of playground; and he thinks that it should be the same thing to you also. His fortunes are assured, and he cannot realise that yours should be still shaky

and undetermined ; that, while he is living in the upper chambers, you should be merely howking up the foundations. You are his friend, his equal in intelligence, in birth, in breeding—how comes it then that you should not be free as he is to play with your time and give your hours to pleasure instead of work? We know of nothing wherein there is less sympathy, less comprehension, than in this matter of the employment of time : which for the rich means play and for the poor toil.

Then there are the affectionate idlers—the friends who would be far too conscientious to ask you to give up your work for the sake of amusement, but who have no scruple in patting friendship in the same place, and of letting love claim what they themselves would think righteously denied to pleasure. These are the dear souls who will not be turned away, let your orders be ever so strict, your seclusion ever so sacred. ‘Oh ! I am sure he will see me,’ they say with a bland smile and an entreating voice. ‘Take him that card, and say that I will not keep him long ; but I am sure he will like to see me !’

As servants are human beings with impressionable natures, not mere machines that cannot be coaxed, the bland smile and the entreating voice make their mark and oil the hinges disastrously enough for you ; and your work is interrupted, the thread of your ideas is broken and perhaps is not able to be found again, that you may talk bucolics with a dear good prosy old fossil from the country, who has nothing to tell you, between whom and you is no point of common interest, and who, when you have seen him for five minutes—heard that he is well, that his wife is well, that his children are well, and that life generally is prospering with him—has exhausted all that he has to say, and fulfilled the sole defensible reason for his intrusion. But do you think that he will go so soon as he has delivered himself of all this? Not a bit of it ! He has come for a good long talk, and a good long talk he will have. ‘You can spare me a little time,’ he says benignly, when you confess to extreme pressure of business and hint at the importance of your time. ‘I do not see you above once or twice a year ; I do not take up much of your time.’

Very true ; but you have some dozen of friends out in the country like himself, and if they all made the same plea when they come up to London, where would you be then ? Country folks, up in London, and separated from their own business, never seem to have an idea that Londoners can have more to do than themselves. They have come to the great city for pleasure ; and it is incredible to them that all the citizens are not living a life of pleasure too. It is the same when townsfolk go into the country. To them the country is the place of rest, of idleness, of sweet lotus-eating, where the hours are longer and time of not half the value as it is in towns, and where in consequence they cannot believe in the busy duties of their friends. For to most of us our own condition is the condition of the world at large—when we are athirst who can be slaked ? when we are satisfied who can be hungry ? and how can there be busy needs when we have none ? and the pre-occupancy of time which to us is void ?

Of all the thieves of time and hangers-on of idleness, morning callers are the worst. There

ought to be a law by which it should be rendered penal for any one to call on a person of known occupation, save on a matter of business or imperative necessity. The precious golden sands that have been poured into the barren ocean of idle talk by these pitiless wasters of time—these conscienceless destroyers of the best wealth of human life ! They come—radiant, smiling, well dressed and well bred ; perfectly honourable folk and incapable of crime ; but if you told them that they were picking your pocket of so much—making you pay in hard cash so much for every moment of their stay—they would hold themselves insulted beyond the possibility of forgiveness, and would regard you as about the greatest ruffian let loose on society. Yet, put crudely, this is the absolute truth ; and the morning callers who interrupt workers may set down their visits as costing their friends so much and so much—in proportion to the assumed worth of their friends’ work. They would scarcely ask them to pay the same amount in visible silver and gold to give them, these friends, half-an-hour’s pleasure in any other form. But odd things are done under the guise of friendship ; and this of the ruthless destruction of time, the interruption of work, and the practical picking of pockets, is one of them.

Then there are the idlers with a grievance, who come to inflict themselves and their sorrows on you at all hours, from sunrise to sunset, and beyond—you unable to refuse because of the sacred charm residing in that one word Sympathy ; they claiming, and you forced to render. And there are the idlers who, without having any real burdens to oppress them, make up imaginary ones, and out of their mole-hills of inconvenience construct mountains of misfortune which they force you to look at all round and from base to summit, and are angry if you say that they are really only mole-hills after all, and that they need not worry themselves—or you—about them. These are the idlers who haunt your offices, professional men, and will not be bowed out by anything short of curt and stern dismissal. They are sure to be both wonderfully stupid about great points and wonderfully exact in the most insignificant details ; requiring you to go over the ground two or three times, omitting none of the minor points, and profuse if woolly on the major. They are fertile in possibilities, and make you give full and exhaustive replies as to what you would, or would not, do in every kind of hypothetical turn which their case might take. Not that they believe in their own hypotheses, but they have a lot of time on their hands and it makes talk as well as anything else. You all the while are fanning to get rid of them and their insignificant affairs—their law business which a mere copying-clerk could settle—their ailments which the first chemist would cure—their negotiations which a child could conduct and where only a born imbecile would go wrong ; for grave matters are waiting, and your idle talker stands in the way of really important work. What are you to do with such hopeless bores, such immovable obstructives ? Surely our day is vastly too humanitarian ; and a little mild torture might be allowable on occasions !

The grave and fussy idlers who stop you in the street, and buttonhole you in the face of an outrageous sun, in the teeth of an east wind, and on

the way, as you are, 'full pelt' to keep an important appointment; beguiling your attention in the first instance by assuring you that they have something of the greatest moment to communicate—which turns out to be nothing at all when you have heard it; the smiling idlers, capital company when you have time for them, who really must keep you just to tell you this capital joke—which is an old Joe Miller spoilt; those who want to talk to you about Maulstick's new picture, which you must really go to see, you who are so fond of art!—but you dislike Maulstick personally and detest his style as heresy and ugliness combined; those who have heard of the very thing to suit you—a house if you are looking for one, sure to be on the clay if you demand gravel, and to stand to the east if you make a *sine quâ non* of the west; or a horse that will not carry your weight; or a servant who is a cook when you want a housemaid, or a gardener if you are in search for a groom; those who know something about certain common friends which will interest you to hear—and which you have heard more than a month ago; the idlers bracketed with you in the same office, who will neither do their own work nor let you do yours; the idlers who are not forced by the stern necessity of the great Food question to do anything, and with whom duty and the love of employment for its own sake are motives infinitely too weak to stir them from their lethargy: these and more like unto them are the moral locusts of life which go about devouring the leaves and buds of such activities as come in their way—intellectual bacteria swarming in crowds wherever they have the chance to exist, and rendering that society where they do swarm, corrupt and unfit, useless and unwholesome.

Whence do they come, those idlers in the streets who, wandering in single rank or dispersed detachments among the busy and the purposeful, are confounded with them, and never seen for what they are till something happens which calls them together; when they astonish us by their numbers and the problem of how they are able to live at all—idling not being a profitable investment of one's capital? Men and women who, one would suppose, had enough to do to keep things straight, and to find food and clothing for themselves and those belonging to them, if they worked diligently for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, gather into compact masses of gaping idleness at every passing show, every unusual occurrence, every trifling accident; and pass hours staring at the sight, if hours are needed to be passed before the obstruction gets itself removed, or the show vanishes into space. Masterless men surely they must be; yet evidently they are not their own masters, so far as having the whiphand of circumstances goes—women without home or duties, for all that dress and appearance and the betraying wedding-ring would seem to point to both; mere idlers cumbering the ground which others till, and living as they best can on food which they only help to consume, taking no trouble to create or prepare. These multitudes of idlers to be collected together in the streets of any large town at a moment's notice, have always seemed to us to be the oddest phenomena of our social life. Men with the need and marks of work legibly written on every square inch of their person and attire, why are they not at their

bench, in the factory, the foundry, the shipyard, at the anvil, at the loom? Or if they belong to none of these trades, and are of that queer nondescript class which seems to have no settled occupation, and one may well believe no settled home—which calls itself generically the class of the 'handy men,' men ready for odd jobs of any kind and living on the disregarded crumbs of labour—how is it that they can give so much time from their poor scratchings on the surface of the great field of work, and spend in street sight-seeing that precious jewel of humanity called time? Who can tell? All we know is, that like vultures gathered to the carcase, not the least event can happen in the streets out of the ordinary run of daily traffic—a horse cannot fall, a foreigner in his native costume cannot pass, a new kind of hurdy-gurdy cannot grind out a familiar tune, a mountebank cannot go through tricks that were stale a hundred years ago, nor Punch repeat a pantomime known by heart to all but the rising generation—but the idlers are gathered in crowds; and for them at least all the duties of life are suspended for hours to come.

Perhaps nowhere do we see so many idlers in public as in Paris. In the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, on the free benches of the Champs-Élysées, wherever there are lounging-places to be had for nothing, we find men whom we would naturally expect to be at work, not play. When the open-air concerts are given by the bands, as many of the lowest class as of the well-to-do—none of the highest—gather round to listen; and even pay their fifteen or ten centimes for chairs within the inclosure where they can hear better. It is strange to English eyes, even to those accustomed to the sudden congregation of idlers in the streets when anything abnormal happens of which we have just spoken. Judging superficially, it would seem as if all Paris made perpetual holiday; but as a set-off, the hours of labour are long, and men in business work early and late—earlier and later than we do. Also, not so many women are seen idling in the streets. The habits of French life do not encourage the independent loneliness with which we are becoming daily more familiar among our women. The *bonnes* (nurses) of course come in for all the sunny open-air attractions; but then they have a reason for it; they have the children to take out; and if good things fall in their way, while that way is one of duty, can we wonder that they pick up their portion of the roasted larks which fall from the sky? Perhaps though, we are more struck by the mass of idlers to be seen at all four corners in Paris, because of the climate and the customs which allow of so much more open-air life than with us. In our cities our idlers would have to be sought for under cover—in the gin-palace, the skittle-alley, the billiard-room. In Paris they stretch themselves on the free benches in the sun, and doze away the idle hours while the birds sing overhead, and the falling blossoms of the chestnut trees strike them lightly on their upturned faces. They may be distanced perhaps by the Neapolitan *lazzaroni* and the Roman beggars; which last, however, work at their calling, such as it is; though their labour is not very exhausting to themselves, and something less than profitable to the community at large.

But indeed we find these idlers wherever men

are congregated together. As shadow is to light, as good is to evil, so is indolence, idleness, uselessness, to that industry by which all the noblest things of life are accomplished and the world is lifted from the darkness of night—which is ignorance, to the light of the day—which is progress. Genius has done great things for the human family; but genius has not done so much as industry. Genius without industry is for the most part abortive—a lightning-flash shewing hidden beauties for a moment, while industry toils at their permanent disclosure; but had it not been for that industry, no lightning-flash shewing where those beauties were to be found, would ever have made them the possession of men. Wise, and to the purpose, was the advice given by an old hand to a young aspirant for literary honour. The old hand was asked what faculties he considered most necessary for a successful novelist? Instead of going over the expected range of invention, character, epigrammatic smartness, dialogue, or the like, as the youth expected, he said simply: 'A pound of cobbler's wax to keep you to your chair and your work.' He was right; and the then youth, now one of our veteran and most successful, if also one of our most prolific novelists, found the pound of cobbler's wax in a strong will, unvarying regularity of habit and method, and a persevering power of industry and work which has made him the master of fortune—and his craft. 'Laborare est orare.' The best faith is that which translates itself into practice; the highest duty that which has most regard for the welfare of others. If this is true, then the converse must be also true; and idleness must be as unworthy as industry is noble—idlers as undutiful as the workers are faithful.

F A L L E N F O R T U N E S.

CHAPTER XXIV.—TONY'S EXPEDITION.

At nine years old some town-boys are already men in matters upon which a large class of men most pride themselves: in self-reliance, habits of economy, and the art, if not of getting on in the world, at all events of taking good care of themselves in it. In seven years more, if such a lad is in the costermonger line, he will even have a wife and a carriage. But in the upper classes, our boys remain boys for a long time—some of them, under exceptionally favourable circumstances, even all their lives—and notwithstanding the boasted advantages of our public schools, are strangely helpless and dependent. They are trusted early enough (occasionally too early) to go to the play by themselves with a sovereign in their pocket; but without the sovereign—without, that is to say, the adventitious aids, and claims upon the services of others, to which they have always been accustomed—the British school-boy is no match for the street Arab of one half his years. When Master Anthony Dalton set out on his errand to Dr Curzon's, he had not even 'the light heart and the thin pair of breeches' so much eulogised by philosophers as adapted to the needs of human life. He had a very heavy heart and knickerbockers. There was nothing on the side of this

gallant young gentleman, aged nine, but pluck and a good cause; and there were a great many things—including the wind, which was from the north-west, and blew right up the valley—against him.

Like the rest of his race, he was of delicate constitution, and had been brought up delicately, as was natural enough in a family in which he was the only boy. Town-born and town-bred, he had never even seen the country save in summer-time, till he came to the Nook, and had probably never been out in it, save in a carriage, after dark. He was not the least of a 'molly-coddle,' and certainly no coward; yet if the road to Dr Curzon's had been throughout in its normal state, and well lit as a London street, circumstances had been such with Tony as to render his present expedition, in the phrase of his women-folk, 'quite an undertaking;' and considering that the night soon grew to be so dark that he could scarcely see a yard before him, and that the snow was everywhere two feet deep at least in the roadway, and sometimes half-a-dozen, it must be allowed that the child had his work before him. Of difficulty, however, and far less of danger, Tony had no thought as he ran down the noiseless road towards the bridge. His mind was full of his mother, the sight of whose death-like features had appalled him, and his one consuming idea was to bring Dr Curzon to her side and save her life. He no longer sobbed, but husbanded his breath for her dear sake, and plied his little legs. It had been his intention at first to go to Farmer Boynton's, as Margate had suggested, and get a messenger from among the men at the homestead; but the farm was some way up the valley, in the contrary direction to the doctor's house, and he felt that time would be lost by his so doing. If he could fetch the doctor himself—and the snow was not very deep as yet, though he made but slow progress—help would reach the Nook all the sooner. Behind were the lights of the village; on the left was the solitary beacon of Boynton's farm; to the right lay the long road, so white and yet so dark, with no glimmer from house or homestead; yet to the right he turned, and plunged on through the half-yielding snow.

It was a pitiful struggle, as struggles against Nature in her iron mood mostly are; and the odds, always great against poor humanity, were in this case overwhelming. The little lad did not even know, what any child who does 'the wheel' before the omnibuses in a crowded thoroughfare, for halfpence from the knife-board, could have told him, how to husband his breath. He was almost 'pumped out' already, yet he ran on at the top of his speed. It was grown too dark to distinguish the hard snow from that which was rotten and gave way to his light tread, or to avoid the deep furrows left by the carrier's cart. A slight bend of the road had already hidden the lights behind him, and walls of snow shut him in to right and left. His mind reverted to a picture in the old house at home of the retreat from Moscow, of a young conscript left behind by his comrades, and perishing in the white and solitary

waste. It had taken hold of his childish imagination, and he had often dreamt of it in his little cot, and been glad to wake in the morning and find his mother's face looking down upon him with her sweet smile. At that recollection his heart smote him for having forgotten the condition in which he had left her, even for a moment, and he sped on with renewed vigour. If will could have done it, Tony would have run on to York, had it been necessary; but unhappily it is not true that wherever there is a will there is a way. The boy began to stumble, and then to stagger, like a drunken man. His legs still moved, but mechanically; he had lost control over them, and was presently landed, head first, in a snowdrift by the wayside; there he lay for a few seconds, half unconscious. He would have been glad enough to remain there for ever, but the thought of his mother still spurred him on, and he contrived to extricate himself. There was a sharp pain in his right foot, as though a hot iron had seared it; his shoe had come off in the snow. As he ran on, he sent forth one wild passionate cry—a bitter acknowledgment of failure, rather than an appeal for aid; then stumbled and fell.

'Hulloa! there; hulloa!' responded a gruff voice. Tony heard it, but as one hears a voice in dreams.

'I say, hulloa!' continued the voice reproachfully, as though a civil observation of that description, civilly put, had deserved a civil reply. Then the light of a lantern gleamed over the track, and John Bates, the Bleabarrow carrier, came cautiously along it, and almost fell over the boy's prostrate body. Then he exclaimed 'Hulloa!' again, but this time in a very astonished tone—it was a word he had evidently found capable of great modulation—and stooping down, picked up poor Tony.

'Why, hulloa! young gentleman'—here the word expressed commiseration as well as surprise. 'This is a pretty game, especially played with "one shoe off and one shoe on," like "my man John" our Emmy sings about. It's my opinion as it's precious lucky for thee that the old mare came to a full stop just where she did, or thou wouldst never have seen the Nook again.' He carried the boy back to his cart, which was stuck fast in the snow, a few yards ahead, and placed him tenderly among some empty sacks.

'Well, this settles me not to try to push on any more.—Coom, Ned, coom' (here he addressed his horse); 'let us turn round and go back to Sanbeck.'

'The doctor, the doctor!' cried Tony suddenly, raising himself from the sacks. 'Mamma's ill, and wants the doctor.'

'And could they find nobody in all the place but a little lad like thee to fetch the doctor to thy mother such a night as this?'

'Yes; a man could have gone from Farmer Boynton's, but I thought I could go quicker myself. Oh, please, let us go at once.'

'But the wheels can't move a yard that way; and I doubt whether I could get there afoot myself. To be sure, I could take Ned out, and ride him, and leave thee here in the cart.'

'I said I would fetch the doctor,' said Tony resolutely, 'and I'd rather do it.'

'Very good; and so thou shalt. With thy bare foot, and in such sad plight, it will be better for thee to be put to bed at Dr Curzon's. So, I will

ride Ned, and take thee before me. If it had not been for the good stuff they gave me at the Nook, I should been starved o' cold by this time; and one good turn deserves another.'

The honest carrier needed not have thus found an excuse for an act of benevolence which was natural to him. Most men who pass their lives exposed to wind and weather have wholesome natures. The possession of an 'Emmy' of his own too, doubtless made 'the soft spot' in Mr John Bates's heart still softer. He unharnessed the horse; and throwing a sack or two on his bare back, for Tony's accommodation, mounted, and placing the boy before him, moved slowly along the snow-choked way towards the doctor's house. They reached it at last, taking six times the time they would have done upon ordinary occasions; and scarcely less astonished was the worthy doctor at their appearance than if they had been two veritable Knights Templar travelling according to the ancient custom of their order. He looked grave, indeed, when Tony told him his errand; but reassuming his habitual cheerfulness, at once ordered his pony to be brought round.

'As for you, young gentleman, since you have lost a shoe,' said he, 'you had better sleep at my house.'

But Tony besought so earnestly to be taken back to the Nook, to see about mamma, that having been fortified as to his inward boy with something hot, and wrapped up in various warm coverings, he was once more placed before the carrier, who had made up his mind to stay the night at Farmer Boynton's; and the three started together for Sanbeck. It was an expedition that in after-years Tony never forgot, down to its minutest details; the great events of human life stamp not only themselves upon the mind, but all the surroundings which accompany them: the snow-clad road, the leaden night, and every incident of his noiseless journey, were destined to hang in that picture-gallery of the Past (which there are none so poor as not to possess) for ever; the very motion of the sturdy shoulders of the horse the boy so unwontedly bestrode, recurred to him long after his two companions had paid the debt of nature.

Though they rode through the muffled courtyard of the Nook without a sound, the servant-girl, who was on the watch, ran out to meet them, and whispered something in the doctor's ear; he was off his pony in an instant, but not before Tony had scrambled down from his huge steed.

'No, my boy,' said the doctor gravely, as the lad was about to limp up-stairs; 'you must not go to your mamma's room just now.'

'What is the matter, Sue? Is mamma worse?' cried Tony wildly; his little legs trembled under him with fatigue and apprehension of he knew not what. The girl picked him up in her strong arms, and placed him in a chair by the kitchen fire.

'No, no; now the doctor has come all will be right,' said she; 'but you must not run about without your shoes. What a walk you must have had through the snow and dark!'

'Oh, that's nothing: at least, nothing to cry about,' for the girl had begun to sob hysterically. 'Tell me about mamma.'

A thin shrill quavering cry was heard above-stairs.

'What is that, Sue?'

'You have got a little baby brother, Master Tony; such a dear little thing!'

Tony was nonplussed. He had always understood that the doctors brought these little strangers; but if Dr Curzon had brought this one, he must have carried it in the crown of his hat a performance Tony had never seen equalled save by a conjurer in London, who had brought a bowl of gold-fish out of the same receptacle.

'I should like to see my baby brother, if I can't see mamma,' said Tony dreamily: he had but a faint interest in this newly arrived relative, and he felt dreadfully tired.

'So you shall, if you will just lie down in your bed a bit: it is your bedtime nearly, and you must take off your wet things, you know.'

'But you'll call me directly mamma asks to see me?' pleaded the boy.

'O yes, Master Tony, yes; when she asks, I will.' There was something strange in the girl's voice and manner, which he could not understand. But he was too worn out for guessing riddles. He even submitted to be carried into his own little room, an indignity he had not endured for many a year, and was put to bed like a child, or a gentleman who has taken too much champagne.

In the morning he awoke so late that the sun was streaming full upon his bed, and upon Jenny's thin white face, who was bending over his pillow with an expression that he had never seen her wear before: it was tender, but yet grave and almost stern.

'Have I over-slept myself, Jenny, and got late for lessons?' said he. Then rapidly collecting his ideas: 'And how is mamma? Sue promised that when she asked for me— O Jenny, what is the matter?'

'Mamma will never ask for you again, dear Tony, nor for any of us. She is'—

'Dead?' The boy burst into passionate sobs.

'Oh, don't say dead, Jenny!'

'Yes, darling. We have lost the best mother that ever children had.'

'O mamma, mamma!' cried Tony, stretching out his little arms. It was terrible to see so young a creature so torn with anguish.

The door opened, and Kitty entered, her beautiful face puckered with weeping. 'You have told him then, Jenny?' said she in broken tones.

'Yes, dear: I thought it best.'

'But why, *why* did they not send for me? Why did they let me sleep?' asked Tony reproachfully.

'Did mamma never ask?'

'Yes, darling, yes,' said Kitty; 'she did ask for you, but not in time; and when we told her you had gone for the doctor through the dark and snow, she thanked you with her sweet eyes. "My poor, poor boy," she said. It is we who are to be pitied, darling, and not she, for she is an angel in heaven.'

'Sue told me I had a baby brother?' said Tony softly, after a little pause.

'Yes, dear, you have.'

'How strange and sad it will be for poor papa,' continued the boy thoughtfully, 'to hear that mamma has gone to heaven, and that there is a baby brother!'

Neither Kitty nor Jenny could make reply. They had not the heart to tell him that in all

human probability the news that had broken their mother's heart was true; that they three—and the baby boy—were left alone in the world; not only motherless, but fatherless.

NEW GUINEA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

IN January 1871, H.M.S. *Basilisk* left Sydney under orders to proceed to Cape York, on the north-east coast of Australia, her mission upon the occasion being to land horses and stores at that settlement. The time given for the voyage was three months. Her commander, Captain John Moresby, was but little aware when, somewhat loath, he left civilisation and the kindness of Sydney friends behind, to sail for the extreme north point of Queensland, that the voyage would lead to results which should rank him among famous discoverers. Nevertheless, such was the case, and the results are before the public in a volume entitled, *New Guinea and Polynesian Discoveries, &c. A Cruise to Polynesia, and Visits to the Pearl-shelling Stations in Torres Strait, of H.M.S. Basilisk*.

Captain Moresby having landed the horses and stores at Cape York, had some time on hand, and like a faithful servant of the government, he determined to employ it in visiting the pearl-shelling establishments in the Torres Strait which he had reason to believe required looking after in the interest of the South Sea Islanders who were employed as divers. The limits of the Australian station at that time extended to only a few miles north of Cape York, although they have since been altered to embrace the whole of New Guinea. He determined, however, in the discharge of a duty to the poor pearl-divers, who were often cruelly imposed upon, to incur the responsibility of taking the *Basilisk* inside the limits of the China station, where, if ill-luck had attended his good ship—and two years before, H.M.S. *Blanche*, in a somewhat similar attempt, had been almost totally lost on a coral reef—the captain, if he had survived, would have had some difficulty in explaining his conduct to a court-martial.

The gallant captain ran the risk, however, and happily came safely out of the dangers. Having visited the pearl-shelling and bêche-de-mer fisheries, he saw little or nothing to complain of; and gives a short account of each of these two kinds of fishery. For the pearl-shells, the mother-of-pearl of commerce, the divers go down in four and six fathom water, in localities abounding with sharks; but are very rarely attacked, probably because so many of them dive together as to alarm the sharks. He saw one poor fellow who had been fearfully torn by a shark while diving, and was rendered a cripple for life, the sinews of his thigh having been divided. 'I only know,' he adds, 'of one other accident having happened, by which a woman was similarly injured. The women, as a rule, are considered more dependable divers than the men. The pearl-shell oyster of Torres Strait is a magnificent oyster, weighing from three to six pounds; in some instances, reaching a weight of even ten pounds. The divers frequently bring up one under each arm. The oysters are opened at once, when taken into the boat, and the fish used as food; the pearls, if any, falling to the share of the crew; but the pearls are few, small, and of poor quality.' The schooners engaged in this trade sail from the Strait to Sydney at the close of the year,

when the setting in of the north-west monsoon makes the passage easy; they generally take with them each a cargo of thirty or forty tons of pearl-shell, which is valued at Sydney at one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty pounds a ton.

The head-quarters of the *bêche-de-mer* fisheries are at the mountainous Isle of Darnley, lying at the eastern entrance of the Torres Strait, beyond the region of pearl-shell. The *bêche-de-mer* is a large sea-slug left lying in great quantities on the coral reefs by the receding tide, and easily gathered by the fishers. The slugs are cut open, cleaned, and placed on thin iron plates in a smoke-drying room, where, after being thoroughly dried, they are picked and sorted for the Chinese market. The *bêche-de-mer* is divided into three qualities. The best, called the Red Fish, is worth one hundred and forty pounds per ton; the second, or Black Fish, one hundred and twenty pounds; and the worst, or Teat Fish, about eighty pounds; and as all the qualities are plentiful on the reefs, the trade is a lucrative one.

The inhabitants of the Torres Strait islands are black Papuans—like those of the opposite coast of New Guinea—a fierce and warlike race, who, by kindly and politic treatment from the pearl-shellers, have been taught to take advantage of the new industry which has been for nine or ten years established among them. While Captain Moresby was visiting the Warrior Island, the natives regaled him and his companions with a 'corroborie,' which must have been a stirring exhibition. 'It was a striking one,' says the gallant chronicler; 'for a huge wood-fire threw a broad light on the tall naked figures of the savages, and painted them sharp against the darkness. The old men and women crouched in a ring, and inclosed the dancers, droning out a slow chant, to which they clapped in time, and beat rude drums, always quickening as the dancers quickened. These gave us a battle-dance, and chased their enemies with guttural cries, tossing their braceleted arms, and heads decked with long cassowary plumes, as they rushed; their eyes flashing, and the whole body alive with fierce excitement, till they looked more like evil spirits than men. The dance was a perfect study from reality. They made signs of all their actions of war, drew the bow, and threw missiles; and bounded on their enemies at last, and slew them, with a semblance that was frightfully like reality. Better things were the picture-dances representing scenes in daily life, such as spearing the dugong, fishing, love-making; and the last and most graceful of all was one which illustrated the coming of the north-west monsoon, and the consequent planting of yams, taro, and sweet-potatoes—a poem in a dance. Nothing more perfectly graceful could be seen than their movements, as, rapidly gliding round the fire with swaying bodies and inflected limbs, they shewed how the wind blew, how the ground was turned up and the seed sown, and ended with a joyous dance.' This account of a *corroborie* is recommended to the attention of students of the natural history of dancing. It is a patriotic dance, and would seem to serve with these people a purpose analogous to those achieved by patriotic songs among other races.

Captain Moresby did not visit the shores of New Guinea on this occasion. The time he was ordered to spend on the cruise drawing to a close, he returned south, and arriving at Cardwell on the

9th of March, he was informed there of the wreck of a brig on the Great Barrier Reef. This unfortunate ship was on a prospecting expedition to New Guinea, and had, besides her crew, 'seventy-five spirited young men' from Sydney on board. 'They had clubbed together at the rate of ten pounds apiece, and bought the *Maria*, a crazy old brig of one hundred and sixty-seven tons, as ill-found aloft as she was leaky below; and, had fortune favoured, might have reached New Guinea, for all went well for a fortnight, and they had come within four hundred miles of the desired coast.' Our captain exerted himself to the utmost to assist the unhappy waifs of this wreck, whose laudable efforts, though unsuccessful, he still regarded with favour. He writes: 'Thus ended this unfortunate attempt to reach New Guinea, an attempt which is but one proof out of many that Australian instinct points to the possession of this great island. Many attempts to establish a footing in New Guinea may fail, but the instinct is a true one, founded on natural facts and needs, which time will prove to be imperative.' He unmistakably believes the Australian colonies are on the eve of a new era of development; and although Lord Carnarvon refused, some months ago, to give government-sanction to an expedition of more formal pretensions and formidable dimensions than that which sailed on board the leaky and unlucky *Maria*, there would seem to be a widespread feeling in favour of annexing New Guinea.

The *Maria* expedition was not entirely a failure. The upshot of it called particular attention to the object the 'seventy-five spirited young men' had in view in setting out on their reckless voyage. As Captain Moresby writes of his own subsequent expedition: 'Notes of alarm were sounded to the effect that Russian, French, and Italian travellers were now exploring this island, the possession of which must in the future be a necessity to Australia, because of its near vicinity, and its strategic and relative geographical position, and it was feared that these efforts might lead to a foreign occupation in time. Amongst other rumours, it was reported that Americans were about to send an expedition from San Francisco to examine the eastern shores of the island. I deeply felt the importance of forestalling any attempts of alien nations to establish a claim to this great island, knowing that foreign possession might lead to complications, and feeling that the development of the great Australian empire would be cramped in the future, should its progress be arrested in the north. I desired also to secure to England the honour due to a country which had sent Cook, and Dampier, and Owen Stanley to these seas, by filling in the last great blank remaining in their work, and laying down the unknown outlines of East New Guinea on the map of the world.'

Leaving Sydney on Sunday, December 8, 1871, for a second Torres Strait cruise, with permission to visit the coast of New Guinea, Captain Moresby, after discharging many important duties, and encountering a great deal of danger and adventure, came in sight of the magnificent Owen Stanley range of mountains, in East New Guinea, on February 13, 1872. Captain Owen Stanley partly surveyed this part of the coast in 1849, but did not attempt to land, as the natives were considered dangerous. Our adventurous captain, however, landed, and, thanks to him, we now know

something of these dangerous natives. Anchoring in Redscar Bay, which has been marked on the maps since Stanley surveyed this coast, Moresby pulled for Redscar village. Crowds of natives anxiously watched and waited for the approaching boat. The captain and his attendants beached their boats amongst a crowd of canoes, hauled up on the black sandy beach, and stepped on shore among the natives, who, wholly unarmed, and without a sign of distrust, gave them a hearty welcome. And now we are introduced for the first time to a gathering of native East New Guineans. 'We were surprised,' says the brave and gentle recorder of this interesting encounter, 'to see that these people differed totally from the tall, muscular, fierce-looking, naked, black Papuans we had left in Torres Strait. These men were more of the Malay type—small, lithe, copper-coloured people, with clean, well-cut features, and a pleasing expression of countenance. They wore their own hair, frizzled out mop-fashion, and were slightly tattooed with stars and small figures on the breast and shoulders, as I have never seen the black Papuans. They had nothing in the way of clothes but a sort of leaf-girdle. The young men were ornamented with white cowry shells bound round their foreheads, arms, and legs, and bird of paradise and cassowary plumes on their heads and shoulders; the older appeared to dispense with these adornments. The septum of the nose and lobes of the ear were pierced, and tortoise-shell rings, pieces of bamboo or shell, put through. The women were ill-made and slovenly looking as compared with the men; their dress was the "ti-ti," or grass petticoat; but the otherwise nude body was adorned by the most extensive tattooing, so well executed as to excite the admiration of all amongst us who had not seen the exquisite tattooing of the Japanese. . . . The little children were all dressed like their elders of either sex, and did not fear us in the least as we walked about, but played round us, shooting with small bows and arrows.'

Captain Moresby afterwards made the first survey on record of the south coast of New Guinea, inside its Barrier Reef. The natives proved all along the coast to be kindly and friendly. A passage was found for the *Basilisk* through the Barrier Reef—henceforth to be known as Basilisk Passage. A new port and harbour were happily discovered inside the reef, in which mariners will find a different kind of shelter from that which has heretofore had to be put up with in the exposed Redscar Bay.

One other glance at the natives during this survey. 'Mr Watts, one of the engineers, lost his way, and when beginning to grow anxious, fell in with a party of natives. Far from attempting to take any advantage of his helplessness, they fed him, and took him to their village, making signs that they wished him to sleep there. Finding that he wished to return to his companions, they offered to guide him, stipulating, however, that he should shew himself off in the village first, and permit all the inhabitants to admire his white skin. This he did with a great deal of pleasure, placing himself on a verandah, to be handled and gazed at by scores of beholders.' These Papuans seem to be as fond of a show as are the natives of the British Isles.

Proceeding to South-east New Guinea, our

explorers found that Captain Owen Stanley had laid down the great range of mountains which bears his name thirty miles farther to the eastward than it actually extends; and that the point of land which he had marked as the south-eastern extremity of Papua was one of a series of valuable islands, of which Captain Moresby took formal possession in the name of Her Britannic Majesty. Of the north-east shores of New Guinea from East Cape, as he has named the easternmost point of the mainland, no record exists of their ever having been previously seen by a white man, and now they are clearly mapped out by Captain Moresby to a distance of one hundred and ninety miles as the crow flies. The D'Entrecasteaux Islands—named after their discoverer, who visited this region in 1793, and lying off the north-east extreme of New Guinea—were so utterly unknown, that Captain Moresby and his companions were supplied with sailing directions to the effect that they would probably be found to be not islands, but an integral part of New Guinea. The whole region is now mapped and named; and as Captain Moresby predicts that it will ultimately be inhabited by Englishmen, it may be remarked that they will feel themselves pretty much at home among such names as Rawlinson Range, Markham River, Moresby Island, Milne Bay, Goschen Strait, Goodenough Bay, Ward-Hunt Strait, Mounts Glalstone and Disraeli, and other home-names in abundance.

The natives down east here are similar in appearance to those already described; but as the *Basilisk* bore west on the north side of the island on its way to Singapore, the captain was struck with a great change of character. In Humboldt Bay, when they anchored, they were presently surrounded with scores of canoes full of wild vociferating savages, armed with formidable bows and arrows, here first seen by us in East New Guinea. They shewed no sign of fear or reverence; and knowing their reputation for making sudden attacks, we kept our rifles ready. It seems singular that the nearer we come to the seat of the Malay race proper in New Guinea, the more unlike the coast native becomes to the Malay type, the Humboldt Bay people being almost black, with hair inclining to be woolly, the nose and lips verging towards the negro formation. The women were but little ornamented, and wore the ti-ti, or grass petticoat; the men, who were unclad, were profusely decorated with barbaric finery, some of which, particularly a breast-plate of boars' tusks laid flat, and sewn on to plaited cane-work, on which a ground-work of brilliant red seeds was gummed, had quite a fine effect. Once or twice there was every prospect of a free fight amongst the men in the canoes; bows were bent, spears brandished, amidst furious shouting in some dispute over their trading. On one occasion a man parted with some sago for a smaller quantity of hoop-iron than his better-half thought due; and without more ado she seized her paddle and belaboured him heartily over the head and shoulders; his friends, instead of pitying his plight, shouted with merriment; he did not retaliate, but slunk away, looking foolish. We have heard of incidents of the latter type occurring not so far from home.

We mention last the achievement of which Captain Moresby seems more proud than of all

the others. It is the opening up of a new and accurately surveyed highway for commerce between Australia, New Guinea, and China. It is past the east end of the island which was formerly considered the extreme point of New Guinea, and now called Moresby Island, and is of a depth varying from thirty to five hundred fathoms. It was on account of this discovery that Captain Moresby annexed this and the neighbouring islands. 'The importance of our discoveries,' he says, 'led me to consider their bearing on imperial and Australian interests. There lay the vast island of New Guinea, dominating the shores of Northern Australia, separated at one point by only twenty miles of coral reef from British possessions, commanding the Torres Strait route, the transit of the Queensland mails, and our newly discovered route for Australian trade to China; commanding the rich and increasing pearl-shell fisheries, with the working of which we had obtained a complete and interesting acquaintance, and also the *bêche-de-mer* fishery, which furnishes an important article of export to China.' Accordingly, on April 24, 1873, making the best dispositions possible in the circumstances to give some little éclat to the ceremony of taking possession, he annexed these islands; and advocates the annexation of New Guinea, for the reason that 'the occupation of this island by any foreign maritime power, more especially since the discovery of the *Basilisk's* harbours and anchorages, would be a standing menace to Queensland.'

DASHMARTON'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER III.

LUCY's first and abiding impression of the stranger, who had been introduced to her as Mr Streeter, was an unfavourable one. 'He is a much commoner "cad" than Alfred Harvey,' she said to herself, although there was nothing absolutely offensive in his demeanour. He tried to make himself agreeable; but there was something hard and unpleasant beneath the superficial crust of his politeness.

After they had had coffee, Spiller proposed to his companion that they should smoke. 'Lucy don't object,' he said; 'she is used to it.'

'But not in such a tiny room as this,' she said; 'I should find it too much. But there is a little fire left in the schoolroom, and as I have some letters to write, I will leave you to your own devices.'

Thus saying, she rose, and left the room. Mr Streeter opened the door for her, and bowed her politely out; but she caught a sinister gleam in his eye for a moment, which startled and perplexed her.

The letter-writing was not a mere pretext. Alfred Harvey was coming in the morning avowedly for an answer to his suit, and an answer he should have. But she would not trust herself to see him. She would write him a long kind letter, that should console and comfort him, at the same time that it made it evident that she could not marry him. No; had he been ever so dear to her, she would now have refused him. She would

bear her burden alone; she would carry into no other family the taint and suspicion that must rest upon her. She felt herself cut off from the rest of the world by the secret that she carried, by the possession of this money; and although she had once thought of handing it over to the Chilpruns people yet now she would die rather than do any such thing. Her heart swelled with proud indignation at the thought that these people had set a watch upon them; upon her, who had renounced everything, and left even what she might have claimed as her own in their hands, and who was innocent and honest as the day, up till now.

But now she would fight the matter out with them, and hold to what she had got. They would disgrace her, no doubt, now, if they found her out; perhaps they would send her to prison. The odds were all on their side: they had everything, wealth, influence, the whole power of the law; and she had only a woman's wit. Well, she would fight the battle, nevertheless; and the contest, she felt, commenced from this moment. There was no security now anywhere; her little maid might be watching her, paid to report her movements; the spy might be in her own house, might be watching her now.

At that moment flashed into her mind the sinister look that the polite young friend of Spiller's had cast upon her. Who was he, this youth, and were all his antecedents known to Spiller? She must find this out on the instant. She went and opened the door of the sitting-room softly, and called to her brother.

'Spiller, I want to talk to you about the letter I am writing. You will excuse him for a moment, Mr Streeter.'

Her brother came out with a pipe in his mouth. 'Well, Lucy, what is it?' he said, lolling against the jamb of the glass-door of the schoolroom.

'Shut the door, and come here.—Spiller, what do you know about your friend? Tell me all, at once; it is important. Is he a Cambridge man? Did you know him there?'

'No; he's not exactly a Cambridge man. He knows a lot of fellows I know; but I never saw him, to say the truth, before he came down here.'

'And you take him into your confidence and friendship.'

'Well, when a fellow holds an overdue bill of yours for fifty odd pounds, you are obliged to make a friend of him. He told me that he had put his name to it, and had been obliged to take it up.'

'Spiller, he is a spy.' At this moment, Lucy raised her head and saw, looking through the glass of the door, the now sinister and forbidding face of Mr Streeter. He opened the door and walked in. Lucy thought that all was lost. She made a movement to grasp the note she was writing, in order to conceal it; but she desisted next moment, seeing that she would only excite suspicion.

'I got tired of my own company pretty soon,' said Mr Streeter, with a harsh kind of laugh; 'and so I thought I'd come in and join you.'

Although Spiller had a feeling of respect for the friend to whom he was indebted, and who had, as far as that went, treated him with a good deal of consideration, yet he thought he was a little too free and easy.

'You don't seem to know, Streeter,' he said, 'that my sister and I are having a little private conversation. Be good enough to retire.'

The young man's face assumed a peculiar expression; and as he cast a keen glance here and there, he seemed little inclined to obey the speaker's command. Spiller in turn frowned, and seemed to meditate hostilities. But Lucy swiftly interposed, laying her hand upon her brother's arm.

'You can stay now, Mr Streeter,' she said, turning upon him with one of her sweetest smiles; 'we have finished our talk, and I may tell you that it was about none other than yourself.'

'About me!' said Streeter, his brow clearing, and a complacent smirk taking its place. 'And pray, what have you to say about me?'

'Take a seat by the fire—one of those cane-bottomed ones; the other is not warranted to bear—if you prefer this room to the other.'

Streeter seated himself, and looked complacently at Lucy, who held his glance for a moment, and then cast down her eyes in apparent confusion.

'I know Spiller's affairs, you see,' went on Lucy, playing nervously with the note-paper on the table, 'and how he is indebted to you. Well, I am going to ask you, for my sake, to let him have a little longer time.'

'If I had any security that the money would be paid in the end.'

'I can give you no security but my own promise,' said Lucy. 'You see, the circumstances are peculiar. We shall have money by-and-by, but at present there is a lock-up of capital. In a little while it will be released.'

'Yes; that is all very well,' said Streeter; 'and if I were satisfied that the money would be really forthcoming—— But you see I have been put off with promises so long. Now, if you could give me some knowledge of where the funds are which will soon be forthcoming.'

Lucy sat still and thought for a moment. 'You are a friend of Spiller's, and can be trusted. The money we are entitled to is at present deposited in a London bank.'

'What bank?' asked Streeter.

'The London and Westminster,' said Lucy at a hazard.

'And in whose names?'

'The joint names of myself and Spiller.'

Spiller made a movement of surprise, that Lucy repressed by a quiet look.

Streeter sat for a moment in thought. 'Well,' he said, 'I will take your word for it. Only, I tell you fairly, I want money badly. Have you not enough in the house to satisfy me? Come, now.'

'Spiller and I were taking stock this morning,' said Lucy with a laugh, 'and our united means were thirty shillings.'

'Yes, that was so,' said Spiller, thankful to feel on firm ground at last, for he had been in the region of clouds and mists during the whole of the former part of the conversation.

Streeter said if that were the case, he would wait for another week or so; and after that, business affairs being settled, the conversation took a more

lively turn. Streeter did his best to make himself agreeable to Lucy, and flattered himself that he had succeeded. And in parting, he announced that as his business here was finished, he was going up to town next morning.

'Such a pity,' said Lucy sarcastically; 'just as we were beginning to be acquainted.'

The leave-taking was a very cordial one, in outward appearance.

'Upon my word,' said Streeter to himself, as he walked back to the *White Hart*, 'if the balance at the bank turns out respectable enough, it might be worth one's while to cut the service and go in for matrimony.'

'What a comfort he is gone,' ejaculated Spiller, flinging himself into the schoolmistress's arm-chair, and giving expression to his relief by a series of yawns and kicks. 'But I say, Lucy, what about the balance at the bank? Has it any existence?'

'None at all,' replied Lucy, giving way, now that the strain on her nerves was over for the moment, to a violent fit of sobbing. 'I have lied most abominably.'

'And all for my sake,' returned Spiller sympathetically. 'But after all, it won't put off the evil day for long. He will find out that there is no balance, and will be down upon me like thunder.'

'Spiller,' said Lucy, springing up, dashing aside her tears, and going to her writing-table, 'will you go to the other side of the glass door and shut it? There now, you are a spy!' she cried in the same tone of voice in which she had spoken to Spiller before Streeter came in. 'Now, do you hear that?'

'What is all this pantomime about?' said Spiller, opening the door.

'Did you hear what I said when the door was shut?'

'Not a word.'

'Thank you; I only wanted to test the acuteness of your hearing.—No; he can have no suspicion,' said Lucy to herself.—'Spiller,' she went on aloud, 'do you know who your friend is? Are you aware that he is a spy, a detective?'

'Nonsense!' cried Spiller. 'If I thought so, I'd go and give him a good licking.'

'Don't do anything of the kind. Leave such kind of people alone.'

'But what should he come to spy for? The nakedness of the land?'

'Listen!' said Lucy; and recounted to her brother what she had heard in the churchyard.

'Yes, I see it all now,' said he, convinced in spite of himself. 'They think we've got a purse, Lucy. Don't you wish we had?'

'Hush!' said Lucy; 'don't think of such things.—Shall I tell him,' she asked herself at that moment, 'and get him to divide my burden? No; he has not the resolution to keep it to himself. Besides, I will not have him guilty too. I will be the only villain.'

Lucy slept little that night, and bedewed her pillow often enough with tears. What a alough of baseness and deceit she must wade through to keep this secret safe! And Alfred was coming on the morrow to ask her to be his wife. She was not fit to be the wife of any honest man. And yet the constant refrain of all her thoughts was, how shall I hide my money safe and sure?

The morning light brought no solution of the

difficulty to Lucy's aching head. There was the note still in her possession, and the respite she had was short. Perhaps before the day was over, Streeter would return, enraged at the deception practised upon him, and armed with authority to search the premises. She felt altogether dazed and stupid—fascinated, as it were, by the danger imminent, and unable to move hand or foot to save herself.

School-time came, and the children began to arrive. Still Lucy had not made up her mind. She must go on with her work, of course, and began mechanically to hear the children's lessons; but her mind was far away, and her pupils soon found this out, and began to take advantage of it. Then, to add to her perplexity, a visitor came in—the Rev. Tresilian Whitwick. Tresilian had heard of Alfred Harvey's return, and of his visit to Miss Dashmarton; and somehow, at the news, his interest in Lucy had suddenly revived. He was rather angry with her, indeed, for that she had received Mr Harvey. A schoolmistress, he said to himself, ought to comport herself as a nun—a sanctified sister, and only receive visits from the clergy. His position as a referee gave him a kind of right to interfere in the matter. Thus he would make an early visit to Miss Dashmarton, and give her a little salutary advice.

But when he arrived at her door, his courage had oozed away. He felt himself unequal for the task of reproof; it must be administered at a more convenient season. Lucy received him coldly, and with some little surprise, as if questioning what could bring him.

'I thought perhaps you would like—in fact I should like myself,' stammered Tresilian, 'to, ah—to catechise some of your older pupils.'

'O yes, by all means,' said Lucy. 'Come into the schoolroom.'

Tresilian was a shy man, and the open-eyed stares of all the school-girls abashed him a little; appalling, too, was the sudden silence that on his entrance succeeded to the busy hum of voices.

'Perhaps you would like to give the children a little address,' suggested Lucy—'something on the responsibilities of early life!'

But Tresilian did not think he could quite manage that. 'Go on with the usual routine,' he said, 'and if anything occurs to me'—

'Oh, then, perhaps you will take the geography class,' said Lucy, 'and see what they can do;' and before Tresilian knew what he was doing, he found himself with a book in his hand and a formidable array of young ladies before him.

Lucy took advantage of the moment to slip away. She thought that Tresilian would get on better when left to his own resources; and she wanted to have a few minutes' quiet thought on the one recurring subject. As she shut herself into the sitting-room, her eyes fell upon a book lying on the table—a new book on the various educational theories current, which some well-meaning friend had recently given her, and which she had covered with the usual school cover of glazed cloth, to preserve the binding. At the sight, an idea struck her. She hastily undid one half of the cover, took out the fatal bank-note, folded it lengthways into a thin strip, and taking a small slip of the same glazed cloth, sewed with hasty fingers a little pocket in the back of the cover, placed the note within it, closed the opening with more stitches,

and then readjusted the cover. She would give this book to Tresilian, and ask him to read it, and let her have his opinion upon it. Now, Tresilian was a slow, unwilling, but conscientious reader, and would take a month at least to master the contents and form an opinion thereon. In a month or less the danger would be over, and the Chilprane people would have done their worst. She had just finished her task when she heard a knock at the door. Her heart was in her mouth; perhaps she was too late. Emily had run to the door. It was a man's footstep—that of Alfred Harvey.

And yet Alfred Harvey was sufficiently embarrassing. Notwithstanding her perplexities and troubles, she could not help realising the absurdity of the situation. Tresilian keeping school for her, whilst she entertained his rival in the parlour! But Harvey was anxious enough. His face was troubled, and he spoke with strong emotion.

'I've come for an answer, Miss Dashmarton,' he said, 'as I said I would yesterday.'

'I can't give you one,' replied Lucy in desperation—'not now; you must give me more time.'

'Now, come, Lucy,' pleaded her lover; 'you have had plenty of time. It isn't from yesterday to today, but for months and months that you must have known what I was going to ask you—and you must have thought about it; and— Well, I must have an answer, Lucy.'

'Why can't things go on as they have done?' said Lucy. 'I should like you very much as a friend—as a brother.'

'There's no use thinking about that,' said Harvey; 'I've got no time for that sort of philosophising. Do you think a man can go on worrying and plaguing himself month after month, and year after year, and never come to a settlement? That may do for your Tresilians, with their superfluous high-flown notions; but it won't do for Alfred Harvey, farmer. If you'll have me, Lucy, I'll give my life to make you happy. If you won't, I must tear you out of my mind—burn you out, cut you out; anyhow, get rid of you, and start afresh. So, give me an answer, Lucy, plump and plain.'

'Then, if you must have an answer,' cried Lucy: 'No—no—no! You are too arbitrary and exacting altogether; and again I say no. And please let me go, without more ado.'

Lucy made her escape, and took refuge in the schoolroom. She was desperately afraid that Alfred would follow her; and that the rivals should meet in this way would be dreadful. But he did not come; the front-door slammed heavily to, and Lucy breathed freely. Tresilian had got on very well during her absence. He had begun by putting the questions in the book. That London was situated on the Thames, everybody knew; but when it came to Oxford there was a division of opinion. Some said the Thames, and some the Isis; while some of the girls thought it was the same river, and the rest would have it that it was a different one. Tresilian was happily able to set this question at rest of his own knowledge. He had rowed down from Oxford to London, and could testify that the rivers were the same. Then Tresilian, who was at bottom a good-natured young fellow, and fond of children, was led to describe some of the incidents of his voyage; and he succeeded in retaining the interest and attention of the little damsels to an extent quite flattering to his powers of description.

'I think I should like to come again before long, and talk to your pupils, Miss Dashmorton,' said Tresilian, rising to depart. 'May I?'

'I think my girls will be very glad to see you. —What do you say, girls?'

There was a general chorus of assent. 'You seem to have won their hearts very quickly,' said Lucy, as she accompanied him to the door.

'Ah,' replied Tresilian, 'if I could only succeed as well!'

'Oh, Mr Whitwick,' said Lucy, hastily interrupting him, 'as you are so interested in schools, will you look at a book I have got, read it carefully, and give me your opinion upon it?'

Running into the sitting-room to get the book which she had left on the table, she found it was gone. She ran back to the schoolroom. It was not there. The book had disappeared.

'Give me the name of the book,' said Tresilian, 'and I will order it.'

'Oh, it does not matter now. What can have become of it? O dear, what shall I do!'

'Don't distress yourself, Miss Dashmorton. The book will come to hand, no doubt. I will come to fetch it—to-morrow perhaps, if I may!'

But Lucy was too much agitated to answer, and waved an impatient adieu to Tresilian.

That her every action had been watched, and that her enemies had taken advantage of her momentary carelessness to possess themselves of the evidence of her guilt, was the first abstract impression on the girl's mind. It was, however, with a great cry of thankfulness and relief that she suddenly came upon a volume, which, although not her own, was of the same size, or nearly so, and bore on its fly-leaf the name of Alfred Harvey! The conclusion was irresistible, that he had for some reason or other taken up the missing volume and put it in his pocket. Would he find out his mistake, and return it? That was altogether a matter of chance. If he had finished reading the book he had left behind him, the other book might lie neglected for weeks. And in that case accident would have solved her difficulties in a very effective manner.

Whilst she was pondering over this, Spiller came in to dinner in a very provoking mood. He had met Tresilian, it seemed, and Harvey soon after; both of whom had told him they had just seen his sister.

'How the dickens did you manage them both, Lucy?' inquired her brother sarcastically. 'Why, it's like Box and Cox.'

'Hold your tongue, Spiller,' said his sister sharply. 'Tell me, did Alfred Harvey send any message? Did he give you a book?'

'Book? No; he was just driving off in his dog-cart to the station. He was going to see his father and mother; to stop a week. He looked as cross as a bear.'

'Oh, that is a relief,' sighed Lucy.

'Yes, it may be a relief to you,' said Spiller; 'but it isn't to me. Why, there's our last chance gone. After the trick you played that fellow, spy or not, they will be down on me without mercy.'

'Well, you must hear it all, my dear brother; bear it all, for my sake, and his who is dead and gone.'

'They can't hang me for it certainly,' said Spiller, taking his seat at the dinner-table, and ruefully contemplating the scanty meal; 'and as for prison,

I don't suppose prison-fare is much worse than this. They give you good soup and nice mealy potatoes, I know that.'

'I'm sorry there's nothing better for you; but we must live according to our means.'

'You are like the old Border dames, who, when the larder was getting bare, and a cattle-lifting expedition desirable, used to serve up their husband's spurs for dinner. Upon my honour, there would be as much upon a well-greased pair of spurs, as upon this mutton-bone.'

'I wish something would spur you on, Spiller,' said his sister. 'You are welcome to what I have, as long as I have anything; but you really ought to be doing something for yourself.'

'What use my trying,' said the youth fretfully, 'whilst I have this millstone round my neck? The only thing that keeps my creditors decently quiet is the seeing they can get nothing out of me. If I got anything to do, with a salary belonging to it, they would be all upon me in a heap. But where are all your fine promises, Lucy? What has become of the benevolent friend who was going to help us? Where is the money that was going to send me back to Cambridge?'

'It may come to pass yet, Spiller.'

Spiller shrugged his shoulders and began to read the daily paper, which he had brought home in his pocket.

'Look here, Lucy,' he said after a while; 'here is a curiously worded advertisement, and by our friend Elkins too.'

Lucy took up the paper, and read in the second column the following:

'NOTICE.—Bankers and others are warned against negotiating a Bank of England five hundred pound note, No. —, date —, the proceeds of a supposed fraud. Payment has been stopped. A reward will be given for information. Apply to Mr Elkins, Copthall Court, E.C.'

The newspaper fell from her hands. It was her note that was thus described. Payment stopped. Then all her sufferings, all her guilt had been in vain. Supposed fraud. Yes, that was it. A fraud. Apart from all the sentimental glosses with which she had hidden the truth, it was a fraud, and she had been the cheat.

There might be punishment yet in store for her. The note might be traced home to her. But there could be no advantage now. She had sinned in vain. Every avenue of hope seemed blocked, and on every side appeared images of disgrace—defeat and ignominy.

'I suppose you know what comes off to-morrow week?' said Spiller, picking up the newspaper, and attacking its columns once more. 'Here's the advertisement of it. They've put it in all the London papers, but it is to be sold by Bowen at the *White Hart*. "Eligible freehold estate, suitable for residential purposes. By order of the mortgagees. Old-fashioned farm or manor-house." Come, that isn't a very flattering description of Mordieu.'

'Is it the old place they are selling?' inquired Lucy listlessly. A little while ago she thought would have made her miserable, now she hardly felt the announcement as one that concerned her.

'You see the dodge,' went on Spiller, 'why they don't puff it more? Old Dolland, who holds the mortgages and instructs the auctioneer, wants to buy it himself, and doesn't care how cheap it

goes. But he won't get it, for the Chilpruna people mean to have it.'

'They will have us all body and soul, before long,' sighed Lucy.

TREES OF LIBERTY.

We are so absolutely without Trees of Liberty in England, that not merely the things themselves, but their nature and meaning also, are pretty nearly beyond our ken. There have not been many dynastic or national revolutions in this country; and when such did occur, our ancestors neither wore red Caps of Liberty nor set up Trees of Liberty; they shewed their enthusiasm in other ways. But, although Trees of Liberty are un-English, they are associated in their origin with a truly English custom—that of erecting gaily dressed masts on the first of May, and giving them the name of May-poles.

We might direct our glance back to ancient times, when sacred trees were objects of veneration, and when symbolic trees played their part in the beliefs and usages of various nations. The myrtle and the linden were at one time dedicated to Venus, the laurel to Apollo, the oak to Jupiter, the vine to Bacchus, and so on. Entire forests were devoted to some deities. The Gauls and Druids venerated the oak and its parasite the mistletoe. Limiting ourselves, however, to the May-tree or May-pole, it was a custom in Italy many ages ago to plant such trees on the first of May, to celebrate the return of gentle, genial Spring. This custom found its way into various countries—among others, to the English settlements or colonies in America, where it is a known fact that the people rallied round the May-trees or May-poles in the several towns, when they organised a determined resistance to the mother-country just a century ago.

From the fact just mentioned, it will be seen that Trees of Liberty were recognised across the Atlantic several years before the commencement of the French Revolution; but 1790 marks the date when the public mind seized hold of the idea as a kind of passion. In that year, M. Norbert de la Chassagnac, curé or parish priest of Saint-Gandeur, near Civray, in the (present) department of Vienne, set his parishioners an example of enthusiasm in welcoming the nascent liberty of France. He caused an oak-tree to be felled in the neighbouring forest, dragged to Civray, and then planted in the open place of the town, as a central rallying-point for the Liberals (who did not until some time afterwards openly advocate Republicanism). Constitutional municipalities had just been established by an overruling of the court party; and the enthusiastic curé, selecting the first of May as an appropriate day, assembled his flock around the newly planted tree, and addressed them in a speech, the general tone of which may be gathered from these words: 'At the foot of this tree you will recognise yourselves as Frenchmen; and when you are old, you will recount to your children the achievements of the epoch when this tree was planted.' The assembled townspeople were as ardent as their pastor, and

shewed their ardour in a characteristic fashion; all who had any litigation put an end to it at once by friendly arbitration, old wounds were healed up, religious feuds for a while abated their violence, and rich and poor forgot their differences.

Such a scene was sure to be infectious; excited people easily take new excitements from other persons who are as excited as themselves. When an account of the ceremony at Civray appeared in the *Moniteur*, a sort of May-tree madness set in all over France. 'La Patrie' became a sort of new religion, 'Egalité' its chief dogma, and the planting of 'Arbres de la Liberté' one of its rites. A newly planted tree, or a staff or pole in its stead, decked with flowers and the newly adopted tricolor flags, became a rallying-point for the people, who encouraged one another to cherish that emblem of liberty as soldiers would cherish their regimental colours. This was done in Paris, in all the principal towns, and in a multitude of country villages.

As the Revolution proceeded, and moderate reformers had to give way to Republicans, the planting of Trees of Liberty became quite a mania. The ceremonial was often a strange one. A dance with 'hands round' took place, accompanied by the singing of revolutionary songs, such as *ça ira* and the *Carmagnole*. The oddest part of the matter, and that which shewed most strikingly the abnormally excited condition of public sentiment, was the mixture of classes and grades on these occasions. Generals, representatives of the people, even bishops and curés, all joined hands. On one occasion, in the Place du Carrousel, the mayor of Paris and the municipal authorities, decked with their scarfs, danced round a newly erected Tree of Liberty, with work-people, shoe-blacks, and tagrag and bobtail. A French writer remarks that 'it would be impossible now to imagine the Prefect of the Seine, the General Commandant of the Division, deputies, and senators mixing with the people on public fête days, and dancing round a pole; but at that time the reaction against the aristocracy, the public danger, the party spirit, the warm sympathy in the fate of the humble and the youthful, whom the Revolution had brought out of obscurity, the simpler manners that had come into favour, and the doctrines taught by some of the leading philosophical writers—all tended to augment the patriotic eccentricities which so shock cold observers now.' This dancing 'hands round' was carried from the open square or market-place to the camp, where a general might sometimes be seen dancing with his soldiers around the colours, without the dignity of his rank being compromised. Representatives of the government in like manner joined in the popular dances in the open places, around the symbolic altars which were set up at that strange period. 'Egalité' was for the time in fashion; or if not actually so, the rich, the high-born, and the official professed to accept it joyfully, as a means of keeping out of trouble.

The royalists, whenever they could shew themselves, took pleasure in injuring the Trees of Liberty; this they could only do during the night, hacking them and sprinkling them with vitriol. This puerile conduct increased the hatred of the populace, who expressed as much horror at it as zealous religionists would at the desecration of sacred rites. On one occasion, at Rouen, twenty persons were accused of having mounted the white

cockade (an emblem of royalty) and mutilated a Tree of Liberty; nine of them were condemned to death. There can be no question that the populace really regarded this mutilation of the trees as a desecration; how far this was the opinion of the classes above them is a separate question. The royalists, in one instance, shewed veneration for a Tree of Liberty in a rural district, but in an odd way. A band of royalists and peasants defeated a rival band of Republicans in a local outbreak, and celebrated their victory by singing a *Te Deum* around a Tree of Liberty in the open place. The church was closed, as were most churches at the period; but the victors converted into an *al fresco* church a tree set up for a very different purpose.

By the beginning of the year 1793, when these movements were gradually leading to such terrible results, the Trees of Liberty in Paris were not less than two hundred in number; and it was computed that the whole of France contained little less than sixty thousand of them. They were maintained by the local authorities, and were, as we have said, decked with ribbons, flowers, and inscriptions in prose and verse. They served, to some extent, the purpose of municipal offices; for the people assembled around them to take the civic oath, and on other important public occasions. At a time when the (so-called) Religion of Nature was gradually supplanting all other religions, the trees also served as altars for a series of rites and ceremonies. A French writer, Grégoire, says that many of these Trees of Liberty gave an air of lightness, cheeriness, and pleasantness to squalid alleys and frowzy *cul-de-sac*; and he sensibly adds: 'Perhaps we shall one day come to the opinion that it is not only possible but desirable, in crowded and unwholesome localities, to plant trees that in May would tend to joyousness, and would at all times be agreeable.'

In most cases, real trees were planted, but the roots had a tendency to decay, probably owing to unskillful management; and they became mere May-poles. Orders were frequently issued by the authorities of Paris and of the department of the Seine to replant any Trees of Liberty of which the roots had decayed, or rather to plant others in their stead. The National Convention, on the 3d Pluvioso of the year 2 (the revolutionary name for the 21st of January 1794), issued an edict that, in all the communes of France in which such a tree had died, a new one should be planted; this duty, and the maintenance of the new emblem, were confided to all good citizens, 'in order that each commune may possess a Tree of Liberty under the ægis of the Republic.' The date above named was recommended as one specially suited for such replantings, 'to commemorate the anniversary of the just punishment of the last king of France'—that is, the guillotining of the hapless Louis XVI. There was something approaching almost to an equality with the treatment of a hero, in the manner of reverencing a Tree of Liberty which had been 'desecrated' by the hands of the royalists. On one occasion, when a tree had been surreptitiously cut down at Amiens during the night, André Dumont, a commissioner from the National Convention to the department in which Amiens is situated, wrote to his dread masters to denounce the 'fearful atrocity.' He appointed a day for setting up a new tree. The trunk of the old one was carried away to a last resting-place, escorted

by armed men, to the strains of funereal music. A new tree, decked with colours, was planted. The National Guard, the civic authorities, and the government commissioner assisted in throwing earth on the roots. The tree bore an inscription: 'Les Citoyens d'Amiens me défendront jusqu'à la mort. Ce nouvel arbre est transporté en grande pompe pour être planté devant le Temple de la Raison.'

Wherever the French armies penetrated, they carried with them this crazy love for Trees of Liberty; and the few colonies which France possessed sought to imitate the example. Senegal sent a deputation to the National Convention, with the message: 'The colonists here burn with ardour. They assembled, and elevated a Tree of Liberty in the very spot where the infamous traffic in slaves was wont to be carried on.' We must bear in mind, as one good feature in that Revolution, that the freedom of all slaves was decreed by the Republicans; how long it lasted, is another question. Sometimes the Tree of Liberty became a Tree of Fraternity. Two parties of French and Swiss, meeting at a fête in Geneva, set up a tree to celebrate the friendship between the two republics. This proceeding was imitated soon afterwards at Paris, by the planting of a Tree of Fraternity, amid great pomp, in the Place du Carrousel. An oak was brought from the forest of Vincennes for this purpose; but, in most instances, a poplar was preferred, as being tall and straight, and because of the twofold meaning of the word 'populus.'

Trees of Liberty died a natural death when the young artillery officer Napoleon Bonaparte rose into power. He respected no one's liberty but his own, and Republicanism was not at all to his liking. During a portion of the Consulate, it is true, orders were occasionally issued to maintain the trees; but the orders were lukewarm, and it became evident that the former spirit had evaporated. The trees one by one disappeared, partly because the interest in them was gone, partly because they had decayed, and partly to make room for new buildings and streets. A few remained throughout the period of the Empire down to 1815; but the dull Bourbons, on their restoration, ordered these few to be sought out and rooted up.

Fifteen more years passed, and then it was found that the obliteration had not been actually complete and total. The revolutionists who, in 1830, set up the Citizen-King Louis-Philippe as a successor to the Bourbon Charles X., ferreted out a few old Trees of Liberty here and there, made a flourish of enthusiasm about them, and set up several more. Another period passed; another revolution took place; and in 1848, one single tree was found which had been planted as a Tree of Liberty more than half a century before. The young men of the town (Marseilles) redecored this old emblem of Liberty, and made a great celebration around it and many newly planted trees. In Paris there were several Trees of Liberty planted at this time, but the practice did not take. The old spirit could not effectually be revived; and Louis Napoleon shortly afterwards did that which his uncle had done in the early part of the century—threw cold-water on all Trees of Liberty.

Belgium tried its hand at this kind of popular enthusiasm in 1830, when it became an independent kingdom, separate and distinct from Holland;

but the newly planted trees gradually dried up and withered, all except one, which has grown well, and stands awkwardly in the middle of the street, opposite the Royal Palace, in Brussels.

BUTTERFLIES OF THE SEA.

AWAY in the far north of the Arctic regions, floating in myriads upon the surface of the northern seas, and constituting vast fields of life, through which ships may sail for days and nights together, are found multitudes of small animals, to which the appropriate name of 'butterflies of the sea' has been given. To watch one of these beings, pursuing its way through the waters by means of two wing-like appendages springing from the sides of the neck, and to note the delicate body, inclosed in some cases in a delicate glassy shell, the comparison or resemblance to the aerial insect is by no means far-fetched or strained. And in their organization and habits, these little organisms may be found to present some points of great interest to the non-technical reader; whilst to the naturalist they have ever afforded subjects of pleasant study and instruction.

The position of the sea-butterflies in the animal scale is of sufficiently well-determined kind. They are molluscous animals, that is, are allied to our ordinary shell-fish, such as oysters, mussels, &c., as well as to cuttle-fishes and allied beings. Their nearest relations are undoubtedly the whelks, cowries, and other shell-fish, belonging to the great molluscan class known to naturalists as the *Gasteropoda*; and whilst some naturalists regard the sea-butterflies as forming a distinct group of themselves, others, and with every show of reason, maintain that they should be placed merely as a branch of the *Gasteropod* class. The scientific appellation of our sea-butterflies is the *Pteropoda*—a name signifying 'wing-footed,' and which is thus of expressive enough kind, when we consider the manner in which they flit over the watery wastes.

Besides being able to swim quickly and well by aid of their wing-like fins, the sea-butterflies can descend into the ocean-depths, or ascend from these depths to the surface, at will. They appear further to come to the surface chiefly at night or in the twilight; and as a naturalist has well remarked, each species or kind of these animals seems to have its own and special degree of darkness in which it ascends from the depths. Thus, did we know sufficient of the history of these little animals, we might be able to construct a *Pteropod*-clock by watching the respective hours of their appearance at the surface of the sea; just as the botanist forms a 'floral clock' by watching the times of the opening and closing of flowers.

Being 'shell-fish,' the *Pteropods* usually possess a shell; this latter structure, it must however be noted, not being developed in all these beings. A very beautiful, and at the same time most representative kind of sea-butterfly, is that known by the name of the *Hyalæa*, of which kind there are several distinct species; and in this form, as well as in another well-known species called *Cleodora*, a shell is developed. The shell is thus seen to consist of a very delicate glassy structure, somewhat triangular in shape, and of elongated form in *Cleodora*; that of *Hyalæa* being composed of two plates united together, and forming a small shell of elongated or globular shape. The little head-

extremity of the animal, provided with its 'wings,' protrudes in each case from the front or open extremity of the shell. Another very familiar sea-butterfly is the *Clio*, which does not possess a shell, but appears as a little oblong body about an inch in length, and terminating in a lower pointed extremity.

No part of the structure of the sea-butterflies presents more surprising details than that of the head and its appendages; the latter consisting of tentacles, jaws, and like apparatus, exercising the sense of touch and other offices. Thus, on each side of the mouth of *Clio*, we discover three fleshy appendages, which at first sight might appear to consist of simple tentacles or organs of touch. When, however, we bring the microscope to bear upon these bodies, we note the interesting fact, that the surface of each is literally studded over with numerous minute specks, which, when more fully magnified, are seen to be of hollow cylindrical shape, and to contain, each about twenty little suckers. These suckers may be protruded at will from their respective cylinders, so as to constitute an efficient apparatus for seizing and detaining particles of food. Thus if we consider that each of the six tentacles bears, on an average, about three thousand of the cylindrical bodies, and that each of the latter in turn contains about twenty suckers, we reach the enormous number of three hundred and sixty thousand suckers, as constituting the prehensile armament of a single *Clio*, itself of very small size. And imagination may assist us in its scientific aspects better than any other intellectual process, in endeavouring to form some idea of the extreme delicacy of the muscles and structures whereby the protrusion and retraction of the suckers are secured.

Two fleshy 'hoods' serve to inclose the tentacles when the latter are not in use and are retracted; and other filaments exist which may be used to subserve the sense of touch in these forms. Within the little mouth of the sea-butterflies, as also well exemplified in *Clio*, peculiar jaws and a curious 'tongue' exist, for the mastication of food. Each jaw is a conical structure, which literally bristles with sharp spiny teeth; and the 'tongue' is likewise studded over with recurved hooks, which also aid in rasping down or triturating the nutrient matters. And as completing the alimentary apparatus of the sea-butterflies, we find a well-developed throat, stomach, a large liver, salivary glands, and other addenda; whilst a heart is also present, along with a system of blood-vessels for the conveyance of the vital fluid through the body. The breathing-organs in some of these beings are well developed, and appear in the form of delicate gills, or analogous structures, which are sometimes, as in *Hyalæa*, inclosed within a special chamber, but in others, such as *Clio*, are apparently unprotected, and of indistinct nature.

A very large 'brain'—or at anyrate a mass of nervous matter corresponding in function to the great nerve-centre of higher animals—is developed in the sea-butterflies, and can be discerned lying beneath the throat, and forming, in fact, a kind of internal collar around the gullet. And nerves accordingly radiate throughout the body from this central mass, and supply the various parts of the organism with feeling and vital power. Especially, as we might expect, do we find the delicate tentacles of the head to receive a large nerve-supply;

and we may also note the presence of two eyes, situated on the back of the neck. These latter organs are not of a very high order of development, but doubtless subserve the function of guiding their possessors in their marine flights.

It is very curious to observe, that, in the course of their development, the members of the higher class of the Gastropoda already alluded to, at one period evince a strange likeness to the form of our sea-butterflies. The young whelks and their allies first appear on the stage of life as little free-swimming bodies, which move through the waters, each by means of a pair of wing-like lobes which spring from the sides of the head. Observing such a form, we cannot but be struck with its close resemblance to the mature form of our sea-butterflies; a resemblance which is, however, wholly lost as the young gastropod advances further in its development to attain its adult stage.

The food of our sea-butterflies appears to consist of the more minute marine Crustacea, which with themselves, haunt the surface of the sea. Thus these small beings exist on organisms of still lesser magnitude. But in turn the sea-butterflies form a large proportion of the food of the largest of animals—the whales themselves. Drawn in myriads into the capacious mouth of the Greenland whale, with the floods of water which the great monster of the deep from time to time imbibes, the sea-butterflies remain entangled in the 'baleen' or whalebone plates of the jaws, and are thereafter swallowed as nutriment; and the species (*Lio borealis*, from this latter circumstance, becomes known to us under the popular name of 'whales' food.' Sea-birds also prey upon the butterflies of the ocean, which thus contribute largely to the support of much higher forms than themselves. In the Mediterranean Sea, on the Australian coasts, and in the Atlantic Ocean, the sea-butterflies also occur, but not in such numbers as in the far north, whither, to the very home of the Pteropoda, British enterprise has advanced on a noble mission of discovery.

Small as are all the existing representatives of the sea-butterflies, it may prove interesting to note in the last place, that, in past epochs of this world's history, several relatively gigantic members of this class appear to have been developed. In some of the oldest (Silurian) rocks, large shells of Pteropoda are discovered as fossils; one extinct species, known as *Conularia*, attaining a length of about a foot, and a breadth of fully an inch—dimensions these, of giant kind, as compared with the shells of living sea-butterflies. And in more recent rocks, the small delicate shells of our living *Cleodora* and *Hyalæa* may be found in a fossil state; proving thus to us the ancient ancestry of the existing 'butterflies of the sea.'

TATTOOING EXTRAORDINARY.

The following very extraordinary account of tattooing is from an American newspaper, the *Bridgeport Standard*, Connecticut, of May 30th.

'At ex-mayor Barnum's residence we this morning saw a wonder of tattooing on the person of Captain George Costentenus, a descendant of a noble Greek family from the province of Albania. His statement is that while he, together with an American and a Spaniard, was mining in Chinese Tartary in 1867, a rebellion arose, and the three joined

the insurgents. Ill-luck coming to their cause, they were taken prisoners, and subjected to the tattooing process for three months, as a punishment, in lieu of having their heads cut off. He says that the process causes such terrible pain that it required six men to hold him while one performed the operation. After it was completed all three escaped from the prison; but the American only survived five or six months. The Spaniard lost his eyesight, and died in Manila; but Captain Costentenus survives, and is in good health. The tattooing was done with indigo and cinnabar, producing blue and red colours, and there is not a single point on his body which is not covered with these colours, so that it is impossible to discover what was the natural colour of his skin except by his ears and the soles of his feet, which are the only parts they did not cover with tattoo. He appeared at first sight as though he was clothed with very close-fitting tights made of a shawl or of very soft fine druggat. Upon a close inspection, however, it is seen that he is entirely naked, and that the apparent tights are an illusion. Moreover, his whole person is found to be covered with a great variety of animal figures, with their names most ingeniously and skilfully printed into the cuticle. On the forehead are animals and inscriptions, and on the face star-like figures. On the hands are numerous red points and figures resembling sculptures, as well as long-tailed panther-like shapes. On the neck, chest, abdomen, back, and extremities the skin is a mass of symmetrically arranged and admirably executed figures of monkeys, tigers, lions, elephants, peacocks, storks, swans, snakes, crocodiles, lizards, mingled with bows, arrows, leaves, flowers, and fruits; on the palms of the hands are indescribable figures; and little figures are on the inside of the fingers. On the upper side of both feet to the toes are blue points, and from the toes to the nails are red lines. Altogether there are 387 tattooed pictures on the entire body—on the forehead, 2; neck, 8; chest, 50; back, 37; abdomen, 52; upper extremities, 101; lower extremities, 137. The captain is certainly one of the greatest human curiosities ever seen. He has travelled in all countries except America, and is attracted here by the Centennial Exhibition. He spoke English, French, Spanish, and Italian this morning; and he understands the Arabic, the Persian, and several other languages. He is about five feet ten inches high, has a superb physique; his hair is straight, jet black, and glossy. To the touch his skin has a soft velvety feeling, and it has so much the appearance of being clothed that he might walk through the public streets without any one suspecting that he was not dressed in tights. We understand that Mr Barnum has engaged him to travel with his great show at a salary of one hundred dollars a day, and that he will make his first appearance in Providence.'

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A TORNADO ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Our steamer had touched at Memphis, Tennessee, on a sultry evening in June 1858, and having discharged freight and taken on passengers, we put out, and headed up river under full steam. To enjoy the time and scene more perfectly, I had drawn a chair to the front rail of the veranda-deck, and sat in a lotus-eating frame of mind gazing at the magnificent panorama which every bend up river unrolled before the eye. The glorious flood of the Mississippi upon which we were now sailing, swelled as it then was by the great 'June rise,' caused by the melted snows of the Rocky Mountains, rolls down in majesty towards the sea, giving in its course two thousand five hundred miles of navigable water, and colours the Gulf of Mexico for sixty miles from the Belize with its milky hue.

I was chatting with a gentleman who was engaged in the Santa Fé trade, when suddenly there fell upon us a thick darkness, preceded by a spattering of large rain-drops. I should rather say that we were enveloped in a thick blackness, as if the scene had been almost instantly veiled by a velvet pall. The next moment, and with a roar and thunder-crash so terrible, so deafening, as to almost suspend the action of the heart, a tornado was upon us. Pushing back my chair involuntarily, I felt the deck cant up to starboard, so as to unseat me; and scrambling toward the weather-rail, I heard a terrific crash through the hurricane-deck overhead, as the two great smoke-stacks (or funnels, measuring some twelve feet in circumference) were broken off close to the upper deck, their strong iron stay-ropes snapping like hempen cord, and the entire upper works of the vessel strained out of position.

The rain had become a blinding deluge, the roll and crash of the thunder deafening, and the horrors of the scene rendered more awful by the rapid flashes of sheet-lightning which momentarily lighted up the tumultuous river, now raging like a mad whirlpool. Fearing that the whole upper works of the boat would go by the board, I crawled to the larboard stairway leading to the hull-deck, and

proceeded to pull myself down, which it required all the strength of desperation to do, against the solid force of the wind; but on gaining the lower steps of the flight, I found a group of the deck-hands, and the mate (a herculean man of iron courage) urging them with terrible oaths to do something which he wanted done, but which their wild terror rendered them powerless to execute. Some four or five of their number had been blown overboard and lost, and the remainder were now deaf to anything but an impulse to cling for dear life to something or anything, in the darkness and terrors of the time.

The conviction instantly flashed on me that, in the event of the vessel going down, there would be no chance for life in my then position; so, lifted rather than crawling up the stairway, I regained the cabin deck, where, on my hands and knees, passing round the larboard side, I came to a door-way leading into the saloon. Entering this, I found everything in confusion, the furniture being all displaced. But the pendent lamps were still alight, and the relief of being able to see was very great, though counterbalanced by the feeling, that at any moment the whole cabin or boat might heel over and be swallowed up in the maddened river. I crawled into my state-room to secure a life-preserver (two of which were in each berth); and on coming out saw, seated against the lower side of the cabin, one of our passengers—an invalid far gone in consumption, who had been in California, and was now returning home to die. He sat calm and collected amidst the outcry and wild confusion that prevailed throughout the saloon, and addressing me, asked if there was another life-preserver there.

'Yes,' I replied, 'there is.'

'Will you give it to me?' he continued, 'as I'm not well able to help myself, and the folks here are so mortal skinned, I can't get any of them to do me that favour.'

Returning quickly to the state-room, I procured a life-preserver; and handing it to him, asked hurriedly, whether he would take his chance in the cabin, or if I should help him outside.

'No,' said he; 'I'm obliged to you; but look out for yourself. I'll stay here—it can't make much matter now.'

Passing out on the door I had entered by, I felt my way forward to a ladder-way leading up to the hurricane-deck; my idea being, that if the boat heeled over, I would be in a better position there, as not being liable to be caught by any top-hammer in her going down. On reaching the opening to the upper deck, I found that one of the smoke-stacks, in falling, had crashed through a portion of the steering-house, and lay partially over the aperture through which I had to pass—the space left being barely sufficient to allow the forced passage of my body; this I essayed. Having succeeded with difficulty, I lay flat in the vicinity of the texas, as the cabins on the upper deck appropriated to the pilots are called.

I had been in this position but a few minutes, when, with a splintering crash, the larboard wheel-house was blown into atoms, as if it had been paper; and at the same time the pantry on deck below was smashed in—its contents making a din which was audible above the storm—and gave the idea that the machinery of the boat had given way. A vivid flash of lightning shewed me a twenty-foot ladder lying a few yards aft, towards which I drew myself; and pulling off a black silk handkerchief from my neck, I tied my left arm above the elbow to the last rung, in order that, if carried down by the swirl of the boat, the ladder would help to bring me to the surface, even should I lose my hold. Another flash of sheet-lightning, and I saw a man at the other end of the ladder, and he seeing me at the same instant, shouted: 'How long before she goes down?'

I shouted back to him: 'The wheels are still in motion: she may reach shore without going over—keep cool. Is the ladder free at your end?'

'Yes,' he answered, as I felt him try it.

'We'll know our fate in five minutes,' I added, and neither of us spoke again. Oh, those five minutes! never have I passed such in the course of a long diversified life, and I trust never shall again.

I had tried in vain to get off my boots and coat, the blinding rain and the force of the storm preventing a successful effort; and as I lay with quickened breath, expecting the instant climax, there was a dull heavy thud, that made everything shake, a bright flash of light from the lower deck, as the furnace-doors were flung open, and above us we saw the steep clay bank and dark outline of the forest trees of the Tennessee shore, against which we had been driven. I instantly began to free my arm from its lashing, but the silk handkerchief having strained, made it difficult to unloose its knot. While so engaged, I saw the man who had hold of the other end of the ladder, dash wildly across the deck towards the top of the starboard wheel-box, evidently intent on jumping from it to the steep and crumb-

ling bank which now overhung us. Not being yet free, I could not rush to stop him, so, shouted with all my might: 'Don't jump!' But not hearing, or unheeding me in his terror, he sprang, and was lost. Getting loosed at last, I made my way quickly to the lower deck, where a terrible scene of tumult and confusion presented itself. The open furnaces gave abundant light, and the boat was held against the bank by the force of the wind, but was being slowly moved down stream with a grating motion, influenced by the current. The captain and crew, with many of the passengers, were in a group on the forward deck; the former, silent and quite unmoved; but the mate—with no clothing on him save a red flannel shirt, the sleeves rolled above the elbow, and pantaloons thrust into a pair of long cowhide boots, his thick hair hanging in drenched masses about his face—rushed forward with a broad axe in his hand, and in a voice which rang above the din of the elements, shouted to the crew: 'Stand by, every man of you! I'll ent down any one who don't do as I tell him. Get out a plank here; go ahead with larboard wheel; up with that plank—up with it!' he roared, as a long stout plank was run up at a sharp angle to the top of the bank. 'Bring a rope!' he continued; and seizing an end of it when brought, he took one of the most active of the crew, passed it with a double half-hitch round his body, under the arms, and thrusting him forward to the deck-end of the plank, shouted: 'Six of you here, stand by this plank, and keep it fair.' Then addressing the man with the rope, he said: 'Up with you, and make that rope fast on the bank.'

'I'll never be able to get up that plank, Mr —,' said the man, hesitating.

'Up with you!' shouted the mate fiercely, at the same time pushing him on to the plank, up which, thus urged and helped, he scrambled on hands and knees, ever and anon slipping in his effort. 'Pay out! slack the rope, one of you; bring a pole here!' shouted the mate; and seizing it when handed to him, he pushed it up after the man. 'Put one foot on the pole; grip hard; look alive! You'll do it!' he cried, as all eyes were bent on the poor fellow, who was doing his best to obey orders.

Notwithstanding the help of the wheel, the boat was all this time drifting, and there was great difficulty in keeping the plank from swaying or being overturned as it passed along the uneven edge of the bank. Once or twice the man was all but turned off from his perilous position, saving himself only by clasp of both arms and legs; but at length he won the top, and scrambled on shore amid the cheers that involuntarily burst from all present except the mate, who grimly shouted: 'Shut up! Pay out the rope; look alive, you up there; make fast!' and presently there came back from the bank above the cry: 'All fast, sir.' The rope being now secured on the boat, we lay steady; and the tempest, which had been

moderating for some minutes, passed away almost as suddenly as it had come upon us.

The sky was as it seemed unveiled, and we could now see our position clearly. We lay on the east shore, opposite the southern point of Flower Island, and presented a pitiable appearance of wreck. The hull was safe, and had been partly prevented from overturning by its heavy cargo of sugar hogsheads; but mainly by the heroic action of our pilot, who stood to his wheel faithfully throughout the fearful ordeal, and succeeded in keeping her head to the tempest, which, had it taken her broadside, would have inevitably capsized her. I will here describe the pilot and his action. In person he was a thin, delicate-looking man of about thirty years of age, a native of Nashville, Tennessee, of a silent habit, and the cast of his thought tinged by a deep but quaint seriousness. I had spent a good deal of my time on the voyage in the steering-house, and became much interested in him; the more so, as I could not but see that he was suffering from consumption. He felt and spoke as if his life would not be a long one, and was given to speculate on the existence which lies beyond the stars. He was in charge of the wheel when we were struck by the tornado; and I append his account of the circumstances as narrated to me that night.

When I sat with him in his cabin, and he had so far recovered from exhaustion as to be able to converse, he said to me: 'I had headed her out to pass close by Flower Island, and cut off the bend, as well as to escape the current which sets into it; when I saw the storm coming, and had only time to pull the wheel hard down, so as to bring her head to it, when it became so black that I couldn't see, and thought I had been stricken blind by the lightning. She didn't come up quick enough to the helm; and the next thing I knew was the breaking of the smoke-stacks, the larboard one falling on the steering-house close to me, and smashing it right down to the deck, the remainder of the light work of the house being blown away; and I had to turn my back to the wind as much as I could, to catch my breath. I next heard the wheel-house go; and when the pantry was blown in, I *did* believe she had burst up. I began to feel my arms giving way from the strain, but I knew that if I *let that wheel up a point*, she'd go right over; so I got my feet jammed against the wheel-frame, and held on like grim death until she took the bank; and when she did strike, I was so fastened on to that wheel, that I couldn't let it go for some time.'

I asked him how he felt, and what he thought at the time. 'Well,' he continued, 'I *felt* that it was all up with us; but I *thought* just of one thing, and that was, to hold the wheel hard down until we struck. Well, when we did strike, and they threw open the furnace-doors below, and that I found I was not blind, I felt good; but was so played out by the excitement, that I could scarcely crawl down to my cabin, all energy seeming to have left me when I let go!' Such was the account of this brave and modest man, who, had he been less heroic, would have endeavoured to save his own life by leaving the wheel, although in so doing he would almost certainly have lost it and also those of all on board. And here I may say that his was but an instance of the courage, devotion, and faithfulness which have at all times distinguished the pilots of the Mississippi, one of whom, not long before, had stood at his wheel

when the boat had taken fire, and held to his post until he had beached her, whereby the lives of all on board were saved except that of the heroic man himself. Like the famous James Maxwell, he remained faithful to his charge, and was burned to death, though he might have saved himself by jumping overboard, had his soul been compounded of any less noble element than that which impelled him to sacrifice his own life to save those of the passengers.

We had not been moored more than half an hour, when a great portion of the bank against which we lay 'caved in,' and falling on the guards of the ladies' cabin, carried them sheer down, depositing some fifty tons of earth on our lower deck. All hands, crew and passengers alike, had to turn to at once and clear this off, so as to right her. It was a work of great labour, and had to be done in a hurry, as we feared another 'slide' might take place. When we succeeded in getting her on an even keel, the mate gave orders to cut the mooring-rope, and let her drift until we reached a safer bank. This was done; and about a mile down stream we came to a woodyard, where we tied up, to repair damage and count loss. As to the former, we found, in addition to the broken smoke-stacks, that the whole upper works of the boat had been wrenched from position, one wheel-box gone, most of the deck-cargo lost, and rudder strained. As to loss of life, some five of the deck-hands and three passengers were missing.

By the afternoon of next day, we had so far repaired damages as to continue our voyage, but had to organise relays of the passengers, forming gangs, which 'stood by' with buckets of water passed up from below, with which the showers of sparks, which were continuously poured out by the stumps of the smoke-stacks, were extinguished as they fell thickly over the hurricane-deck. A thick fog fell as the sun went down, and being off duty, I had gone to my state-room, and lay down to rest. Being much exhausted, I fell asleep almost immediately, and had been so for about an hour, when I was suddenly thrown with violence out of my berth, and heard at the same instant a general crash. As soon as I recovered my senses, I thought that the boilers had burst, and rushed into the saloon, where the tables, chairs, panel mirrors, &c. were strewn promiscuously on the floor, and the passengers rushing wildly about asking what was the matter. Picking my way quickly out on the forward gangway, I heard a great hubbub on the lower deck, the voice of the mate rising above the din: 'Starn all! full speed! man the pumps there,' &c. Going down, I found that we had run full speed head on against the bank, the fog being so dense that you could not see anything a rod off. The consequence was that we had bent our keel, sprung a leak, and were making water very fast. The pumps were vigorously plied; but after an hour's hard work, the carpenter reported the leak increasing. Here again the resourceful judgment of the mate came to the rescue. He got the greater portion of the sugar hogsheads taken up from the hold, and placed one half away ast, and the other well forward, and thus, as he said, 'straightened out the back-bone of the darned thing;' the result being that in two hours we had pumped her dry, and went upon our way rejoicing, reaching Cairo that night. At that point I left the boat, to proceed to St Louis, while she

went upon her voyage up the Ohio ; and as I stood on the landing-stage and saw the extent of the damage she had sustained, I had a realising sense of the force and fury of the hurricane, which had so nearly proved fatal to all on board.

F A L L E N F O R T U N E S.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—BEREAVED.

WHAT change happens to those who have cast off this mortal coil, He only knows who has put it for a brief span upon us ; but it can hardly be much greater than that which befalls the living whom the beloved ones have left behind them.

To know they have departed,
Their voice, their face, are gone ;
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet know we must live on,

is an experience that transcends all others in this world. The vacant chair in the household that has been knit together in bonds of love, has all the sacredness of the altar, and ten times its suggestiveness. For the time it seems as though the sun had vanished from the skies and all was dark. The home has lost its charm, and is more hateful, because more full of bitterest reminders, than any stranger's roof. We weep, we plead, we beat against the gates of heaven, to call the lost one back—in vain. What is wealth, or health, compared with that which yesterday we thought but a common blessing, taken as a matter of course, treated as though it would remain with us for ever, and now is gone ! O cruel Fate ! un pitying Arbiter ! O Worker of Desolation and Despair !

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
says one,

Than never to have loved at all.

It may be so, but that is too hard a saying for us even to understand, much more to derive comfort from it ; for the love of the departed one was a portion of our very selves, the spring of our every action, the theme of our deepest thought, and he has left us for ever. It is idle to tell us we shall meet again. What consolation is it to the child who weeps and clings, when sent from home for the first time to school, that there will be holidays at midsummer ! And we are in worse plight than he, for we are not sure—the very best of us are not quite sure—that there *will* be holidays. And if there be, what change will not be wrought in us. We may be children then no more ; and he too that has gone before may be unrecognisable. 'Death is common.' 'All is for the best.' 'It is the will of God.' Ah, well ! these trite sayings may be offered to us with the best of intention, but do they *always* bring with them Peace and Comfort !

Think of the Nook in Sanbeck, with the snow without, and the pale corpse within ; the orphaned girls and Tony, well nigh penniless, well nigh friendless, with their helpless charge, but one day old. There are tens of thousands in the land in worse plight than they ; and tens of hundreds, rich in this world's goods, who complain that they have no object in life, and devote themselves to Ritualism, Exeter Hall preachings, or old china, in default of it.

The man who had killed Mrs Dalton was poor Mr Marks, the butler at Riverside, who had

thoughtlessly wrapped around Mr Mudie's books that fatal *Times*; but he was after all but the immediate cause of her decease ; she would have died any way—so Dr Curzon said—in bringing that new life into the world. For weeks she had dragged on with a breaking heart ; consumed with unutterable apprehensions upon her husband's account ; uncheered by hope ; and laden with anxieties for her children's future. 'If she ain't gone to heaven, sir,' observed old Margate in confidence to Dr Curzon, 'there ain't no such a place.' An observation worth a good many beaten-out and attenuated remarks to the same effect, which were made by others on the occasion.

They laid her in the sunniest spot of the little God's-acre ; the purest embodiment of good it had ever known ; and many a genuine tear was dropped for her from eyes unused to pay such tribute. Dr Curzon was deeply affected, and Mr Campden also. Kind Jeff, whose coming down from town for such a purpose was stigmatised by a certain lady as 'a most ridiculous act of extravagance,' was among the mourners, and wept almost as bitterly as little Tony himself. The two girls accompanied the body to the grave, as likewise did Mrs Campden and her daughter.

'I would go much farther than to Sanbeck churchyard,' said the former, 'to shew my respect for the memory of dearest Elith ;' and there is no reason to doubt her word ; though there would probably have been limits as to distance.

She meant to be kind after her fashion, but she was certainly not judicious in entering as she did upon the material aspect of their affairs with the poor mourners on the very day on which their mother had been laid in her grave. Her daughter and herself had returned with them to the Nook after the funeral ; while her husband and the doctor, with Jeff and Tony, were taking a walk towards the mere, when the melting of the snow during the previous week—one of sunshine and comparative mildness—enabled them to do. 'It is so much more easy for men to escape from disagreeable scenes than women,' as Mrs Campden justly observed ; although she might have added, that certain scenes disagreeable to all men are not so to all women. We do not mean to say that Mrs Campden absolutely enjoyed her visit to the Nook upon the present melancholy occasion, but without doubt it had some pleasing features for her. It was an occasion that in many senses—could be improved, and she was fond of improving an occasion. Without exactly putting herself in the place of the girls' 'natural protector'—which would have involved something beside privileges—she was in an undeniable position for offering advice, if not for absolute dictation ; and for playing the patroness as far as that game could be played for 'love.' As their only kinswoman, she had really succeeded to some authority over them, and Kitty, at least, was willing to admit it.

'My dear girls,' said she impressively, 'you have a right to look to me in future—for counsel ; and God willing, it shall never be denied you. Your dear mother's death has in no respect altered your position in my affections, unless it be to make you dearer to me. I am sure my Mary feels the same.'

'Kitty and Jenny both know that, mamma, without my telling them,' said Mary brusquely. She had a consciousness, quickened by a certain

expression in Jenny's eye, that this speech of her mother's was not quite what it should be, or at all events, that it was not very warmly appreciated.

'My dear child, in a solemn hour like this, one should not only think but speak the words of cheer. It has pleased an inscrutable Providence to deprive your cousins of their natural guardian; indeed, there is only too much reason to fear, of both their parents. They are unhappily also left but slenderly provided for. Under these circumstances, it behoves those who love them to speak with tenderness, yet with decision. It is impossible at their age that they should know the world, or what is best for them to do in the world; and it is my duty to tell them that in reality their choice is very small. Even with the experience of their good mother to aid them, they have found it hard, I fear, to make both ends meet; and they will find it still harder now.'

'Do you call these "words of cheer," madam?' inquired Jenny suddenly, with the air of a person who asks for information.

'They are words of truth, at all events, my poor girl,' answered Mrs Campden pityingly, 'as you will surely discover; though, indeed, I was not addressing myself so much to you as to Kate.—Well, in this your extremity, as I may truly call it, a friend has unexpectedly proffered his aid.'

'Mr Holt, I suppose?' said Jenny coldly.

'Yes; it is Mr Holt, Jane; though I don't know why you should suppose any such thing,' answered Mrs Campden reprovingly. 'You have no claim upon his good offices, so far as I know, in any way. Yet only consider what he has done. From the moment that that dreadful paragraph appeared in the newspaper which has already worked such woe—poor Marks is quite broken-hearted about his share in the matter, and I hope it will be a lesson to him never to act without thought, as long as he lives—I say, ever since these miserable tidings came to England, Mr Holt has been moving heaven and earth to get your father's insurance money paid.'

Kitty started to her feet. 'What! is there, then, no hope?' cried she.

Jenny trembled in every limb, but remained silent. Her courage was greater than that of her sister, but her strength was small.

'I fear that there is very little hope, Kitty,' said Mrs Campden quietly. 'We must not disguise from ourselves what has really happened. The ship is many weeks behind its time, and has been already "written off"—I believe that is the phrase—at Lloyd's; and then there is this shattered boat picked up belonging to it. The *Flamborough Head* is painted on it. Nothing can be more morally conclusive. On the other hand, there is a difficulty about the payment of your father's insurance by the *Palm Branch*, because his death cannot be substantiated. Mr Campden could tell you all about it, because he is a director of the Company, but he naturally feels a delicacy in talking of it. From his very connection with the matter, his lips are in a manner sealed.'

'Why?' inquired Jenny.

'My good girl, I wish you would not speak so brusquely. It is positively startling. You must really get out of that curt manner, which is the reverse of conciliatory. Of course I don't mind it myself, that is to say seriously—but others may take objection to it; and under present circum-

stances it behoves you to make no enemies, but all the friends you can. The reason is surely evident enough why my husband, being a director, and indeed the chairman of the *Palm Branch*, can take no steps that may prejudice its interests on behalf of a personal friend. The Company has for the present refused to pay, and in the meantime money will be wanting to you for a hundred things—for what has happened to-day, for one. Forgive me for alluding to matters that must needs give you pain; but this is no time for false delicacy. Well, you want money at once, and for the present the *Palm Branch* will not pay the sum to which you would be entitled if the fact of your father's death could be established. Under these circumstances, the kind friend of whom I speak has offered to advance you whatever may be required.'

'That is very generous,' said Kitty softly.

'The advance would be made on the security of the insurance,' observed Jenny.

'Well, yes; of course it would. But if your father is alive, the loan is lost, for where is he to find the money to repay it?'

'Then in that case Mr Holt would be giving us the money, would he not?' continued Jenny.

'Yes, indeed; and there are very few persons, let me tell you, who would make so noble, so large-hearted an offer.'

'Let us hope there would be also very few persons who would accept it, Mrs Campden.'

'Jane, you must be mad!' cried Mrs Campden angrily. 'Kate, if you have any influence with your sister—for it seems I have none—I do trust you will exert it for her own benefit. She does not understand her position.'

'You are wrong there, Mrs Campden; thanks to your plain speaking—a duty, as you call it, in which you have never failed since our misfortunes began—it is quite impossible that any one of us could misunderstand it. Kitty, of course, will do as she thinks proper; but for myself I do not take one shilling of this man's money either as loan or gift. I would starve first.'

'My dear Jenny!' cried Mary with a little scream; 'pray, don't say such dreadful things. Mamma always exaggerates, you know; things are not so bad'—

'Be quiet, Mary,' interrupted Mrs Campden very sharply; 'you are talking like a fool. If things are not so bad with your cousins, it is only in the sense that they are not so bad as they may be. It is impossible to imagine a darker future than awaits them, should they decline this opportune, and I must say most delicately offered aid. Fortunately, the decision does not rest with Jane, but with Kitty. She is the house-manager, and knows how matters stand; and with the debt for her mother's very funeral hanging over her head'—

'Stop, stop!' pleaded Kitty pitiably. 'Do not talk of that to-day, I entreat you. Give me time—a few days at least—to think over what you have said, and then you shall have my answer.'

'You will do as you please, my dear, of course,' replied Mrs Campden, with a pitying smile; 'though why you should hesitate even for a moment is inexplicable to me. However, so be it.—And now I have a proposition of my own to make, which has the merit, at all events'—here she threw a meaning glance at Jenny—'of being open to no misconstruction. It is my intention for the present, at all events—to provide for the

little baby. It is strong and healthy enough, Dr Curzon says, notwithstanding its somewhat premature arrival; so that a wet nurse is as unnecessary as it would under the circumstances be unjustifiable; and our lodge-keeper's wife, Mrs Hardy—who, it seems, had a great affection for its poor mother—has consented to take charge of it. We have plenty of cows, you know'—

'O please, Mrs Campden, I couldn't do that,' interrupted Kitty decisively. 'The baby is the greatest comfort we have left to us. It is never out of my arms or Margate's, and she understands all about it quite as well as Mrs Hardy. The milk is as good here too as at Riverside'—

'My dear child, that is not the question,' put in the other emphatically. 'The question is, do you get the milk for nothing? Why, of course you don't; and therefore to keep the baby would be an act of extravagance.'

'My dear mamma, I never heard of a baby being an article *de luxe*,' said Mary, smiling.

'Very likely not; but your cousins are unfortunately in a position to feel it as such,' returned her mother gravely. 'It is not as if you would be separated from the child by any distance, Kitty; and then when you come over to Riverside, you could always see it. And if it was seriously ill, I should take care to let you know, of course.'

Poor Kitty's face had been growing longer and longer throughout this speech; for the baby was inexpressibly dear to her, as well on its own account as on that of her mother, of whom it seemed to be a portion. Jenny could find forgetfulness of her miseries in reading and writing; but for herself, the soft snoozie little form she rocked to sleep upon her bosom was her only cure for the headache. When Mrs Campden talked so calmly of its being 'seriously ill' miles away from her, Kitty shuddered.

'Indeed, I could not part from the baby, Mrs Campden; 'it is almost the greatest treasure I have left in life; and I don't think,' added she with a faint smile, 'it is a very expensive luxury.'

'You know your own affairs best, my dear,' answered Mrs Campden coldly. 'I meant nothing but kindness by my offer.' And she rose, and pruned down her black silk and crape, in sign of light. 'We have put up our horses at Farmer Boynton's, so that no unnecessary expense should be imposed on you; and I do hope you will be as considerate for yourself, Kitty, as your friends are for you. You understand what I mean. Now I do trust to hear from you to-morrow or the next day that your foolish scruples with respect to the offer of our common friend have been overcome.' She kissed Kitty as she spoke; but Jenny had already betaken herself from the room, and Mrs Campden perhaps was not displeased at the circumstance. She was not so indifferent to Jenny's brusqueness as she affected to be; the plain speaking on which she piqued herself was very unwelcome to her in others; and besides, Jenny had a habit of quietly ripping up her satin speeches, and showing the seamy side of them, which made her particularly dislike that young lady. Of the baby, on the other hand, Mrs Campden took a gracious leave; the woman's heart must be had indeed that does not warm to a baby; and yet its infant charms by no means so intoxicated her as to warp her practical good sense.

'It's a dear little baby,' said Mary; 'is it not?'

as she and her mother crossed the bridge towards the farm.

'Yes, indeed; and healthy too; though, under the circumstances, one can hardly wish that it should live.'

'Fie, mamma, how you talk!' returned Mary, not a little shocked. It was creditable to her to have retained her susceptibilities so long; her mother's honest speech and high principles still gave her rather 'a turn' occasionally.

'Well, the point is, what is the poor little creature to live upon?' returned the elder lady. 'Even when Mr Dalton's insurance money is paid, there will hardly be enough for three months, much less for four. I suppose you don't wish your papa to be saddled with the maintenance of a second boy for all his life?'

'Well, that does seem hard upon us, certainly,' answered Mary, her thoughts reverting to Jeff with some disfavour.

'Of course, it would be hard—in fact, it is out of the question; and yet you say (rather disrespectfully, I must needs remark), "How you talk, mamma!" when I say it is no charity to hope the child may live.—If the carriage is ready, I shall not wait for your father: it will do him all the good in the world to walk home; and I am sure the accommodation at the farm is not at all what our horses are accustomed to.'

In a few minutes the carriage drove by—close to the new-made grave—with the two ladies sitting in it alone.

ABSURDITIES OF MODERN CREDULITY.

Those who are labouring, either as individuals or in social institutions, to raise the level and improve the tone of life among the mass of the people, are repeatedly confronted by disheartening evidence that gross superstition, ignorant credulity, still exist amongst us to a lamentable degree. Even comfortable farmers with their wives and children, small shopkeepers in country towns, and working men and women in large towns, are to be found among the dupes of fortune-tellers and witch-finders; albeit servant-girls are the most numerous victims. Whether, through the agency of School Boards and Board Schools, education will reach down deeper into society than it does at present, the next generation must shew; but nothing less than mental improvement, whether given by schools, by healthy literature, or by other agencies, will cure the evil. To prove that we are not overdrawing the picture, it will suffice to give a few jottings so recent in date as within the last ten years, mostly derived from authentic police reports.

At Madeley in Staffordshire, in 1867, a man went into a neighbour's house, and there found a child troubled with severe cough. The father had delayed sending for a doctor until he had tested the efficacy of a remedy which he declared had never failed. This remedy or charm consisted in cutting a few hairs from the part of the patient's head where it joins the neck, placing them between two thin slices of bread-and-butter, and giving them to a dog to eat. Resisting his neighbour's expostulation at such an absurdity, the father of the child administered this delectable sandwich to a dog; if the animal had sickened, a doctor for the child would have been sent for; but as Rover did

not seem to care much about it, the invalid was left to recover without medical aid.

At Stratford-on-Avon, in the same year, a whole family held firm to a belief that they were visited by beings of very exceptional character—sometimes a human creature carrying his head under his arm; sometimes a headless being that descended the chimney; sometimes a headless couple that tossed the beds and the inmates about, and made havoc with the furniture. Neither ridicule nor serious talk could shake them in this belief; they declared themselves to be bewitched, and that relief could only be found by drawing blood from the person supposed to be the witch. Unfortunately for her, the foolish people suspected a woman named Jane Ward, who lived a door or two off. The father pounced upon her one day, held her firmly, and cut her face with a knife. The family professed to be at once relieved by this mode of breaking the spell; they all slept well that night, which they declared they had not done for some time previously. Jane Ward of course did not approve of such an extraordinary proceeding; and the magistrates committed the man on a charge of cutting and maiming. If the memory of Shakspeare has refined his birthplace, this refinement certainly had not reached the family in question.

About the same period, the law had to mete out justice to an evil-doer in Devonshire, who had met with a dupe of almost incredible silliness. A labouring man at Modbury, whose wife had an attack of paralysis, believed that she was 'ill-wish'd' by some one—apparently a modification of the old belief in the 'Evil Eye.' Having heard of a woman at Plymouth possessing magic power, he went and sought her out, as a means of ascertaining who was the ill-wisher. The 'wise woman' was equal to the occasion. She told him that his wife would have to 'see the planets' and to gather certain herbs in the churchyard for twenty-one nights. Moreover, certain powders were to be burnt in the fire, one in the morning and one in the evening, and the ninety-first Psalm was to be read during the burning; a 'skin' was to be worn round the neck, put on for the first time on a Sunday. A piece of parchment was given to him under the name of a 'charm,' bearing cabalistic signs or hieroglyphics, with a few sentences—'Whosoever beareth this sign, all spirits will do him homage;' 'This sign against witchcraft, putrid infections, and sudden death;' 'Whoso beareth this sign need fear no foe;' 'This is a sign against witchcraft and suicide and evil demons.' The foolish man lent a willing ear to all this; and as he had saved a little money, he became a welcome dupe to the wise woman, who fleeced him to the extent of more than four pounds. As his wife became more 'ill-wish'd' than ever, or at anyrate more paralysed, his eyes were opened a little; he told his grievances to a magistrate, and imprisonment with hard labour was allotted to the wise woman.

In the fashionable town of Tunbridge Wells, a married woman, touched with jealousy, went in 1868 to ascertain whether a fortune-teller could confirm her suspicions. The fortune-teller, an old man, replied in the affirmative, undertook 'to bewitch the other woman' by burning a certain chemical; and money was given to him to buy the chemical. The wife, on returning home, and

being attacked with rather sudden and severe pains, suspected that the man had bewitched *her* instead of the other woman. This absurd idea led to a charge being brought against the man for wrongly bewitching; but the magistrates resolved it simply into a case of obtaining money under false pretences, and punished him accordingly.

The same year presented an incident at Newbury, strikingly illustrating the proverb that 'A fool and his money are soon parted.' A countryman lost his watch, and consulted a 'cunning woman' about it. She undertook, for a fee of twelve shillings, to shew him in a glass the man who possessed the watch. On the silly noodle giving her the money, she brought a sort of birlage glass, and requested him to look in it; he did so, and saw 'something that looked like a man's whiskers, but no face.' He paid a second visit, and gave her money to buy some 'stuff' at a chemist's. The 'cunning woman' went to his house next day, took tea with him, told him that the person who had the watch was 'very hard-hearted,' and demanded nine or ten shillings wherewith to buy some more 'stuff.' Another day came, and with it a demand for more money, which the dupe gave; and so on until forty-five shillings in all had been thus transferred. All the instructions she gave him was 'to keep at home till midnight, when the man who had the watch would bring it.' Of course the watch never made its appearance; and the only consolation for the Berkshire man was to get the 'cunning woman' punished for fraud.

A married woman at Cuckfield in Sussex, being affected with some malady which her friends could not understand, imputed it to witchcraft. A 'cunning man,' who had a 'book of necromancy,' was consulted. His book told him that a charm must be tried at midnight preceding the Sabbath, the planets being favourable. The cunning man and the friends of the sick woman met secretly, provided with some new pins, which were stuck in certain positions; something was burned, jargon read out of the book, ejaculations uttered in a commanding tone, in the expectation that an invisible witch would be driven up the chimney. Prying neighbours, however, spoiled the charm; and the woman's illness had to be attended to by a medical practitioner.

A mixture of witch-credulity and spiritualistic-credulity shewed itself in a singular way, in an advertisement which appeared in one of the journals devoted to that class of subjects. 'A gentleman being bewitched by a hired man-witch in his immediate neighbourhood, hired and avowedly paid during thirty-five years a fixed sum of money yearly by miscreants for his criminal services . . . would be glad to meet with any Medium who might be able, by spectral sight, by clairvoyance, or by trance, to afford such clue as might identify the said man-witch.' Poor gentleman! his mind was evidently thrown off its balance by some one of the brain-diseases which now occupy so much of the attention of thoughtful physicians.

A delusion, at once sad and ludicrous, took hold of a Devonshire youth a few years ago. He was subject occasionally to epileptic fits, and anxiously sought for preservatives from his malady. On one occasion he was known to stand outside the parish church, and collect a penny each from thirty unmarried women, wherewith to purchase a ring to wear as a charm against fits!

In 1870, a woman in Barnstaple market-place was suddenly attacked by an old man, who scratched her with a needle, drew blood, and exclaimed: 'You have had power over me long enough, and now I will be revenged!' The aid of a magistrate being obtained, the old man declared that he had suffered affliction through her for four years, that he had had four complaints upon him at once, that he had lost fourteen canaries and about fifty goldfinches; and 'more than a hundred persons' had told him that he would get rid of all his troubles if he could only 'fetch' the blood of the old woman. He was rather disconcerted at being punished for adopting this singular mode of disenchanting himself.

The belief in a mysterious power attributed to a corpse by some old superstitions is almost incredible. At Bewdley, in the year just named, a man was found drowned in the Severn. When the inquest was over, a woman came, bringing with her a boy afflicted with many unsightly wens on the neck. She begged permission to draw the boy's hand nine times over the deceased man's throat, in order that, as the body decayed and wasted away, so might the boy's wens! The chief constable (rather unwisely, we think) acceded to this strange request. About the same time a Suffolk man died of typhoid fever, and superstition led to deplorable consequences. An old 'wise woman' persuaded a neighbour, whose son was afflicted with some disease, to submit the diseased part of the boy's body to the touch of the dead man's hand. The typhoid was communicated to the poor boy, from him to other members of the family, and from them to the neighbours; several deaths occurred, and the village long remained in a tainted state.

Two young girls went to consult a Berkshire fortune-teller in 1871. She shuffled a pack of cards, made a mighty fuss with them, and declared that they revealed the word 'London'; that one of the girls would obtain a good situation there, and then marry a widower; that the other would fare even better, and be married to a gentleman with plenty of money. She induced both girls to obtain goods from tradesmen in the town, and bring them to her house, also wearing-apparel, promising that she would send these articles to them when they reached London. The mother of one of the silly dupes detected the fraud just in time. It was only a case of fortune-telling cheatery, but it shews in how many forms this stupid credulity manifests itself.

In the same year, a well-to-do farmer at Hechester, a shrewd man of business, was troubled with a strange fatality among his cattle. Believing that they had been 'overlooked' by a witch, he applied to a 'wise woman' to remove the spell. Acting on her advice, he heaped up a pile of fagots around the body of the animal that had last died, buried the carcase, and pronounced over it an incantation she had provided. A veterinary surgeon was also called in. The remainder of the herd recovered; but the farmer and his neighbours attributed the good result to the 'wise woman' rather than to the surgeon.

In 1872 the Dorset magistrates had to try a 'cunning man.' He had undertaken to cure an epileptic idiot boy, and secured the poor parents out of nearly twenty pounds in eighteen months—partly for supposed benefit to the boy, partly to charm away an evil spirit which the father

believed himself to be haunted with. The wife was more credulous even than the husband, and was the chief agent in holding interviews with the knave, and paying him money.

At Payhembury, in the neighbouring county of Devon, an instance occurred in the same year of fatal results flowing from the depression of spirits consequent on witch-belief. A young married woman made acquaintance with 'a white witch' during a visit to Taunton. After her return home she told her husband and friends that she had been 'overlooked' by the witch; she became nervously depressed, and ended her brief career by drowning herself. We are not told whether any good result followed the exhortations of the coroner to the jury, to 'do their best to disabuse the minds of their neighbours of this ignorant superstition.'

On one particular Monday morning, in 1874, the pitmen at Bedworth Colliery, Warwickshire, obstinately refused to descend the pits; they roamed idly about Bedworth all day, losing a day's wages (and in all probability spending something additional for drink). The reason assigned was, that the 'Seven Whistlers' had been heard during the preceding night in the neighbourhood, and that this always presaged some colliery disaster. Whether these Whistlers were birds, ghosts, or devils, the pitmen did not know, nor could they be certain that the number was exactly seven; but they had heard the cries, and that was enough. In a recent article on 'Mysterious Sounds' we endeavoured to shew that the sounds produced by these 'Whistlers' proceeded from birds flying overhead during their migrations.

One more example, and our budget shall end. Its date is so recent as December 1875. One day, an aged woman at Long Compton, Warwickshire, was returning with bread from a baker's shop, when a man ran up to her, and wounded her so severely in the leg with a hay-fork that she died the next day. The man had for years entertained a belief that fifteen or sixteen witches in Long Compton, whose names he gave, had bewitched him, and interfered with his work. The superintendent of police told the coroner and jury that many of the villagers believed in witchcraft, and that the older women were those on whom the accusations of the bewitched mostly fell. The misuse or misinterpretation of the Bible is often noticeable in the conduct and half-crazy reasonings of these superstitious folks; the man pointed to three verses in Leviticus, and one in the Acts of the Apostles, to shew that he was justified in killing the poor old woman who had 'overlooked' him!

Baron Bramwell, who tried the prisoner in the case just adverted to, and who believed that superstition had driven the man half out of his wits, 'hoped that something would be done to disabuse the people of a belief in witchcraft.' Good; but we fear this improvement will be tardy unless the intelligent middle class can acquire more real influence with the humbler and ignorant class than they seem at present to possess.

The longer the publication of this article is deferred, the more numerous (apparently) would be the available examples of these mingled displays of credulity and rognery. While we are now writing (June 1876), the country newspapers tell us of a case which came before the magistracy.

A young woman complained that she was 'overlooked' by a witch; 'a cunning man' undertook, for a fee of three shillings, to write out a 'curse,' the uttering of which would kill the witch. The fee was paid; the curse was written and uttered; but the witch, somehow, refused to die; and so the silly girl made public the broken promise of the cunning man.

DASHMARTON'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER IV.

ALFRED HARVEY reached his father's house in the High Street of Meldenham town just in time for the two o'clock dinner. It was a quaint old-fashioned High Street, with gables and bow-windows and tall roofs and massive chimney-stalks arranged in picturesque confusion. But the house of Robert Harvey, ironmonger and dealer in agricultural implements, was a plain up-and-down construction of dull red brick, with two mean-looking shop-windows below, filled with articles of iron-ware, mostly swathed in their original brown-paper coverings. Times and seasons made little difference in the dull heavy appearance of Robert Harvey's shop. Certainly as haymaking-time came on, the doorway would bristle newly with a kind of *cherche de frise* of scythes with fierce shiny beaks protruding from their swaddling-papers, and great bundles of whetstones, calculated to make the sharp beaks sharper still. Summer, too, had its loads of reaping-hooks, about which knots of Irish harvest-men would gather critically. Then autumn with its hop-picking would bring forth its bundles of sharpened crowbars, known as 'pitchers,' its bill-hooks for cutting the bines; and its curious crooks—like the queer implements one sees in the Tower for rooting up the earth-bound poles, and locally known as hop-dogs. But even these changes brought no attractive features; and he must have been an inveterate idler, or a persevering searcher for knowledge under difficulties, who stopped to give a second glance at Harvey's shop-windows.

But you would do the man and his business a great injustice if you went away with the idea that they were dull and unimproving. Behind the stolid brickwork and the comfortable commonplace dwelling-house were spacious yards crammed with implements, from the lordly steam-plough to the humble chaff-cutter. Large salerooms too, bright with electro-plate, and stocked with everything that housekeepers could desire, from a two-pronged steel fork to a massive epergne that would grace an alderman's dinner-table. Indeed, Robert Harvey was an alderman himself, and could shew a good service of plate on occasion, and a good dinner to serve thereon. But he was not an ostentatious man, and loved the little darksome shop that had been the foundation of his fortunes, and did not disdain even now to don the black holland apron sometimes, and serve little urchins over the counter with hap'orths of tin tacks or pen'orths of gunpowder, as the case might be.

Robert Harvey was in his shop, as it happened, when his son drove up, and came out to the door with his hands beneath his apron, to greet him, and criticise his equipage in a sarcastic and yet prideful spirit. Alfred always drove a good horse, and his dogcart was of the slimmest and neatest description; and with bright brass harness, gaily

coloured rings, and glittering appointments, his animal made the old dingy shop look dingier still in contrast.

'Well, old man,' cried Alfred to his father, descending, and leaving the dogcart in charge of the toothless old porter, who grinned a delighted recognition of the young master—'well, old man, how are you? And how's mother?'

'Middlin', Alfred, middlin'. Better than she has been, but not so well as she might be. And how's yourself?'

'All right,' replied Alfred; 'but hungry—hungry as a hunter. Dinner ready soon, I hope?'

'Yes, I fancy there'll be a bit of beef and puddin' going on up-stairs presently,' said the old man, following his son through the shop into the house. 'Your mother'll be glad to see you, my boy, for she's been worrying a good deal about you.'

Mrs Harvey was a short puffy woman, who suffered a good deal from shortness of breath, spasms, and other uncomfortable ailments, and who bore upon her face something of the martyr air—suffering tempered with resignation. Anxious, too, was she always and troubled in her mind. Her ordinary temperament was not a joyous one; but in every depth she was skilled to find a lower still; and when she was confessedly 'low' in spirits, she developed and threw out an amount of gloom and depression that was sufficient to infect a whole parish with melancholy.

Dinner was just coming up, and with it an assemblage of young men from the shop and warehouses, so that Mrs Harvey could say nothing confidential to her son at that moment. She sighed over the potatoes and mourned over the Yorkshire pudding, shook her head dolorously over the decanter, and ate ostentatiously nothing. The young men and apprentices swallowed their dinners hastily and decamped one by one. When the last one had gone, Mrs Harvey burst into tears and rose to leave the room.

'Why, what's the matter, mother?' cried Alfred. 'Don't go on like that. Stop and have a glass of wine, and make yourself cheerful.'

'No, my dear boy, my dear deluded boy, there's no good cheer for me,' she sobbed, and left the room.

'Your mother's a good deal put out of the way, Alfred,' said Robert Harvey, briskly moving his chair round to the fire, and taking down a long clay-pipe and a black bottle from the cupboard—'a good deal worried from what you said the other day about that gal of yours. Come, draw up your chair, my boy; there's wine there, if you like it; for myself, I always stick to my gin-and-water, as you know.'

'What call has she got to worry herself about me?' said Alfred, lighting his briar-root pipe, and standing discontentedly by the high old-fashioned chimney-piece.

'Well, she do, Alfred; and it ain't unnatural, I must say. Me and your mother has worked hard all our lives to scrape and save and get a bit of property together, and we don't want to see it squandered. Now this gal of yours comes of a lot who've been spending their money all the time we've been saving; and she ain't a fit wife for you, let alone her not being of honest parentage, as one may say.'

'You've no right to say that, father,' retorted Alfred warmly. 'There wasn't a man more respected when he died than John Dashmarton;

and if he was behind-hand when everything came to be settled up, why, there's many a man as holds his head high enough in the world as would turn out the same. Besides, am I to turn my back on the girl I like, even if her father had proved over such a rogue?"

"Ah, but she was in it, Alfred, my boy; say what you like, she must have been in it, and known all about it."

"Father!" ejaculated Alfred, striking his fist against the mantel-shelf—"if you weren't my father, I should say you lie. There isn't an honest, truer girl in England than Lucy Dashmorton."

Robert Harvey smiled sardonically. "I happen to know a bit about the ins and outs of the business," he said. "And this is how I come to know it. The clerk that Dashmorton employed to help him with his books came to me the other day and asked for a job. 'Why, I thought you were with the Chilprunes, and looked for life,' I said, because I knew they took him on when John Dashmorton—well, when he died. 'Oh,' says the young fellow, 'they kept me on till I'd told 'em all I knew, and then gave me the sack.' So I gave him a job; and he's told me since a good deal about the matter. And I believe that gal was in with her father, and has fingered some of the money too."

"And what ground have you for saying so, father?" asked Alfred coolly, although his face had turned pale with passion.

"Well, this among others. Of course they couldn't trace all the money that Dashmorton embez—well, borrowed, if you like. But the very day before he died he drew a heavy cheque on the bank—six hundred pounds. That was when he knew the new auditor was coming down. Well, a hundred of it went in the town small bills, and so on; to give the man his due, he was punctual with his tradespeople; but the other five hundred he drew in one note; they got the number of it from the bank; and that note has not been presented yet at the Bank of England."

"There's nothing wonderful in that."

"Well, those big notes don't stop out long, as a general rule. Besides, if he'd made a payment of that sum, his books would shew it; for they say too that his books were well kept, and right to a farthing."

"Then what you want to make out is"—

"That the young folks have got a purse somewhere, and that the five hundred pound note's in it. They'll have to look sharp too, for the note's stopped.—Have you seen this in the paper, Alfred?"

The father pointed out in the newspaper the advertisement of the warning to bankers and others not to change the note. Alfred said nothing, but took out his penknife, and cut the slip out of the paper.

"It was a wonderful thing how John managed to go on so long," said Harvey senior, relighting his pipe, which during his long recital had gone out. "All the books were right, as I've said before, except one, and that was the pass-book, the banker's pass-book. John had two of them; one for the bank and one for the auditor. Well, old Partridge when he came down took the pass-book—that one shewn him—for gospel, sees the

balance so much, writes down his initials W. P. alongside it, and walks off to dinner with his friend John. Well, when the new man comes down, the first thing he does is to walk into the bank and ascertain the balance. John knew it was all up then."

"Ay, it was a bad business, a wretched bad business," groaned Alfred impatiently; "but all that has got nothing to do with my Lucy."

"But if it was proved against her, my boy, that she's sucked the money, what then? You wouldn't stick to her then?"

"No, I couldn't, then," said Alfred, with a sigh; "not if she were dishonest; but that's impossible. What's more to the purpose, father, is, she won't have me."

"Won't have you, boy?" said the father, half-pleased, half-vexed. "Come, that won't do, Alfred. She's hanging off a bit, to make you come on."

"I tell you I made her an offer this very morning, and she said No."

"Well, I'd never have thought that—never. You can't expect me to be sorry, Alfred; and still I don't like you being disappointed. But don't you be down-hearted; there's as good fish in the sea as ever were drawn out of it. A minx, a stuck-up minx! Then all the disgrace that's come upon her hasn't bowed her pride. Oh, it's shocking! Never you mind, Alfred; there's better things in store."

"That's all very well, father; but if you can't get the one thing you want, a hundred things you don't want are very little comfort to you."

Father and son smoked on for a while without speaking, Robert watching his son's face rather uneasily.

"I'm coming over to see you, Alfred, next week," he said, breaking the silence.

"Ah, what's that for?" asked Alfred.

"The sale, the sale of Mordieu."

"And what do you want there?"

"I'm going to buy it, that's all."

"You going to buy Mordieu, father?" exclaimed Alfred in surprise. "What do you want with Mordieu?"

"Perhaps to live there myself, perhaps to give it to you. Anyhow, I mean to have it."

"You will have to give a long price for it, father, that you certainly will!"

"D'ye think so?" asked Robert uneasily. "And why should I?"

"Because the Chilprune people mean to have it. It'll be put up at ten thousand; that's the mortgage; and the Chilprune estate will rise a thousand on that, and it isn't worth it. I wouldn't take that farm on a seven years' lease, and give three hundred a year for it. It might have been worth it once, but it isn't now. John took a rare lot out of it of late years."

"Then, I tell you, Alfred, that I'll give twelve for it, if it's necessary."

"Twelve thousand pounds! Why, you wouldn't get two and a half per cent. on your money."

"Ah! you young people don't know everything," said the sagacious parent, puffing sagely at his pipe. "I'll give twelve thousand rather than lose it, and I'll spring five hundred on that not to be beaten."

"Well, I think you're crazy, father."

"You do, do you? You'll be having me locked up in the 'sylum, next. The wise old man locked

up, and the mad young un running loose. Ha, ha ! Now, the fact is, he went on, suddenly becoming serious, 'if you'll promise me faithfully not to mention what I tell you, you shall know all about it. Honour bright !'

'Honour bright, father.'

'Well, you know, Alfred, I've done pretty well in London and Petersham shares. I'm a heavy holder, in fact. I bought fifty thousand stock ten years ago at twenty-five, and now they are a hundred and fourteen. What do you think of that, my son ?'

'Better than two and a half per cent., eh, father ?' said the young man, rubbing his hands. His father was generally scrupulously reticent on all financial matters, and although Alfred had a pretty good guess that he was well off, still this glimpse into the actual state of affairs was consoling and reassuring.

'Well, they wanted me to be a director not long ago ; but I'm not one to put myself forward, and I haven't had the edification quite to feel myself comfortable among all these great people. But, as Shakespeare says somewhere, I've done the company some good turns in my time, and they know it. Well, our chairman drove over the other day, and come and see me in my back-parlour. "Harvey," says he, "we're going to adopt your policy at last." "What's that, Sir Director ?" says I, forgetting for the moment what he was alluding to. "Why, the direct Meddenham line," says he. "Not a word about it," he says, "to any soul ; only you're one of the oldest and staunchest of our shareholders," he says, "and you are the only one out of the board of directors that has a hint about it." But that's what it will be in less than three years' time, a direct London and Meddenham line, and trains running the distance in an hour and twenty minutes.'

'And a jolly good thing for Meddenham.'

'Yes ; it will be a good thing for Friddenden—and it will be not a bad thing for Friddenden, Master Alfred. First-class station there—express brings you down in an hour from London. Eh ! what do you think of that ? 'The line has all been surveyed—that was done years ago for a bill that fell through—and it runs right along the edge of Mordieu, taking a nice little slice—at a nice little price—eh, & ye see ?'

'Ah, yes ; but they don't give the fancy prices they once did. It's something added to the value of the place, but not overmuch.'

'But what do you say, Alfred, to cutting up the estate into building lots ? Beautiful sites for villas. Bless you, I've had it in my head for ever so long, and I've planned it all out.'

'You aren't going in for building, father ?'

'Stick me in the 'sylum right out if I do, Alfred,' replied the father, laughing. 'No, no ; your father's not such a silly. Sell 'em the land, my boy, and make advances on the carcuses ; get other people to build 'em, and then walk in and take possession at half their cost—that's the game, my boy.'

'Oh, that's the way you rob your fellow-creatures, is it ? Well, thank God ! you made me a farmer, father.'

'It's all for you, Alfred—all for you,' said the old man, rubbing his hands. 'But don't you go squandering it away, and marrying gals as only know how to spend it.'

Alfred made no reply to this ; and his father soon gave signs of sinking into his customary after-dinner nap. This would last till four o'clock, when the old gentleman would wake up, and walk briskly down to the counting-house to look over the books and into his letters. Alfred yawned dolefully and went out, taking a walk down to the river, and watching the barges and river-craft. 'How nice it would be to have Lucy down here,' he thought to himself ; 'the time wouldn't hang heavy then. But I'm sure she'll never hit it with father and mother.'

The week following Alfred Harvey's departure passed on, as far as Lucy Dashmarton was concerned, in eventless but restless despondency. Every hour of the day and night had its pressure of wearing, ceaseless anxiety. She was obliged to work hard in her school, and that was her least unhappy time ; she could lose herself for a while in what she was about. But the old misery settled down upon her at every leisure moment.

Streeter, or the man who bore that name, had not made his appearance since, in Friddenden. Indeed, it was hardly likely that he would be again employed in a matter in which he had been so hoodwinked, especially as his person and mission were manifestly known to those over whom the watch was to be kept. But from some other quarter, no doubt, danger was imminent, and the longer delayed, the greater it seemed to be. If they searched her house at this moment, nothing would be found to compromise her ; but at any time Alfred might send back the book, and then the old difficulty would arise. True, she might destroy the note, which now seemed useless ; but that would be to cut off all hope for the future ; she could never do anything for Spiller then ; he would be lost altogether. She trembled to think of what might be his end if something were not done to extricate him from the mire. And then Lucy had knowledge enough of the matter to see that they could not effectually stop payment of the note. She could not pass it, nor any one connected with her, without great danger ; but in innocent hands, the Bank must pay it if it were presented. So that she had only to wait—to watch and wait.

Mrs Whitwick called once during the week, and brought Tresilian with her. But she was cold and strange in her manner, and asked Lucy all kinds of questions about her affairs and those of Spiller ; questions which Lucy resented, and would not answer. Tresilian was inclined to flutter round her like the moth about the candle ; but he had a firm Mentor at his elbow, and the next piece of news that Lucy heard was that he had gone off to his eligible curacy, to live in the vicarage, which was to be furnished for him in a sumptuous manner ; and that Mrs Whitwick was to spend half the year with him and half with her own husband. Tresilian did not venture to come and say good-bye ; but he sent her a copy of the book she had lost, with his best wishes and kindest remembrances.

Clearly, Tresilian had retired from the scene, and Lucy was now altogether deserted. It was better so—her disgrace would fall on herself alone—she would have no ties to wrench asunder, no friends to break with when the exposure came.

Meantime Alfred had staid out his week at Meddenham, heartily tired of the visit, and anxious to get back to his own place, where there was at least a chance of a daily sight of Lucy. But he had promised his parents a week, and he could not cut it short with any good grace. Besides, his father was coming back with him to stay a few days at the farm, and attend the sale of Mordien.

On the morning of departure, however, the old gentleman was suffering from a severe rheumatic attack that prevented his leaving his bed. He sent for his son, and after bewailing the hard fate that prevented his going to Friddenden to attend the sale, he confided to him the important trust of acting on his behalf and bidding for the property.

'Not more than twelve five, Alfred; and let's hope you'll get it for less. Don't seem anxious about it, but don't let it go. No, Alfred, not if you have to spring another five hundred or so. But nobody will be such a fool as to give as much as that, eh, Alfred?'

'Nobody but you, father, I should think,' said the son dutifully. 'There will be a thousand pounds or so wanted for the deposit, I expect, by the way, and I doubt if I have as much to my balance.'

'I'll draw you a cheque now, Alfred, and you can get the money here in Bank of England notes. There's no mistake about them, and they look respectable; but don't you go and make ducks and drakes with 'em, my boy.'

'Never fear, father,' said Alfred, smiling, and took his leave, calling at the bank on his way out of the town to cash the cheque. He took the money in hundred pound notes, crammed them into his greatcoat pocket hastily, and drove off, for the mare he drove was hot and fiery and would hardly stand a moment. It was a fourteen miles drive to Friddenden, through a pleasant diversified country, with arable and pasture, hop-lands and wood-lands succeeding and intermingling. The hop-gardens with their conical stacks of poles looked like the encampment of some great army. The copses, bare and silent, inclosed the fields in a misty purple setting, and the pale wintry sun gilded everything with a transitory glory, sparkling gaily on the frosted hedges, and setting the robins in the sheltered dells a-chiming out their flute-like winter notes. Altogether Alfred Harvey felt happy, and pleased with himself and all about him. He was going back home, and might happen to see Lucy on his way; he was not cast down at her rejection of him. He expected her to say 'No' some half-dozen times; but he was a persevering young man, and intended to win in the end.

Half-way to Friddenden there was an inn, where he stopped to give his horse some water and a mouthful of hay, and he took the opportunity of the stoppage to place his notes in a more secure receptacle. In feeling for his notes his hand came in contact with the book he had put there a week before. After he had disposed of his money in his breast-pocket, he pulled out the book to transfer it to the other side, and noticed that it was covered with glazed cloth.

'That's some of mother's nonsense,' he said; 'always covering up books, as if one was a school-boy with dirty fingers.' He tore the cover violently

off, and was about to fling it into the road, when some instinct of carefulness restrained him, and he contented himself with thrusting it into the vacant pocket. Then the title on the back caught his eye. '*The Education of the Future*,' he said to himself. 'How did I come by that! It was *On the Treatment of Clay-lands* when I put it in my pocket. Has it got my name inside it?' He looked to the fly-leaf, and saw 'Lucy Dashmarton' inscribed thereon.

'Bless her! I've taken her book away instead of my own,' he said, kissing the volume in an access of enthusiastic devotion. 'What a capital good job! It will be a famous excuse for me to call and see her, going home;' and he touched up the mare in higher spirits than ever.

ARTISTIC ERRORS AND ANACHRONISMS.

IN the works of some of the greatest painters, curious and startling anachronisms occur. In their representations we frequently find objects introduced long before the period of their existence; and to bring out an effect, historical truth has been in many cases ignored. In this respect, Raphael d'Urbino was a great transgressor: he introduces a hewn stone step into 'The Expulsion from Paradise;' and a book bound in the neatest possible modern manner into 'Elymas the Sorcerer struck Blind.' A host of other artists appear to have believed that the Virgin Mary was in the habit of studying a mass-book, and that the Hebrew kings wore robes similar to those of Henry VIII.

That there is nothing new under the sun, is a maxim the broad truth of which will be conceded by most men; but when Albert Dürer goes so far as to introduce a tent bedstead, a commodious cooking-range, and an array of china candlesticks, surmounted by modern-shaped candles, into his 'Birth of the Virgin,' the spectator is not unnaturally inclined to doubt whether the painter was altogether justified in his creations.

When buttons were invented is a problem that very probably cannot now be solved; but it is a question whether they were used in the days of Isaac. Silvio Mannig, however, evidently thought such to be the case; for in his picture of the sale of Joseph to the Ishmaelites, the coat of one of the brothers is not only fastened, but even decorated by their means. Lucas van Leyden, too, was bold enough to put a chignon on the head of Joel, the wife of Heber the Kenite; and not content with this, he surmounted the edifice with a beautiful coal-scuttle bonnet of straw. Salvator Rosa is another trespasser in the matter of head-dresses. An exquisite work by this master represents the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; but the whole effect is spoiled by the presence in the background of some jaunty spectators in slouch hats and flaunting feathers. Van Dyck himself represents one of the Apostles in sea-boots in his picture of 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' which is now in the National Gallery; and Paul Veronese paints some Italian peasants in felt hats and plumes calmly contemplating the Adoration of the Magi. Agostino Carracci, in a picture of 'Tobias anointing his Father's Eyes,' puts the two men in shoes; and N. Poussin, in his celebrated 'Passage of the Red Sea,' introduces Roman armour of the time of the Emperors, regardless of the well-ascertained

fact, that the Egyptians about the days of the Hyksos did not indulge in metal armour at all. In one of Raphael's best works, the Transfiguration monopolises the upper part of the canvas, while in the lower portion the man possessed with an evil spirit is being simultaneously healed; and in a Flemish painting of some note, several corpulent boors, with clay-pipes in their mouths, are gazing in wonder at David, who is carrying the head of Goliath. Indeed, the history of the Poet King is made a frequent medium for anachronisms; for in another picture of the Death of Goliath, the giant wears no armour except a plumed helmet; and in a third, David is hurling at his adversary a rough stone instead of a pebble. At his subsequent triumph, according to yet another painting, David is received by Greek maidens in front of an Italian building surmounted by flags, while two pyramids in the background vainly do their best to lend harmony to the scene.

Abraham has been shamefully treated by his illustrators. A Spanish artist represents him as about to shoot Isaac with a pistol; and the patriarch is almost always represented as a man of not more than sixty years of age at most. A very common anachronism is the introduction of Italian architecture into Eastern scenes. Claude, for instance, in his 'Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba,' and Bono of Ferrara in his 'Jerome in the Desert,' do so; and examples might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Claude, in the 'Embarkation of Saint Ursula,' also introduces ships of the type in use at the middle of the seventeenth century; and Boccaccio Boccaccino, in the 'Procession to Calvary,' fills up his background with a fine broad river covered with shipping, in spite of the well-known fact that nothing of the sort exists near Jerusalem. How the disciples, in Raphael's 'Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' managed to preserve their equilibrium in the very minute boats to which the artist has treated them, is a mystery; and why Claude should have celebrated the marriage of Isaac and Rebecca in front of a waterfall that might almost vie with that of Niagara, is a riddle that will probably never be solved.

The illustrations to Newton's Bible, which was published in 1771, contain some curious errors and anachronisms that are little known. Solomon is being anointed under the shadow of a pyramid; and the destruction of Dagon takes place in a building very similar in appearance to St Paul's Cathedral in London. David is singing before the Ark from a scroll that is conveniently held in front of him by a winged but legless cherub; and Sapphira dies in the street. In a picture representing the death of the lying prophet, the dead man wears a coat and trousers; and in another depicting Elijah and the priests of Baal, there is an altar, but no surrounding trench. Perhaps the most flagrant engraving in the collection is one of Daniel's Dream, which introduces four great beasts that do not in the least answer the description of them given in the text. Fortunately for the credit of the artists involved, all the pictures are anonymous; but some are known to have been executed by very eminent men.

A much cherished idea with the painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was that guitars and violins were in vogue at the time of our Saviour. Illustrations may be found in the works of Domenichino, Jean Belin, Cosimo Tura, and others,

but are far too numerous to be specified. Chello della Puera gives us a picture of a Madonna pouring some liquid from a richly chased vessel like a coffee-pot; Luigi Gigoli paints the aged Simeon at the Circumcision, in spectacles; and Brughel, in an 'Adoration of the Magi,' introduces an Ethiopian in a surplice, booted and spurred, who is presenting a model of a comparatively modern man-of-war to the infant Jesus. All these instances are so absurd and innocent that they require no comment; but one discovered in a Prayer-book published in the reign of William and Mary, is so very ludicrous, that it suggests a doubt as to whether it was not the work of a wag. The parable of the mote and the beam is the subject of the picture; and from the eye of one man a huge log of wood is protruding, while in that of the other is a very fine cascade. Probably the artist was afraid to risk his reputation upon still water, and therefore felt justified in turning the moat into a torrent in order to let people know what he meant. Another picture of about the same date represents a pair of copper scales falling from St Paul's eyes on his recovery from blindness; and it is not unlikely that the two curiosities owe their existence to the same inventive brain and cunning pencil.

In one of the churches at Bruges is a picture of the legendary marriage of Christ with Saint Catherine of Siena. Saint Dominic, in full canonicals, is performing the ceremony, and King David is complacently looking on and playing the harp. Carlo Maratti, in an 'Annunciation,' introduces a pair of scissors; and an unknown artist, representing the Impotent Man at the Pool of Bethesda, paints an angel with a very long pole vigorously stirring the waters of a very small pond until they are white with foam. Pietri di Cortone, in a painting which is now in Paris, depicts with great success the meeting and reconciliation of Jacob and Laban in the mountains of Mesopotamia; but the truth of the idea is rather hurt by the distant apparition of a church steeple. N. Ponsini's 'Deluge' with boats, and 'Saint Jerome' with an eight-day clock before him, are matters of history; and the picture of the boiled lobsters in the sea listening to Saint Anthony of Padua, is scarcely less celebrated. The catalogue of anachronisms in painting and drawing is, in fact, almost endless. Nearly every old book contains instances, and every picture-gallery is stocked with amusing specimens, provided the spectator will only take the trouble to look for them.

THE INDIAN CROW.

A STRANGER arriving in India is at once introduced to two of the greatest curiosities of the country. As his vessel slowly steams up the Hooghly, and almost before the Custom-house officer has come on board, her rigging has been invaded by at least one kite and two or more crows, all busily overhauling the deck, and scanning from aloft every nook and corner thereof with a keen eye to No. 1. Should any uncovered dish be incautiously conveyed from the galley to the saloon, its contents run a strong chance of being swooped off by a kite; and any droppings of food are as certainly pounced upon by a crow.

Leaving the vessel, the new arrival loses sight,

temporarily, of the kites; but on reaching his quarters, he is certain to re-encounter the crow, absolutely certain; wherever he subsequently travels, there he will find this amusing and omnipresent bird; and from the first, he cannot fail to notice, and be amused by, its audacious antics. On the morning after his arrival, let us imagine him seated in the veranda, discussing his first *chota hâ-ree* (literally, 'small breakfast,' a light and early meal universally taken in India). No sooner are the viands placed before him, than he will see two or three crows alighting on the veranda rails. Ignorant as yet of their tactics, he will quietly discuss his buttered toast, and perhaps introduce himself to the birds by throwing them little fragments thereof. Greedily devouring the inch, they quietly prepare to take the ell. Something calls him away for a moment, and he returns to find the thieves retreating with his toast or egg; and he sits down highly amused at their impudence.

Perhaps this scene occurs in his room, all the Venetian shutters of which are wide open. As he sits down to his meal, he will see a crow sitting on the top of the Venetian, and peering sideways and curiously into the room; and should he for a moment leave the table, he only returns to find his toast and the crow gone together.

Having thus generally introduced the Indian crow to our readers, let us proceed to describe his habits, character, and accomplishments.

Our friend rejoices in the learned name of *Corvus splendens*, and this designation has been evidently applied to him in derision, or perhaps on the *tuus a non tuendo* principle. The natives only know him as *kaw-wâ* (pronounced cow-wâ), and apparently name him from his caw. He is certainly in no way (except in genius) a *shining* bird, as will be admitted when I describe him. Take a rook, give him the curved beak of the raven, and the gray neck and eyes of the jackdaw, and you have a tolerable picture in size and colour of *Corvus splendens*, or, as he should be more appropriately called, *Corvus latro*. Our friend, though found throughout the Bengal Presidency—I may say throughout India, is not generally a gregarious bird, like the rook; you commonly meet him in families of from three to five individuals, and never, as a rule, at any distance from the haunts of men. I regret to be obliged to admit, that he prefers to live by plunder rather than by honest labour. Everything is fish that comes to the nets of those pillagers; they will plunder alike the stall of the *bunya* (dealer in grains and flour) or the butcher; they will gorge on sweetmeats or pilfer fruit; and eagerly will they tap the toddy pots hanging from the top of the palm; while with still greater gusto they will revel on the white ant when it swarms into the air as a perfect winged insect at the commencement of the rains. They will plunder the nosebags of horses, remain in close attendance on the kitchen, carry off young chickens from the fowl-yard, devour strawberries and tomatoes, await the daily shakings of the tablecloth, or carry off a greasy duster, and,

in short, be in constant readiness to carry off anything and everything.

They generally get the first pickings of carrion, and are always to be seen in the company of vultures when engaged in their sanatory operations. I have seen a crow deliberately sit on the back of a gorging vulture, and try to pull out of his beak a choice bit of carrion, the vulture being quite at the mercy of his agile tormentor. Frogs, the young of birds (except of their own kind, for 'there is honour among thieves'), mice, weak rats, and small and helpless creatures generally, especially the young of the squirrel, are eagerly carried off and devoured.

They are very fond of the cattle-tick, and in search of this pest you will see a crow deliberately climbing up a cow's tail, and carefully examining its root and neighbourhood for any hiding tick. Cattle generally value this partiality; and I have actually seen a cow lift its tail, as if to help the crow in its ascent. The neck and ears of oxen and buffaloes are also carefully examined for ticks.

Though possessed of such a bad character, the crow is universally tolerated as a comic pest, amusing alike to native and European.

A thief so accomplished must necessarily be wary and vigilant, and this quality is the only recommendation we can adduce on behalf of our friend. You may as reasonably hope to catch a weasel asleep, as to find a crow with his weather-eye closed; and this habitual wariness, even at night, often gives the alarm of danger. As the cackle of geese once saved the Roman Capitol from the thieving Gauls, so the cawing of crows has repeatedly given warning of the prowling thief or burglar. Crows will always announce the presence of, and try to mob any animal that goes abroad at unreasonable hours; thus they will mob the tiger or jackal, the owl or bat; and they invariably make an immense commotion on the appearance of a snake.

As a further illustration of the wariness of the crow, I may mention his thorough knowledge and immense fear of a gun. A crow will worry you in one of the many ways familiar to the tribe, and you will try to get rid of him by shouting and gesticulation. He will hop away a few paces, or fly a few yards, and then stop and look at you from both sides of his head. But point a gun at him, or even raise a stick to your shoulder, and he will at once fly in dismay, looking behind him all the time. This fear of a pointed stick seems to prevail with crows everywhere. But whence originated this mortal fear of a gun or stick? Believers in the theory would adduce it as an illustration of development, due, perhaps, to the presence of gun-using Europeans in the country; but then the crow at Dan dreads the gun or raised stick just as much as the crow at Beersheba, and it is quite possible that neither ever before saw a gun; and it is certain that there are thousands upon thousands of crows which have never seen, heard, or even dreamt of a gun, though equally certain that each one would exhibit the same dismay on seeing one.

As an offshoot of this wariness, let me notice the extraordinary confidence of the crow. I have frequently seen my little son run out to a collection of strange crows with some food in his hand; they would receive him in their midst, take the food scattered, and even try to rob him of it; but they would never allow me to be so familiar with

them, but would retire at once to a respectful distance. How was this? They confided in the young child, but dreaded the father, both absolute strangers to them. Reason was clearly here at work: they knew that the child was more artless than the man, and confided in him accordingly.

I have alluded to the teasing and worrying propensities of the crow; let me adduce some instances, which every Indian reader will endorse. During the hot weather, it is a common practice to sleep out of doors, and thus endeavour to secure the sleep denied in the stifling room. Towards the small-hours, the air generally cools a little, and sleep then steals over the tossing and weary frame, and daybreak finds you fast asleep: then it is that a crow will alight as near as possible, and awake you by his cawing; or if your bed is under a tree, he will rouse you by cawing, or by dropping twigs or other materials upon you. What is the use of shouting or throwing your slippers at him, in hopes of scaring him away? The mischief is done, and sleep has departed, and so has the crow, thoroughly satisfied with his cruel mischief.

A large astronomical telescope stood in the veranda of my study, in full view of my writing-table; now why should a particular crow delight in perching upon the tube of the instrument, cawing all the time, to distract me from my work? Why should he do this daily, and only cease when I rested an empty gun against the tripod? He had nothing to gain but the mere delight of teasing me. Perhaps a corvine apologist may say he was astronomically disposed, and wished me to tell him something about the starry wonders; but I scout this idea.

I have thus alluded at some length to the wariness and mischievous propensities of the crow; let me now adduce a good quality, notwithstanding his otherwise filthy habits and tastes. He is a very clean bird, and never goes without his daily bath, for which, if possible, he prefers running water. Crows are very fond of bathing in irrigation rills, and often vex the gardener by destroying them in the exuberance of their antics. They flock in crowds to a shallow river-side, and then afford a most lively spectacle. I have stated that crows are generally not gregarious, like the rook, and I will now illustrate the exceptions to the rule. In addition to their bathing assemblages, they have remarkable parliaments, which I have frequently watched in the distance with great amusement. These are always held in quiet out-of-the-way places, and *always on the ground*, and to them flock the brotherhood from all quarters. The proceedings are absolutely silent, and seem mainly to consist in small knots of individuals exhibiting their graces before one bird: they will hop round him in various attitudes, look at him first with one eye, then with the other; and all the while the central individual will be supremely indifferent to their attentions. Perhaps the proceedings will be varied by a disconcerted crow hopping to another group, there to exhibit his or her charms. This silent session will be maintained for an hour, and then suddenly break up with loud cawing; just as if the crows were being released from a disagreeable duty, and were rejoicing in their escape.

I never could make out what these assemblages are for: they are not amatory, for they occur as

often before as after the breeding season; and they are not judicial, for they are absolutely silent, and no results follow.

Crows are gregarious in the hour of danger: let one of their number be injured, and all the crows in the neighbourhood will flock to the spot, to help or sympathise, and evince their interest by loud caws. This peculiarity often gives occasion to a cruel joke at their expense; after some manœuvring, a crow will be shot, and instantly his brethren, now unmindful of the gun, will flock to the rescue, wheeling around with loud cries; and so solicitous are they, that two, and even three barrels may be discharged into their midst with fatal effect; and only then will they vociferously adjourn to the nearest tree, and thence pour out their torrents of corvine abuse. A milder joke consists in capturing a crow, and releasing him with a coloured rag tied to his leg. As usual, his brethren have assembled in angry numbers; but he is in no hurry to rejoin them; glad to escape at any price, he bolts away in the nearest direction, and perhaps one or two give chase, to ascertain all particulars; but there is no falling upon and snatching the liberated captive, who soon returns, rag and all, to his original haunts. The natives are very fond of running a feather through the nostrils of the crow, or stringing a cowry (a small shell, current as money) through them, and I have even once caught a crow on to whose neck a cervical vertebra of a camel had been forced. In each case the individual gets accustomed to the ornament, and his friends do not exclude him from their society. As regards the crow with the bony necktie, I had to break the ring with some force before I could liberate the animal; and then he departed rejoicing.

The crow is not gregarious in building; each pair builds apart, and pays but little attention to the structure or locality of the nest. Trees of all kinds are equally handy, and the proximity of dwellings is not objected to. Building operations are carried on soberly and noiselessly during the latter half of February and the whole of March, and the labours of incubation are mutually shared. I have ascertained as an undoubted fact, that crows, while incubating, leave their nests largely during the day; that is, they perch outside, keeping watch, but at night they sit closely. The same remark applies to sparrows, minas, and kites; and in corroboration of this, I will mention a singular fact. On one occasion I made a collection of eggs; and one day some crows' and minas' eggs were brought from a distance, and rather roughly, all huddled together in an earthen pot. They were placed in a drawer until I had leisure to blow them; but professional engagements caused me to overlook them. On the third day I heard mysterious sounds in the drawer, and on opening it found a young crow and mina chirping piteously. I tried hard to rear these strangely hatched birds, but both died. When the young—generally three or four—are hatched, the parents are indefatigable in their feeding attentions, and necessarily so, for more voracious nestlings can hardly be met with. Long after they have left the nest, you will meet a family, say on the high-road, the parents busily analysing any chance food, and the young birds clustering round them with flapping wings and gaping beaks, crying loudly for choice titbits, which are continually

being dropped into their mouths by their faithful parents. The enemy of crows during incubation is the koel, or Indian cuckoo, which chooses the nest of the crow for his nefarious purposes, as the European cuckoo generally does that of the hedge-sparrow. Consequently, the koel is invariably mobbed by crows whenever they come across it, although the imposed upon and bereaved parents nourish the changeling most affectionately. As the koel is smaller than the crow, its young one does not eject more than one or two young crows from the nest. It screams wildly while pursued by the crows, as if fully conscious of the punishment it deserves.

Crows are not at all amusing in captivity, and unlike their English congeners—the magpie, raven, and jackdaw—seem to lose all their cunning and knavery. I tamed one once; but the only faculty he exhibited was insatiable hunger combined with imbecility; the other crows seemed to despise him, although he flapped his wings imploringly to them; but they always helped themselves unresistingly to his food.

I let me now record some corvine anecdotes which came under my own observation. I was enjoying chota haizree with some friends on the *chubootra* (a masonry platform) just outside the veranda of their house, and a plated egg-stand was on the table. All this while, and unknown to us, a crow had been watching us from a closely adjoining tree; we had occasion to go indoors for a few moments, and on returning, found an egg and its cup missing. On inquiring, the *khudmatgar* (table attendant) said: 'Kāwa le giya'—A crow has taken it away. (Natives always ascribe breakages and pilferings to crows, as English servants do to cats.) Hardly crediting this, we were discussing the probability; when lo! the plated egg-cup came rattling down the tree; and the emptied egg-shell soon followed; and then friend crow slunk away abashed, as if detected. He enjoyed his egg all the same. On another occasion, an English dog of mine was enjoying a bone out in the open, and in close attendance were two crows, who made several futile attempts to pilfer the bone. At last, after a distinct consultation, one crow hopped off with dejected mien, and then, unconcernedly, approached the dog from behind. Suddenly he seized him by the tail; and the dog at once viciously snapped backwards, to avenge the insult. In a moment, the crow in front flew off with the bone, followed by its able ally; and so, like Mother Hubbard's disappointed pet, 'the poor dog had none.'

Here is an instance of how a crow was once outwitted. One day a young fish-alligator (gaviál), about four feet long, was brought to me; and I directed it to be placed in a small tank fairly stocked with fish. He evidently enjoyed himself; and in a month I was told that the tank was fishless. Shortly after, the hungry alligator was seen to seize and devour a puddly-bird (one of the egrets), which came to fish for frogs; and two days after, *mirabile dictu!* an unlucky crow which came to drink was seized and devoured. After this feat the alligator remained dinnerless for some days; but fortunately for it, the rains set in, the tank overflowed, and our saurian friend floated away to the Ganges.

I must conclude this account by describing the amusing pastime of crow-hawking with a bird

not much larger than the sparrow-hawk. As it is not allowed to kill, the crow is either captured or allowed to escape, none the worse for the encounter. On this occasion it was beautiful to observe the birds trying to outwit each other; the crow, never losing its presence of mind, dodged and counter-dodged the hawk, but without avail; and after an exciting aerial combat, it was borne to the ground, but only to renew the fight with 'beak and claw' until separated by an attendant. True to its salt, a brother crow came cawing on to the scene, to see what the hubbub was about (we were on a bare plain, miles away from the station), when it in turn was flown at by the hawk with the same amusing result.

Much more might be written about the Indian crow; but I think I have sufficiently shewn that it is one of the most amusing, most knowing, and most knavish birds in existence.

SONGS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

This popular English song was written by Henry Carey, about the middle of the eighteenth century. The air to which it was sung by INCELDON and other famed vocalists was that of a much older ballad, *The Country Lass*, now little known, but lately presented with some alterations in these pages. The following are select verses from the original song of *Sally in our Alley*, with a new concluding verse:

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
To give unto my honey;
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

And when my 'prenticeship is o'er,
I'll fondly marry Sally,
For then she's promised to be mine,
And with me quit the alley.
A joyous home of peace and love
Awaits my pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley

W. C.

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NARRATIVE OF THE WRECK OF THE *STRATHMORE*.

BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

THE *Strathmore* was an iron vessel of one thousand four hundred and ninety-two tons, and acknowledged to be as fine a ship of her class as ever left the port of London. Her commander, Captain Macdonald, besides being a worthy man, was an experienced and careful seaman. His first officer, Mr Ramsay, was also a sailor of the right type; but of the crew, generally, that could not be said, although there were some good men among them. We mustered a crew of thirty-eight, men and boys; passengers of the three classes, fifty-one; in all, eighty-nine souls. This was the clipper's first voyage, and our destination was Otago, New Zealand. The ship's cargo was principally railway iron; but along with other things we had candles and spirits, and a still more inflammable item, immediately to be mentioned. We left the docks on the 17th of April 1875, and dropped down the river below Gravesend to complete our cargo, by taking aboard twenty tons of gunpowder, which having been stored, all the arrangements for sailing were complete; and, heaving anchor, we bade farewell to England about midnight of the 19th of April.

We got very pleasantly out of the Channel, and, owing to the course we steered, we in a great measure avoided that handsman's terror, the swell of the Bay of Biscay. A head-wind now came on, which continued for a fortnight, driving us right across towards America. When that had ceased we had a fair wind, but so slight that at times we did not make more than a quarter of a mile an hour. After a time more fitting breezes blew; we had now somewhat settled down to life on board ship, the weather had become exceedingly hot, and we betook ourselves to such light amusements as suited the temperature; some to reading, some to whist and backgammon, others 'spinning' or listening to a yarn.

I and three friends occupied one cabin; Fred

Bentley, and two brothers, Percy and Spencer Joslen. Our meals were always welcome, agreeably breaking the monotony of life at sea. When we had been out about ten days the routine was rather unpleasantly varied by the discovery that the crew had broken into the cargo and abstracted a couple of cases of spirits. This might not have been so soon found out, had the knaves not got so helplessly drunk that they were incapable of work. For a day or two they were insubordinate, and the passengers had to assist in working the ship. This matter, however, blew over, and things fell into the ordinary course. So reckless were these men that they were seen (as we afterwards learned from a third-class passenger) in the vicinity of the gunpowder with a naked candle!

On the 20th of May we had a thunder-storm so terrific, that from its exciting effects some of the ladies were confined to their berths nearly all next day. To me and my companions it was a scene grander of the kind than we had ever witnessed in our northern latitudes. No ordinary language could describe it.

On the following day, May 21st, we were hailed by the *Loch Maree*, homeward bound, and short of provisions; latitude 4° 20' north. Our captain having supplied this ship with such stores as he could spare, we sent letters home by her. We were spoken by the *Borealis* on the 27th of May, and for the last time by the *Melpomene* on the 8th of June. We had this vessel in sight for two days.

Passing over the amusements incidental to crossing the line, nothing of importance occurred while proceeding in a south-easterly direction, till we had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and got fairly into the Southern Ocean. This vast expanse of sea, between latitude 40 degrees and 50 degrees, is dotted with several groups of small desolate islands, requiring to be shunned with all the care of the navigator. At mid-day of the 30th June we were eighty-seven miles from one of these dangerous groups, called the Crozet Islands; and running at the rate of six knots an hour, we expected them

to be in sight by next morning, the 1st of July. A good look-out was kept. But two circumstances baffled every precaution. There was an error in the compass,* and a fog settled down on the horizon; the result being that the captain believed we were ten or fifteen miles farther south than we really were. Hence the dreadful fatality that ensued. At a quarter before four in the morning of the 1st July, when in my berth, I felt the ship strike on one of these wretched Crozet Islands. I hurriedly dressed, and my friend Bentley went to warn the ladies, whom he already found up and hastily attired. The ship had got wedged in a cleft in the rock. This, our partial escape from destruction, appeared to us little short of a miracle, for had she struck a few feet on either side, our ship, good though she was, must inevitably at once have gone down. She hung by the fore-part, with a list to starboard, her stern being submerged in deep water.

Bentley and I with others made for the port-quarter boat, but we could not get it off the davits, as a sea broke over us and washed us forward to the hand-rail of the poop. All from the poop forward was now rapidly getting under water to midship. The captain, seemingly greatly distressed, yet with characteristic disregard of self, gave orders as to the boats, directing that the women should be looked to first; his chief officer, Mr Ramsay, another fine fellow, also doing all that was possible in the short time left to them. Unhappily for them and for us, the second or third wave that washed over the ship carried away these good men, all of whom were respected and lamented. A number of the people got into the port lifeboat, including Mrs Wordsworth (the only lady saved), and Messrs Bentley and Spencer Joslen. A sea came and took this boat off the chocks. She fell back and partly stove in her bottom, but rose and floated across the poop, and finally left the ship, to the wonder of every one, without capsizing. It was in endeavouring to leap into this boat that our poor friend Percy Joslen was lost. The gig, with others of the crew and passengers, followed in charge of the second mate; and after her the dinghy in charge of the third mate, about nine o'clock A.M.

To resume my personal experience. The boats left us going towards the rocks, which we saw in front of us about one hundred yards off, rising like a wall several hundreds of feet out of the water. I should have mentioned that, for the time, having parted company with Bentley, I, to save myself, took to the mizzen rigging. There I remained with others until daybreak, by which time the ship had gone under water, all but the fore-castle head. On day breaking, I got along the mizzen top-gallant stay to the main-mast; and from there, down the main-stay, to the roof of the deckhouse. There was a heavy swell, but every wave did not break over us. Several others scrambled to the same place. We then went on to the fore-castle.

Late in the afternoon the gig returned and took away five passengers whom we had not before seen, and who had been clinging to the mizzen-top.

* The error may have arisen from the proximity of the ship to the Crozets, whose rock-bound coast abounds in compass-detracting ironstone. Or, the compasses of the ship—which perhaps was not properly ‘swung’ before leaving port—may have been affected by her cargo of iron.

They went off, and we were left shivering in the cold, the lateness of the day rendering it impossible for the boat to return. We passed a miserable night. Our position was one of great peril, as we felt the vessel rising and falling with the flowing and receding wave; we not knowing but that the next wave would liberate and sink our ill-fated ship—as was the case a few hours after we left her. We had nothing to subsist on but a few biscuits, and were almost frozen by the wet and extreme cold. About ten A.M. of the second day, the gig returned, bringing back the hope of life which had almost left us. This boat took us all off, the last remaining being myself, another passenger, and nine of the crew. The sea had now become more calm, and we got to the landing-place, about a mile and a half to the south-east of where our ship had struck; this place had been discovered by the first boat; and a rope had been fixed to the cliff, by which we climbed up the rock.

As the morning of the wreck was nearly pitch dark and the incidents were too crowded, many occurred which did not come under my personal observation. Miss Henderson was swept from the deck by an early wave; her brother survived, to die a more lingering death on the island. Mrs Walker fell a victim to her maternal feelings, as she would not enter the boat without her child. It had been taken by the second mate, and placed in charge of the second steward in the rigging. One of the ship's apprentices, much to his credit, gave up, on request, a life-buoy to one of the passengers. Terrible as the circumstances of this sad morning were, it is surprising the outward composure that was maintained throughout. I did not hear even one scream from the women. Mrs Wordsworth shewed great self-possession. When all landed and collected, we found forty lives had been lost, including one entire family of ten. George Mellor, a third-class passenger, died a-hore of exhaustion the second night, and was buried in the sea.

Upon landing, I was regaled with a leg of a young albatross (of which and other birds there was fortunately a considerable store on the island) roasted; and after having been thirty hours on the wreck, I need scarcely say that I never tasted anything sweeter. A glance at the sterile rock on which the fates had driven us, and on which we were to live if we could for an indefinite time, shewed that, compared with it, Crusoe's island was as the garden of Eden. We were on Apostle Island, which, to judge by the guano-deposit, must have been the home of sea-birds for ages, and on which, very probably, the foot of man had but seldom if ever trod.

Before entering on the subject of our life on the island, it may be as well to give a brief account of the group of islands of which ours was one. The Crozet Islands are a volcanic group to the south of the Indian Ocean, lying between Kerguelen's land on the east and Prince Edward's Islands on the west. They take their name from Crozet, a French naval officer. Apostle Island, on which we were, was the largest of the reef of rocks called the Twelve Apostles, forming part of the group. Large and small, islands and rocks inclusive, are twenty-six in number.

We spent the first and second nights ashore very miserably, owing to the cold and damp. My first night—the second since the wreck—I, along with five others, lay under a rock; next night we all

got into a shanty which had been built, but we were so closely packed that it was not possible to sleep. Therefore next night, Bentley, Henderson, and I went back to the rock, under the ledge of which we slept for several weeks. Before we got more sheltered, by building up a wall of turf, we were sometimes, in the morning when we awoke, covered with two or three inches of snow. Little of any value was saved from the wreck; some clothes were got out of the fore-cabin; and a passenger's chest, containing sheetings, blankets, table-covers, knives, forks, spoons, and a few other things, was picked up on return to the ship by the life-boat. The boats picked up, floating, a cask of port-wine, two cases of gin, two cases of rum, one of brandy, one of pickles, some fire-wood, and a case of ladies' boots, which were not of much use to us; also a case of confectionery, the tins of which became very serviceable as pots for culinary purposes.

Two barrels of gunpowder also were found, and matches; also some deck-planks and other pieces of timber were secured, which were useful for our fires. When the wood was exhausted, we discovered that the skins of the birds made excellent fuel. During the night of the 31 July, the boats moored to the rocks broke away and were lost. This was greatly deplored at the time; but I consider it a fortunate circumstance, for, the ship having sunk, the only storage that would have been recoverable was spirits, which perhaps we were better without. And for another reason: with the boats we might have been tempted to visit, and perhaps remain on Hog Island, which appeared about six miles off. We should have had a greater variety of food there, and probably altogether less privations and discomfort than we were subjected to on Apostle Island; but we would have been more out of the course of ships going to Australia or New Zealand, so that our rescue might have been much longer delayed.

The want of controlling authority was soon apparent in our small community. There was no one capable of exercising that influence, which by judgment, firmness, and a sense of justice, supported by the well-disposed, would have kept in check the troublesome spirits, who, however, were a small minority. Disciplinary power being wanting, the turbulent element was on the ascendant for some weeks after our landing. At length matters subsided into comparative order; but there never was perfect confidence. It was found advisable, for the general advantage, that we should be separated into parties; subsequently, into as many as six squads. This segregation was effected by a kind of natural affinity in the combining elements.

Mrs Wordsworth lived for a considerable time in the large shanty, until a smaller one was given up for the sole use of her and her son. This lady was ill during nearly the whole time of our sojourn on the island, but bore the privations she was subjected to with great fortitude. Little could be done to alleviate the hardships she suffered; she received such attention as the limited means at hand afforded; and was throughout treated with general respect. For instance, when dinner was served, each man passed his hat for his share of fowl; Mrs Wordsworth's was handed to her on a piece of board.

A Bible had been saved, which was read aloud, and psalms sung from time to time with great

fervency; and early teachings, which had lain long latent, were revived with great force in their application to our present condition. These readings had a peculiar solemnity when we were laying our dead in their graves. The emotions thus produced were with some probably transient, although at the time heartfelt; with others the impressions may be more lasting.

We found our island to be about a mile and a half long by half a mile in breadth; no wood grew on it, indeed a considerable part of it was bare rock; the rest of it was covered with rank grass, and an edible root with a top like a carrot, but not in any other respect resembling that useful esculent. We found this of great service to us, as it was our only vegetable, and grew plentifully; we ate the stalk at first, and afterwards the tops only; sometimes boiled, sometimes raw. It has been said that he was a brave man who first ate an egg; if that be admitted, I think some claim to courage may be made by our quartermaster 'Bill,' who, notwithstanding some warning jokes, first tested this plant, very much to our future benefit.

We were also fortunate in discovering an excellent spring of water, somewhat impregnated with iron, but imparting a quality which I believe was very favourable to our health. In our frequent and very necessary ablutions we used, in lieu of soap, the yolks of eggs and birds' livers; some made use of their blood for the same purpose, which I did not much incline to. When we landed on the island there were about two hundred of the albatross young and old, and notwithstanding the warning of the Ancient Mariner, we killed many of these fine and, to us, useful birds. We agreed, however, not to meddle with the eggs, that we might in due time have the benefit of the young birds. There were several hundreds of 'gray-backs' (Knot), a very few small white pigeons, sea and land ducks, and lots of 'whalers' (Ivory gull) and divers—birds about twice the size of a sparrow. These make their nests in the ground, about a foot or two deep. Mutton-birds were found for many months; they also make nests underground, but are rather more particular in selecting dry spots. They are about the size of a small hen, black feathered, and coated with fat, which, even raw, we considered a luxury. The molly-hawks (Fulmar petrel) came in about the middle of August: there were several hundreds of them. As soon as one lot was killed others came in; in all, there must have been five thousand, if not more. The first penguin was killed by the cook, I think on the 29th of September; only a few were seen within the next three days, but every day after that they came in hundreds. There must have been from time to time fully a million of these birds. We killed upwards of fifty thousand without making any apparent impression on their numbers. The albatross, which had left, returned to the island before we were taken off. This fine bird, that 'holds its holiday in the stormy gale,' I had heard say was fourteen feet in the expanse of its wings; but we had specimens on our rock that were seventeen feet from the extreme points of their extended pinions. Captain Carmichael (*Linn. Trans.* vol. xii.) says that the great albatross raises no nest, but merely selects some cavity for the reception of a single white egg; whereas those on our island raised a very fine high nest. It

nourishes its young by disgorging the oily contents of its stomach. The cock-bird comes to land first, as it were to select the spot for the hen-bird to deposit the egg; which, when laid by the hen, he sits on for days, while the lady-bird goes to sea.

The penguin, which feeds its young in the same way as the albatross, is a curious bird, having, in place of wings, two membranes which hang down at each side like little arms. It cannot fly. Its mode of walking is very singular, something between a waddle and a hop. As our rock was precipitous on all sides, the penguins came in where the rock was lowest, riding on the crest of the beating wave, often failing in their first attempts to land. When they touch the ground they march landward in Indian file, keeping good order; but are received as intruders by those already on shore. In fact their reception is most inhospitable; they are pecked at, and made to understand that they are not wanted; however, there is no blood shed, and they soon unite with the original settlers, in turn joining them in the assault on the next comers, or invaders, as they seem to think. They sit for about two months apparently without eating, and then return to the sea greatly emaciated. The penguin makes no preparation for the egg, dropping it anywhere. Their patient endurance is remarkable. They often sit on the egg until their tails, covered with icicles, are frozen to the ground. This strange bird appears idle in keeping with the remote and lonely islands in which it congregates and has congregated for untold generations. The molly-hawks too, fine large birds, rendered us good service as food.

The killing of the birds was at first very repugnant to us. The albatross was easily de-peached; but the penguin was more tenacious of life, and though a harmless bird if left unmolested, at times shewed fight. The tedium of our life was mitigated by the necessity we were under in hunting these birds for our daily food; and the eggs which lay in hundreds around us were a very acceptable and nutritious article of diet, and contributed greatly to keeping up our strength.

We had recourse to many odd devices for table articles, such as gin and other bottles for drinking-cups, as long as they remained unbroken; then bladders, and penguin skins made into bags, into which we dipped a long hollow bone and imbibed the water, sherry-cobbler fashion. When we melted the fat of the birds it was poured into one of my sea-boots to cool, after which we put it into the skin-bags to keep. My other boot was used to hold salt water. Bentley's boots were taken to the spring for fresh water, and were the best pitchers we had. When we had to resort to the feathers for fuel, the fool took a long time to prepare, and one meal was scarcely finished ere cooking was begun for the next. Each man was cook for a week at a time. In our shanty we cut off the foot of a sea-boot and used it as a drinking-cup. Bentley was very handy; he made needles out of wire, part of the rigging. As for thread, we drew it from a strong counterpane, and when that failed, we used dried grass. A knife was made from hoop-iron from a gin-case, one side of the handle from the top of a powder-keg, the other side from the blade of an axe, riveted with wire from the rigging, the washers being

made from a brass plate from the heel of my boot; also handles for a watch were fashioned from a plate likewise taken from my boot—all the work of Bentley. Our present abode was as truly the Rock of Storms, and as deserving of that title as ever the Cape was. The island was ever more or less tempest-beaten. Our hardships from cold, rain, and snow were very severe; in fact, we were never warm, and hardly ever dry.

As time passed on from days to weeks, and from weeks to months, without succour, we thought somewhat sadly of the anxiety of our friends at home; yet in our shanty at least, we never despaired of being ultimately rescued. We kept up our spirits as well as we could, holding our Saturday evening concerts—the song with the loudest chorus being the greatest favourite. We had among us a cynic, whom we knew to be engaged, and who prophesied that all our sweethearts would be married by the time we got home! We had sighted four ships, two of them coming near; one so near that we saw the man at the wheel. The captain of this ship made no sign of seeing us, but we afterwards learned that he *did* see us, but did not even report that he had, when he got into port. This behaviour on the part of one of our own countrymen contrasts painfully with the generous conduct of the gallant Americans who subsequently rescued us.

It would be bootless to narrate how from day to day we kept anxious watch; the record would be little more than a monotonous detail of disappointment, cheerless days, stormy weather, and bitterly cold nights. Our day on the look out, which we took in turns, was a most wearisome duty. We had lost other four of our companions—five in all since we came ashore. Mr Standbury, a young man from Dover, died on the 19th of July of lockjaw. Mr Henderson, who had been our companion on board ship and in our shelter under the rock, and who had become endeared to us by his good disposition, died of dysentery, after a long illness, on the 24 of September. We rendered him what assistance we could, but that was little. On the 23d of November, William Husband, an elderly seaman, died. On Christmas day, Mr Walker's child died. This was the last death on the island. It is curious that all the bodies after death were quite limp. I do not know whether this can be accounted for by the diet or some peculiar atmospheric condition. I have heard that death caused by lightning is followed by the same result. Another curious observation I made was that, if we cut ourselves, however slightly, the bleeding did not altogether cease for a couple of days. The antiseptic effect of the guano was shewn somewhat curiously. It was rumoured that one of the dead had been buried with a comb in his pocket; and one of our party wishing to obtain it, two months after the interment, found the body with no sign of decay.

January 1876 had now come. In view of the future, we had collected and stored over a hundred gallons of bird-oil for the use of our lamps, which we kept burning all night, the wicks made from threads drawn from sheets and other articles. We had also gathered many thousand penguin-skins for fuel. We had now to some extent become acclimatised, and were in better health than we were last year. We were put to great shifts for cooking utensils, our kitchen-ware being nearly

worn out, though we found some hollow stones, which we used as frying and stew pans. We had, soon after landing, erected flag-staffs, on which we placed a counterpane or blanket to attract the attention of ships that might come near us.

Early in January we resolved to build, on an eminence, a high square tower of turf, for the double purpose of drawing the notice of passing ships and serving as a shelter for the man on the look-out. The digging of the turf was a great difficulty, our only implements being our hands and a piece or two of hoop-iron. We were greatly retarded in our building by the unfavourable weather, the rain coming down heavily. A vessel passed us on the 14th of this month, but no notice was taken of our signals.

January the 21st was an eventful day: deliverance was at hand! About six o'clock in the afternoon we were all startled by a cry from the man on the look-out: 'Sail, ho!' We did not long delay in rushing up towards the flag-staff; we hoisted two flags, consisting of a piece of canvas and a blanket, one on the flag-staff and one on the unfinished tower; we kindled two fires, the smoke of which we calculated would be seen a good way off. The vessel did not at first seem to regard our signals; we were probably too impatient. She, however, soon made head towards us, when we became greatly excited; some, in their delight, cutting strange antics, in fact a genuine 'break-down.' When about a mile from our rock, to our great joy, she lowered two boats. They tried to effect a landing on the north side, but it was not possible. One of the boats coming nearer the rock, our sail-maker leaped into the water, and was hauled aboard. They then pulled to the point where we originally landed. Captain Giffard was in one of the boats. Night coming on, he told us that he could not take us off until next morning, but that he should leave us some bread and pork. However, upon being told that there was a lady ashore, he gallantly brought his boat as close to the rock as he prudently could, and took aboard Mrs Wordsworth, her son, two invalids, and the second mate. We spent this our last night on the island with little sleep, but with tumultuous feelings of joy and hope—for we were yet to see the friends who had long mourned us as dead.

Next morning, the vessel coming nearer, three boats came ashore for us. The carpenter having made four crosses of wood, they were placed to mark the graves of our unfortunate companions whose fate it was to rest in this lonely isle in the Indian Ocean, which we left with beating hearts and no regrets, and where we had spent six months and twenty-two days under very unusual conditions. I believe that the most thoughtless among us will remember with sobered feelings, and to his latest day, his sojourn on Apostle Island.

We were received on board the ship with the greatest kindness, being all provided with complete suits of new clothing, taken from the ship's stores. Mrs Wordsworth received every attention from Mrs Giffard, the captain's wife. The ship which relieved us was the *Young Phoenix* of New Bedford, an American whaler, commanded by Captain Giffard. Of this kind-hearted and generous sailor it is impossible for us to speak in terms too laudatory: we would be ungrateful indeed if we did

not keep him in lasting remembrance. I would fain hope that means will be found to reimburse him for the large pecuniary loss that, otherwise, his profusely unselfish generosity must involve.

On the 26th January we sighted the *Sierra Morena* of Liverpool, Captain Kennedy, bound to Kurrachee. As we overcrowded the *Young Phoenix*, Captain Kennedy willingly agreed to take twenty of us to Point de Galle, Ceylon; where, after an agreeable passage, he landed us on the 24th of February. Our thanks are due to Captain Kennedy for the treatment we received on board his ship.

Our rescue had been quickly made known in England: on the 29th of February I received a telegram from home. I should have observed that Captain Giffard, for the time giving up the object of his cruise, steered for the Mauritius; but on the afternoon of the day we left, falling in with the *Childers*, bound for Rangoon, the remainder of our companions were transferred to that vessel, and subsequently shipped for home. We spent some time most agreeably at Point de Galle, receiving great kindness from the district judge, the ship's agent, the Church of England minister, the collector of customs, and other gentlemen. We were, in fact, treated more like friends than castaways, and are not likely ever to forget the attention we received.

I am again in England, and at home, endeavouring to look back upon the wreck of the *Strathmore* merely as an unpleasant dream. G. B. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—JENNY AT BAY.

MR CAMPDEN was upon the whole not sorry to have been left behind by his wife in Sanbeck; the short way to Riverside over the crags was not, indeed, very nice walking in winter weather; but it was no great distance to Bleabarrow, where 'the fly' could be procured to take him home; and he was really glad of being alone with Jeff, and of having a word or two in private with the two girls. Jeff had received no summons to Riverside upon this melancholy occasion—Mrs Campden objected, as a matter of principle, to people running into expenses for mere sentiment—but had invited himself to Dr Carzon's.

'I should like, if it would not be inconvenient to you,' he wrote the doctor, 'to pay the last tribute of respect to the best and dearest friend I have had in the world;' and the doctor had allowed the plea, and welcomed the lad warmly.

He looked something more than a lad now; his life in town had given him an air of independence and self-possession, though without the least touch of conceit. He looked handsomer than ever, though his dark eyes were heavy with woe, and his fair face shadowed with grief, as he walked with little Tony ahead of their two companions, and talked in a low voice of the departed dear one.

With the squire and the doctor, as was natural, the future of the orphaned Daltons formed the chief topic of conversation; and in connection with it, Mr Campden mentioned the offer that had been made by Mr Holt.

'It was a deuced kind thing of the man, that I must say,' observed he, when he had delivered this information, which he felt somehow had fallen flat.

'Very much so,' said the doctor, 'if it was disinterested.'

'There was no promise attached to it whatsoever, my good friend; the offer was made quite free.'

'Still, from what I have seen of Mr Holt,' persisted the other, 'I should think he was a gentleman who looked, in some shape or another, for his *quid pro quo*. Moreover, I believe him clever enough to gauge the nature of those with whom he has to deal. If he lends our young friends money, he places them under an obligation; and there is only one way—as it seems to me by which that obligation can be discharged.'

'I think you are not very charitable to Mr Holt,' said Mr Campden, with a little flush.

'Perhaps not,' said the doctor dryly. 'Still, I think it hard upon the girl to place her in such a position. Suppose a lovely young woman, for example (and what can be more likely?), advanced me money upon very doubtful security—should not I be bound, if I could not repay her, to make her Mrs C.?'

'I believe you're right, Curzon,' said Mr Campden suddenly: 'it has struck me in the same light, myself. The money, if they want it, shall be forthcoming some other way.'

He gave a great sigh as he said that, as a thrifty man might do who has made up his mind to some extravagance; but Mr Campden was not thrifty; and though he was counting the cost of what he had resolved to do, it was not the expense that made him sigh. If he advised the girls not to take this money, especially if his wife had already persuaded them to do so, 'there would be the deuce of a row,' he knew, with Julia.

'I say, Jeff, what is *your* opinion of Mr Holt?' inquired the doctor presently, pitching his voice so as to reach the others; 'that is, so far as you can tell it consistently with loyalty to your chief.'

'Ay, we mustn't disclose the secrets of the prison-house, must we?' said Mr Campden; 'how we rig the markets, and all that.'

'I am bound to say that Mr Holt has been uniformly civil to me,' replied the young fellow frankly. 'Nay, not only civil, but considerate. In my ignorance and inexperience, I have no doubt made lots of blunders in business matters, and he has never said a word about them. And this is the more creditable to him, because he hates me very cordially, and he knows that I hate him.'

'My dear Jeff, I am astonished at you!' exclaimed Mr Campden. The doctor looked astonished too, but with a sly twinkle in his eyes that did not speak reproach.

'No, sir; we don't like one another, and we never shall,' continued the young man; 'but I do my duty by him, I hope, and, as I say, I have nothing to complain of in his behaviour to me.'

'Well, I have known many partnerships carried on on worse terms,' observed the doctor cheerfully. 'But how was it that oil and vinegar were got to mix in the first instance?'

'The explanation is very simple, doctor. Mrs Dalton—God bless her!—asked Mr Holt to take me, and advised me to go. And—and—here Jeff began for the first time to exhibit embarrassment—'nothing else happened to offer itself.'

For the second time the colour came into Mr Campden's face; he could not but remember the circumstances under which Jeff had been driven

from Riverside. It was quite a relief to him that a bend of the road here shewed them the village—they were now returning from the mere—and once more introduced, by association, the topic of the morning.

'I should like to have a few words with your sisters before I start, Tony,' said the squire, 'if they feel equal to see me.'

'Oh, I am sure they would see *you*, Uncle George, because'—Here he stopped short; what he had in his mind was, 'because they could see Mrs Campden, who is not half so nice,' but unlike that lady, he sometimes felt a hesitation in speaking his mind.

'Because he is their best friend; eh, Tony?' observed the doctor, hastening to the rescue. 'That is quite right. We three will take another turn together, while the squire goes in.'

Since Mrs Campden's departure that afternoon, the two sisters had not met. Kitty had devoted herself to the baby, and Jenny had remained in her own room endeavouring, in vain, to devote herself to her books. They were both aware that it behoved them to be doing *something*: not to give themselves over to the grief that was importuning them to become its prey. They only shewed their weakness by avoiding the little drawing-room when they conveniently could; since it was there that the sense of loss oppressed them most: the unfinished piece of work; the still open desk; the book half read; the empty lounging-chair, were for the present daggers, each of which stabbed them to the very heart. Perhaps, too, the consciousness of their disagreement—or rather of their want of accord with respect to the proposition made by Mrs Campden, had helped to keep them apart for that half-hour or so. A quarrel was impossible between them at any time, much more on the very day when they had laid in earth the being they had loved best upon it, and who had repaid their love with such usurious interest. There were reasons, as I have shewn, why these two from the first should not have gone the way of most sisters in this respect; and since misfortune had befallen them, the bonds of love between them had been naturally strengthened and tightened. It is a poor fancy indeed that has painted Love as flying out of the window when Poverty knocks at the door. With those within, if they be not utterly worthless, he remains a more cherished guest than ever. Indeed, it was only their ordinary close affection and unanimity which gave any importance to the difference of opinion between the two sisters; it seemed so strange to each that the other should take an opposite view of any matter.

Jenny on her part had no doubt whatever as to the course they were bound to follow with respect to Mr Holt's offer. If she had thought Kitty was seriously thinking of accepting it, she would have been furious. She saw it at once in the very light in which it appeared to Dr Curzon. 'This impudent man was offering to lend his money upon the very best of security—namely, on Kitty herself. If the offer was accepted, it was in fact the offer of his hand!' What hesitation therefore need there be as to their reply? As to Mrs Campden's making the proposition, that was only to be expected, after what had already happened, and was another reason, if such were wanted, for declining it. Sooner than see her Kitty sacrificed on the altar

to Mammon, for the sake of herself and Tony and the baby, she would have 'starved first.'

But besides this bitter feeling, there was a fire kindled in Jenny's breast that flamed against almost everybody; nay, which resented the blows of Fate itself. She had taken it ill in church that day that the Bleabarrow clergyman—of whose cure Sanbeck formed a portion not much visited except in the summer months—should have spoken of her mother's future with charitable confidence. The words of Hamlet addressed to the officiating minister at Ophelia's grave would have expressed her thoughts. What priest on earth had the right to eulogise her mother, far less to hint a doubt of her perfection? As for the outside world, she scorned it: the chill touch of misfortune had withered up her soul, and shut her sympathies within very narrow limits. Her own flesh and blood: Jeff and the doctor: Nurse Haywood and Uncle George, were now all the world held that was dear to her; and even Uncle George was suffering in her opinion as the husband—or rather because he was the slave—of his Julia. Under these circumstances, it was perhaps creditable to poor Jenny that she had been as civil to Mrs Campden that afternoon as she had been.

Kitty, on the other hand, was actuated by different feelings. Her mother's death had left her—until her father's return, of which, however, she at least still entertained a hope—head of the family, and her soul was filled with the sense of that responsibility. The proposition made on behalf of Mr Holt did not strike her with that force and significance which it had for her sister; she saw in it a kindness, unexpected indeed, but explicable enough on the ground of his friendship for her father. She looked upon the money as a loan, not as a gift; and though even so, it would be unpleasant to accept it, she did not think it consistent with her duty to those left in her charge to refuse such an offer point-blank. She had not yet made herself aware how their slender finances actually stood, and therefore could not measure the necessity of the case; and she was solicitous not to lose a friend for her dear ones, and still more, not to make an enemy. That she could be resolute against dictation, when her heart counselled resistance, has been proved by her refusal of Mrs Campden's generous proposal to take the baby off her hands; but Jenny had left the room before she had displayed this fortitude.

It was therefore under some sort of misunderstanding, rather than disagreement, that the two sisters now met in the little sitting-room, having been summoned thither by the squire's arrival.

'My darlings,' said he gently, 'this is a sad day for you; but I thought you would not mind seeing Uncle George.'

The sight of these delicate girls, so pale and mournful, in their simple black dresses, affected him deeply. He noticed that Kitty wept, while Jenny was quite dry-eyed, and yet that the latter looked the more pained and hopeless of the two; that was probably, thought he, because of her physical ailment, poor thing. He tenderly embraced them both, and then spoke some hopeful words about their father.

'Jeff says that it is by no means thought to be a desperate case with regard to the *Flamborough Head*, even now; and that persons are still found to insure her, though, of course, at a great pre-

mium— Come, come, girls; cheer up: I hope and trust that my old friend may come home to see his darlings yet.'

'Not all his darlings—not the best of them,' moaned Kitty, wringing her little hands.

'I have no hope, Uncle George,' said Jenny quietly.

'Well, well; time will shew, lass. My prayer is, that your poor father may be restored to be your guide and protector. But if it please God to deny this, material matters will, on the other hand, be less untoward with you. His life is insured—though, singularly enough, I never knew it—in a Company of which I am a director, for five thousand pounds. The worst is, that some time may elapse before the proof arrives—that is'—

'We understand,' interrupted Jenny quietly. 'Mrs Campden explained it.'

'Yes, yes; and about Holt's offer, and so on. Well, I have been thinking since, that you might have some hesitation in accepting that. Now, suppose a little arrangement should be entered into between you two and me, no one else knowing anything about it; there would not be the same objection, would there? Here are two hundred pounds—that would be enough, eh?'

'O yes, Uncle George; but'—

'Now, my dear Kitty, it's a loan; you need have no false pride in the matter.'

'But I am not sure that we shall want it, Uncle George, at least not just at present. We shall live very, very quietly now—shall we not, Jenny, you and I? and as for Tony, he will soon be off our hands. It is such an indescribable pleasure to us to think that the poor boy will for the next year or two, at all events, feel no disadvantage from his change of fortune, since you have so kindly offered to send him to Eton.'

'To Eton?' said Mr Campden, reddening. 'Yes; to be sure there was some talk of that. But Mrs Campden was thinking perhaps some other school—I mean in the boy's own interest—might, under the circumstances, be more suitable.'

'O dear; I am so sorry!' said Kitty. 'Papa went away so pleased that Tony was to go to Eton; and mamma—I think, somehow, dear mamma had set her heart upon it. Moreover, Uncle George, you promised it,' observed Kitty gravely.

'Well, my dear, I believe I did, and I should like to do it still; but the fact is, Mrs Campden thinks— However, no matter about that; I promise you the boy shall go to as good a school as Eton.'

'Subject to what Mrs Campden thinks.'

'O Jenny, Jenny!' cried Kitty reprovingly.

Mr Campden's face turned from red to white. It was the first time either of the girls had seen Uncle George 'put out,' except by his wife.

'You should not speak to your father's friend like that, Jenny,' said he severely. 'It is not becoming in a young girl.'

'It is becoming in no one to break his word, and least of all because'—

'Be quiet, Jenny!' cried her sister, with passionate pleading. 'How can you, can you talk so, when Uncle George has just been so kind!'

'What Jenny says will make no difference as to that,' said the squire coldly. 'The two hundred pounds are quite at your service.'

'But I am not sure that we shall want them,

Uncle George,' said Kitty timidly, and flushing very much at the sight of Mr Campden's pocket-book. It held the very same notes which had been offered to John Dalton on the eve of his luckless departure from Riverside, and been declined.

'You will certainly want them, my dear,' said he; 'if not to-day, to-morrow. It is ridiculous to suppose that you can keep house—and pay unlooked-for expenses also—on your little income, without any hope of its being increased.'

'We have hope, Mr Campden,' said Jenny slowly. 'And I for my part at least, had rather not take.'—

'You talk very foolishly, girl,' interrupted Mr Campden with irritation: 'if you suppose you can earn your own living, you must be mad. I know you are thinking of your lacework; but Lady Skipton was writing about it only the other day to Mrs Campden, and assured her that, commercially speaking, it was valueless.'

It was a cruel thing to say, even in anger, but the squire little knew what pain he was inflicting. The thought that her little private note to Lady Skipton with its offer of the lace had been made the subject of correspondence between her ladyship and Mrs Campden, was gall and wormwood to her. 'That woman' must have known, then, that she had tried to sell her wares in town, and failed.

'It is not the lace at all, Mr Campden, which I have in my mind,' said Jenny, speaking very firmly.

'What is it, then?'

'It is a secret. I cannot tell you what it is, even if you promised not to tell.'

'Jenny, you are insulting me.'

'No; I am but telling the truth; though, if I did insult you, it would be only what your wife did to us to-day, and has been doing every day since we were poor.'

'This is very sad,' said Mr Campden, looking at Kitty.

'Yes, it is,' continued Jenny passionately; 'it is very sad to think that one's friends should be so base. I say these things because I am angry; but Kitty thinks the same, though she does not say them.'

'There is some frightful mistake,' murmured Mr Campden helplessly. The alteration in his wife's manner towards her late guests since their misfortune had by no means escaped him; but he had flattered himself that he alone had seen it.

'A mistake!' cried Jenny scornfully. 'Yes, it is a mistake, and very frightful too, to insult people because they are poor; to patronise them; to endeavour to humiliate them by gifts at the expense of others. That, however, is what one must needs expect of some natures women's natures. But that a man—a man—should promise something to an old friend, and then, when that friend has been lost at sea, and his wife is dead, and his children desolate, should break his word, at the instigation of another—that, I say, is base!'

In her indignation and bitterness, Jenny had risen to her feet. If she had been a strong big woman, red of face and loud of tongue, one might have set her down as a virago; but being pale and wan, and speaking most musically all the while, although her words flowed like a torrent, it was impossible for a man to despise her wrath.

'I cannot stay here to listen to these things,' said Mr Campden, also rising from his seat. 'I came here, Heaven knows, without expecting any such scene—I wished to do you nothing but kindness, and I wish it still, Kitty.'

'I know it, Uncle George, and Jenny knows it,' sobbed poor Kitty; 'only, she was put out by the disappointment about Eton: not on her own account, of course, nor even on Tony's, but because it was mamma's wish that—that—and because to-day of all days.'—

'Yes, yes; I see,' said Mr Campden, his kindly nature reasserting itself; 'it has been very unfortunate. But don't let us part ill friends.'

Kitty's answer was to throw her arms about his neck and cover him with tears and kisses.

'Come, Jenny,' said he, 'you will shake hands with Uncle George?'

'O yes; I will shake hands with you—Mr Campden; and I thank you for all your kindnesses in old times.'

'Well, the old times will come again, my girl, some day; and you will be sorry to have been so bitter with us at Riverside, and I should be sorry too—only I shall have forgotten it.'

'No, Mr Campden; you will not have forgotten it, though it is kind of you to say you will; and the old times will *never* come back; they are dead and gone.' The tears came into her large eyes, her voice trembled, her frail limbs gave way beneath her, and she would have fallen, but for Kitty's protecting arm, which in a moment encircled her waist.

'Don't speak, darling; don't worry yourself,' whispered Kitty; 'Uncle George has not gone away angry: there is no mischief done—at least I hope not. And I don't blame you for what you said—no, not one bit.'

Whosoever had deserted them, whomsoever they had lost, these two loving hearts were one, and the stronger for their intertwining.

PRIMITIVE MODES OF CROSSING THE CASHMERE RIVERS.

WHEN Sir Douglas Forsyth and Colonel Gordon, in 1873, went on an Embassy from the Viceroy of India to the Khan of Kashgar and Yarkand, they had to cross some of the most tremendous mountain-passes in Asia, separating the Punjab and Cashmere on the south from Tibet and Kashgar on the north. The mountains form the rugged knot which connects the Himalaya with the Hindu Kush ranges, and are intersected with ravines and river torrents difficult to cross with the rude appliances of those regions—especially for a train of several score men and mules, with baggage of all kinds. The historian of the Embassy, Mr Bellow (army surgeon in the Bengal cavalry), in his recently published volume, gives an interesting account of the contrivances adopted by the natives for crossing rivers where no bridges exist.

The Jhelum, forming at one part the boundary between the Punjab and Cashmere, is, at the point where many travellers cross it, so beset with rapids and huge boulders as to be neither fordable on foot nor passable by boats. The natives use a rope-bridge called a *nára*, a single cord stretched across from bank to bank, and secured to the top of vertical walls of cliff. The cord is furnished with a loop-cradle slung on it by a forked piece of wood,

in such a way that the cradle, though irremovable, is free to slide backwards and forwards on the line. Mr Bellew watched the movements of a spare half-naked mountaineer in crossing this frail bridge. The man fastened a scanty bundle around his chest with a tattered scarf, and cautiously stepped down to the edge of the rock; pulling the cradle towards him, he seated himself in the loop (for the cradle was really nothing more). With a thrust against the rock, he pushed himself, and shot half across the river by the descending inclination of the rope itself. Arrived there, however, the momentum ceased, and he was brought to a stand. Resting for a moment in mid-air over the roaring and foaming torrent, to still the oscillations of the rope, he seized the cord with both hands, and propelled himself forward by a series of sudden jerks of the legs, grasping the cord a foot or two in advance, and timing the movements of the jerks to the oscillations of the cord. In this way he reached the top edge of the cliff on the opposite side of the river. The cord was nothing but a close, thick, and strong twist, made of a long climbing-plant mixed with the twigs of a species of *Indigofera*; the cradle and shore fastenings were of raw hide. When kept in good repair, these slender bridges, it appears, are very strong, and capable of conveying horses and sheep across the river; the animals are slung in the cradle, and let gently down one slope and hauled up the other by means of a separate rope. Such bridges, however, are only used where the banks are very steep, and the stretch across not very wide.

The members of the Embassy saw the river crossed by some natives at Thandali in quite a different manner. The bank on one shore is only a little way above the level of the river, while on the other it rises almost perpendicularly from the water's edge; there are therefore no facilities for the *mané*, just described. The crossing was effected by means of a *shinúz*, at a time when the river was in full flood, and quantities of drift were being carried along the rushing torrent. The *shinúz* is little more than an inflated ox or goat hide—or rather, two hides lashed together; each separately inflated by blowing through a wooden vent fixed in one of the fore-legs of the hide, and closed by a wooden plug. The floating craft thus formed was held on the edge of the river till the rider, striding across it, passed each leg through a loop of strapping hanging like a stirrup-leather on each side; then, keeping his two hands on the two vent-plugs (partly to keep them firm, and partly as a hold), he plunged out into the foaming torrent, paddling along with legs and elbows. Much skill is required to manage these bladder-boats (if such they may be called) in rough water; but the natives who cross the rivers of the Upper Punjab and Cashmere are equal to the occasion. 'We saw,' says Mr Bellew, 'several men out on the *shinúz* in quest of the drift borne down by the flood; and to judge from the ease and confidence with which each guided his awkward little craft, they must be practically familiar with its use in this place. The courage with which they buffeted the breakers, and the dexterity shewn in avoiding the whirl of the rapids, were no less astonishing than the skill with which they secured a passing waif, and the firmness of riding displayed as their buoyant supports were borne bounding over the wave-tops. On this occa-

sion, we saw the river crossed under exceptionally difficult conditions. In the ordinary state of the current the passage is a simpler matter; it admits of a bundle being carried on the back of the passenger, who, if he cannot paddle himself over, may be towed across by another who can.'

Another mode of crossing rivers is by the *jhála*, a sort of swing-bridge. Mr Bellew saw this in use at a part of the Jhelum near Hattyaer, where the river is a hundred yards or so in width, and flanked by high banks. The *jhála* consists of three ropes stretched across the stream at a height of eight or ten feet above the water; they are fastened to two buttress piers, built up of loose boulders and brushwood *lagots*. Each pier slopes as a kind of causeway towards the land, but drops as a wall towards the water; whilst in its substance are imbedded several strong upright posts as supports for the three ropes. These ropes are stretched across the river in a mode represented in section by the three points of a letter V, or by the three dots '·' that is, two upper ropes side by side, and the other midway between them, but at a lower level. Numerous large V-shaped prongs of wood, placed at intervals of four or five yards apart, keep the ropes in their proper relative positions; these prongs are secured by thongs of raw hide, and are further strengthened above by a cord which is passed across from one upper point of the prong to the other.

Such being the construction of the *jhála*, Mr Bellew saw one of them used as a bridge in the following manner. The ropes hung with a considerable bend by their own weight; whilst the wind swayed them in a somewhat violent manner. A native crossed the river by *walking along the lowest rope*, and maintained his balance with his two hands on the upper ropes, which came about to the level of his shoulders. It was not a performance *à la Blondin*, for the man had the hand-ropes to guide him; nevertheless, it required a nimble use of supple feet to tread in safety such a narrow pathway. Mr Bellew saw four men cross this bridge at the same time, two of them carrying bundles at their backs; they followed one another at intervals of four or five paces, and were careful to 'break step' (as soldiers call it), so as to prevent the dangerous undulations which would otherwise have jerked them off their narrow footing. As they arrived at the prongs in succession, they cautiously ducked or stooped under the cross cords. Only one man at a time was in the space between two adjacent prongs—doubtless to avert over-pressure on so frail a bridge. The weight of the four men, distributed over different parts of the length, was sufficient to bear down the middle of the bridge to the surface of the water, inasmuch that the men's feet were temporarily immersed in wave-crests, and the structure swayed considerably from the action of the men upon it and the waves beneath it. But the natives plodded on without timidity, custom and practice having habituated them to this singular mode of crossing rivers.

One kind of bridge, called a *kaddal*, crossing a river near the chief city of Cashmere, appears to have made more pretension to engineering rank; nevertheless it would be a very primitive affair in our eyes. It is formed entirely of undressed logs of pine and cedar—whole tree trunks simply lopped of their branches. The longest and strongest are laid side by side across the river, resting on rude

piers. These piers, of which there are six, are twenty to twenty-five feet apart; and a length of two or three feet of each end of every log rests simply on them, without any other fastening. The piers are solid blocks or masses of logs, arranged layer above layer alternately at right angles, and every log resting in notches cut in those below; they are somewhat of hour-glass contour, the horizontal section about half-way up being less than at the top or the bottom. The piers repose on a foundation of stones imbedded in the muddy bed of the river, and are protected against the current by a cut-water pointing upstream, and built of loose stones filled into a frame of logs. Upright posts of cedar timber are driven into every pier, and these posts support two hand-railings that run from end to end of the bridge. The cedar timber is very durable, and the rickety-looking fabric is really strong and lasting.

DASHMARTON'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER V.

ALFRED HARVEY reached Fridlenden soon after three o'clock, and in an ordinary way would have driven through the town without stopping, and so home. But on this occasion he had made up his mind to see Lucy; he therefore put up his horse at the *White Hart*, and walked down the High Street towards the cottage. On his way he met Spiller. 'Shall I find your sister at home?' he asked.

'No,' said the youth; 'it's holiday afternoon, and she's gone out somewhere; but she'll be home by tea-time. Suppose you come in and share our humble meal—afternoon tea, eh?'

Spiller was thus gracious because he saw in Alfred Harvey the sole chance of any extrication from his embarrassments. If Harvey were engaged to his sister, he would be bound to do something for him, Spiller. It would be a nuisance to be connected with such a loutish fellow; but that could not be helped. There was no doubt that he had plenty of money even now, and would be a rich man when his father died. Tresilian was out of the race now, evidently, Spiller thought, and Alfred was the disagreeable alternative.

Alfred did not, however, eagerly snatch at the opportunity, as one might have expected; for one thing, he was uncertain as to what sort of a reception he would get from Lucy if he appeared under Spiller's auspices. He replied, therefore, guardedly, that he thought he could not stay in town so long, but that if he could manage it he might come. He had an opportunity now to deliver the book, but he did not avail himself of it. No; he would not rashly part with this invaluable passport. If he could only find out now where Lucy had gone, and throw himself in her way as she returned, he would have a chance of a delightful walk; and then, if she confirmed her brother's invitation, an equally agreeable evening might follow. He could not very well make inquiries, however, as to Lucy's whereabouts; he must trust to his own judgment and good-luck for hitting the right direction. It was most likely that she had gone as far as Tattenden—that was her favourite walk, and Alfred knew and respected the motive that took her there. But by strolling along gently

in that direction, he would probably meet her about half-way.

The young man had calculated pretty correctly; before he had traversed half the distance between Fridlenden and Tattenden, she whom he sought appeared in the distance coming towards him. The sight of her figure robed in black, her slow, listless step and despondent attitude, struck him with compassion. How different she had seemed a few short months ago, with her gay humours and imperious ways, her coquetish costumes, her style and independence! She saw him now, and would have turned aside if she could; but there was no other way open to her, and she must meet him perforce. She quickened her step, and assumed a bearing more erect and defiant: her face was a little flushed, but that might be owing to the fatigue of the walk.

'It is a happy accident this,' said Harvey, raising his hat as they met; 'I wanted to see you so much.'

'You have returned from your father's, then?' asked Lucy, in an indifferent tone of voice. 'How did you leave them at home?'

'Oh, all right,' replied Alfred, ungratefully forgetful of his father's indisposition. 'Father was coming back with me, only he was too ill.'

'A moment ago you said he was all right.'

'Yes; I forgot. Father is very ill.'

'I am very sorry,' said Lucy. 'What is the matter with him?'

'Something rheumatic, I fancy,' replied Alfred. 'Oh, he'll get over it all right—he has these attacks constantly.'

'That does not make them the less dangerous. Has he proper advice?'

'He does not want advice, bless you; the old man doctors himself beautifully. Makes it awkward though, this time, because he was coming to the sale to-morrow.'

'What sale?' asked Lucy. 'O yes; I remember now,' she added with a sigh.

'But I'm to act for him. I say, Lucy, it's on the cards that you might be mistress of Mordieu again, if you like.'

'That is very improbable.'

'I said if you liked, you know. No; you needn't turn away, Lucy. I'm not going to harp any more on that string—not just yet. Do you know I've been thinking very seriously over what you said the other day, and I've come to the conclusion that I was a great bear on that occasion. You offered me friendship—the affection of a sister. Well, I was for flinging them away. I've thought better of it since. Let me be your friend—your brother.'

'I am glad you have come to your senses,' replied Lucy.

'And then, you know,' went on Alfred, 'I can come and see you as often as I like.'

Lucy shook her head vehemently. 'No; that would not be a friendly part,' she said; 'not at all. True friendship would be to leave me to myself—never to come near me—not to talk of me, think of me even.'

'That's impossible.'

'But you must make it possible. Don't you see that it is cruel in you in my position to persecute me? Don't you see that your visits are remarked, that even now, the gossips of the town will say that I came here to meet you?'

'I'll go home the other way, if you like,' said Alfred, stopping short.

'No; that would make it worse. Don't think that I care about idle chatter; but with me, it may take away my daily bread.'

'And why won't you let me make you independent of all these chattering, Lucy? You've only a word to say.'

'There, again; you see you are not to be trusted,' sighed Lucy sadly.

'I won't say another word,' cried Alfred; and indeed, he walked on doggedly a long way in silence, till they came in sight of Friddenden church tower.

'Spiller—I met him just now in the town—said something about coming to have a cup of tea; but I wouldn't say "Yes" without knowing whether you'd like it,' remarked Harvey humbly.

'Don't, this afternoon,' said Lucy; 'I have such a dreadful headache.'

Not another word was spoken till they reached the door of the cottage, when, as Alfred held out his hand in farewell, Lucy turned suddenly upon him; the question had been on her lips during all their walk.

'Have you taken away a book of mine?' she asked.

'Yes, I have; it's in my greatcoat pocket, and that's in the dogcart. I'll go and fetch it directly. Or shall I bring it to-morrow?—I shall be passing this way.'

'Yes; bring it to-morrow—to-morrow,' responded Lucy faintly; and Alfred saw that she turned quite pale, and leaned against the railings of the garden gate for support. Next moment, however, she had disappeared into the house.

Harvey had not gone far before he met Mr Elkins and Lord Tancanville coming down the High Street, followed at a little distance by a young man in plain clothes, but rather of the policeman type. Perhaps it was the sight of Mr Elkins that had discomposed Lucy, and no wonder!

'Ah, this is Mr Harvey,' explained Mr Elkins to his lordship; 'one of our best tenants.'

Tancanville waved his hand affably. 'Glad to see you, Mr Harvey.'

'And by the way,' went on Elkins, 'he is the very man who is likely to do our business in a better way than we can ourselves.—Mr Harvey,' he said, addressing Alfred, 'can you spare us a few minutes?'

Harvey replied that he could; and the whole party returned to the *White Hart*, where they entered a private sitting-room. 'Wait outside, Streeter; if we want you, we will call you in,' said Elkins, as they entered. Streeter touched his hat and remained by the door.

'We understand, Harvey,' said Elkins affably, 'that you are the principal friend and adviser of these unfortunate young people, the Dashmartons.'

'I am quite ready to act in that capacity,' said Alfred; 'but I hold no appointment of the kind from them.'

'Precisely so; you will act in that capacity. That is all we want. This is an irregular unofficial line of proceeding altogether; but it is Lord Tancanville's wish,' intimated Elkins, turning in his lordship's direction.

'Yes, my wish decidedly, Elkins,' returned Lord Tancanville, drawing forth a tortoiseshell

snuff-box and helping himself copiously. 'Quite my wish. Go on, Elkins.'

'Well, the statement I have to make is a very painful one, but our duty to the estate leaves me no option but to make it. We have reason to believe that concealment has been practised by somebody—that Dashmarton was at the time of his death in possession of a considerable sum of money which has somehow disappeared. Now, we neither promise nor threaten; we accuse no one, we exonerate no one; but we desire, before taking the ultimate proceedings that may seem advisable, that these young people—you understand—should receive a gentle warning and a caution—at least that is Lord Tancanville's wish.'

'Decidedly my wish, Elkins,' said Lord Tancanville, taking another pinch.

'Now, is it not better that this inquiry should be made in a friendly way through you, than by some inferior agent; the young man outside, for instance, who is, I don't disguise the fact, the agent of a private inquiry office?'

'The question itself is somewhat of an insult,' said Harvey. 'As far as the young lady is concerned, I would venture all I possess upon her honesty. Everything was given up without demur.'

'Yes; everything that it was impossible to conceal. But as I said before, we accuse no one. We only want to have the question asked: "Do you or do you not know of the existence of any sum of money formerly in the custody of John Dashmarton, and received from him directly or indirectly?" Now, is it better that this question should be asked through a friend like yourself, or through an agent like the man outside?'

'You put me in a very awkward position,' said Alfred. 'But, sooner than the Dashmartons should be exposed to the visit of this detective, I will undertake the mission.'

'You understand,' said Elkins; 'first the question, then the warning. If the money exists and is not given up, then the law will be put in force. We have good information, and shall strike quickly and firmly.—I believe I have expressed Lord Tancanville's wishes in this matter?' went on Elkins, bowing once more towards his lordship.

'Yes; my wishes decidedly, Elkins: you have put them exceedingly well.'

'Then in half an hour, Mr Harvey, we may expect to have some definite reply. If all knowledge is denied, a simple "No" will be sufficient. If otherwise, it will be necessary to go into details.'

'I could write the "No" in advance,' said Harvey; 'but, as I have undertaken the matter, I will go through with it.'

This conversation had almost driven out of his head the book that he had left in his greatcoat pocket; but he recalled the matter before he left the inn-yard, and took the volume with him under his arm.

Emily opened the door of the cottage, in answer to his knock, and shewed him into the little parlour. 'She'll be down in a minute,' said the little maid, in a confidential tone.

There was nothing in the appearance of this humble sitting-room to justify the surmise that any large portion of misappropriated money had been sunk in its adornment. Half-a-dozen cane-chairs; a piece of neat drugging on the floor; a square table of stained deal, with a cloth cover; a

few common vases on the mantel-shelf; a distorting mirror over the fireplace: these did not look like the rewards of successful fraud—of the plunder of other people's money-bags.

Lucy entered with an air of surprise at seeing Alfred thus returned. 'You have not taken all this trouble about my book?' she said.

'No,' replied Alfred, with a kind of forced laugh. 'I have just met a little company of lunatics, who have commissioned me to ask you a question, which I should have declined altogether to do, had I not hoped to save you from annoyance.'

'You are very kind. Pray, what is the nature of the question?'

'Well, these people, who are acting for the trustees of the Chilpinne estate, have got it into their ridiculous heads that—in fact, that there was money left at your father's death which belonged to the estate, and that some one has taken it and concealed it. Now this, of course, is all nonsense. You know nothing about it?'

'No; I know nothing about it,' repeated Lucy mechanically.

'Of course not. I knew that it was all a parcel of idiotic rubbish,' said Alfred triumphantly. 'Miss Dashmarton, pardon me for having asked you such an insulting question.'

'If I had taken the money it would have been'—Here Lucy paused.

'Yes, it would have been a downright robbery. Fancy you a robber, Lucy! I should mistrust my own mother next.'

'But if one had done such a thing,' asked Lucy, 'what would they do to one?'

'Oh, I suppose it would be an affair for the assizes,' returned Alfred carelessly.

At this moment Spiller came in: he looked keenly from one to the other. 'What! you've come to spend the evening, Harvey, eh?'

'No,' interrupted Lucy. 'Mr Harvey has come to inquire about the secret hoard, Spiller.'

'Ah, the purse,' cried Spiller; 'I wish I could find it out.—Don't you, Lucy?'

'By the way, here is your book, Lucy,' said Alfred, rising to take his departure.

'Ah, yes, the book!' cried Lucy, looking at it in dismay. 'But the cover—what have you done with the cover?'

'Let me see. What did I do with the cover? Chuckled it into the road, I fancy. Thinks I, when I saw it on my book, as I thought: This is some of mother's handiwork; and I was for pitching it into the road. No; but I didn't throw it away, Lucy,' he added hastily, seeing an unaccountable look of distress upon her face. 'I've left it in my greatcoat pocket, and I mean to keep it. I shall put it on my own book, and I shall always think of you when I take it up.'

Miss Dashmarton followed Harvey to the door. 'Will these people, do you think, take any other measures? What will they do next?'

'O yes; I forgot,' replied Alfred cheerfully. 'They have got a detective down here. But don't fear, Lucy; he can't hurt honest people; and if he gives you any annoyance, send for me.'

'Perhaps they will watch the house?'

'I shouldn't wonder. It will be fun if they do.'

'Yes, it will be great fun,' repeated Lucy, with a quaver in her voice.

'I should like to see 'em come to my house,' said Alfred, 'with a search-warrant perhaps. Being your nearest friend, Lucy, why shouldn't they? Wouldn't I have a nice game with them?'

'Alfred, send me that cover back now at once. Promise me,' entreated Lucy.

'Indeed,' replied her lover banteringly, 'I shall promise nothing of the kind;' and with these words he took his departure.

(To be continued.)

GAMES ON HORSEBACK: POLO AND TENT-PEGGING.

THE thought might possibly occur to some of us that horse-soldiers, subject to a considerable amount of muscular exercise in the course of their professional duties, would be loath to engage in sports of an equestrian character involving a still greater demand for bodily activity. And this is perhaps the case among the rank and file of cavalry regiments, who groom their own horses, and have much drill and exercise to get through every day; whereas the officers have their horses groomed for them. Be this as it may, some equestrian games find much favour with officers of cavalry regiments.

One such game is Polo, sometimes familiarly known as *Hockey on Horseback*. It is a newcomer in England, but has been long known in Asia, where wide-spreading plains offer ample space for the galloping and rushing about of horsemen. It is admitted in India to be good drilling as well as an exciting amusement; for it gradually gives dexterity in the use of any weapon held in the hand; it requires the player to keep a firm seat in his saddle; and it teaches him the art of turning quickly and striking to the right hand or the left. True, the weapon is only a kind of hockey-stick, instead of being a lance or a sword; still its use accustoms him to a rapidity and pliability of movement likely to be useful in the *mêlée* of battle. British cavalry officers first took up the game a few years ago in the Punjab, when stationed at Lahore; and it was so well liked that regiment after regiment adopted it; the officers found it a pleasant change from the few amusements open to them.

Polo appears to have been first played in England four years ago, when the officers of the 9th Lancers (who had learned it in India) introduced it at Woolwich, and engaged—perhaps indoctrinated—the officers of the Oxford Blues, or Royal Horse Guards Blue, in a contest. In the summer months of the next three years, the younger officers in other regiments took up the game.

We are a famous people for clubs, we English. Rowing and yachting, cricket and croquet, archery and golf, swimming and skating, four-in-hand driving, bicycle riding, pigeon-shooting, athletic sports, chess, billiards, all give rise to the formation of clubs; and these clubs impart a definite character to the several sports or games by agreeing to and laying down rules or laws for play. So it is with Polo. A Royal Polo Club has been formed, the members of which opened a special ground, two years ago, at Lillie Bridge near London. A little farther away from town, near Fulham, stands a mansion known as Hurlingham House, with pleasant grounds bordering on the Thames; it used to be a private residence, but is now the property of the Hurlingham Club. This club—

rather exclusive in its organisation—is primarily a pigeon-shooting brotherhood; but about a year ago there was appended to it a Polo Club, provided with a suitable piece of ground. These Polo Clubmen may or may not be military officers, but they must necessarily be expert pony-riders—ponies being employed instead of full-grown horses.

Thus it has arisen that Polo contests are now mentioned in the newspapers during the summer months. The Royal Club, the Hurlingham Club, and a team known as the Monmouthshire, get up matches among themselves, and also try their strength against others. The Royal against the 9th Lancers, the Household Brigade against the Monmouthshire, the Life Guards against the Royal Horse Guards, the Hurlingham against the 17th Lancers, the Scots Greys against the 12th Lancers, and so forth. Some of our legislators, who can ride horses as well as make speeches (perhaps better), have organised contests Lords v. Commons. And if the game should obtain a firm footing amongst us, it may possibly extend to other classes of horsemen (or ponymen). On a few occasions, royalty has witnessed the play at Lillie Bridge and Hurlingham; and the gratification of the victors is not lessened by receiving a silver cup or other prize from the hands of a princess.

The play so far resembles *La Crosse* (recently described in the *Journal*), that the field has two goals at opposite ends; but the two upright posts of each goal are much farther apart in Polo. There is a resemblance also in this—that the players of each party endeavour to drive a ball through the goal belonging to their antagonists; if this be done, they 'make a goal,' and thereby score a game. A game may last an hour or more, or four or five goals may be won in the same space of time, according as the fortune of war may tend. There is a uniformity of dress among the players on each side, to distinguish them from those on the other. Each player holds in his hand a stout stick, having a curved hook at the lower end; it is not long enough to touch or strike a ball on the ground without the rider stooping somewhat; and he must learn to stoop to the right or left with equal facility, and to strike the ball forward, backward, or sidewise. The ground is three or four hundred yards long, and nearly as wide. The ball is dropped on the ground exactly midway between the two goals; and then the two sets of pony-riders gallop forward, each endeavouring, by means of repeated strokes, to drive the ball through the enemy's goal. The riders, usually about five on each side, become so intermingled during the struggle, and wheel about so suddenly, that mishaps once now and then occur. Happy if only a 'spill.' As a safeguard against kicks during the scrimmage, the legs of the ponies are thickly bandaged.

From the nature of the sport, it is evident that any ten or twelve players might agree to such rules of play as they please without regard to outsiders; but it is always found in practice that more pleasure is in store for players, if all the clubs agree to the same set of rules; seeing that club can then contend against club, and holiday meetings be better held. Some few months ago the rules of the Hurlingham Polo Club were printed, after several modifications; and we will briefly notice them, stripped of their formal technicalities. The two sets of players are to be drawn up behind their respective goals, and to start for-

ward on a flag being dropped as a signal. None but players and umpires are allowed to be within the bounds of the field or ground. The ponies ridden by the players must not exceed fourteen hands high. The goals are not to be less than two hundred and fifty yards apart; the space between the two posts of each goal eight yards. No spurs to be allowed with rowels, except on special occasions sanctioned by the committee. Each side nominates an umpire, unless it be mutually agreed to play with one instead of two. The decision of the umpire or umpires is to be accepted as final. The ball to be used is three inches diameter; and sticks as well as ball must be approved by the committee. No player is allowed to hook an adversary's stick, either across or under the adversary's pony. Should a player's stick be broken, he must ride to the appointed place where a new one can be obtained (his team, we presume, being deprived of his services for a few minutes). If a player drop his stick, he must dismount to pick it up, but must not strike the ball while dismounted. A player may interpose his pony before his antagonist, so as to prevent the latter from reaching the ball, whether in full career or otherwise—despite the immediate neighbourhood of the ball. A player is 'before his side,' if in front of the player on his own side who is hitting the ball, and has not two of the opposite side between him and the enemy's goal; in this and in some other cases, he is pronounced 'off his side' or out of the game; he cannot regain his privileges, and become 'on his side' again, until a hit at the ball has been made. When the ball is driven past either side of the goal instead of through it, the side defending that goal are entitled to a hit-off. When the ball is hit out of bounds, it must be thrown in again by some impartial person (not interested in the success of either team more than the other). The dress of the Hurlingham Club Polo-players consists of light-blue jersey, light-blue forage cap with silver band, light-blue belt, breeches, and Blucher boots. In any match between two teams of the Hurlingham Club, one team is to wear red caps instead of blue, the better to distinguish them.

It is a source of amusement to those who have not risen to the dignity of 'experts,' to read the compound of enthusiasm with technical lingo contained in a professional description of any contest at a game or sport. This applies to Polo as well as to Rowing, Billiards, &c. Take the following, which almost makes the reader believe that he himself is a Polo-player: 'Mr Brocklehurst, although he sprained his ankle, pluckily remounted, and a long run followed—down the ground, then back again; then Blue for the second time being within an ace of making the goal. The ball was again struck off by the Lancers, and some fine rallies followed: the play for a long time being in the centre of the ground. Twice the Lancers got the ball to the end, but their opponents brought it back; and after a short scrimmage, Mr Brocklehurst got the ball well away, and by some clever manœuvring soon had it in a line for the goal, but unfortunately missed a well-intended winning hit. Again the Lancers made a gallant charge, and got the ball on neutral ground. Good play then followed on both sides; &c.'

In our busy towns and cities, space has become too valuable to allow much scope for Polo-playing;

but there is no reason why, in country districts, the game should not be encouraged. Good horsemen are to be found amongst us, outside as well as in the ranks of cavalry regiments.

Another game for horsemen, still more recently introduced into this country than Polo, is *Tent-pegging*. The name is a somewhat clumsy one; for to peg a tent is to fix it by means of pegs driven into the ground, whereas the game consists in forcing a peg out of the ground. However, let this pass; perhaps 'tent-pegging' is the nearest equivalent to the oriental name *Nézé-baz*. The Turcomans, Afghans, and other tribes of Central Asia, as well as the Sikhs, Mahrattas, and Scindians of India, have long practised this game. Passing so much of their time as they do on horseback, they are just the men to appreciate it, and to know its value as a drill-training. They must learn to keep a good seat, to train the eye in measuring distances, to be firm in grasping the lance, yet nimble in using it, and to have steady nerve.

The British officers stationed in India had often witnessed the game, especially among the Irregular Horse of the Anglo-native regiments, comprising many first-rate horsemen and splendid players. It was thought that, during the leisure hours of a camp, tent-pegging might form a pleasant alternative to the strangely named *pig-sticking*. This said pig-sticking (in which the Prince of Wales tried his skill during his recent visit to India) is really boar-spearing on horseback. It is said to combine the excitement of steeple-chasing with that of fox-hunting. Old boars are cunning fellows; having been once hunted, they are difficult to dislodge, and often refuse to budge out of their lairs into the open ground, whatever may be the array and the noises of the beaters. To prosecute a successful hunt, a line of spearmen get well under cover, and a signal is given by a party of scouts; a line of beaters advance, sometimes silently, sometimes to the sound of noisy instruments, as the nature of the jungle or bush seems to render most expedient. It is the beaters' work to drive the boars into the open. When a boar appears, a shout is given by the beaters, and the spearmen gallop up. On they go, boar first, spearmen following, helter-skelter over the open ground—a well-trained horse enjoying the sport as much as his rider; until at length one of the party drives his spear into the discomfited boar not always without bringing his horse or even himself to grief. A horseman accustomed to the use of a spear or lance in this way is on the high-road to being a good tent-pegger. Lord Napier of Magdala encouraged the British cavalry to try the game in the Punjab. The 5th Royal Irish Lancers began it at Sealkote three years ago, and acquired a fair amount of skill; they were followed by the 4th and 11th Hussars, and these by other regiments of horse. It is found that only a few men in each corps become really skilful at it. When the 5th Lancers returned to England last year, they brought the game with them, and played it at Hurlingham in presence of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh.

However difficult to play, there is but little to describe in the game. A wooden tent-peg is driven into the ground, with the upper part protruding a certain number of inches. A horseman gallops past it, lance in hand; he stoops, lowers his lance

to a sufficient distance and at a proper angle, and aims the point right at the peg. If the aim is a good one, he forces the peg out of the ground, and wins the game, or scores one towards his game; but there are many chances to one against his exactness in direction, angle, and force, while rushing on at full speed.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago, when Lord John Russell was Prime Minister, he wrote a letter to the President of the Royal Society to the following effect: 'The government are continually appealed to for assistance in carrying on scientific inquiries and mechanical inventions. We are not qualified to judge of the merits of the schemes thus presented. Would the Royal Society undertake to distribute a thousand pounds, if voted by parliament, among applicants who might be considered deserving of assistance?' The Royal Society undertook the offered trust; and thus originated the Government Grant Fund, which, voted annually by the House of Commons, and administered by a numerous Committee of the Society with habitual painstaking, has aided in the increase of 'natural knowledge,' in tedious and difficult investigations, and in bringing the results before the world. Reports of the expenditure, with particulars of the sums allotted, are published in the parliamentary blue-books, and in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society. These Reports make it clear that the Society use no part of the money for their own purposes, nor in payment of salaries; but that all is spent in the advancement of science. There was one year in which they declined to receive the one thousand pounds, the applications for aid having been too few and unimportant.

To this annual grant it is now proposed to add four thousand pounds a year during five years, in pursuance of the recommendations of the recent Science Commission, in order to fulfil what some people regard as a duty that government owes to science. It will also be a more or less instructive experiment on the 'endowment of research' question. Five years will suffice to shew whether there are anywhere in the realm mute inglorious Herschels, or 'Boltons, or Faradays, who by a touch of gold are to be stimulated into scientific activity. It is arranged that the government are not to hand over the four thousand pounds, but are to make allotments therefrom under the advice of the Royal Society.

From all this it is clear that the time has come when any person struggling to accomplish really good scientific work may apply for assistance with reasonable hope of success. If dreamers and over-sanguine speculators apply, and fail to make out a good case, they must submit to be disappointed. And it would be well that the advocates of endowments should moderate their expectations. There is much to be said on the other side. Adam Smith, whose wisdom has long been recognised, expressed his views on the subject to a former generation. What those views were was made apparent at the 'centenary' meeting recently held in honour of the sagacious thinker. At that meeting, the foremost political economists of E-rope united in recognising the merits of the

obscure Glasgow professor who, as one of the speakers remarked, 'after Shakspeare reflects most honour on England.' It will perhaps surprise many readers to learn that the same obscure professor was as far in advance in his views on education as in those on the Wealth of Nations. As Mr Lowe eloquently said: 'He' (Adam Smith) 'attacked the doctrine of fostering education by endowments. He says if you do this you make a man lazy, and he will not work. He says people should be at liberty to find out where people will teach them the things that they require, and that the Scholarships and Fellowships, and all eleemosynary attractions of that kind, should not be connected with particular places, forming a bribe to people to go to those places, independently of whether they get good instruction there or not; but that their possessors should be allowed to take them with them wherever they go, if they have once fairly earned them by competition. That if a man goes to a college, and he finds that it is not a college suited to him, he should be allowed to quit it and go to another, so that there might be competition between one college and another, and the choice between them should be within the pupil's power.' Adam Smith wrote thus a hundred years ago, and the nation may well be proud that produced such a thinker.

Dr Forbes Watson, Director of the India Museum, is pushing into notice a project which, whatever else may be said of it, deserves careful consideration. It is to build on the Thames Embankment between Whitehall Place and the Board of Trade a stately building to contain the India Museum and the Museum of the Colonies. There is already, as many readers know, an India Museum at South Kensington; but as Dr Forbes Watson argues, the unsuitability of the building, and the distance of the locality from the centres of public and of business life, render it impossible to give a practical effect to any plan of organisation which would develop the full usefulness of the India Museum as a public institution. And with this it is proposed to combine the Indian Library, the Royal Asiatic Society, and an Indian Institute for lecture, inquiry, and teaching. Thus, in one building there would be brought together 'the whole of the materials available in this country for the study of Indian literature, arts, sciences, and history, as well as for the investigation of its present political, social, and commercial condition.' Then, when we consider the wide range of our colonial possessions, the diversity of their resources and of their products, we become aware that the proposed Museum for the Colonies would be instructive and interesting to an extent scarcely to be imagined. Any one requiring further information will find it in Dr Forbes Watson's pamphlet, published by Allen & Co.

If the building here proposed and a new Mint were erected on the embankment, that spacious thoroughfare would be still further embellished. The Deputy Master of the Mint in his last annual Report makes an earnest appeal for a new building. The demand for coinage is now so great that the old Mint on Tower Hill and the machinery therein are no longer fit for their purpose. The number of pieces coined in 1875 was more than thirty millions and a half, exclusive of bronze coins struck at Birmingham by private contract; from which a notion may be formed of the work

required. During three weeks the machinery was stopped for repairs, and much loss and inconvenience were occasioned by the consequent suspension of coinage. Another point for consideration is that coining has become a scientific operation in comparison with what it was formerly; hence a proper building and the best machinery are essential to answer the requirements of the present day. Tests are now so delicate, that the debasement of the standard arising from absorption of oxygen during the pouring out of the molten metal can be detected.

In 1875 there were melted at the Mint and cast into bars ready for rolling, twenty-six and three-quarter tons of gold; of silver, one hundred and fifty-six and a half tons; and of bronze, two hundred and twenty-four tons.

The question of a fireproof building material seems as if it were about to be solved, if statements made at meetings of the Institute of British Architects may be accepted as evidence. The material is concrete. An instance was mentioned of a building which had been completely gutted by fire; but the walls, constructed of Portland cement concrete, with ironwork imbedded therein, 'withstood the fire perfectly, and were the only parts that did withstand it.' It has been proved by conflagration and by experiment that iron doors will not resist intense fire. They warp and eventually crumble away, while concrete doors remain unaffected. It would now be possible to construct a warehouse or any other building entirely of concrete, for stairs, window-frames, door-frames, and indeed nearly every part may be finished without the use of wood. In St Paul's Cathedral that portion of the dome open to the public is shut off from the other part by fireproof doors of concrete.

In the present state of the labour-market, a means of diminishing quantity of material and cheapening construction can hardly fail to be acceptable. Mr Lascelles says he 'is sanguine of being able to build four-roomed cottages of a respectable and ornamental character, at a prime cost of one hundred pounds each.' In these cottages the walls are not more than one inch thick, and yet they resist damp perfectly, which is more than can be said of nine-inch brick walls. He says, too, that where a number of window-frames are wanted, it is cheaper to make them of concrete than of wood.

In Canada Buildings, Westminster, there are concrete doors, 'moulded on the face in six panels, thin, light, and perfect in surface, ringing with a clear metallic sound, apparently quite homogeneous, and as perfect in appearance as any ordinary material.' Concrete can be used for roofs as well as for walls and floors. Mr Tall states: 'I determined to see how far I could go on constructing roofs sufficiently thin to answer the purpose of a slated and timber roof. My first experiment was on two small dwellings at Dulwich. Those roofs were completed last autumn; they have stood the heavy rains and great weight of snow of last winter, and I can positively assert that not a crack or drop of water (inside) has made its appearance. The roofs are as sound as on the day they were finished. On one occasion I allowed the rain to accumulate on the roof till it ran over the parapet, and the result so increased my confidence, that I am building two more houses of a different class. There is no thrust on the walls, there are no slates to blow

off, and no repairs are required.' Of course all this implies that really good concrete shall be used. Readers who wish for further information should procure the *Sessional Papers*, published by the Royal Institute of British Architects, Conduit Street, London.

The two special assistants of the Sanitary Commissioner with the government of India have published a Report on 'The Soil in its Relation to Disease,' which has especial interest, inasmuch as it may be regarded as a commencement of observations of telluric meteorology. The air above the surface of the earth, as everybody knows, has long been the subject of observation. In the present case we have observation of the air below the surface, chiefly with a view to ascertain the fluctuations in the amount of carbonic acid in the soil, and whether it was affected by rainfall, by the general water-level, or by wind.

The observations were made by means of tubes buried at a depth of three feet and six feet in the alluvial soil on which Calcutta is built, and were carried on through an entire year. Similar observations were made at Munich during the same period; and the results have been compared. In Munich the points of maxima and minima appear to be determined by temperature; in Calcutta by moisture. There were two maxima and two minima within the year. No definite effect could be traced either to temperature of the air, of the soil, or to the movement of the wind; but a 'general coincidence of conditions' was found between 'the principal periods of rainfall' and 'the principal periods of elevation in amount of carbonic acid,' and the reverse. A similar effect is produced by the general water-level. But it is to be remarked that it is the lowermost stratum which is most affected by the water-level, and the uppermost by the rainfall.

Two sets of observations were made at the same time, in localities about fifty yards apart: hence one set could be used as a test for the other. An important fact was discovered—namely, that the amount of carbonic acid in the soil varies in different localities. In this case the distance was not great, and the sites were at similar and corresponding distances from one and the same building; and, to quote the Report, 'the processes going on in the soil in the two places must have differed materially, in degree at all events, if not in kind; and if such processes occurring in the soil have any influence on health, it is obvious that people inhabiting one end of the building must have been exposed to different hygienic conditions from those living at the other end.' Here we have a fact that deserves serious consideration, for it may have a bearing on the apparently inexplicable isolated outbreaks of cholera question: instances of which occur every summer in India.

In all cases of observation of natural phenomena, long series are required before their significance can be discovered; and so we must have years of observation of underground meteorology if we are to find out their value and learn to apply them. Enough is at present known to make it worth while to carry on systematic observations in different countries, and thereby accumulate data for test and comparison. The authors of the present Report, Dr Lewis and Dr Cunningham, have made a good beginning, and by means of tables and diagrams they enable readers to verify their conclusions. We hope their example will be followed.

Is there anything in the differences of carbonic acid in the soil, which would help to explain some of the puzzling phenomena in Dr Tyndall's experiments on diffusion of germs?

An American doctor of medicine having heard of the discovery made in France, that pain could be relieved by hypodermic injections of cold water, resolved to try the experiment. His first case was a woman who, during three years, had suffered so severely from lumbago that she cried out with pain on the slightest movement of the muscles of the back. The doctor injected ten drops of cold water under the skin in the lumbar region, on each side of the spinal column, and in less than a minute the patient felt relief. 'She stood up without pain, sat down without assistance, and in less than five minutes after the injection, picked up a pin from the floor with ease.' Some time afterwards, the pain returned, but was mitigated the next day by acupuncture without injection, and the woman who had been so long crippled was able to work at a sewing-machine. Another case was rheumatism of the ankle-joint, cured by injection of ten drops of cold water; and a third was nodular rheumatism, involving the shoulder, elbow, wrist, and knee-joint of the right side. Here, again, the injection of cold water gave relief within five minutes. 'I repeated these injections,' says Dr Dossan, 'two days after, when the left knee was attacked, with a like favourable result. In all these cases, slight complaint was made at the moment of injecting the water, of a burning sensation; but not more, I imagine, than when any other fluid is used for a like purpose. In this last case, I injected ten syringe-fuls of water at one visit, so there is no danger from the quantity employed.' It certainly is a most valuable and ready means of relieving pain, particularly in rheumatic cases. Full details of these and other cases are published in the *New York Medical Journal*, No. 135.

The same periodical contains further accounts of cure of cysts and tumours by means of electricity. Ovarian tumours even yield to this potent remedy. Dr Smecler, after describing cases successfully treated, remarks: 'Whenever two needles connected with the poles of a battery are introduced into a solution of salts, into any liquid that contains albumen, into a blood-vessel, into a tumour filled with a liquid, or into any animal tissue, a decomposition takes place. . . . I believe that under electrolysis in the ovarian cyst something must take place like that which results in an albuminous fluid by the introduction of both poles. Not only is the liquid resorbed, but the very wall of the cyst undergoes such a change that further secretion of liquid is brought to a standstill.'

A notion has got abroad that billiard balls are explosive, because artificial ivory is made from a preparation of gun-cotton. We are assured by Messrs Orme and Sons of Manchester, who advertise themselves as sole agents for the sale of the 'cotton billiard balls,' that there is no danger in the use of this artificial ivory, and that the balls cannot be made to explode, even by smashing under a steam-hammer.

In answer to inquiries, we mention that economical gas-burners can be procured from J. Scholl, 41 Berwick Street, Soho, London.

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OBJECTORS.

OBJECTORS are of various classes. Some people, from their naturally cross-grained notions, object to almost everything. They maintain a disputatious humour, and are always glad to have something to argue about. To assent at once to any of their whimsical propositions is not what they like. They do not argue for truth, but for victory. Should you give in to them placidly, you only leave them considerably dissatisfied. In the treatment of questions raised at public meetings, you do not find objectors seconding a motion unless it be something particularly offensive. They usually prefer to vote for 'the amendment,' whatever it is, and embrace the opportunity of pouring in a broadside of acrimonious remarks, in which respect they succeed in constituting themselves a general nuisance. Of course, by being habitual opponents of all rational propositions, they are apt to lose the respect of every one but a few persons like themselves; but that they do not mind. They glory in shewing their independence of conventional ideas, which they ordinarily associate with some kind of corrupt or improper motives. In short, they feel a call to object, and they are objectors accordingly.

Though undoubtedly troublesome, objectors fulfil a useful part in the community; they act as a drag on the wheels of progress, and serve to keep the machine from going too fast. At the least, they create discussion, and help to shew things in an out-of-the-way and perhaps true light. There are instances in history in which not a little mischief was done for want of a resolute body of objectors to popular and almost insane fancies. Such was the case at the outbreak of the French Revolution, when men, crazed with theories that would now be laughed at, were allowed to turn society upside down. In our modern constitutional system of government, the 'Opposition,' as it is called, is known to do good service by throwing in delicate objections to a variety of proposed measures, and, though at a terrible waste of time, it and the party it opposes contrive in the long-run to settle

matters in a tolerably satisfactory way. That which alone provokes remark, as something ridiculous, is the constant cropping up of absurd crotchets that any man in his senses might know could never meet with public approbation, yet all which crotchets have obviously their admirers among the race of conscientious impracticables. Habitual objectors, who may be said to take their stand on the principle of only supporting what the bulk of mankind view with extreme distrust, are generally found in the same lobby with crotcheteers. They mean no offence. It is their way.

In the outset of the railway system about forty years ago, great scope was offered for the operations of objectors. 'There ought to be no railways, because the snorting of the engines and noise of the passing trains would so seriously frighten the cattle and sheep in the adjoining fields as to ruin the business of the farmer.' That was objection number one, and it was very powerful—'the farmer' being a pet object of solicitude, supposed to be unable to take care of himself, and standing much in need of special legislative protection. 'Railways will drive horses off the road; the breeding of horses will cease; should a war occur, the cavalry could not be mounted; the trade in horses will be ruined.' That, cumulatively, was objection number two; if not powerful, it was very plausible. 'Railways will be the ruin of tradesmen in country towns, for their customers will be always flying off to make their purchases in the metropolis, or some great city, and if you ruin tradesmen in country towns, you take the legs from the national finances.' That was objection number three. 'Railways will intrude upon and break up the finest scenery in the country, and all natural beauty will be gone.' That, and similar raving, constituted objection number four. It is amusing now to look back on all the nonsense that was put forward as good argumentative reasons why there ought to be no railways, of which this is a sample. Country gentlemen, who ordinarily lead the forlorn-hope against all projects of improvement, backed up objectors on the occasion. As regards the alleged ruin to the breed of horses,

the objections were particularly frantic. How stands the matter now? So far from the trade in horses being ruined, there are more horses bred than ever, and the price of these animals has risen from fifty to a hundred per cent. Cattle and sheep in the fields adjoining railways have learned to pay no attention to the trains, and treat the snorings of the locomotive with a marked degree of contempt. Railways have not ruined the tradesmen in country towns; on the contrary, these towns have become more prosperous, and all varieties of tradesmen along with them. Railways wend their way through picturesque valleys and along mountain sides, without apparently doing any material damage to the scenery; in point of fact, scenery is now disclosed that was formerly beyond the reach of tourists. Such, in a few words, are the results of the manuring objections to railways, that formed the staple of opposition to railway schemes within the recollection of middle-aged men.

In much of the opposition that was presented, objectors had reason to lament their short-sightedness. Their obstruction brought its own punishment. Successfully they prevented railways approaching their own estates, and afterwards seeing the extent of their folly, they gladly encouraged schemes which would in some measure redeem the error they had committed. The authorities of certain towns, in a spirit of obstruction, committed a similar blunder. Professing to be afraid of the injury that railways would inflict on the community, they succeeded in keeping leading lines of thoroughfare at a distance. The objectors saw their error when too late, and were fain to promote the extension of cross-lines to their precious preserved towns. It need hardly be said that the silly and often tactless obstruction given to railway projects enormously increased the cost of these undertakings. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that objectors of one class and another caused a wholly unnecessary outlay of two hundred millions sterling.

Selfishness and weak-brained prejudice have generally been supposed to lie at the root of the objections originally entertained to railway extension, as well as to a number of important public undertakings. But intermingled with selfishness and prejudice there is an ever-prevailing cause, for which objectors are scarcely accountable. It is the want of imagination. Vast numbers of persons seem unable to conceive what any place would be like under new conditions. They see a town as it is, but not as it may possibly be made. The idea of broad thoroughfares running through clusters of dingy narrow streets and lanes, is beyond their powers of conception. You explain what you intend to do in the way of improvement, and they only stare in stupid incredulity. Allowing for this mental deficiency, we have little reason to wonder at the hosts of objectors to well-considered schemes for the sanitary improvement of cities, for introducing copious supplies of fresh water to towns and villages, for preventing the pollution of rivers, and so forth. Along with a certain imperfection in the imaginative faculty, the overruling sentiment in these objectors is selfishness. Unable to appreciate anything better,

and satisfied with things as they are, they fear the imposition of small rates to put matters on an improved footing. What care they for pure air, for pure water, for the absence of epidemic diseases, when the remedy involves the laying out of money! Perish health, perish thousands of lives, but save the pocket! From instances within our knowledge, an apprehension of having to contribute so small a sum as eighteenpence a year has defeated schemes of improved sewage and water-supply. Some years ago, a scheme for supplying a large city with a copious stream of pure water from a lake which absolutely seemed to be provided by nature for this beneficent purpose, was defeated by the outcry of prejudiced objectors and interested rate-payers; an inferior and cheaper scheme being adopted, which has all the appearance of being a bungle. Cheap projects of this kind are unfortunately apt to prove the dearest in the end. Meanwhile, however, objectors have their triumph.

In those lower departments of society which do not come much to the front, there are hosts of arguers and objectors of a very original turn of mind. With the barest elements of education, unacquainted with science, and ignorant of history, they set themselves up as profound thinkers on matters of serious public concern. For example, in looking over newspaper reports of cases before magistrates in the metropolis and elsewhere, one cannot help being struck with the number of individuals brought up on the charge of neglecting, and even absolutely refusing, to have their children vaccinated. From the extreme liveliness of its proceedings, Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, seems to have entered on a course of determined opposition to the practice of vaccination within its precincts. Such are pitiable and curious instances of ignorant and perverse objectors. They speak of having an objection to communicate a disease with the view of averting another, and hence, as they allege, conscientiously disobey the law. They conveniently plead conscience for committing a private and public wrong. We fancy that the persons guilty of this species of perversity do not read, at least do not peruse works like the present, and it almost seems hopeless to address them. Yet, it appears a duty to do our best to warn them of the grievous error with which they are chargeable. In plain terms we shall tell them what they are doing.

Small-pox is a virulent epidemic to which mankind, particularly the young, are liable. The body is covered with a vile eruption, the countenance is swollen and disfigured, the eyes are nearly blinded, and the spectacle presented is to the last degree loathsome. Few recover from this terrible complaint. Those who do, are generally scarred. Many are blinded for life. In the early part of the present century, to which our recollection extends, persons pitted with marks of small-pox were quite common. Fine female countenances were disfigured in a hideous manner. Poor wretches blinded with the disease, were seen going along the thoroughfares led by dogs, and begging for alms. Yet, at that time, the evidences of small-pox had considerably abated. The disease was at its worst a hundred and fifty years ago. The first thing that gave it a check was inoculation. It was somehow discovered that if a small quantity of matter was taken from one afflicted with the disease and communicated by a

puncture to the arm of a young person, it gave small-pox in a mild form, generally without any injurious consequences. This was a great discovery, but it had one fatal drawback. From the mildest case of inoculation, the disease in its most awful form was susceptible of being communicated by contagion to neighbours and onlookers not inoculated. Inoculation was, therefore, anything but a general preservative, and something more was wanted.

So stood matters towards the end of last century, children here and there being inoculated—the writer of this for one, in 1800—when Edward Jenner comes upon the scene. Jenner was a pupil of the famous John Hunter, and practising as a physician at a country village in England, a young countrywoman came to ask his advice. The subject of small-pox being mentioned in her presence, she observed: ‘I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox.’ Here, in a singularly incidental manner, was a marvellous discovery revealed to Jenner. On inquiry, he found that girls who milked cows were apt to catch an eruptive complaint from handling the udder of these animals, which, while not virulent in its effects, completely steeled them against small-pox. Many investigations with suitable experiments followed, and at length in 1798, he published his first memoir on the importance of inoculating with lymph from the udder of the cow—called by him vaccination, from *vacca*, the Latin word for a cow. His discovery was soon promulgated over the civilised world. By numbers, even among the learned, it was hooted as an absurdity, and some who should have known better, imagined that vaccination would communicate certain cow-like propensities to the young who were so treated. These strange prejudices were speedily consigned to oblivion. Objectors could not gainsay the fact that vaccination, while doing no harm to the infant, was an effectual preventive of small-pox. Honours and public rewards were heaped on Jenner for his great discovery. He lived to see vaccination universally introduced, and died as lately as 1823.

A notion has been sometimes entertained that though vaccination stamps out small-pox, it produces or allows the outbreak of other complaints in the system. This is a mere supposition. Care has only to be taken to employ the pure lymph from the cow, or at least not to continue vaccinating too long from previous cases, and not to vaccinate from unhealthy subjects. With these precautions, which it is the duty of medical practitioners to attend to, there is no evidence that vaccination any way injures the constitution. In short, rightly effected, vaccination in no case contaminates the system. It simply, and by some mysterious cause, prevents the young from taking small-pox in the natural way by contagion; on which account, from the vast saving of human life, Jenner will ever be ranked as one of the greatest benefactors of his species. The legislature has done quite right to inflict penalties on those weakly prejudiced persons who wilfully fail to present their children for vaccination by medical practitioners. On this point, the law is imperative, and no sympathy can be extended to objectors. The loss of a single life through want of vaccination may concern only the parents interested, but that is taking a narrow view of the matter. If vaccination be neglected, there is a chance of small-pox resuming its epi-

demio character, and committing frightful ravages on the population. Hence, an objector to vaccination must be treated as a dangerous public enemy. W. C.

F A L L E N F O R T U N E S.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A LOVER DISMISSED.

ALTHOUGH Kitty strove to comfort her sister all she could, she was herself filled, not indeed with sorrow for Jenny's plain speaking, for that had her secret approbation, but with apprehensions for the result of it. She felt that there was now a gulf between their late friends at Riverside and themselves, which it would require all her address to bridge over; and they were in such sore need of friends. And Jenny on her part was consumed with regret that she had distressed her sister. As to Mrs Campden and Mary, she had washed her hands of them for good and all; and even with respect to Uncle George—she could never think of him as Uncle George again; he had shewn himself weak beyond expression: whatever she had said (I am afraid she did not quite remember what she *had* said) fell short of his deserts, and she did not repent it; but she regretted having selfishly given way to her own impulses. She felt that others might be made to suffer for her audacity, who, unlike herself, would have preferred to be patronised, and humiliated, and laid under obligations, rather than starve. What right had she to indulge her passionate indignation at the expense of her sister, and poor Tony, and the unconscious babe? These bitter reflections occurred to her, as she lay upon her couch in the drawing-room, racked with pain, and trembling with the excitement of her late interview. Kitty had been summoned to the baby, and there was no one to interrupt her solitary thoughts. She had not wept since she had seen her mother laid in her grave that morning; the fountain of her tears was dry, and where it should have been, there was a fire that seemed to burn up her very brain.

Where was justice—for it was idle to talk of mercy—where was barest justice fled? What had they all done to deserve so hard a fate? (Could not the merits of that late departed one win for her beloved children a spark even of hope? (She had talked of hope to Mr Campden, in a momentary spirit of pride, but she had, in fact, next to none.) Was there no such a thing as genuine friendship in the world? friendship that would stand the test of—

‘Jenny!’

‘My dear Jeff, how you frightened me!’ cried she, holding out both hands. ‘I thought you had gone home with the doctor.’

‘What! without having had one word alone with you and Kitty? No; I only waited till my betters had had their say.’

‘You mean Mr Campden?’

‘Yes, of course. But why speak of him in such a tone.’

‘Oh, it’s a long story. I have been a little angry with him because he is rich and we are poor; that’s all.’

‘Well, but that was very wrong. I am going to be rich, some day.’

‘“Some day,” my poor Jeff!’

‘Now, don’t call me “poor,” whatever you call

me,' returned he, smiling; 'people in the City don't like it. I was really in earnest, when I said "some day;" and I mean some early date, *proximo* (you have no idea how classical we are in our business letters). I have not told a soul save yourself, but I should not be the least surprised if Holt was to make me his partner.'

'What for?'

'Well, that is scarcely complimentary, Jenny. How do you know that I have not exhibited a great commercial genius? Seriously, however, it is because he finds I am an honest man—quite a *lusus nature*, I assure you, in his particular line.'

'But you are not a man at all, Jeff; though I must say you look very like one. How you are grown and filled out! You have got to be quite good-looking! and how becomingly you blush.'

'Yes; that is why I am so valuable to Mr Holt. If one cannot blush one's self, it is something to have a confidential clerk who blushes. Of course I was joking about a partnership, at least for the present; but there is no calling in which a man can become rich early so easily as in ours. And upon my word, I've hopes.'

'Ah, dear Jeff, how I envy you!' sighed Jenny. 'How I wish I could see any prospect of making a little money!'

'Well, well, don't despair. Of course that depression in the lace-market—the unexpected alteration in the quotations—was very disappointing.'

'It was worse than that, Jeff. Can you imagine anything so base as that woman's telling Mrs Campden of my application, although I had put "Private and confidential" upon my little note to her?'

'I can very easily imagine it, my dear Jenny. I have witnessed too many delicate "operations" though not in lace—to be astonished at anybody's baseness. However, you have another string to your bow, remember.'

'O Jeff, have you any good news of that?'

'Not at present: but then there is no bad news.'

'Good. I have been schooled to be thankful for small mercies. I shall ask no more questions.—Here is Kitty; perhaps you would like a word with her alone;' and Jenny was off in a moment.—Kitty entered the room with a roll of flannel in her arms, which was the baby.

'My dear Jeff, I can't shake hands, you see.—Oh, you naughty boy!' For the young gentleman, since he could not shake hands, had saluted her with his lips.

'I thought that was what you meant, Kitty,' said he, with simplicity.

'You thought nothing of the kind, sir; and I am very angry with you; or at least I should be, if I had the heart for it.—How nice it was of you, dear Jeff, to come so far for a single day, just to—'

'Don't talk like that, Kitty: your dear mother was the kindest friend I ever had or ever shall have; and your poor father'—

'O Jeff, do not speak of him as though all hope was gone!'

'I did not intend to do so, Kitty; I only meant that he was to be pitied, as indeed he is.'

'Ah, if he only knew! I scarcely venture to wish him to be alive, when I think that, if he is not, dear mamma and he may be even now

together. I know not what to hope, nor even to pray, Jeff. Things are very, very bad with us; and yet we are told that they will be so much worse.'

'Who says that?' said Jeff, with a flash of his black eyes. 'He was a brute, whoever he was.'

'Well, it was a lady, my dear Jeff.'

'Let us say a woman, Kitty. I can guess who the person was. She told you that it was her duty to speak the whole truth, did she not? We have people in the City who tell us the same, and who are not believed by anybody. If your father is dead, then of course things are bad indeed; but even so, there is some one else, to whose care he confided you when he went away; a friend who will never desert you while life is in him.'

'Alas, he has already deserted us, Jeff; or rather, I am afraid we have seriously offended him.'

'I think you must be mistaken there, Kitty.'

'No, Jeff; it happened this very day. You must not speak of it, because it would hurt Jenny. But I feel we can no longer count upon Uncle George—that was.' And Kitty stooped down over her unconscious burden, to hide her tears.

'But I don't mean Uncle George at all,' answered the other gravely. 'It was to another person that your father spoke these words when he left Riverside: "Remember, you are their only protector now." Yes, it was to me, Geoffrey Derwent. I was a boy then; but those words made a man of me. They are engraven on my heart; so that no change nor time can ever erase them.'

'O Jeff, dear Jeff, did he say that?'

'Yes, darling; and more than that (though I did not mean to tell you it for a long long time; till I should be in a better position to—to speak of such things)—when he was going away—perhaps for ever—and my heart was full for his sake, I thought it would be wrong to keep it a secret from him; and I told it, Kitty.'

She was sitting on the sofa, with her head bent over the child, so that he could not see her face, and that gave him courage—though his voice trembled, and its tone was hoarse and low.

'I told him how I loved you, Kitty; and—though I was but a boy, friendless and almost penniless—your father (God bless him for it!) was tender and gentle with me, seeing perhaps that I was speaking truth at all events. He promised nothing indeed: how could he? But he did not deny me. He said, when he came back, we two should speak together about that matter. That was not much, you may say; but to me it was a great deal—for, Kitty, you are all in all to me.—Don't answer me yet; don't treat me less kindly than your father did; only promise that some day—years to come—if it must be—that we two may speak together about that matter. But if you have—other views'—here the boy stopped, half-choked—'then tell me now, at once. I shall never blame you; I shall hope for your happiness with—with the man I am thinking of—in spite of hope.'

She shook her head. 'You are cruel, like the rest,' she murmured.

'I cruel! and to you, Kitty?' sighed he. 'O no. Whatever seems good to you and right to you, will be sufficient for me. If you say "No"—just "No" to the question that my heart is asking, I will ask no other. You shall never be troubled by me this way again. The purpose of my life as respects you and yours will be just the same. I

shall still do all that in me lies for you, for Jenny, for Tony, for that poor little one who lies in your arms. I shall be always their Protector, if not their only one.'

'What is it you want me to say, Jeff?' said Kitty suddenly. Her tears were no longer falling; she looked up at him without flinching, though her white face shewed her pain.

'Can you ask me, Kitty? It is the simplest of all questions: Do you love me?'

'We all love you, Jeff.'

The boy made an impatient gesture. 'You are fencing with me, Kitty. Yes or no?'

'I am not fencing, Jeff. I will frankly tell you that if I were my own mistress, without others depending upon my choice—others whose interests I am bound to consult before my own inclination—I might be foolish enough to say: "Boy as you are, I will trust your love, and some day intrust my happiness to your keeping." It would perhaps be folly in me, and certainly an injustice to yourself, to say as much; but you are so dear to me, Jeff, that I might have been tempted to do it. As matters stand, however, it is wholly out of the question. I might well say that on a day like this—the darkest in our lives, with the rustle of the earth upon our mother's coffin-lid still ringing in my ears—your topic is ill chosen; but I am willing to believe that your very love for my dead mother in a manner sanctifies your love for me, and excuses the expression of it. Let me say rather, that neither to-day, nor for many days—nor perhaps for many years to come—is it likely that marriage will be in my thoughts at all. They will be occupied, dear Jeff, with very sober, very simple, and what most folks would call, with very "uninteresting" things: the making both ends meet in a very humble household; the feeding, and clothing, and teaching them. If they ever get pudding, it will be either Jenny or I who will have to cook it. I shall not probably have the time or the opportunity even to read about love in a novel, much more to make it. That is the programme of my future life, Jeff. It is not pleasant; it is no use pretending that it is; but I mean to make the best of it. Pray, don't make it harder for me by saying any more.'

'I will not say a word more now, Kitty'—

'That's right,' interrupted she quickly. 'It is close upon the doctor's dinner-hour, and you must not keep him waiting. I hope you will dine with us the next time you come, and pass your opinion on our pudding. We shall be always—always glad to see you, Jeff.'

The baby was in her lap now, and she held out her hand for him to shake. Instead of doing so, he carried it slowly to his lips and kissed it.

'God bless you, Kitty!' he said.

'God bless you, Jeff!'

He looked so handsome, so honest, and so loving, that there was a struggle even in that self-sacrificing bosom to add something more; but she did not. She heard him run down-stairs, and Jenny call out 'Jeff!' as he passed, in vain, and Tony cry 'Jeff! Jeff! where are you going?' without reply; then the front door was opened and closed very quickly, but gently too, as though he who went forth had not, even in his haste, forgotten it was the house of sorrow.

Kitty moved to the window, but too late because of her little burden; there was nothing to be

seen save the thickening dusk and the slow-falling rain. He had gone.

When Jenny entered the room half an hour afterwards—she had been talking tenderly and gravely to Tony in her own chamber—she found Kitty at her mother's desk. It had not been opened since her death, but now the neat little account-books and the memoranda of their scanty incomings, were all spread out upon the table, with already a note or two of Kitty's own. Jenny took in the situation at a glance.

'Kitty!' cried she with a burst of penitence, 'I have been very wrong. It is you who have the responsibility, and the trouble, and the care of us; while I have only indulged my passion and my pride. If it is not too late—if the mischief I have done is not irreparable—pray, think no more of my opinion, of my prejudices.'

'Hush, hush, my darling; you have done no harm, or at least nothing wrong, which is the greater matter.'

'You are an angel; you are like our mother,' answered Jenny vehemently; 'and I am unworthy to be your sister. Henceforward, I will never oppose what you think right.—How is it with us, Kitty? Are we very, very poor? Will it be necessary—shall you ask Mr Campden for that money?'

'For some of it, darling; I am afraid we must.'

'And Mr Holt? We need not take that—that loan he offers; need we, Kitty? at least not yet—there may be brighter days.'

'No, dear; we will not take Mr Holt's money. No, no, no!'

There was a calmness and decision in Kitty's tone which were rare with her; her face was very pale, and wore a set expression which was new to it.

Jenny looked at her sister for a moment with wondering eyes, then rushed into her arms.

'O Kitty, I am so glad, so glad!' she cried, bursting into tears. 'Dear Jeff will be dearer to me now than ever.'

'Be silent, Jenny; don't speak of him; I can't bear it,' was the unexpected reply, delivered with strange vehemence. Then, in gentler but firm tones, she added: 'Forgive me, darling, but you have given me pain. You are wrong, quite wrong, in thinking—what you said.—Here are the bills and the banker's book; let us look over the accounts together.'

CHAPTER XXXIX.—KITTY'S DREAM.

That cynical phrase about 'not being able to afford to keep a conscience,' has a solid foundation in fact. There are some, indeed, who would rather perish than do anything contrary to their sense of what is right (though even that is a sacrifice which varies with the value men set on individual existence); there are as many more who would perish rather than endure a humiliation—who would take poison rather than swallow their pride. It is only the popular religion—a very different thing from Christianity—that has made Death so terrible as to be weighed against shame; but when it comes to the pinch, Necessity, or what we choose to consider such, overrules the law of the mind. This is a matter upon which drawing-room philosophers and comfortable divines are no judges. It seems so easy—and is so easy—to be independent, chaste, and honest, when there is

only a temptation to be otherwise; but when the temptation becomes an alternative—on the one side, poverty, debt, ruin, for example; on the other hand, competence, not only for ourselves, but for those we love—that is quite another matter. Conscience has then a new antagonist, the first of his own laws; a sense of right, almost as strong as himself, which, allying itself with these various opponents, generally succeeds in overthrowing him. That 'second thoughts are best,' among all lying proverbs, holds the pre-eminence; second thoughts in morals are never best, but only, as it is natural they should be, second-best.

John Dalton had so left his affairs that, if he should now be dead and drowned, as it was almost certain he was, he had paid up his legal liabilities, as he imagined, to the last shilling. Even the scoundrels who had 'floated' the *Lari* mine could never point at his children as the offspring of a defaulter. His shares would have been paid up in full to the last penny. But his efforts to effect this had left him impoverished indeed: all that his family had to live upon was the interest of some two or three thousand pounds, and a certain small sum which he had left for emergencies in his wife's hands. Moreover, he had unhappily omitted to reckon a few outstanding debts, such as always attend a rich man's expenditure, almost unknown to himself, and which he generally settles with a sudden cheque and a malediction upon his own forgetfulness. The creditors were of that agreeable kind—may I instance one's tobacconist!—who do not plague us quarterly, nor even half yearly, for one's little account; but who, when we start upon a sudden for Brazil, and are likely not to come back again, get naturally nervous, and would like to see the colour of our money. When I said that Mrs Dalton's correspondence had much fallen off in number since the family misfortunes, I should have made honourable exception of these gentlemen, who had not failed to send in their bills to her with the remark, that 'an early settlement would oblige.' Of course, she had acceded to these requests—which, indeed, were only reasonable—but in so doing had not left enough money behind her to defray her own funeral expenses.

This was the conclusion that Kitty was compelled to arrive at, after a careful study of the financial position of the family. Jenny did her best to assist her in the investigation; but she was not so good at figures, and chiefly confined herself to 'approving' what her sister made of them, like any City director, except that she did not get five hundred a year for doing it. They had enough, they reckoned, to go on with in their humble fashion—especially as Lucy was going—but for the present, ready-money was indispensable. Under these circumstances, there was nothing for it (even Jenny owned) but to apply to Mr Campden for some portion of that loan which he had voluntarily placed at their disposal, and which Kitty at least had certainly not unconditionally declined. She therefore despatched a letter to the squire, very warmly and gratefully worded, but at the same time expressing herself as practically as she could with respect to the money itself. If her father should return to them, he would, of course, himself become responsible for the repayment of the loan; and if God had willed it otherwise, the insurance he had effected on his

life would enable his children to repay it. A few days ago, she would certainly not have used so business-like a style in addressing her correspondent; but now—though without having adopted poor Jenny's views—she was less inclined to wear her heart upon her sleeve, even to Uncle George. By return of post, a letter came from Riverside in Mrs Campden's handwriting.

Kitty looked at the envelope with vague alarm. She had not put 'Private' outside her note to the squire, though she had felt herself inclined to do so; and was it possible that her late hostess had opened it, and replied to it, herself? She felt a flush rise to her cheek, for whatever had been her need, she would never have applied for aid to Mrs Campden, nor even to her husband, had she thought he would have made his wife a confidante of the fact. He had given Kitty distinctly to understand that the transaction would be a private one. The envelope was weighty, and contained, along with a pretty long communication, two five-pound notes. She had asked the squire for fifty.

'DEAR KITTY,' the letter began—'In the absence of Mr Campden, who is in London, I took the liberty to open your note, thinking that it might require an immediate reply. Its contents have astonished me exceedingly. I am grieved not only upon your own account, but upon hers of whom you speak—for whose sake, as you would have me believe, you have thought proper to make your very singular application. I cannot think anything would have distressed your poor mother herself more than the step you have thus thought proper to take. Let us hope, in the sphere to which she has been removed by an allwise Providence, that she is ignorant of the circumstance. What you have asked Mr Campden is, in plain English, to give you fifty pounds. There is even an allusion to a larger sum, which it seems you have been trying to persuade him to promise you, or which he has promised you of his own head. To take advantage of my husband in such a matter is, as you must be well aware, Kitty, to take advantage of a child; and it is my duty to protect him against any such attempts. However, I will confine myself to the fifty pounds. You speak hopefully, and I hope you have reason for your confidence, of your poor father's return home; but if he does return, have you painted to yourself what will be his true position? Have you—has anybody—the least cause to suppose that he will be in a condition to repay the debts of his family? One of his best friends—and your best friend, if you would permit him to be so—has assured me that he has gone to Brazil in pursuit of a mere chimera; that he will come back poorer, if that be possible, than he went.

'Now, Kitty, it is my bounden duty to speak plainly to you. It is this very carelessness of other people's money that has brought your father to this pass. He gambled away first his own fortune, and then your mother's; and now he seems to expect to use the money of his friends as though it were his own. I have good reasons for stating that he proposed to draw upon my poor husband—while abroad—as on his own banker! You are doubtless shocked at this revelation; yet, if you examine the matter, the difference between your present application and that most outrageous one is only in degree. Fifty pounds, a hundred pounds, two hundred pounds—so we go on when this

terrible course has been once begun. You think perhaps my husband is made of money, and that it does not signify how much you ask. The money, my dear girl, is nothing indeed compared with the sacrifice of principle that would be involved if it were given you, and to which I therefore, for one, would never consent. But even the money is something. Mr Campden is no doubt what some people would call a rich man; but rich people have calls of which poor people have no conception: he has his position in the county to keep up—an imperative duty—and a thousand other sources of expense, which you would hardly understand should I enumerate them. With respect to the expenses of the funeral, I have made inquiries, and considering the simplicity with which it was conducted, in accordance with your mother's wish—and which does honour to her good sense—I find ten pounds will be ample, and I therefore inclose that sum. I am very glad to find that by frugality and care you will for the future be able to make both ends meet; always live within your income, dear Kitty, and then, whatever it may be, you may account yourself rich.

'I am sorry you did not accept my proposition with respect to the baby: a home, however, will always await it at the lodge, should you alter what I must venture to call your ill-judged resolution.'

'And this brings me, Kitty, to another subject, the importance of which must be my excuse for once more breaking it to you. Do you know what you are doing, and do you know whom you are undoing, in rejecting the advances of Mr Holt? From him a loan of fifty pounds, or of five hundred, could indeed be accepted with a good grace, and would be advanced with something more than alacrity. If ever there was an example of a girl's "sinning her chances," you, Kitty, are surely now affording it. What excuse you can possibly make to yourself for rejecting what I may almost call this gift of Providence, I cannot imagine. You may have your reasons; but they are most certainly mere personal ones, and you must forgive me for adding, selfish ones. Do you reflect that it only rests with you to give to your little household a natural protector? (At present, I do not see how it is possible for you to leave home even to go out as a governess.) Some men—nay, most men—would hesitate to marry a penniless girl surrounded by encumbrances; but this man is one in a thousand; and yet you treat him as if there were another such to be picked up any day and anywhere—in Sanbeck, for example. However, I have said my say.

'Mary sends you her best love: she is making up a little parcel of things which I hope will prove useful to you: a dress or two that she has outgrown, but which we think will just suit your figure; and when the spring comes on, she will doubtless find other articles that you may make available.—Always your sincere friend and well-wisher,

JULIA CAMPDEN.'

'P.S.—I think it will be better that you should treat this note as private and confidential. Pray, consult *your own* good-sense before replying to the contents of it. Jenny has doubtless many good points, but the state of her health must alone prevent her exercising a dispassionate judgment.'

This letter was a terrible blow. There was nothing in it to give ground for absolute quarrel;

but Kitty felt that it henceforth divided her and hers from the Riverside people, as by a great gulf. She even believed that it had been written with that express object; in which she probably did the writer wrong. A more acute woman than Mrs Campden might, indeed, have expected to arouse some angry rejoinder, which would have given her a good excuse for breaking with her needy kinsfolk altogether; but the mistress of Riverside saw nothing offensive in the letter she had composed. She meant to put her foot down with respect to any further attempt upon her husband's purse; and she used the opportunity without scruple of placing Kitty's hopeless position before her, and of pointing out the one way of escape; but she had no intention of deliberate insult. She had, nevertheless, the sagacity to understand that Jenny would view her letter as such, and hence she marked it 'private and confidential.' Though she had not hesitated to break the seal of a communication addressed to another, she gave her correspondent credit for more delicate scruples—and took advantage of them. The children of this world are not only wiser than the children of light, but they trade upon their simplicity. A rogue will often deny the existence of an honest man, to save his own credit, though well aware that he is lying; but when he has found one, he will use his honesty for his own purposes.

Kitty too was well aware that Jenny would have at once designated the writer of such a communication as dishonourable, mean, cruel, and a number of other perhaps 'not wholly inapplicable adjectives. The gift of the cast-off raiment would have been especially offensive to her. Whereas Kitty, in her humility, and her consideration for those committed to her trust, was resolved not to take offence, even if it had been purposely offered to her. It was unnecessary upon Mrs Campden's part to have been so energetic against any future application to her husband. Nothing, *nothing* would have henceforth induced her to ask help of Uncle George. If the worst came to the worst, she would rather sell herself, as this woman was urging her to do, to Richard Holt. It would be horrible, it would be shameful; but the humiliation could not be deeper, and the advantage to others would be great and certain. If those two five-pound notes had been the wages of shame, she could hardly have regarded them with a more intense loathing: her fingers closed upon them fiercely, savagely; she longed to tear them to pieces; most of all, she craved to return them, with a few civil but cutting words. That money, she felt, was as much given to her out of charity—and that a charity which had no love in it—as the cast-off clothes which were to follow. She felt like a beggar (though she had never been one) who has been refused the alms he asked, and has had a crust of bread flung at him instead. If she could only have done without the crust, and have flung it back to the giver! There was one way which would, she knew, have Jenny's hearty concurrence, namely, that they should sell some article of furniture in Bleabarrow, and pay the undertaker's bill with the proceeds. But Kitty, always just, reflected that such a course would excite country gossip, and bring great discredit upon the squire, who was not answerable for his wife's actions, and indeed hardly for his own. Another alternative was to borrow the money of Dr Carzon. But they surely had had enough of

borrowing—or rather of the attempt to borrow; and, moreover, they already owed the doctor for many a professional visit. No; Kitty felt she must take these two five-pound notes, and acknowledge their receipt with words of thanks.

She had retired to her own room to read the letter, directly she had recognised Mrs Campden's handwriting, and now she meant to destroy it, before she saw Jenny; so that she could honestly say 'I have it not,' if her sister asked to read it. But hearing Jenny's knock at the door, she thrust the letter with its inclosure into her pocket, and rose to meet her.

'Well, Kitty, what news? I need scarcely ask, however; I can read it reflected in your flushed face. From a reason over which he has no control—if you can call his wife "a reason"—Mr Campden cannot keep his promise.'

'My dear Jenny, you said you wouldn't'—

'I said I wouldn't interfere with what you resolved upon. I may surely flatter my own foresight by "spotting," as Jeff calls it, these good people beforehand. The squire is weak as water: he would if he could, he says, but he can't.'

'He says nothing of the kind, Jenny. The letter does not come from him at all, but from Mrs Campden. She opened my note, it seems, in his absence.'

Jenny smiled. 'What luck she must have thought it! I can imagine her gloating over a letter meant for somebody else.'

'O Jenny,' cried Kitty reprovingly. 'The thought crossed her mind: "What strange bitterness possesses my dear sister! Three months ago—nay, ten days since, while our mother was yet alive—such sentiments would never have found harbour within her, far less expression."

'Well,' continued Jenny, 'of course she will not let her husband lend us the money, "as a matter of principle."

'It is something like that,' said Kitty reluctantly. 'She has sent us, however, ten pounds, which will, I hope, be sufficient.'

'I am glad it was no more,' said Jenny, 'for two reasons: first, because it corroborates my view of her; secondly— But never mind "secondly" for the present. Well, what else did she say, besides how fond she was of us, and how it was all for our own good? May I see the letter?'

'It is marked private and confidential.'

'That was foolish of her, because I now know what it was about. You do not wish, I suppose, dear, to talk upon the subject?'

'No, Jenny; because it would be of no use.'

'But you have not made up your mind?' cried Jenny eagerly. 'Before you do that, I must speak to you, darling; I must, I must!'

'No, dear; I have made up my mind to nothing—except that we must take these ten pounds.'

'Was there no message from Mary—dear Mary, who used to hang about your neck so lovingly but a few weeks ago?'

'Well, no; nothing particular. She is going to send us some things that her mother thinks may be useful to us.'

'What things?' cried Jenny contemptuously. 'A pot of marmalade; some shilling novels; a yard of flannel—such as they send to the hospitals.'

'There may be some flannel,' said Kitty quietly.

'Oh, I see: old clothes that are too fine for the

lady's maid. We are in the first stage of our descent, my dear; they will send us next year old clothes that are not fine enough for her. For my part, I always thought Mary a humbug.'

'Don't say that, Jenny; she is not strong, that is all. You might just as well say half the world are humbuds.'

'Half the world! I say nine hundred and ninety-nine hundredths of them are so! What saith the Scripture: "One man out of a thousand have I known." There is Jeff, for example; and there is the doctor. But "one woman in a thousand I have not known." Or, at all events, she was not Mary Campden.'

To this outburst, Kitty replied nothing; and further questioning upon Jenny's part was put a stop to by the entrance of Tony in a wild state of excitement. Something had come for him 'registered' by the post; he had met the postman in the village, and gone back to the office to sign for it; and what did they think it was! They would never guess if they guessed for ever: it was a watch and chain; a beautiful gold watch and chain!

'Why, Tony, who could have sent it?' cried Jenny, delighted at the lad's delight; then the joy faded out of her face, and she looked at Kitty, whose cheeks had become crimson.

'Well, I don't know,' cried Tony. 'I should have thought it was Jeff, only dear old Jeff could never have— The post-mark was Cornhill too, and he said Mr Holt's office was close by Cornhill.'

'It came from Mr Holt,' said Jenny; 'I know his handwriting. We must send it back again.'

'Send it back?' cried Tony, growing very red in his turn. 'Why should I send it back? I think it was very kind of him. He has always been very civil to me; and every fellow has a watch who goes to Eton.'

'I don't think we can send it back, Jenny,' said Kitty gravely. 'It is sent to Tony, you see.'

'Yes; that is so mean of him,' answered Jenny, stamping her little foot. 'He knew there would be a difficulty about returning it.'

'It would be exceedingly rude to return it, just because you don't like him,' said Tony confidently. 'If you did, you may depend on it, he would never send me anything again. See here: when you touch this button, the back opens, and there are the wheels and things. My dear Kitty, what are you at?—Jenny, Kitty is crying into my watch-works.'

And indeed, while endeavouring to be interested in Tony's treasure, poor Kitty had not been able to restrain a tear. She laughed the matter off, however, in an hysterical sort of way, and before the afternoon post went, had helped Tony with his letter of thanks to the sender: his tutor and literary adviser in ordinary, Jenny, having flatly refused to have anything to do with it.

It gave Kitty a pang, we may be sure; but since the present was to be accepted, it was needful that it should be duly acknowledged. That watch and its works cost her more than it cost the buyer; it haunted her thoughts all that day, and even her dreams at night. This is what she dreamed: She was in a room full of figures like those at Madame Tussaud's, except that they all moved by machinery. There was her dead mother looking at her with pitying eyes; and her lost father, with changed remorseful face, his hair and clothes all

wet. These and many others revolved slowly round her at some distance, but none approached her. She herself was borne slowly but irresistibly forward towards a figure with outstretched arms. It was Richard Holt. His chest was bare, and where his heart should have been, she saw toothed-wheels at work, all gold; just as she had seen in Tony's watch, only larger. She heard them moving and clicking with a harsh monotonous noise, louder and louder as she drew nigh. Then as she came quite close, the arms—a picture she had seen in a *History of the Inquisition* at home no doubt suggested this—suddenly shot out knives and daggers, and were just about to enfold her, when with a shrill scream she woke.

THE GREAT DESERT OF SAHARA MADE NAVIGABLE.

ONE of the latest wonders of modern enterprise is a project to let the waters of the Atlantic into the heart of Africa, so as to transform the great sandy Desert of Sahara into an inland sea—a kind of Mediterranean. The thing may not be practicable, but it is speculatively contemplated; and from all we can learn is feasible, the chief operation being the removal of a barrier of sandy downs, to admit the ocean into what formerly seems to have been its bed.

Let our readers take a look at a map of Africa. They will see at the twentieth degree of north latitude a great broad stretch almost across the continent, styled the Desert of Sahara, bounded on the south by the more fertile region known as the Soudan. This was the region that occupied the attention of Mungo Park, Denham, Clapperton, the Landers, and many other celebrated explorers; but the most complete examination was of more recent date, that of Dr Barth. He told us more than Europe previously knew concerning the tribes and nationalities, their languages and ethnological characteristics, their religious and moral proclivities, their commerce and industry, the natural growths of plants and animals, and the fitness of the climate and soil for various kinds of culture. We are so accustomed to associate Africa with ideas of barbarism, that we are hardly prepared to hear of Timbuctu, lying in the border region between the Sahara and Soudan, being a great emporium of trade; but so it is. Many caravan-routes radiate from it; and as the northern bend of the great river Niger approaches near the city, facilities for water-carriage as well as land-carriage are at command, along hundreds of miles in various directions. Timbuctu is also the seat of learning for this part of the world—such learning as there may be—and is also ranked as a holy city. Dr Barth, who resided there many months, was impressed with the fact that 'there is an immense field here open for European energy, to revive the trade which under a stable government formerly animated this quarter of the globe, and which might again flourish to a great extent.'

Well, Soudan being willing to buy and sell

with Europe, what channels of commercial intercourse are open? Here we begin to have a glimpse of the advantage of letting in the sea. Produce and manufactures from various parts of Europe are at present landed at the Mediterranean ports of Barbary; there they are repacked for land transport, and conveyed southward by caravans of camels or dromedaries. After crossing the Atlas Mountains by such passes as are found most suitable, the caravans plunge at once into the Great Desert of Sahara. Camels and dromedaries may possibly look picturesque when clustered into long lines on the Desert; but still they can carry only small loads of merchandise, compared with the modes of transport available in Europe; and the length of the journey greatly increases the selling price of the goods. The roads, if roads they may be called, are nearly in the same state now as they were in the days of the Carthaginians and Romans. Some of the caravan routes are sixteen to eighteen hundred miles long, taking months of travel to accomplish.

But are there no routes to Soudan except the route across the Desert of Sahara? There are. The distance is far less from the Atlantic coast on the west, than from the Mediterranean coast on the north. Unfortunately, however, certain difficulties of other kinds crop up. Our own troubles with Ashanti and Dahomey tell us how precarious would be the fate of a caravan of English merchandise through the territories of the black potentates of those countries. On this account, what are called the Ivory Coast and Gold Coast of Guinea are scarcely available as starting-points. Farther down into the Bight of Benin, along the Slave Coast, to the mouths of the Niger, the hot swamps of the interior are so frightful that English merchants may well dread them. Going, on the other hand, round the great bend of Africa to Sierra Leone and Senegambia, we come to a region colonised to some small extent by English and French. Last autumn there was a discussion in the *Times* concerning the feasibility of a trade-route from the Gambia to Timbuctu. Our government at that time had a project for handing over the few and unprofitable possessions of England in that quarter to France. A writer, protesting against this, urged the possibility of rendering the Gambia an important commercial river. He stated that a trading steamer can ascend three hundred miles up the Gambia; that from that point a land-route of four hundred miles would bring the traders to the nearest bend of the Niger; that the last-named river would carry on the transport nearly to Timbuctu; and that the total distance from the Atlantic would be many hundred miles shorter than the present route *via* the Sahara. Mr Donald Mackenzie combated this view. He stated that the proposed route is beset by many mountains and still more swamps; and that the natives are a very quarrelsome race, on whom little reliance could be placed. English merchandise to the value of three millions sterling reaches Soudan annually; but he did not think that the Gambia was a desirable route for getting it there.

And so we come, step by step, to a consideration of the great Desert of Sahara itself. This enormously wide expanse is not all one burning surface of shifting sands; there are here and there fertile *oases* or green spots, precious to the wanderers over the Desert, who can here find fresh water and acceptable vegetation. Were it not for these verdant patches, the million inhabitants or so—Moors, Arabs, Berbers, and Negroes, in varied proportions—could not possibly find sustenance and shade. These oases define the caravan routes, which are so selected as to make use of them; and at several such spots many routes diverge in different directions. It is scarcely too much to say that the Sahara is known to Europeans only at and near its edges, and along some of the caravan routes; and it would be little less than courting death to attempt a passage except where oases and wells are known to exist at intervals.

The Sahara is not quite flat; and a knowledge of this fact has suggested two projects in recent years, one by a Frenchman, and another associated with the name of Mr Mackenzie. About three years ago, Captain Roudaire, of the French staff, while engaged on a survey in Algeria, was struck with the fact that the surface of the Desert near that country is many feet below the level of the waters in the Mediterranean. He thought it very probable that the sea at one time flowed over this depressed portion, that dunes or sand-hills have gradually formed a barrier along the present line of coast, and that the Sahara bay (for a bay it must have been, if this view is correct) became dried up by the evaporation of water which could no longer reach the inner sea. He introduced the subject to the notice of the French government, and also to the Academy of Sciences. Two years ago the National Assembly voted a grant of ten thousand francs to enable Roudaire to make a preliminary survey; with a view of ascertaining whether a channel can be cut across the sandy ridge of the coast, that would admit the waters of the Mediterranean to the basin or depressed portion of the Sahara. His estimate of cost to complete the work, if found practicable, is twenty million francs (eight hundred thousand pounds sterling). But some French savants having expressed a doubt whether the depression is so deep as Roudaire believes, and whether it can be reached in a convenient way by the proposed channel, the future must supply further evidence on these points before the French government will venture to invest largely in the matter.

Mr Donald Mackenzie, like Captain Roudaire, believes in a Sahara basin or depression; but not in the same locality. He pictures to himself a small Atlantic, not a small Mediterranean, flowing over a portion of the Desert. Taking a point on the north-west coast of Africa, nearly opposite the Canary Islands, he believes (from a comparison of levels) that an inland sea once existed, joining the Atlantic at the present mouth of the river Belta, and extending south-eastward to within fifty miles of Timbuctu. The direct distance is about eight hundred miles, being less than half the present caravan route to that city from the Mediterranean ports. This region was carefully examined by Dr Barth. He found by numerous levellings that it is a great natural basin or depression—a fact with which the native Arabs seem to be familiar; for their names for

the region are *El Tirs* and *El Jâf*, terms which expressively denote a shallow or great hollow. In this depression are to be found Atlantic shells, pebbles, and flints, scattered more or less over a hundred and twenty square miles of land; and the surface, moreover, is in many parts incrustated with sea-salt. A sand-bar, at the mouth of the river Belta, is supposed by Barth to be the only real barrier between the depressed basin and the Atlantic. The basin itself, with its oceanic vestiges strewn broadcast over the surface, is diversified by very little life, either animal or vegetable; but there are broad belts of higher ground around it that possess the wherewithal for fertile spots and populous villages, these belts for the most part separating the basin from the higher and more sandy parts of the Sahara. Barth and Rene Caillié enumerate nearly thirty towns and villages along the bordering belts of this depression, between the Atlantic coast and the city of Timbuctu. With a list of these names we need not trouble the reader; they would somewhat tax his powers of pronunciation.

Supposing this depressed portion of the Sahara could be again filled with Atlantic water (as the best authorities believe it once to have been), it might be the means of bringing the vast region of Soudan, with its millions of inhabitants, within reach of English trading vessels. We will gladly buy their cotton, indigo, grain, palm and nut oil, gums, resins, coffee, ivory, &c.; and as gladly sell them our metal goods, textile manufactures, earthenware, glass, leather, and so forth. If we could approach so near to Timbuctu by water conveyance as fifty or even a hundred miles, we should get rid of something like fifteen hundred miles of caravan travel, with all its attendant dangers and delays. Barth estimates the depression, in its deepest part, at little less than two hundred feet below the level of the Atlantic. At present, the streams from the higher land around form extensive marshes in the rainy season; but this water does not and cannot reach the Atlantic, on account of the intervening belt of sea-shore. The view now taken is, that if the entrance of the river Belta were cleared of sand, the salt waters of the ocean could again enter as of yore, and fill up the depression of which the bed of that river forms part. If the levels have been taken with even approximate correctness, and if a deep channel could be cut across the sand-dunes of the sea-shore, there would (it is assumed) be nothing to prevent a merchant-vessel from steaming from London to within fifty miles or so of Timbuctu. Breakwaters at the entrance of the channel would be required (as at Port Said at the Mediterranean entrance of the Suez Canal) to keep the sand from being drifted into it; but this comes within the range of ordinary engineering. The drainage from the higher land around the depression, instead of evaporating from marshes as at present, would possibly form an outflow current, tending to scour the channel of communication with the Atlantic.

At a Mansion-house meeting held last year, and in an interview with the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr Donald Mackenzie fully explained his plans. He proposes, first, to survey that part of the Atlantic coast, with a view to the selection of a suitable spot for a harbour; then, to enter into commercial arrangements with the traders on

the Barbary border of the Sahara; next, to win the good-will of the Sahara tribes, along the route which the proposed navigation would take; and lastly, to ascertain whether the Atlantic waters would really convert the depressed basin into a sufficiently deep inland sea, supposing the coastline to be properly pierced with a canal or channel entrance. It is almost certain that, irrespective of commercial navigation, such an expanse of seawater, subject to tides and currents from the Atlantic, and to the cleansing influence of freshwater streams from the higher ground around, would cause occasional rains to fall on regions now parched; thereby improving the climate and productions of the Sahara. After all, this depressed basin occupies less than one-twentieth part of the Great Desert in its totality; consequently the enterprise is not quite so extravagant as it might at first sight appear. The English government have directed our consuls in those regions to render such aid as may be in their power; and a subscribed fund has placed in Mr Mackenzie's hands the means of commencing, at any rate, his exploratory journeys and surveys.

We can do as we like about indulging in magnificent dreams concerning the future of this undertaking. If any one finds pleasure in so doing, let him imagine our walls plastered some day with announcements of 'Cook's Tourist Tickets to the Great Desert of Sahara; including hotel coupons for the Royal Victoria, Timbuctu; conveyances to places of interest in the vicinity; and trips up and down the Niger.' But sober folk will content themselves with a belief in the fair probability of useful results from Mr Donald Mackenzie's remarkable enterprise.

DASHMARTON'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER VI.

THE market dinner at Friddenden was unusually well attended on the day of the sale of Mordien. Probably, however, few of its frequenters had any idea of buying the estate. Some were drawn there by curiosity, and some by a well-formulated idea that a good deal of gratuitous festivity would accompany the event.

A long lofty room is the scene of the banquet, with tall windows, looking over stables on one side, and a little rookery of cottages, malt-houses, and pig-sties on the other. It has seen its best days; its flooring is patched and uneven, and if you step on a loose board—and there are many—a *feu de joie* of dust marks your indiscretion. There is a rough platform at one end, used sometimes for entertainments, where all the spare and invalid chairs of the establishment are piled, and two or three tables that have evidently been in the wars. And yet the room is not without some evidences of former grandeur. There are two large fireplaces, with elaborately ornamented chimney-pieces; and over one of these looms in neglected grandeur the portrait of Sir Thomas Grigsby, M.P., 'for many years'—as a tarnished brazen tablet informs one—'chairman of this bench of sessions.' Here and there too, fragmentary sconces, with bits of glass lustres hanging about them, stick out from the wall, in a sort of melancholy remembrance of the days when bright eyes brightened in their light, and the

swift footsteps of the dancers made a merry chime among their sparkling drops. They have all danced away to Hades now, all those gay souls of Friddenden, and nothing but beef and pudding remain—steaming rounds of salt beef, sirloins well streaked with yellow fat, legs of mutton that the gravy oozes out of in rich cascades, vegetable dishes everywhere, and half a hundred hungry farmers waiting to fall to.

The chairman—he is a permanent chairman, mark you, and on confidential terms with the landlord—is a gentleman with a bald head; the effect of which is intensified by a bushy beard, a bulbous nose, red bloodshot eyes, and a voice hoarse and vinous. He closes the red eyes tightly and piously for three seconds; you hear an uncertain sound through the bulbous nose: grace has been said, and the farmers are let loose on their prey. Such a clatter of knives and forks and jangle of plates; whilst mine host, hot and anxious, rushes to and fro, and the odd men who act as waiters tumble over each other in their eager haste. A while ago you might have ascribed the aspect of our president to a too free indulgence in the pleasures of the table. Now, you see your mistake. He is a martyr to market dinners. Save for an occasional splash of gravy that lights on his beard, he is fasting like any anchorite. His is the fate of Tantalus: surrounded by good things, he is unable to touch anything himself. Even before the first plates have been filled, the second helps are coming down upon him. He toils away at the carving-knife like a slave at the oar. But in the thick of the battle, he still has thought and presence of mind. He casts an eagle glance round the table; he whispers to his *aide-de-camp* the landlord; forthwith a corps of sherry decanters debouch upon the field of battle. Then to the clatter and din already reigning, are added wild cries from the combatants. 'Simmonds, a glass of wine.' 'Brown, with you.' 'Punnet, I'm looking at you.' 'Smith, the decanter.' 'Charles, the pleasure!' 'Tomkins, pass the sherry.'

It is not the etiquette at our market dinner to take a glass of wine quietly to yourself. If you fail to find a gossip to take wine with, you may fail also to taste our host's well-fortified sherry. Your only plan, if a stranger, is to cry out lustily with the rest: 'Brown, a glass of wine with you.' Some good-hearted Brown is sure to respond, and stop the flying decanters till you are served with the ambrosial fluid; after which—such the vanity of human wishes—you will probably regret that you did not leave it alone.

The clatter and the tumult subside after a while, and the sobering influence of a soup-plate carried round to collect the fees for the dinner makes itself felt. But at this moment the chairman rises, and after tapping the table loudly with his hammer for silence, announces in his most sonorous tones, that 'Mr Bowen will put half a dozen of champagne on the table; an announcement which everybody cheers vociferously.

Mr Bowen is the auctioneer, of the firm of Bowen and Pass, from Meddenham, a gray-haired man with ruddy, healthy face, who, now that the dinner is over, seems to start all of a sudden into distinctness and importance. He scans with a critical observant eye the company about him. There is no one here probably who will give him a *bond-fide* bid for Mordien, nevertheless they are

nearly all worth conciliating; sales of live and dead stock, valuations, appraisements—all these things may sooner or later come to pass among Mr Bowen's half-hundred friends. As soon as the champagne has passed, and everybody has drunk his health, he makes a friendly progress round the room, chatting pleasantly, with a word in season for everybody. Presently he comes to Alfred Harvey, who has been sitting all the while with a quiet moody face, paying little attention to what has gone on around him.

Alfred Harvey is in that queer moonstruck condition, one hardly knows whether to call it happy or unhappy, when all the good things of life, all the pleasures that have pleased, and the pursuits that have captivated, seem as nothing in comparison with the interest that hovers about one particular being. Alfred has responded to the challenges of his friends in mere sips of sherry; he has hardly touched the champagne. How much better he would have relished a cup of tea at the hands of Lucy! The flushed faces of the people about him seemed satyr-like in their gaiety and grossness, and assuredly the jokes and stories that circulated went well to match the faces. Time was that he would have laughed too, as heartily as any one, at the passing jest, but now it would have seemed a sacrilege almost.

'Why, you're looking very glum, Master Alfred,' said Bowen, patting him on the shoulder, and taking a vacant chair beside him. 'Come, come; if she isn't kind to you, you mustn't take it to heart so. Let us have a glass of champagne together.'

This proposition Alfred refused rather sulkily; and Bowen, seeing that any 'chaff' would not be kindly taken, began to talk business.

'I rather thought we might see your father over here,' he began.

'Father's laid up, but he sent me in his place.'

'Glad to hear it, Master Alfred; we shall have some brisk work then. It's a nice place this Mordieu, a very nice place. I should like to see you in it very much. I should have a chance then perhaps of a glass of wine in the old house again. Ah, what a hospitable place it was in poor John's time! If the Chilprune people buy it, I hear they mean to pull the house down and tack the land on to Slugget's farm.'

'Perhaps they won't get it,' said Alfred.

'Hope not,' whispered Bowen; 'but you'll have to put a bold face on it. Show 'em you mean to have it from the first.'

'That I certainly will,' said Alfred.

Long clay-pipes were now in the mouths of all the smokers of the assemblage, and they formed an overwhelming majority, and 'grogs' were coming in thick and fast. Presently the chairman vacated his seat at the head of the table, which was taken by Bowen the auctioneer, who began to turn over his papers and jot down memoranda here and there. Now the doors were opened to the general public, who filed in in considerable numbers, and took their seats on benches all round the room. Few of them looked like people who were prepared to invest much in landed property, but Bowen knew them every one, and nodded amicable greetings all around. Perhaps, indeed, there were some well-lined purses under even those patched smock-frocks.

'Gentlemen,' said Bowen with a preliminary

cough, and tapping lightly on the table, to call attention, 'I hope you will order in whatever you wish. The waiter is going round, gentlemen.'

A low murmur of approval followed this announcement. Soon after, the more important actors in the scene began to make their appearance. First of all, Mr Dolland the mortgagee hobbled into the room. A thin wizened old man he, coughing violently at the atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, with a pair of polished black crutches, which he reared carefully against his chair, but which came rattling down once or twice before he could arrange them safely. Almost on his heels came the lawyer with his red bag full of papers, then Mr Whitwick, and two or three squires, who didn't mean to buy, but might have to sell by-and-by. They all took their seats near the auctioneer. Then there was a long pause, broken by Mr Bowen, who requested silence whilst the conditions of sale were read out. Another pause, during which Mr Dolland seemed to be telegraphing to the auctioneer to go on. But Bowen still was silent; and then the door opened once more, and Mr Elkins entered with Lord Tancanville.

The old lord seemed to find the tobacco-smoke a little too much for him, but politely waved an intimation to the public that he didn't mind it at all—rather liked it, in fact. The landlord hustled out to get his lordship an arm-chair; but soon every one was settled, and the serious business of the day began.

Descanting very briefly on the advantages of the property he had to offer for sale, Bowen at length asked for a bid. Five thousand was volunteered by a gentleman in a smock-frock, after which, in a few minutes, and without a check, the biddings reached ten thousand pounds. That, it was well known, was Dolland's bid—just the amount of the mortgage—and for that he hoped to secure the bargain. Here the biddings hung fire for some time. Elkins had made the last offer before Dolland's, and Elkins made no sign, but sat rubbing his chin with his hand in a thoughtful kind of way. Harvey, too, responded nothing to the glance of the auctioneer. Dolland's pale face took quite a hectic gleam as he waited with suppressed excitement the probable fall of the hammer.

'Ten thousand pounds, going at ten thousand pounds,' cried Bowen with uplifted hammer—'going'—

'Ten fifty,' interposed the quiet voice of Elkins; and quick as the thunder after the swift forked lightning Alfred's voice was heard: 'Eleven thousand.' Elkins turned round sharply towards Alfred, then leant over to Lord Tancanville, and exchanged some whispered confidences.

'Eleven fifty,' said Elkins snavely, having caught the auctioneer's eye. Alfred rose another five hundred, to which Elkins added the minimum fifty. The Chilprune people were evidently determined to have the property, but at as low a cost as possible.

The contest now had become interesting, and the chances of the competitors were discussed with eager suppressed excitement. It was a marvellous thing that a tenant should beard his landlord in that way, offering hundreds where the former offered fifties; but it was a pleasant sight too, and all the sympathies of the farmers were with one of their own order. At this stage a friend crept quietly up behind Alfred and whispered in his

ear: 'Don't go too high. Remember, the Chilprunes lose nothing, however high it goes; all the surplus will come back to them.'

Alfred started and bit his lip, annoyed that he had not seen that before. Of course all the money that the property realised above the mortgage would go to the estate of the late John Dashmorton—that is to say, to the Chilprunes, to make up his deficiency. Hence he was fighting an unequal contest. They might run up the property to twenty thousand pounds without being a penny the worse. His first impulse was to retire from the field and let the property go; but next moment a new idea struck him. The Chilprunes would evidently have the estate. But if he could run it up against them till the purchase-money would cover John Dashmorton's defalcations—what joy it would be to hand over to Lucy a full discharge of her father's liabilities! What a load it would take from her mind—what a claim he would have upon her gratitude! The slur removed from her father's name; herself set free from all the innuendoes and evil reports that were current. That receipt in full would be an answer to anything. Yes, it would be a grand thing to do, and he would do it. So he boldly sang out: 'Thirteen thousand,' and abided the result.

The Chilprune representatives seemed annoyed, and after another whispered consultation, assumed a bolder policy. They bid at once to fourteen thousand, as if to shew their opponent that it was useless to contend with them; but Alfred countered them quickly with another five hundred, and Elkins angrily offered fifteen thousand. After that, in breathless silence the biddings continued, in thousands, Alfred Harvey's being the last offer—twenty thousand pounds. Elkins threw himself back in his chair with an impatient gesture. Lord Tancarville shrugged his shoulders and took a pinch of snuff. Alfred sat there in a cold sweat with anxiety. If this property were knocked down to him now, he had flung away at least seven thousand pounds of his father's money for a mere Quixotic impulse. What would the old man say? What kind of a reception would he get at home?

Even the auctioneer seemed to think that enough had been offered for the property, and the hammer was descending after a brief delay, when Elkins made a final effort and offered twenty thousand and fifty pounds. Alfred gave a long sigh of relief and hid his face in his hands, to conceal the joyous rush of feelings that shewed themselves in his countenance. After throwing appealing glances in vain at Alfred, Bowen knocked down the property to the trustees of the Chilprune estate; and the assemblage resolved itself into its original elements with a mighty buzz. Alfred stole away, and drove home as fast as he could. He was mightily anxious to be the first to tell the good news to Lucy: that she was now clear of the Chilprune trustees, and might snap her fingers in their united faces; that there would be a few hundreds over, no doubt, for John Dashmorton's heirs; and that her father's memory would be cleared from the blight that had rested upon it. But he was fastidious now; he would not present himself in these garments, saturated with tobacco-smoke. He would present himself in spotless attire, like a bridegroom, for who could tell what might be the reward he should get for his good tidings?

Perhaps a hero of romance might have hesitated to claim at the hands of the lady of his heart any reward for such a service as Harvey had performed for the Dashmortons. Such a one might have rather concealed the fact, and made out that somebody else had done it, fearing lest he might unduly move her in the direction of gratitude, rather than of that disinterested love which it is his hope to inspire, and place her under a burdensome obligation, which may give him an unfair advantage over the other competitors. But Alfred Harvey had no feelings of that kind. As long as Lucy was prepared to accept him as her husband to be, he was not likely to speculate as to whether she took him for himself alone, out of gratitude, or even with a prudent eye to those future advantages which his prospects might offer. The result was the thing. Now he had risked a considerable sum of money—his father's indeed; but still the loss would have been his own eventually—in securing a great benefit to the Dashmortons. No; he was not going to put his candle under a bushel basket—a course which, as we heard an eloquent expounder once declare, would end in burning the basket's bottom out—he would rather be the first to carry the good news, and he would not be unduly reticent about his own share of the business.

Alfred, however, still carried a careful mind, notwithstanding the disturbing influence of passion; and before leaving his home, in his best attire, and cleansed from all the contaminating odours of tobacco, he proceeded to lock up the roll of Bank of England notes which he had taken with him to the sale. On counting them over, however, there appeared, to his chagrin, to be a deficiency of one note of a hundred pounds; he counted only nine instead of ten.

He had not counted them since leaving the bank, and it was just possible, when he had transferred them from one pocket to the other at the half-way house between Meldeham and Friddenden, that he had left one note behind in his great-coat pocket. He felt carefully in every corner of the pocket, and then his hand came in contact with the cover that had once been upon Lucy's book. He felt something crackle crisply within, and drew it forth in triumph—his lost note, which had no doubt become entangled in the cover. But when he turned over the cover, he found that the note—for undoubtedly there was one—had worked itself within the sewing; and without another moment's consideration he tore away the stitches that held it, and drew forth a Bank of England note. He was about to add it to his roll, when the figures upon it attracted his attention. 'I promise to pay five hundred pounds on demand,' he muttered to himself. 'There is a fine thing. The bank has made a nice mistake.' Then he went over his notes again: he had counted them clumsily before; but this time going over them one by one he found that he had his full tale—ten notes of a hundred pounds, and this other note was a surplus one. To whom did it belong? Not to him, certainly.

Then he examined the book-cover again, and saw that it was impossible that a note could have worked into the carefully contrived receptacle in which he had found it. Who had placed it there? In all likelihood the owner of the book—that is to say, Lucy Dashmorton.

Alfred sat down, feeling quite faint and sick at heart. He drew out his pocket-book again with

trembling fingers, and found the slip he had cut from the newspaper containing the advertisement of the inquiry for the five hundred pound note, with its description and number. Yes; it was the identical note!

And they had been right, then, after all, his father, Elkins, and the rest. She had some secret hoard then, and was a participator in her father's dishonesty. 'And yet I could have forgiven her,' groaned Alfred, 'if she had owned to it when I asked her.' But duplicity, unblushing duplicity, falsehood, dishonesty, was it possible such things should exist in a creature thus fair and engaging? Why, yes; he was only going through a phase of the universal experience.

There was just one loophole. Lucy herself might not have been cognisant of the existence of this; Spiller might have hidden the note. Harvey held but a light opinion of Spiller, and such an action on his part would not have surprised him. And yet when he came to think of Lucy's anxiety—foolish anxiety he thought it at the time—about her book-cover, he felt that this hope was a slight one.

His course was soon determined on. He pinned the advertisement to the note, placed both in an envelope and put them in his pocket. There was only one question he would have to ask of Lucy: 'Did you know that this note was hidden in your book-cover?' If she denied it, well and good. Spiller must be brought to acknowledge that he was the culprit. If not, then he must abandon all thought of Lucy Dashmarton. He could never marry a girl who was dishonest and untruthful.

Alfred found his way to the cottage just about tea-time. Spiller had come in, but was not at that moment visible. The tea-tray was in the little parlour, and Lucy was sitting by the fire in the twilight, enjoying the relaxation known as the 'blindman's holiday.' It was with an air of glad welcome that she sprang up and advanced to meet her lover. A rumour of what had happened had reached her through Spiller. He did not know the exact figures, but he had heard that Morlicu had sold for nearly double its value, owing to Alfred Harvey's determined stand.

'Is it really true, Alfred,' she asked breathlessly, 'that Morlicu has fetched so much money?'

'Yes,' said Alfred coldly; 'it is true enough. It sold for twenty thousand and fifty pounds.'

'And how does that affect us and poor papa's affairs?'

'All your father's liabilities will be paid off, and you will be entitled to a full discharge for everything. There will be a surplus, too, probably of four or five hundred pounds, after paying all expenses, to divide between you.'

'And we owe all this to you?' said Lucy, blushing deeply. 'Can we ever thank you enough?' She held out both her hands to him. He had only to seize them, to draw her to him, to claim her as his own. She was his, he felt, at that moment—she was his. But he would not see the hands held out to him.

'Stay!' he said; 'there is one thing I have to give you, and then my duties are at an end. Look at this, Lucy, and see if you know anything about it.' Alfred went to the window and looked disconsolately out into the gathering gloom, whilst the girl knelt before the fire and examined the contents of the envelope by its light. There was

perfect stillness in the room for some time, and then Alfred turned impatiently round and looked at Lucy. She had sunk back a little from the fire, and held the note in front of her at arm's-length pressed against her knees.

'Well, Lucy,' he said in a trembling husky voice, 'do you know where I found that?'

'Yes; I know where you found it.'

'And do you remember what you told me when I asked you that question about money in this very room last night?'

'Yes; I remember.'

'Have you anything to say about it; any explanation to give?'

'No; I have nothing to say.'

'O Lucy, I'd have staked my life upon you; I gave my own father the lie, when he hinted you were dishonest; and now—'

'And now you know me better. Alfred, why do you judge me so harshly?'

'I don't judge you, God knows,' said Alfred in a broken voice; 'I love you too much; but I can't get over that. Lucy, can't you say something to explain it?'

Lucy shook her head. 'I have nothing to say.'

'Then I must leave you, Lucy; I must leave you.'

'I am quite content,' said Lucy; but a sob in her throat belied the words she uttered. 'It is better that you should go now. Farewell.'

Alfred stole softly out of the room, opened the front door gently, and went out. Lucy listened to his departing foot-steps till their sound died away in the distance, and then gave way to a flood of bitter tears.

Nothing more did she see or hear of Alfred Harvey for a long time, and then news came that he had given up his farm and was going abroad, either to North America or Australia; which of the two did not seem to be very clearly understood.

ON THE BLACKWATER.

BY WILDFOWLER.

Two or three years ago, in the beginning of August, I was delightfully surprised, one fine morning, at receiving the following epistle:

'Mr Wildfowler, sir, the mullit is on, i have cot a good aul on em. please cum; sir, lots ov burds in the mashes. I am at Haybridge. Dick.'

This was a letter from an athletic fellow, fisherman and wildfowl shooter, with whom I had, in previous seasons, gone several trips, fishing and wildfowl shooting. He had served me well; had always shewed me sport; had rescued me from a muddy bath once or twice on the Blackwater; was a civil, honest man, passionately fond of his work, and perfectly mad for sport; so we two jogged along together comfortably, and we had always remained in pretty permanent communication. My yarting words, on the previous March, after our last duck-shooting sail in the estuary, had been as follows: 'Dick, whenever fish turn up, drop me a line. And anyhow, under any circumstances, remain assured that I will come down here for a week's popping at the oxbirds in August.' I telegraphed him that I was packing up; and in the evening, a fly from Maldon Station deposited me safe and sound, with guns and lines and luggage, at the door of the Heybridge Inn. At the noise of

the wheels, Dick, who was on the 'hard' baling out his little boat which he termed the dinghey, called out a hearty greeting, and came up ponderously crunching the pebbles on the 'hard' under the thick heels of his mighty sea-boots. I can never look at the worthy fellow's face without feeling happy and comfortable; for his presence alone brings back to my memory many dearly treasured incidents of sport, and the very air around him breathes of freedom and of enjoyment. We generally connect men and things with the pursuit in which they are usually engaged; and hence, when my worthy wildfowl shooter stands before me, I always slay, in anticipation, perfect hecatombs of ducks, teal, widgeons, curlews, &c. We shook hands heartily; we always do. I like to, Dick likes it; and the men around feel honoured, collectively, by it, and are all ready to oblige me, and to lend us a hand whenever it is needed. Few men are more sensitive to good treatment than those independent fishermen and shooters, and I will warrant that the men would risk their necks, ay ten times over, to help any one to whom they once have taken a fancy. But let the 'hard' once be desecrated by the presence of some stuck-up man, who thinks that money is *par excellence* the thing and the only thing that will move men, then you will find that that man gets served for his money and nothing beyond. There will be none of that earnestness which gives such a zest to the sport. The fishermen will do their duty, take him fishing or shooting as they may have agreed to, but they will not exhibit that spontaneity and that desire to please which are their charming characteristics when their hearts are with the man who employs them. I am proud to say that I have frequently experienced instances of their good-will, and that I can never forget or repay the many kindnesses I have met at the hands of these hardy men. Well, Dick is as fair a sample of the *genus* as could be found in a very long cruise round the coast, and with him I feel happy, jolly, and full of pleasurable anticipations.

'Now,' said I to him, when our first warm greetings were over, 'as we were bound to lay in a stock of provisions, for I mean to stop three days, I have brought a hamper full of good things from town.'

Now, honest Dick, like most honest men, is rather fond of a good thing; and the way he smacked his lips when he shouldered the heavy hamper, made his friends and acquaintances laugh all round. Forthwith, two or three men took my gun-box, carpet-bag, game-bag, &c., and we all went down to the shore. Dick took the sculls, gave us a preliminary shove, and we were off.

I had rarely seen the Blackwater in a quieter and more lovely mood. The summer sun shone on our devoted heads as though it meant melting us altogether; there was hardly a ripple over the water; and the landscape around us looked lovely in the extreme. Of course, in our immediate neighbourhood were the mud-flats, shewing themselves broadly on account of the ebb having left them bare; but, nevertheless, Heybridge, with its few red-tiled houses, its few ships unloading in the basin, its white punts drawn up high and dry on the beach, together with some small snacks 'listing' on the mud, made altogether a very pretty picture.

As soon as we were under weigh, I placed the gun-box on the seat by my side, unlocked it, took out my double gun, placed twenty rounds of ammunition in my pockets, and then I went forward, facing the bows, and looked out for birds, hundreds of which were evidently about, as we could hear them as plain as could be whistling on every side. Moreover, evening-time is the best for that sort of sport, because the shore-birds turn out in strength, and thousands are to be seen then feeding on the flats. My first shot was a lovely miss, but with the second barrel I scored. Dick, who had stopped rowing when I had touched him (our usual signal), then gave two or three pulls towards the dead bird, and we picked it up. It was a redshank, in splendid condition, as well he might be, for the bird had, as yet, experienced anything but hard weather; and if plenty of food, a bright sun, and a 'Wild Bird Protection Act' cannot allow a bird to lay on fat, then all I can say is, nothing will. A little farther on, I saw a bunch of some twenty shanks and other shore-birds wheeling about over the water. I touched again my oarsman, who quietly kept the sculls ready for action, and meanwhile turned his head to have a look, too. Just as I was covering the leader, and was going to fire, 'Look out, sir!' called out Dick; and casting up a glance skywards, I immediately beheld a mullard, going at the rate of sixty odd miles an hour, just crossing our stern. I fire; miss; fire again, and stop my bird by a green cartridge.

'That is better than shooting a redshank or two,' quoth Dick, when he picked it up, and smoothing its feathers, finally placed the bird astern under the seat. 'I just caught a glimpse of him as he was passing over us,' he went on. 'Lucky you could turn in time. And now, sir, here is the smack. We will go aboard, put your things there, have something to eat; then we will go for another row, or a sail, just as you prefer.'

So saying, we bumped against the port-side of the stout little craft that was to take us to our fishing-ground. Dick's younger brother, John, turned up to lend us a hand; and in due course I found myself below, seated before a regal 'spread,' the service being well attended to by the two men, who are rare good hands at cooking fish and birds, and at pulling corks out of bottles. It was about eight o'clock when we reappeared on deck, and the tide was coming up fast then. There was no fishing possible, at least with the nets, as it would be dark soon. We could certainly have indulged in a little hand-line fishing, had we been so inclined, but we were not; and as the birds began their evening flights, we concluded that it was time to start, if ever we meant to. Re-entering the dinghey, each man took an oar, and we started for a large creek on our starboard-side. The sun was going down Maldonway, and its rays were very dazzling when we faced the west on entering the creek, nevertheless I contrived to make a nice mixed 'bag,' a portion of which our junior undertook to pluck on our return, for our supper.

When we came back to the smack, we set sail for the place where the men intended to put down their nets in the morning, and fortunately no other fishermen had turned up to try the spot. This made the two brothers as pleased as Punch; and we all turned in, at half-past eleven P.M., the

men forward, and I alone in the cabin. The night was quiet and mild until two or three o'clock in the morning, when a rattling breeze began to blow; but by daylight the wind went down again, and when we turned up on deck at six, the day promised to be as lovely as could be wished. We were all very busy. I was getting my shooting paraphernalia in order, ready for work; Dick was overlooking the stop-nets which were going to be used; and his brother, forward, was deep in the mysteries of his cooking. We had fish, flesh, and fowl for breakfast; and a more merry set than the three of us when we left the smack and rowed away in the dinghey, could hardly have been matched anywhere, let alone on the Blackwater itself. The skiff contained the nets, ready folded for dropping; and I watched my companions with lively interest when they prepared to drop them. Mullet, it must be borne in mind, are a queer set of fish, which occasionally will take bait, but as a very general rule, decline so to do, notwithstanding the many varieties of bait with which the 'hookers' may try to tempt them. This being so, the nets are resorted to; with what success the sequel will shew.

We got to the mouth of a creek, where my companions declared that the mullet always congregated; and we remained waiting by the shore where the first end of the net had been fixed until the tide was almost high. When the flats were all covered with the brine, then it was time to set the nets. Dick took up his position on the starboard; I went forward, to be out of the way of the men; John took up the sculls, and he rowed us right across the mouth of the creek; whilst his brother, during the transit, dropped and arranged the nets. This done, we had only to wait for low tide; but there being a quarter of a mile lower down, another likely creek, we went to the smack to get the second net, and rowed with it to the second creek, where it was expeditiously and cleverly laid. At one o'clock we went aboard for luncheon, and at two we went to see what catches the nets might have made. The ebb-tide had still two hours to run, but already the water was very low; and unmistakably we had fish, the water inside the net being in a perpetual turmoil from their efforts to escape.

'Them fish,' said Dick, 'is the rummest to deal with we ever comes across. They be like sheep, they be, them fish. If one of 'em finds out the way over the net and shews it to t'others, they all follows suit and bolts over; and *there!* sir, there be one going now!'

Rowing desperately towards the net our presence near it kept the mid-channel fish steady, but on both port and starboard sides, a few kept on leaping, and one to whose identity I could almost swear, jumped at least twenty times out of water, but fortunately missed the net. He was an enormous fellow, and very graceful withal, reminding me very forcibly of those elegant pictures in old angling books wherein the fishes hanging from the lines of the anglers are always depicted with their bodies in a semicircle. Altogether the sight of the 'catch' was a very attractive one, particularly so to the men, who were simply delighted, for mullet are nice fish, and a good catch of them is not by any means to be despised from an *L. & d.* point of view.

When the tide was low, my men proceeded to

load their fish; but as I got terribly splashed about, I voted to be landed, and gun in hand, went for a stroll after watching the fishermen a few minutes. The flat I then was on was moderately safe, but I did not like venturing too far; and thinking I might do something in a minor creek close by, I went there and bagged two birds with a rattling right and left. Then, to my great surprise, I saw a large mullet jumping out of a small pool of water in the channel of the little creek, now almost dry and bare. I went down with some difficulty, the mud being very slimy and slippery, and secured the fish and my birds, with which I retraced my footsteps. The net was then picked up, and the men had about three scores of mullet in the boat. Returning to the smack, we tumbled the lot, net and all, into the cockpit, there to be looked after at leisure on our return, and then we proceeded to draw the second net. Owing to the distance, the men had to make all speed, as otherwise the next tide would have bothered their operations. Indeed, as Dick expressed himself, 'they had drawn it rather fine, for ere the fish were all in, the flood began. Fortunately, the work was nearly done; and everything was satisfactorily taken up without any unlucky *contretemps* happening to mar the success of the undertaking. The catch there was about a score and a half.

We then returned on board, and at once set sail to Heybridge, where the men took the fish ashore in hampers and boxes; and the said hampers and boxes were forthwith despatched to Maldon railway station, *en route* for London. The next day we went again for another drop-netting operation; but we had poor sport. The third day, however, being somewhat rough at sea, drove the shoals well up the estuary, and the result was a gratifying haul at low tide. Thus I spent three pleasurable days on the Blackwater. In the intervals of netting the mullet, I busied myself at dab, plaice, and whiting hooking; or I went shore shooting. What with sailing and rowing about, an occasional shot with the net, and an occasional raid upon the wildfowl, I have rarely spent three more entertaining days anywhere; and when I left Heybridge for town, and Dick, with the concluding grip of his large horny honest hand, asked me his usual question: 'Enjoyed yourself, sir?' it was with heartfelt gratitude that I replied: 'Never better anywhere, Dick, thanks to yourself and your brother.' And thus we parted, mutually pleased with each other; and thus ended my August trip on the Blackwater.

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MONT BLANC WITHOUT A GUIDE.

FOR the following description of an ascent of Mont Blanc, *unassisted by a guide*, we are indebted to a Scotch clergyman, who performed the daring feat in 1873. During a solitary tour through Switzerland, he kept a diary, from which he has furnished us with the following extracts.

CHAMOUNI, August 21, 1873.—Went down to breakfast between seven and eight o'clock. The window of the room, which opened like a two-leaved door, was ajar, and invited me to the stone balcony outside overlooking the street. Standing there, and inhaling the *coller* air, driven down from its snowy haunts by a delightfully invigorating breeze, I thought that the time was favourable to go up and see what the mountain was like. The snow-sprinkled spires, though no bells rung in their breast to catch the ear, save when the avalanche came down, spoke to the eye as they lifted their heads into the azure, and said: 'Come up hither.' Taken with the aspect of the day, and a desire to acquaint one's self with primeval solitude on heights above the line of creature-life, I prepared to go. There was nothing special to prepare. My boots, with common iron tacks driven into the soles, had nothing else to help their grip. The only article of equipment peculiar to the kind of work before me was an Alpine stick with a shod of iron an inch long. Furnished with a waterproof, rolled up with a pair of socks inside, and slung in leather over the back, and provided with Swiss brown bread, with butter to soften its skin, and cheese to keep it in countenance, I started about nine o'clock. In going through the village a flask was bought. Having thrown the green cord attached to it round the neck, and placed the flask in rest in the one outer pocket, to balance the other, grown stout with the bread and cheese, I crossed the Arve; and after walking the level for a little, slanted up the hill-foot, now through the wood, and then through the open, till human habitations became scarce. Seeing, on the slope to the left, a lonely mower plying his scythe, I asked of him the way, to make doubly sure, as the path forked

there. Thereafter, the path zigzagged up the breast of the mountain under pine-shadow, shewing steep precipices to the right.

Between two and three hours' walking in this manner brought me to the chalet of Pierre Pointue, on a commanding platform above the pines, six thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight feet above the sea-level. Mules go this length, but no farther. Halting there a little, I got refreshing milk, bread-and-butter, and then proceeded. The distance from Pierre Pointue to the ice is reckoned another hour's walk. The path crosses the shadow of the Aiguille du Midi, and is somewhat rough, besides critical, if the foot is unsure, and the head liable to giddiness. The rock of that peak is short of the grain, and not unfrequently gives way, speeding down with awesome force and sound, causing the echoes to groan with fear as the fragments leap, some over the dizzy cliffs, and some into the fathomless crevasses of a frozen sea. At length the rocky path ends, and the ice-way begins. It may be stated in passing, that fourteen hours is the time allowed to ascend the mountain; seven to the Grands Mulets, and other seven to the summit. Four hours are allotted to reach the ice, and the other ten to traverse a region of frozen snow that forbids room for a blade of grass or a flower.

I am now at the door of Winter's temple. The same glacier that was crossed yesterday near its narrow end or tail, is now before me in union with another glacier—that of Tacoumay, with a breadth for crossing which to the Grands Mulets between two and three hours are allowed. I soon found myself on new ground, peculiarly uneven. For a few minutes' walk at the outset, the path was over masses of ice of all shapes and sizes, lying, as a Scotsman would say, *lapsalcerie*. Now you walk on a roof of ice, and then leap from its gable on to the roof of another ice-block over a lane of unmeasured depth. At this stage I came upon a party, six in number, if I remember aright—an Englishman and his wife with four guides. After a few minutes' conversation on the comparative merits of Swiss and Scottish scenery, I passed

on. The way became more billowy than it had been a short time before, and led over high ridges snow-covered. Sometimes the other side of the crevasse was considerably higher than the one from which the jump was taken; still it was not hard to do. I had just crossed one, and was climbing a steep slope of ice, with the left hand touching the frozen snow, and the Alpine stick in my right, when a shuffling noise was heard, and a string of men, seven or so, met me in the face. They had been to the Grands Mulets, and were now coming down in a row, with rope fastened from waist to waist. One or two, and especially the last man in the row, warned me, in language and gesture most emphatic, not to proceed. At length, coming to a huge block of ice on a snow-ridge, I sat down on my oilskin roller, and tried the bread-and-cheese, time about with milk from the flask. That wall of ice standing up and screening me somewhat from the glitter and heat of the sun, was as the shadow of a great rock. Leaving that nameless inn, I ere long came into rough ground, peculiarly uneven. It was then that the head of the Glacier de Tacconay was being crossed. That same glacier and the Glacier des Boissons are as one, high up on the way to the Grands Mulets; but lower down, their narrow ends separate, and run down the mountain's side each in its own groove. The rough character of the ground there seems caused by the fact that an incipient stream flows underneath in the hollow; while the plates of ice slant downwards to its bed, and break into confusion on the way. At one particular part I came to a ladder which does good service; with its foot resting on the near side of the chasm, and its head on the breast of ice looking down from the far side, it enables one to surmount with ease a barrier otherwise hard to get over. Thereafter, the path ascended in slopes covered with snow, gently curving to the left, till it brought me to a spur of rock on which a log-cabin stands. It is called the Grands Mulets. This spear-pointed rock rising high and abrupt, presents a barrier to the avalanches of ice and snow from the mountain-slope at the foot of which it stands.

On ascending the rock, I met three English tourists, who had got up some time before me. One of them was a lady. The guide gathered for them some rare flowers that grew in the seams of the rock. We scrambled up the rocks behind the cabin, and surveyed the scene. We saw a Frenchman and three guides who had been on the top, resuming their descent after a rest at the Grands Mulets. The party beside me soon followed. After some minutes' converse we paid our mutual adieus, and they began to descend. Then I went in to partake of the food which I had ordered on reaching the spot. This food was prepared by a woman who dwells there for three months of the year. She is the servant of Mr Couttel, who lives at Pierre Pointue, and acts as a guide.

As I was waiting for my meal, a second party of tourists came down from the summit; they were Englishmen, some three or four in number. After refreshment and a short rest, they also continued their downward path, and left me alone. But I was not long solitary, for the first party I fell in with after entering the ice-region came in. They spent the evening and night there, and descended next morning. The cabin is a wooden house, some ten feet broad, containing two rooms, with two single

beds in each, a kitchen, and a guides' room, all in line, backed by the spear-pointed rocks. This narrow house is fronted by a narrow path, on the outer edge of which a wooden railing protects people from falling over the cliff. A great part of the afternoon and evening was spent outside, looking upon the unwonted scene, which I believe the Englishman and his wife, as well as myself, enjoyed more by far than the night-watch that followed. Looking across the valley of Chamouni, one saw straight in front the clean-cut Mont Buet, the glacier behind it, and toward the right, the Aiguilles Rouges. These, and many mountains nameless here, shone in that hour of transfiguration, when the sun, just set, left his last light, like memory, to clothe with colours of ideal beauty a world that has passed out of his sight. There was little cloud to vary and enrich the sky; but the hues of light, pale-green, roseate, and blue, glimmering upon the mountain-tops across the darkened vale, gave them peculiar matchless beauty.

Before turning in for the night, I had an agreeable talk with two or three of the guides, who advised me rather strongly to take a guide to the top of the mountain, or eschew the ascent. Though not led by their counsel, I regarded it as given in all sincerity, and still remember with pleasure their willingness to inform me, though my unaccustomed ear could only take in scraps of information. At length, we retired for the night, intending to sleep, but did not. The cold and other special reasons kept the tourists awake. I rose at three o'clock, dressed in the dark quietly, and went into the kitchen for an early breakfast. After breakfast, seeing it was rather dark to go without a lantern, I went back, and lay on the bed awhile. Here I may state that the woman was very kind and attentive. She gave me the loan of a pair of leggings with *spats*, alias gaiters, to prevent the snow from entering by the boot-heads, as it had done the day before. With boots greased by one of the guides, *spats* and leggings to protect the lower limbs, my wallet replenished, and tea in the flask, I was well-nigh ready for the road. Our kindly female attendant, of her own accord, shewed me a bottle of cognac. I thought: 'I am an abstainer, and will not use a stimulant unless placed in circumstances requiring it. But who knows what may happen? If one should use up all his energy, the cognac may serve to screw him up for a last effort.' So I decided to take a small bottle containing about two glasses; though it turned out that I brought the bottle back to the Grands Mulets without having removed the cork. The necessity provided against did not arise, so the cognac was brought back untasted. The woman appeared to have faith in my return, for when I offered to pay, she said there was no occasion, as I would come back again. As there was a way down from the top to the other side of the mountain, she seemed to have faith in my honesty as well as good-luck. Yet that may be vain reasoning; and the conjecture, that she felt sure of my meeting with an impassable barrier not far off, which would send me back again, may not have been far from the truth. Setting out about five o'clock in the cool, calm morning air, I left the Grands Mulets and began my ascent. The frost had somewhat hardened the surface of the snow, which made the walking dry and light; and though a little steep, the way was easy for

the first twenty minutes—if the guess be correct, seeing that my time measurements were by the sun and by feeling, as my watch had lost its reckoning. Thereon I came to a spot where the ice-floor had fallen down a considerable depth from the main level of the slope, like one of those great gaps you come to in a peat-moss, caused by the digging of peats in that part. As the grass and heather of the moor rest upon the peat and feed it by their own decay, so the snow proper of Mont Blanc rests upon and feeds a body of snow-ice, which in many places will be hundreds of feet thick. So, in making the ascent, one encounters various ground—here pure snow above the ice, there snow half-converted into ice, and farther on the hard slippery ice. This body of snow, turned into ice, and covering the mountain like a coat of armour, is not without seam or rent. In its downward progress over the rough uneven sides of the hill, it rends into pieces, and reveals yawning fissures between the joints of the armour. The gap I now came to was one of these rents. The field I had traversed had broken away from the field above, and a fragment had fallen into the middle between the two. This gap presented a bold look to a solitary traveller. It was easy to leap across the first chasm on to the sunken fragment in the middle; but when once there, the point was how to get across the crevasse on the upper side of the fragment. The other side of this crevasse rose up some seven or eight feet perpendicular, while beyond and above the perpendicular was a steep slope. Steps were cut in the wall, the lowest being breast high. Lower than that they could not be made to any purpose, as the ice retreated inward the lower it went. Supposing the step cut, one could not stand on it, as the forward stoop of the wall above would prevent his standing straight, and cause him to fall backward. The point was, how to get on to and stand firm on the step already cut, which was breast high. With a race and leap, one might have lighted on the step; but with nothing to hold by, all being ice, he would have come down backwards, and fallen into the crevasse, from which egress would have been impossible. An axe would have been useful to haul one's self up by, for he could drive the sharp end into the ice-face, and with combined leap and draw, throw himself on the wall-brow. I stood doubtfully, looking right and left, to see if there was any way of compassing the gap, but saw no out-gate. At length I bethought myself of my only companion, an Alpine stick about five feet long, and furnished with a shod of iron an inch long. On the left side of the first step the wall projected somewhat. Into this projection the Alpine stick was driven till within six inches of the head. It stuck out like a peg, a little above and to the left of the first step, at a height of fully five feet. It was not fixed in such ice as forms on water, else it would not have gone through, but in a mass of solidified snow, hard on the outside, but easy to pierce after going through the first few inches. Having got the stick into the wall, I retreated several yards, and running forward, made a leap, at one and the same time catching the stick with my left hand, throwing the right hand as far as it could stretch on the head of the wall, and landing my feet on the step the moment after. I was glad to find myself there, though in a cramped position,

with the stick end, and left hand holding it, behind the left leg. Drawing the stick slowly out from behind my heels as it were, and renewing the steps above, I resumed my upward course. For a considerable time the way went up a series of stairs with a landing-place at the top of each in the form of a plain, which, when once crossed, led you to the foot of another steep slope, here soft, and there hard and slippery. Sometimes the path ran sidelong across a hill-face, where one is very apt to slip, and if he does, the crevasses below await him. Sometimes my foot slipped into a hole; and I had to be wary when crossing the point of junction between two gaping pits, for there the blocks of ice were not completely joined, but had the seam between them filled up with loose snow. After mounting several stairs, and crossing the plains or landing-places alternating with the same, I found myself in what is called the Grand Plateau. Once there, the way to the top can be taken either to the right hand or to the left. The way to the right is much easier than the other, and, it is said, takes less time to accomplish. One thing is against it, in its being exposed to avalanches, which have on various occasions dealt destruction. There are three kinds of avalanches—the rock, the snow, and the ice. As to the last two, the one is a snow-slip, which is easily caused. A good depth of new snow lies upon a bed of ice on a steep slope; it has a slight hold upon the hill, with a crisp, thin frost upon its face; and a small thing will make it slip, and rush down as the snow from a house-roof. A party move along in single file across the snow-slope, the track which they make cuts away the snow-field above from the support which that beneath gave it, and down the snow comes with hissing surge; a swift and resistless river sweeping the unwary into the ice-pits beneath. One or two, it may be, hearing the coming sound, dig Alpine stick or axe into the frozen snow or ice beneath, and fall flat, holding firm their grip till the snow-slip has passed over them.

The ice avalanche is the breaking away of icebergs from their home on the face of the crags. Looking up to the right, one sees great quarry-faces of ice from twenty to fifty feet thick and more. These ever and anon, and chiefly in the summer months, loosen and come thundering down, strewing boulders of ice on the plain, and bestudding the path, like the stone boulders of Arran on the shore-road between Corry and Samnax; or the Fallen Rocks whose race to the sea Bute heard fifty years ago. The path to the right was exposed to these avalanches. The path to the left is much more arduous, being far steeper, more slippery, and in some respects more perilous, but is not exposed to avalanches. The great danger is that one is apt to become an avalanche himself, great enough for his own undoing. On consideration, I chose to ascend by this left-hand way, with the intention of coming down the other path. I thought by so doing, to make more sure of my way to the top, that being the route chalked out when the peak was seen in the distance. Though visible at Chamoouni and Pierre Pointue, the summit of Mont Blanc is obscured to the sight by intermediate heights, as the traveller comes to close quarters. After a good spell of snow-walking on the plain, I came to the foot of a very steep ice-slope, which may be what is called the Corridor. On my right were the Roches

Rouges—Red Rocks—and on the left torn ridges of ice. One has to find his way between these two, and veering to the right, climb over the flank on to the back of the ridge terminated by the Red Rocks.

The ascent of the Corridor required some care, as it was uncommonly steep and slippery, besides being guarded by yawning chasms. I had to go up with *canny* care, chipping out footholds with the stick shod. This had to be done in other parts lower down also; but here more work of the kind was required. As the body of the mountain was between me and the sun, I was well in shade. When well up the Corridor, the breeze came sweeping down with snow-drift before its besom. It was a cold bracing shower of small snow that effaced the footprints, and left one to be guided by the general bearing of the mountain. A storm coming upon the traveller in such a place might easily carry him off his feet, or if he found shelter on the lee-side of a block of ice, might freeze him with its cold breath.

Curving round to the right, and climbing the flank, which was somewhat stiff, I began to feel a little tired. It was now about eleven o'clock, judging by the sun, and up to this point I had seldom rested, only for a minute or two upon my staff, while taking a sip of tea. But the sun bearing straight down, and kindling all around into an excess of light, together with the rarefied air, combined to give a slight sense of fatigue and oppression. Yet, this was not without compensation when I got upon the back of the ridge, and saw before me the summit of Mont Blanc. If you fancy Mont Blanc a horse, my position then was on its hind-quarters behind the saddle. Walking along the back, I came to the shoulder, at the base of the neck. Thereabout, two or three rocks jut out, called the *Petits Mulets*, but they afforded poor shelter from the sun, that kindled the mountain with sparkling silver. There I ate a little, though I was more keenly sensible of thirst than hunger. The tea in the flask was nearly done, and to economise it, I occasionally moistened my lips with snow.

It is here proper to state, that from the time the summit came in sight, a view of peculiar grandeur met the eye in the aspect of the neighbouring mountains with glaciers on their breasts, and seas of ice filling up the valleys. But clouds of mist, at first like a man's hand, rose up from the icy dells thin and fleecy, and grew like veils woven by invisible fingers. The mountain was silent; and no sign of life came across my path, save the footprints of the chamois, and the sight of a party of three who had made the ascent of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur, on the Italian side. When I first saw them, they were making their descent toward Chanouin the other way from that by which I ascended—so we did not meet. I found the last stair, the side of the *colotte*, not least in steepness. The snow had a hard, slippery crust, which was apt to betray the foot. I rested once or twice, finding the snow a good sofa, my weariness being caused in part by the thinness of the air, which gives you at one inspiration only half of what you get on the plain. When not many yards from the top, and not so careful, perhaps, as I would have been, had crevasses been near to wait upon my fall, a foot slipped, and down I came. I was carried down in a sitting posture at an increasing rate, till, after

sliding some yards, I stopped myself by driving the Alpine stick well down into the hard snow. Then getting up, a little sorry to go over that dear space again, yet glad to rise up with whole bones, I resumed my way with more care and vigour, and did not rest till my feet stood on the summit of Mont Blanc.

For about fifty yards in length the top is nearly level. I walked along the ridge as on the top of a great dike, with a comb of snow upon it, and sat down upon the highest part. Besides the footprints, no signs of man were there, except a few bottles, some standing on their ends, and some on their heads. I suppose that, having spent their liquid treasure, they became the keepers of notes, recording the ascent of those who left them there.

Sitting on that comb of snow, I felt the cold for the first time, as the wind drove up from the Italian side, *snell* and freezing. Down in the valley on the Italian side was seen Courmayeur. Beyond it, a good way off, the Matterhorn raised its pyramid of bare rock far into the sky; while to its left, and at a greater distance, Monte Rosa appeared in majesty and power; the second highest mountain in Europe. Directly south, no far view revealed itself; a cloud came up from Italy with brooding wings, and swiftly bridged the spaces between the mountain-tops. The little plaids of mist seen an hour before this, had risen up from their individual glens, and uniting above the peaks, blotted out the landscape from view. Guessing what was coming, I began, after ten minutes' survey, to descend from the summit. Had I been half an hour later, or even less, in reaching the summit, perhaps no one would have believed my tale but myself. Even as it is, some people say that it is simply impossible to make the ascent of Mont Blanc alone, and that, consequently, I must have mistaken some lower height for the top. But seeing is believing. Both from Chanouin and Pierre Pointue, the top of the mountain is visible, and from both places *I was seen on the summit*; and not long before that, they observed my fall with special interest, and probably thought that all was up, or down, with me, according to their foregone conclusions. But though I survived the slip, and reached the top, they thought that the mist would prove too much for the solitary traveller; and certainly there was reason in the supposition. It was God's goodness that guided and shielded me all the way.

I said before, that on reaching the Grand Plateau, where the path to the top forks, the one to the right and the other to the left, I took the path to the left. Having gone up by the one curve, I determined to try the other coming down. The first part of the way down was along a snowy ridge, where the step was now to the calf, and then to the thigh. This must have been the *Bosse du Dromadaire*, or not far from it. For the first few minutes, it was a kind of race, for the snow was a fine drag to keep one from slipping. But thereon the mist and cloud came, hiding from view all but a yard in front. Knowing the general outline from the view obtained when all was clear, it was my endeavour to keep on the crown of the ridge, and hold on till it ended in a valley-plain. Meanwhile, a small kind of snow was falling, which, coming upon the face, was a more reviving cordial than *Eau-de-Cologne*. Reaching the plain, and turning to the right, I went down a gentle

incline going between ice-craters, and came to the point where that path meets the other by which the ascent was made. From that downward, I passed over the old ground. The far view being excluded, the eye was more drawn to the things near at hand. The mist lifted up a little in going down the series of plains and terraces, revealing now and then the ice-masses crowning the heights, while the blocks of ice by the path pointed to the quarry-faces above, from which they had sprung. Now and then I came upon a crater where the fallen floor of ice, itself covered by drifts of the purest snow, was inclosed by a projecting wall of green and blue, from whose brow all round hung a fringe of icicles through which sported the colours of the rainbow. The thawing of the snow made the way down the stairs somewhat critical, as the foot more frequently dropped into holes, or felt the snow slipping from under it. I had to cling to the hill-face like the limpet to the rock, striking the stick deep into snow-ice as I went along. Ere long I came to the gap which had given me trouble in the morning, and looked upon it with curious interest. To leap down from the wall across the chasm was easy. Walking across the sunken flat in the middle, to the rent and wall on the lower side, there was another leap to the general level, but one not difficult. Soon thereafter the Grands Mulets came in sight.

Arriving there, I found three tourists—namely, two Englishmen, brothers, I think, and a Swiss, with their guides. We sat down to meat together, and had a free ‘crack.’ After taking something to eat, I might have resumed my descent, and reached Chamouni that night, being comparatively fresh; but the thought that the way would be crisp with frost, combined with the pleasure of intercourse with intelligent men, persuaded me to remain.

That night, I was overtaken by a new experience, which came about in this wise: I had made a miscalculation in not taking preserves for the eyes. It is true that I had a veil, but that was of little service. The consequence was that the sun and snow threw a burning brightness upon my eyes, which, however, was not felt till the evening. I could not sleep for a feeling as if grains of sand were on the eyeballs; they were now and again rubbed, to bring these imaginary motes to the eyelid shore; but they would not come. The three gentlemen, with their guides, started early in the morning, it being their purpose to reach the top that Saturday. Some time after, I prepared for the downward journey, but found it vain, for I was blind, and as you may believe, greatly annoyed. After repeated efforts groping through the hut, and going outside to try if the presence of the snow would be able to send light through the gates so suddenly blocked and cut off from day, I was obliged to halt. Some time in the forenoon, the three tourists and their guides returned to the Grands Mulets. On reaching the Grand Plateau, it was deemed advisable, owing to the state of the weather, not to proceed farther. Hence the reason of their early return. Their mind was to go down to Chamouni. As for myself, my sight was, if anything, better. I could see something vague before my feet, but that was all, and to have attempted the road myself in that state would have been suicide. It was frankly proposed to me that I should go down with them.

I decided to accept the generous offer. It was a generous offer, as one in my condition *might* perchance endanger his neighbours. At the same time I did not think that I would endanger them, else I had kept aloof. My reasons for accepting aid were stronger than those of a contrary kind. In the first place, to refuse the offer would be unhandsomely stiff, seeing I was not able to go alone; in the second place, it was Saturday; in the third place, I had little time to spare; and lastly, there was no cure at hand, if nature failed to unbar the gates of light.

So we started in a row, with rope fastened from body to body. I was second last, two noted Bernese guides being one before, and the other after me. A respectable length of tether was between each of us. I entered upon a new experience, a piece of work in some respects harder than any yet encountered. Trying to get a glimmer of light before my feet, and learn when to make a leap across a crevasse, I felt the want of a pair of eyes more than the presence of a pair of men. Now my eyes would get a glimmer of refreshing light, and then the old haze would creep over them, requiring me to ask when I came to the rents. But we all got safe across the ice, and hastened from under the Aiguille du Midi to Pierre Pointue. After dinner at Pierre Pointue, the three tourists and their guides made for Chamouni, and I remained behind to try a cure which Mr Couttet had in the form of a bitter liquid. The eye had to drink it in winking. I was well treated there, and had a sound sleep, with the voice of an avalanche or two ringing through it. On Sabbath morning I awoke seeing dimly, but only through a pair of blue glasses. After breakfast, I went out, and descended to Chamouni unaccompanied.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XL.—AN AUTHOR AND HIS EDITOR.

ABOUT halfway between the Bank of England and Lasinghall Street* a position somewhat typical of many of its tenants—lies Abdell Lane. A street so narrow, although the houses are but three-storied, that in the sunniest days it is always dim and cool except at noontide; while throughout the winter and half the spring, the inhabitants pursue their avocations solely by artificial light. Their callings are various; and in many cases would be difficult to explain to the public satisfaction; and yet they have some right to be called respectable, since a rent of about two hundred pounds *per annum* is paid *per room*. Off Abdell Lane lies Abdell Court, connected with the larger thoroughfare by a huge arch (itself honey-combed by human tenements), through which the astonished passenger comes upon a tree, a pump, and a paved yard, in which for hours at certain seasons the sun is distinctly visible. The rents are higher here than in the lane, although the place is only approachable by foot-passengers. In fact, that is a circumstance which is a ground of boast to its residents, since it shows that the commercial element (in the shop-form) does not intrude itself. On the side of each door are painted in black and white the names of each occupant, as in Lincoln's Inn and the Temple; but there are no lawyers in Abdell Court. They

* In this street is situated the Court of Bankruptcy.

are chiefly brokers, with a good sprinkling of that mysterious class of gentry called 'financial agents.' Unpromising as the material soil appeared, the seed of many a goodly mercantile tree had been dropped in Abdell Court, to grow and grow, and to bear golden fruit: also other trees quite as promising, but which never coming to maturity, were by many contumeliously termed 'plants.' On the ground floor of one of these houses, there sits, in what might be called by contrast with its congeners quite a spacious apartment, a gentleman with whom we have made acquaintance under other circumstances. Black and gray are now his only wear, but the neatness and completeness of Mr Holt's attire is almost as remarkable as it was at Riverside. Perhaps it is the effect of that sombre dress, but he certainly looks paler and older than when we saw him last: the hair about his temples has thinned, and the lines about his mouth have deepened; if we did not know that his investments are always made with sagacity, and have never given him cause to lose a wink of sleep, we should call his expression careworn. He has an open ledger before him, and a pen in his hand; yet he is not engaged in calculation. A letter in a large, round, and rather sprawling hand lies on the page beneath his eyes, and he is conning it attentively.

'DEAR MR HOLT,' it runs—'I cannot say how much I am obliged to you for your beautiful present; the watch is much too handsome, I am afraid, for a boy like me, but I will try to take great care of it. I have just found out that it strikes the hours and the quarters. We have been in great trouble, as Jeff will have doubtless told you; but my sisters are pretty well in health, and beg to be remembered to you.—I am yours truly and obliged,

ANTHONY DALTON.

'P.S.—Please give my love to Jeff.'

Mr Holt had read this somewhat bald epistle half-a-dozen times, and yet was as interested in it as ever. 'It is cleverly written,' he muttered to himself; 'but it is not all one piece. "Much too handsome;" and "Will try to take great care"—that is not the boy's. I wonder which of the girls helped him with it? "Jeff will have told you;" that is like Jenny's touch. She pretends to believe that I only hear of their welfare through Derwent; and then, again, "Give my love to Jeff," sounds like her sharp tongue: she writes that to annoy me. But then she would never have made him say that they begged to be remembered to me. I am sure that's Kitty; dear, delicious, tender-hearted Kitty!' He heaved a deep sigh, and stroked his forehead with his hands.

'How nearly I lost her!' he went on softly to himself. 'If things had not gone just as they have, she would be by this time out of my reach. What a frightful risk did that madman make me run!' He rose from his seat, and pulling down the window, although the day was bitter cold, stood facing the draught. 'Two months, three months, four months, and not a scrap of news of the ship. All must surely be safe now. The very stars in their courses have fought for me. However, it is the very last boon that I will ever ask of Fortune; hereafter, I am independent of her. If I were bankrupt to-morrow, my books would be a model. There is not a flaw from first to last. If it had happened otherwise, I wonder if I could have weathered the storm? With the world, perhaps;

but with him, never. He would have been implacable, unmerciful. It would have been no wonder, poor devil. And *she*—yes, she would have loathed me. I can understand now how it is that men who cannot possess those they love, are driven to kill them: as to killing themselves, that is the most natural thing in the world; and next to that—yes, I can understand it.'

Besides the usual almanac in its frame, and one or two plans of estates, in the West Indies and elsewhere, there were several huge maps hung up in the room, to one of which he now directed his attention. This was a map of South America, shewing a great deal of the ocean that lies between us and it, with the track of steamers marked out upon it. He had done so many a time before, and he now again took his pen, and with the handle of it traced out the course. So engaged was he in this occupation, that he did not notice a knock at his door nor the entrance of a visitor, until his voice—a rich, unctuous, and somewhat boastful voice—announced his presence.

'Hollo, Holt; how are you? Studying a sea-chart, eh? That looks dangerous for somebody; since you are a ship-owner.'

'Yes,' answered the other coolly; 'I was trying to fix upon the most convenient spot for scuttling a craft.'

'Well! you looked as if you really *were*, when you first caught sight of me. South America, eh? Brazil, I suppose? Mines, for a hundred!'

'You are always right as a rule, Dawkins; and since this particular case happens to be the exception, that proves it. My mind was not fixed on the land at all, but on the sea. I was wondering whether by any possibility the *Flamborough Head* could be still above water.'

'I'll bet you ten to one against it; come, I'll bet you twenty. You have not underwritten her, have you?'

'Not I. I was not thinking of the vessel at all, but of a poor fellow who sailed in her—John Dalton.'

'Oh, indeed. Friend of yours, I remember. Well, I shall say nothing against him, then. But of all the overbearing, insolent fellows I ever met—with-out a penny to bless himself too—he was about the worst. By Jove, you should have heard what he said to Lady Beever, in my own house, under my own roof. We all thought he was off his head.'

'Yet he was a general favourite, and thought very agreeable,' observed Holt.

'Agreeable? Then I don't know what it is to be agreeable.'

'Possibly,' said the other dryly; 'or perhaps you annoyed him. If Dalton was rubbed the wrong way, you saw sparks.'

'Sparks, equal. It was a general conflagration. Lady Beever has never forgiven my asking him to meet her. It would have been a liberty in Rothschild, but for a ruined man! For it was after he *was* ruined, in that *Lara* mine. Curiously enough, I came to talk to you about that very thing. You never had anything in it yourself, I believe?'

'Why do you say that, my good sir, when you know I *had*?'

'Well, well, don't snap my nose off. It was a piece of delicacy on my part, because I knew you plumed yourself on never being connected with anything shady.'

'Oh, I see. Why didn't you say you were going

to be delicate? I could scarcely come to that conclusion from analogy.'

'I don't know about analogy,' said Mr Dawkins frankly. 'I came here on business. There are people still inquiring about that mine, I hear.'

'Indeed. Do you want to buy any shares? They are not quoted, but they can be got cheap—except for the liability they entail.'

'Well, no; I don't exactly want to buy any—myself. But do you know'—here he dropped his voice to a whisper—'Beevor does not think so badly of them?'

'So badly of them as *what*?' answered Holt contemptuously. 'If he thought well of them, why didn't he buy some of Dalton's; he had an opportunity, you tell me, and Dalton, poor fellow, would have been only too glad to sell. You know what everybody else knows, I suppose, about the *Lara*?''

'Yes; but there's that fellow Tobbit, the expert'—Mr Holt made a sign for silence, and touched a hand-bell.

There entered a handsome young fellow from the next apartment, where, indeed, he could have been seen sitting at his desk, throughout this interview, through the glass door which communicated between the two rooms.

'Mr Derwent, you can take an hour, if you please; I shall be here myself till three.'

'Thank you, sir.' The young man was about to leave the room, when his eye fell on Tony's letter; the colour came into his face, and he hesitated, as though about to ask a question.

'I had news of our friends in Sanbeck, by-the-by, this morning,' observed Holt carelessly; 'they desired to be remembered to you.'

Jeff bowed, and passed into the inner room, from which another door communicated with the passage. Not until he was seen from the window crossing the courtyard, did Mr Dawkins speak again.

'You have a new clerk, I see, Holt; he has an honest face; but he is deuced young to be trusted.'

'Yes; but I don't trust him.'

'Oh, I see. Some relative, I suppose? Comes from the country, I think you said?'

'I didn't say so; but he does.'

'Do you think he heard me mention Dalton's name?'

'No; and if he did, it would make no difference. I only sent him out because I had no occasion for his services just now, and I know the lad pines for the open air. His life has been passed in it.'

'That is very considerate of you. Where do you think he is gone? To Primrose Hill?'

Some people have no resources in themselves: Mr Dawkins was not one of these. He could even laugh by himself—at a joke of his own making—and he did it now.

'My dear Holt, what a deep card you are!' said he admiringly. 'It is a wise man who has a fool for his clerk.' Then he proceeded to business. It does not concern us to know how these two gentlemen discussed the character of Mr Tobbit, the great mining expert, or to what conclusion they came; let it suffice to say that Mr Dawkins departed from Abdell Court convinced, despite the opinion of his millionaire friend, that speculation in *Laras* would be very unprofitable.

Let us rather follow the footsteps of Geoffrey Derwent during his hour's holiday. It was not the first by many that his employer had given him during the wearisome days he had passed in his

new calling; he had really shewn the consideration to him which Mr Dawkins had suggested in irony, and had treated him with marked politeness at all times. Moreover, he had given him an insight into business affairs, for which Geoffrey was more grateful than for all else. It gave him hopes of making his own way in the world, when he came of age, and the slender fortune should accrue to him of which Mr Campden was the trustee. It was even possible, he thought, that the money might be advanced to him by his good-natured guardian before that period. It is amazing how far a good introduction, backed by tolerable wits and a little money, will go in certain City callings which (like the ham in the sandwich) lie between the Commercial and the Official, and yet belong by rights to neither. Notwithstanding his speech to Mr Dawkins, Mr Holt did put trust in Geoffrey, for he had found out that the young fellow could hold his tongue; and as he never confided to him anything discreditable, it was fair to suppose that the business of Holt and Company, though certainly of a heterogeneous description, was *bond fide* and respectable. Indeed, as Jeff reflected, how could it have been otherwise, since Mr Dalton had been (as he understood) in some measure connected with it; nay, still more, had not Mrs Dalton herself recommended him to his present employer. This fact alone had really given Jeff a certain respect for Mr Holt, which, as we have seen, he had been far from entertaining at Riverside; and being very sensitive to kindness, this feeling would in any other case, under the same circumstances, have grown to be regard; but it is quite possible to respect people without liking them—indeed, it is almost as common as to like them without respecting them—and Jeff disliked his employer very cordially. He would work for him faithfully, and consult his interests as though they were his own. But he could not return good-will for what he felt was only a pretence of it. Every act of civility of his employer he, in fact, more or less resented, since he was well aware that he was indebted for it to Kate Dalton. He knew that the other calculated upon his telling the truth concerning his life in Abdell Court, and was resolved that he should have nothing but good to tell. He was not even afraid of that pretty constant correspondence that he must have been aware went on between his enemy Jenny and his young assistant. There was security in Jeff's honesty, equal to any guarantee that could be got with sign and seal in the neighbourhood of Abdell Court. Holt had not been sorry that his one invitation to Jeff to dine with him at his club had been respectfully declined, upon the transparent pretence of a previous engagement; business relations run comparatively easy even when folks are not *en rapport* with one another, but social intercourse is more difficult to be maintained. Mr Holt had never so much as inquired where Jeff's lodgings were, and Jeff was not likely to volunteer the information: they were two very small rooms, in a suburb of Islington, which had been recommended to him, through Mrs Dalton, by Mrs Haywood. They were cheap and clean, and he would be able to see green fields from them when the spring came. In spite of his ardour for work, and for 'getting on,' which was immense, he pined for the country, even in these winter days. But on the occasion of which we

speak—his hour's holiday—he did not go, as was suggested, to Primrose Hill; he bent his steps to a spot which puts forth leaves at every season, Paternoster Row. What would Mr Dawkins have thought of his friend's sagacity, had he guessed he employed a clerk who was not only a fool, but an author! Yet so it must be, since Jeff enters an establishment over which is written, 'Office of the *Smellfungus Magazine*,' and passing through the outer apartment, which coarse minds would call a book-shop, knocks at a little door inscribed 'Editor's Room.' It is that knock which betrays him to us; any would-be contributor might have gone so far as to knock—but not like that. The knock of a would-be contributor, especially one of tender years, is a very modest one; it sounds like that of a poor relation, or of a little child who cannot reach the knocker except with the tips of his fingers. Now, Jeff's summons, given sharply with the knob of his umbrella, was the knock of an accepted contributor, and something more: of a contributor who hasn't been paid.

He did not even wait for the answering 'Come in,' but entered at once. 'The City'—whose motto, like that of poor Dalton's travelling companion, is 'Push'—had already done a great deal for Jeff. Besides, he was still in some respects that most audacious and irreverent thing in nature, a boy. We have at present only seen him in the society of ladies, or of his natural guardian, or of his employer; but with the world at large Mr Geoffrey Derwent was something more than at his ease. When he suspected that any one was imposing upon him, he was in particular free-spoken to the verge of rudeness. He had not the modest and retiring manners which good and charitable people are accustomed to attribute to literary geniuses when discovered young.

It must be owned that there was little in the *sanctum* into which Jeff thus impetuously intruded to excite veneration. It was a little stuffy room, lit by a skylight, and boasting of no other furniture than a bookcase, filled with volumes of the *Smellfungus Magazine*, a table, and two chairs; but in one of these two chairs was a being who ought to have commanded respect, for he was an Editor. A small plump man, of cheerful aspect, whiskerless and bald, he presented the appearance of one who had been endeavouring to get rid of all his hair for five-and-forty years, and had triumphantly succeeded. He so beamed with blandness and good-nature that it was like being at Brighton, or standing in front of one of Mr Dyce's pictures, to look at him; you felt you wanted shade.

'How are you, Mr Derwent? Delighted to see you,' said he, holding out a polgy hand, and pressing Jeff's with fervency. 'I have just been correcting your proof for next month's number. I never saw so rapid an improvement in so young a writer—it's marvellous.'

'Yes; I thought that second one would fetch you, myself,' said Jeff coolly.

'Fetch me? Oh, I see! Well, the quaintness of the matter of course goes for something. But as I said to you before, I cannot but think that the mind which could grasp the salient points of so dry a theme—could so clothe dry bones with flesh and blood—might essay something original.'

'The mind has done it,' observed Jeff dryly, producing a manuscript from his pocket. 'Here

is a story of old times: local colouring, archaeological details, spirit of chivalry; in short, the whole boiling.'

'The whole— Oh, I see! You mean it is all redolent of antiquity. Found in a chest, I hope, as I suggested, with a few words of introduction to explain the circumstance. Good; and stated, I perceive, with great frankness and simplicity. You find it easy to be frank, Mr Derwent, I daresay.'

'My nature, Mr Sanders,' observed Jeff indifferently.

'Yes. Now, what astonishes me in your writing is its objectiveness.'

'Ah! that astonishes myself,' said Jeff with a little yawn.

There was a long pause.

'Why, bless my soul,' said the editor, whose face was now invisible behind the manuscript, 'this is a satire!'

'I should rather think it was,' replied Jeff, 'and a deucedly good satire too.'

'Eh!—Mr Sanders looked over the top of the manuscript at Jeff; the young gentleman's face was imperturbable; he was tapping his right boot with his umbrella. 'This is most extraordinary,' murmured the editor.

'That is quite my idea of it,' observed the other.

'I never wrote anything half so good before.'

'I was not referring to the manuscript,' rejoined Mr Sanders blandly; 'that is good, no doubt—in its way. But satires are scarcely quite the sort of thing for the *Smellfungus Magazine*.'

'I didn't mean it for the *Smellfungus*,' cried Jeff.

'Eh! what?' The editor looked up again, but Jeff was only tapping his other boot.

'This is not for you. This is to go to some magazine that pays.—Pray, don't be angry, my dear sir; I am aware that your magazine is solvent—I mean, that pays its proprietor.'

'Now, this is hard,' said Mr Sanders, looking at his book-shelves for sympathy; 'for it was I who brought this young man out—correct me, if I am mistaken, Mr Derwent, but I think I was the first—as editor of the *Smellfungus Magazine*.'—

'And proprietor,' interrupted Jeff. 'That is where the shoe pinches. The literary side of your character is perfection; it is the financial side which is in fault. I have never seen the colour of your money.'

'So young,' murmured Mr Sanders, 'and yet so grasping; this is quite a revelation to me.'

'Very good,' said Jeff; 'I shall make no extra charge on that account; but I must have twenty pounds for the story.'

'Youth is sanguine,' observed Mr Sanders; 'and likewise full of high spirits. You must be joking.'

But Jeff only looked in the fire, and repeated 'Twenty pounds.'

'Well, I'll tell you *what*,' said Mr Sanders clapping his knee, like a man who has resolved to do something regardless of expense—'I'll tell you *what*. In consideration of the two papers I have had for nothing, added to the cost of this story—for there must be no doubt for the future about the market value of such articles—I will give you five pounds. But it must be understood that you give the *Smellfungus* the refusal of your next work, and at the same proportionate price.'

'I'll take the five pounds,' said Jeff after a little

pause, 'on account. Or, look here: pay me ten pounds down, and you shall have the story.'

The deft celerity with which Mr Sanders produced his cheque-book, filled in a cheque, and also a receipt upon stamped paper, was quite pleasant to see. 'Short accounts make long friends,' said he cheerfully. 'And now, my dear sir, that business is over, let me congratulate you on having permanently joined the staff of the *Smellfungus*. I see before you a great -- or at least a considerable future. You have the art -- a very rare one -- of making dry details palatable; of putting fire into old-world facts. All you want are materials. You must come and dwell in the shadow of the British Museum.'

'I live at Islington,' observed Jeff simply.

'Then you must come by the bus to Bloomsbury. The British Museum has been bequeathed to you by the nation to furnish you with facts for the *Smellfungus Magazine*.'

'Very good,' said Jeff. 'I will accept the legacy.'

'It is wonderful to me how -- out at Islington -- you can have procured such materials as you have done. However, the whole affair is remarkable: that at your time of life your taste should lead you to grasp these details of the past' --

'So young, so grasping,' interrupted Jeff. 'Well I must be off now. Ta-ta.'

'Good-bye, my young friend, good-bye,' said Mr Sanders impressively. Then softly repeated to himself: 'Ta-ta. He said Ta-ta. That lad is a phenomenon. Antiquarianism is a passion with him, and yet how he talks! I wonder whether Chatterton talked like that! He reminds me very much of Chatterton -- in some respects.'

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

GEOLOGISTS long ago came to the conclusion that the Channel between England and France is of comparatively modern date. Originally, Great Britain was part of the continent, and the sea breaking in, gradually swept away the land, rendering our country an island. When this took place we cannot say. It was long before the historical era -- many thousands of years since. What lends countenance to this belief, is that the two opposite coasts bear a geological resemblance. On both sides there are cliffs, constantly undergoing disintegration. Chalk is the predominant structure, and stretches beneath the sea at no great depth from the surface. The same thing may be said of the Isle of Wight, which is nothing more than a piece of the mainland of England cut off by the invasion of the sea.

The separation of Great Britain from France has been in many respects beneficial. It has given us the development of a distinct history and national character. But now that that is settled, the question arises, whether there might not be a better means of communication between the two countries than the small steamboats which are left to conduct the traffic. Perhaps we should not altogether blame the insufficiency of these steamers. The harbours on each side are lamentably defective, and larger vessels might have some difficulty in making the passage. Anyway, the transit is acknowledged to be bad; and as a last resource comes the project of a tunnel below the sea between Dover and Calais. We propose to give some

explanation of what is intended, and begin by mentioning that at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, there was shewn the model of a tunnel, designed by the late M. Thoué de Gamond. Resulting from this, in 1872 a Company, called the Channel Tunnel Company, Limited, was founded, to establish uninterrupted submarine railway communication between Great Britain and the continent of Europe. Committees were formed in the two countries most immediately interested; Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P., Mr William Hawes, Admiral Elliot, Mr Stephenson Clarke, and Mr Thomas Brassey being members of the English, and M. Michel Chevalier, chairman of the French section. As the scheme depended from the beginning upon the capabilities of engineering science, the Company did wisely in securing the professional advice of such eminent men as Sir John Hawkshaw, Mr Brunlees, and M. de Gamond himself; and at the suggestion of these gentlemen, it was decided, as a preliminary work, to sink shafts near Dover and Calais, so as to drive galleries extending for about half a mile under the sea, in order actually to ascertain the nature of any difficulties which might arise in the construction of a tunnel as proposed, and to obtain data for estimating the cost of the mighty undertaking.

These tentative operations have recently been commenced; and should they prove as successful as the exploration of the locality and the investigations of the strata that have already been made, the Company will lose no time in obtaining capital in order to complete the enterprise.

In France the law directs that a government inquiry be held in the locality directly interested, before a concession be granted for an enterprise of any important public nature. Accordingly, the Minister of Public Works in 1872 ordered an inquiry to be held in the department of the Pas de Calais relative to the proposed tunnel, and the opinion of all the Chambers of Commerce was also invited. In December the Commission reported unanimously as follows: That, 'considering that the establishment of a railway which would unite the English railway system with that of France, and therefore with that of the whole continent, presents advantages for the interests of commerce and of civilisation, the evidence of which need not be set forth, the Commission is of opinion that it is its duty to declare the public utility of establishing a submarine railway between France and England.' This report, which is a fair echo of public opinion in France, does not go so far as to decide on the practicability of the scheme; but the late Emperor Napoleon, himself an engineer of no mean type, was an enthusiast in the cause, and would undoubtedly have given it very valuable assistance had not the revolution of September deprived him of his throne even before the Company was formed. The members of the Commission too were not a body of engineers; and Sir John Hawkshaw and others, who are engineers of the highest rank, have long been convinced that M. de Gamond's idea not only may be, but will be satisfactorily completed. Sir John Hawkshaw, in 1865, began his practical researches into the nature of the strata beneath the English Channel; but before that time he had given the subject serious consideration. He caused a careful geological survey to be made of the bed of the Strait of Dover, and then, in conjunction with Mr George Wytches and the late Mr Brassey,

had borings sunk on each coast. The result of his experiments and researches decided him in selecting St Margaret's Bay, about four miles east of Dover, as the point of departure for the tunnel; and on the French coast he fixed upon a suitable point of exit about three miles westward of Calais, and midway between that town and the little village of Sangatte. The idea of intermediate ventilating shafts was discarded, and it is intended to depend upon pumps for the supply of fresh air to the submarine passage.

Another series of experiments demonstrated to the engineers that the lower bed of homogeneous chalk is that in which the tunnel should be excavated, and this bed is upwards of five hundred feet deep on each shore below high-water mark. It is probably, therefore, continuous all across, and as the maximum depth of the strait on the proposed line of tunnel nowhere exceeds one hundred and eighty feet at high-water, it is considered safe to work in such a direction that the depth of strata above the subway will be in no place less than two hundred feet. This depth to the casual critic may appear extreme; but it should be remembered that the possible existence of fissures in the seabed must be taken into account; for, supposing such fissures to exist, they would imperil any superficial workings. It is, however, highly improbable that they do exist, and almost impossible that, even in the worst of conceivable cases, they extend as deep down as two hundred feet.

In defence of their scheme the Committee of the Channel Tunnel Company remark that the possibility of tunnelling beneath the sea without being exposed to an irruption of salt water, is shewn in the submarine mines in Cornwall, Cumberland, and elsewhere. At the Botallack and Levant mines in the former, and at Whitehaven in the latter county, several galleries are driven under the sea to considerable distances from the coast, and if we add the many side-galleries leading from them, we have some scores of miles of hollow-way beneath the ocean; some with very little covering to protect them. The manager of the Wellington coal-pit, near Whitehaven, stated to the representatives of the Committee that his pit was 574 feet beneath the level of the sea, and was worked through sandstone, coal, shale, and fire-clay. The extent of the galleries in a direct line beneath the sea, measuring from the pit, was four thousand yards, and the total length of galleries beneath the ocean three miles. Above the workings the water was sixty feet deep, and the thickness of earth between the sea and the roof of the workings varied from seventy to two hundred yards, and scarcely any sea-water was known to enter the mine. At the Huel Cock mine, St Just, the sea is in some places only three fathoms above the workings, and in rough weather the waves overhead can be heard in the galleries. In more than one place indeed, the lode has positively been worked to within four feet of the sea; yet the workmen are not incommoded by the salt water, and but a mere dribble of moisture enters the mine from above.

As we have before noticed, the proposed tunnel will be made in chalk. This, it has been demonstrated, will, if tolerably perfect, resist infiltration from the sea; and from various known facts, the engineers think it certain that very little subterranean water exists in the lower chalk formation. At Dover, for instance, there is a well in the

castle 363 feet deep, or a foot and a half below low-water mark, which, although it traverses three water-bearing fissures, can be pumped dry in three hours by a thirty horse-power engine. At Calais a well was sunk to 1150 feet without success; and in other places chalk has been proved to be chary rather than profuse in its water-bearing properties. We should not, however, reckon too strongly on these experiments in well-sinking. For anything we know, the excavators of the tunnel may come upon a stream of fresh water sufficient to drive a mill—in fact, an underground river. That the occurrence of such a phenomenon is at least possible, we have only to look at that extraordinary flow of fresh water from the chalky mountain on the north of Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. Besides supplying the town with water, there is a waste of several hundred gallons a minute dashing down as a cataract into the sea. Where that remarkable stream of water comes from no one can tell. It certainly comes from no part of the island, neither is it the result of the insular rainfall. It can only come from some distant river on the mainland, by threading its way through the chalk formation beneath the Solent. Engineers of the Channel Tunnel might give some consideration to this phenomenon, although they could have no difficulty in pumping up an underground river ten times the volume of that which flows under the Solent. They no doubt do anticipate meeting with some body of water in passing through the upper strata before they reach the lower or gray chalk. We have reviewed some of the physical difficulties of the undertaking. The financial ones it is not our purpose to enter into; but we may appropriately conclude a brief sketch like the present with a few topographical and engineering details of the scheme.

As we have already noticed, the tunnel will start from St Margaret's Bay, and will thence proceed by a downward gradient of one in eighty for about three miles. From this point to the centre of the strait, the gradient will be reduced to 1 in 2640; and the French side will be constructed in precisely a similar way. Below the roadway will be the necessary drains; and at the sides will be the ventilating apparatus, consisting probably of a pipe pierced at frequent intervals, and fitted with cocks, from which air may be turned on at needful times. The English end of the completed tunnel will be connected by a loop-line with the South-eastern, and London, Chatham, and Dover Railways; and the French end, by similar means, with the line from Boulogne to Calais, and thence to Paris. The tunnelling machinery to be used is the invention of Mr Dickenson Brunton. It works like an auger, and cuts off the chalk in slices, which break up and fall upon an endless band communicating with wagons in the rear. Through gray chalk it advances at the rate of rather more than one yard per hour; and at this rate it would only require two years to send a drift-way of nine feet in diameter from one side of the Channel to the other, if a machine were started from each end. The contractors estimate that this could be done for eight hundred thousand pounds; and that a further expenditure of four years' time and four millions of money would entirely complete the work.

Whether the undertaking, when finished, will

pay, is a question that time only can answer. The promoters themselves are sanguine of every success; and all that we have the heart to say is, that we hope their expectations may be amply fulfilled. We should be the last to throw cold-water upon such a gigantic and important international project; but at the same time, although we are confident that the plan is perfectly feasible, we have grave misgivings about its ever being pecuniarily remunerative.

DASHMARTON'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM the time of the sale of Mordien, the circumstances of the Dashmartons began gradually to improve. Including her father's legacy, which had cost her so much, Lucy found that nearly a thousand pounds remained to be divided between her and her brother. Spiller's debts were paid; he took his degree; went into orders, and obtained a curacy at some distance from Friddenden. Here, restrained by his respect for public opinion and his love of approbation, he conducts himself in a very praiseworthy manner.

With her share of the money, Lucy bought out the old lady who had up to this time conducted the principal boarding-school in the neighbourhood, then in a rather declining condition; and joining in partnership with a lady of more advanced age than herself, who supplied the requisite ballast for the undertaking, the firm of Dashmarton and Jennings succeeded in inspiring confidence among the parents of the women of the future, and established a very successful school.

About six months after her settlement in her new quarters, Lucy Dashmarton was waited upon by Robert Harvey, the ironmonger of Meddenham. At first, Lucy thought that he had come to recommend his establishment and its wares; but although the old gentleman incidentally remarked that he should be happy to serve Miss Dashmarton with anything in his line, it appeared that this was not the real purport of his visit.

'It's about Alfred, miss. Me and the missus are getting old now, miss, and we want our son back again, to close our eyes.'

Lucy, alas, was rapidly assuming the severe unapproachable manner of the guardian of a young ladies' school. She could no more help the influence of her calling upon her disposition, than the horse that goes in the mill can avoid his peculiarity of gait. She felt too, that she had made her own position now, and that her future was provided for, without any need of assistance from the other sex, and consequently her tone was somewhat austere and reserved.

'I am sorry that your son will not come back, as you wish him; but how can I help it?'

'Twas you that sent him away, miss, if you'll excuse me; he was happy and comfortable as possible, miss, till you throw'd him over, as I may say.'

'Did he tell you that I had thrown him over?'

'Something of the kind he told us, miss; he led us to believe as such was the case.'

Lucy felt grateful for this. Not to his own family even had he then revealed the real cause that had sent him away from Friddenden.

'Then what do you want me to do, Mr Harvey?'

'Write to him to come back again, miss. There was a time, miss, when we went against Alfred's taking up with you, as strong as people could; but we've changed since then. If you'll only write to him to come back again, miss, you will have our blessing, miss, and glad we shall be to see you wedded.'

'You are very kind,' said Lucy with a sarcastic inflection of voice. 'But how do you know we want to be wedded? Alfred has likely enough a sweetheart of his own wherever he may be; and as for me, I'm wedded to my school.'

'Not he, miss; not he. Alfred writes us regular enough once a quarter, about the time we have to send him his money. He's been a dutiful son on the whole, miss, although he would have his own way in everything—and such, they say, make the best of husbands. Well, let alone that, miss, if he'll only come home, he shall have his twenty or thirty thousand pounds to lay out on a farm.'

'You had better write and tell him all that yourself. I really cannot undertake to do it.'

'You won't, miss!' said Robert, with a sigh. 'Well, it's hard lines on parents, as are troubled too much with their children when they are young, and hardly see nothing of 'em when they are grown up. But as far as you're concerned, miss, I don't know but what you're right. When I first went into business, I felt as if I must have a wife to keep things straight, and so I made up to the missus. But in your business, miss, I should think a husband was rather in the way.'

'I think so too,' replied Lucy, laughing; and after this, Lucy and the old gentleman got on very well together. He was entertained with tea and bread-and-butter, and went away highly pleased with his reception and his hostess. He wrote to Alfred when he got home, giving him an account of his visit. 'She says she don't want to have anything more to do with you, Alfred; but I doubt if she means it. Anyhow, I think if you was to come home, she wouldn't send you away again; and you ought to come home, if you want to see your mother and me before we take the long journey.'

Alfred Harvey received this letter when he was sojourning in a rough shanty in the Far West, whither he had betaken himself in company with some American friends, partly for sport and partly to 'prospect' for a new settlement. He was not altogether insensible to the appeal in his father's letter. On the other hand, as long as he could remember, his parents had at times been, according to their own account, on the very verge of dissolution; and if he returned to England he knew that he would certainly be tempted to cast all other considerations on one side, and make another offer to Lucy. He said to himself that he had already suffered enough on that score; and now that time had healed over the old sore, it would be a pity to subject himself to the renewal of like griefs. Still a sort of uneasy longing made him shorten his stay in the west; and he returned to New York for the winter, still uncertain as to his next proceedings; and the winter passed away—not unpleasantly—and still he was in the same frame of mind. His latest half-resolve was to cross the continent to San Francisco, and make his way thence to Australia, where he thought that a man like himself, with ample capital at command, would be more at home than in the States, which are rather the paradise of the working agriculturist.

In that case he would not revisit England, at all events, for years to come. He might never see his parents again, probably never would; and if he ever returned, he would be a stranger in the land. In this state of uncertainty he chanced to be dining one day at a restaurant a good deal frequented by English visitors, when his attention was attracted by a face which seemed somewhat familiar to him, the quiet watchful eyes of which he found pretty constantly fixed upon him. At last he remembered that he had seen the face at Friddenden, and presently he was able to appropriate it to a definite owner. The man was Streeter, the private inquiry agent who had been concerned in investigating the Dashmorton affair. Alfred had no relish for the sight of the man, and would have taken no further notice of him; but Streeter himself seeing a vacancy at Harvey's table, came over and sat himself down opposite to him.

'Had the pleasure of meeting you before, sir, I think?' he said in a polite affable way.

'Yes; I think so,' replied Harvey stiffly. 'You are not after me this time, are you?'

'O dear, no,' said Streeter with a chuckle. 'Not half so straightforward an affair as that. I was young at the business in those days when you first knew me, and the young lady was too sharp for me. But I was very near collaring it too, sir.'

'Collaring what?'

'The five hundred pounds you brought the young lady, sir.'

'That I brought her! What do you mean? I brought her no money.'

'O yes, you did, sir. Bless you, I saw the letter that it was in, and your endorsement on the envelope—Given me—such and such a date.'

'How did you come to see it?'

'Opened the young lady's desk, sir. I was a great friend of young Mr Spiller's, you'll remember, sir. Well, he asked me there to tea; and when I was alone in the room I took the liberty of overhauling her desk. The note wasn't there, but the old gent's letter was, and it was quite affecting, I assure you. I was very nearly red-hot then; but the young lady dodged me, after all. We must all learn our business, sir.'

'Well, it's all in the way of your business, I suppose,' said Alfred grimly; 'but if I'd known it at the time, I should have had something to say to you. Now, as it happens, I am rather obliged to you for telling me.'

Alfred went back to his hotel in a very thoughtful mood. If this was true which Streeter told him—and he had no reason to doubt it—all his judgment upon Lucy's conduct had been formed on a wrong basis. The girl had been in a very cruel dilemma, and he did not see how else she could have acted under the circumstances. At all events, he had done her a great injustice, and it behoved him to remedy it as soon as possible. He could not help admiring the tenacity with which she had defended her father's memory; and owned to himself that if he could secure the affection of such a girl, she would certainly be true and strong for him in all the turns and chances of life. His mind was made up now; and before he went to bed, he had secured a berth in the Cunard steamer which sailed for Liverpool the next day but one after.

It was spring-time when Alfred Harvey once

more revisited Friddenden, from which he had now been absent two years, and the country was beginning to look green and gladsome. The town itself might have been asleep ever since he left it, and now be just awaking, for nothing seemed to have changed to the extent of a pin's point. Alfred had arrived the night before, and had put up at the *White Hart*, quite too late to pay any visits or make any inquiries. He was specially anxious about Lucy, for his last intelligence of her was six months old, and there was no saying what might have happened since. And now, as he was an early riser, and found that there was no chance of breakfast for another hour or more, he strolled out to look at the town and earn an appetite by a walk. There were no changes to note at Friddenden, except indeed that the cottage was let to a new tenant, and did not look as neat and pleasant as of old. Presently Alfred passed the big white house that he knew as the school that Lucy had taken, now the most interesting to him of any in Friddenden or elsewhere. It was a little way out of the town, surrounded by a low wall, topped by a tall privet hedge, that protected the lawn and garden from prying eyes. On the iron wicket that admitted to this paradise was a brass plate, that bore the inscription 'High Elms House School.' A hasty glance through the iron bars revealed nothing but a long array of windows, still shrouded in blinds, and a white clean-looking facade blinking in the morning sun. Continuing his walk along the field-path to Tattenden, he went on and on till he reached the churchyard, where he seated himself in a sunny nook, lit a pipe, and began to muse.

There was a new and handsome tomb opposite to him; just such a tomb as would hit the fancy of a country gentleman of slightly old-fashioned predilections; a square box-shaped erection, of white freestone, with marble slabs let into each of its sides, and a spear-headed railing inclosing the whole. On the side next to Harvey was an inscription in gilt letters, which he read: 'Sacred to the Memory of JOHN DASHMORTON of Mordien, in this Parish;' with the date of his death, and the legend beneath—'Like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord merciful.'

Alfred nodded his head over this. 'Yes; this is very well done of Lucy,' he said; and walked up to the tomb to examine it. On the second slab on the next side was another inscription, in freshly gilded letters—'Sacred to the Memory of LUCY DASHMORTON'—

A mist came over his eyes and a faintness to his heart, and he sank down upon his knees before the tomb.

'Are you ill?' said a quiet voice behind him, and a gentle touch was laid upon his shoulder. 'Alfred Harvey, are you ill, or what is the matter?'

Alfred raised his head and saw Lucy standing beside him, a basket of flowers in her hand.

He leapt to his feet, still breathless and haggard-looking.

'It was the name there—the name; and—gracious powers!—Lucy, I thought it was yours.'

'That is to my mother's memory,' said Lucy, softened in spite of herself. 'But why should you have been so grieved, even had it been to mine?'

'It was the suddenness of the thing; it seemed to shew me in a moment how much you had been

to me. There was bitter regret too, Lucy, that I had been so unjust."

"You were not unjust," said Lucy: "you judged me rightly enough. You might have been a little more pitiful; but that does not matter now; I have got over it all. And you, how have you been, and have you enjoyed your travels?"

"Well enough," replied Alfred hastily; "but Lucy, it was only a few weeks ago I heard what convinced me that I had misjudged you terribly."

"Don't let us talk of it," said Lucy; "not here, at all events. I will join you at the church gate, if you will wait whilst I arrange these flowers."

Alfred strolled away to the church gate, whilst Lucy placed the flowers she had brought about her father's grave. When she rejoined him, it was with a cheerful tranquil expression.

"I am truly glad to see you home again," she said: "it will be such a comfort to your father and mother; and I hope that you will settle in the country now."

"That depends very much upon you, Lucy. No; I won't be put off; I've come three thousand miles and more to make an explanation, and now I'm not going to be put off. If your father could speak to you from that tomb, he would say: "Listen to Alfred Harvey."

"Very well, I will listen," said Lucy resignedly; "but I don't see what can have happened since to make things look any differently."

"Lucy, when I was in America I found out what was in your father's letter—the one I brought to you."

Lucy's face flushed to the temples. "I cannot believe it," she said: "that letter was never out of my possession, and not a soul but me knows what it contained."

"It contained that note, Lucy, and you can't deny it. Nay, don't look so troubled; your secret is safe with me; and your wisest plan will be to give me the full right to share it, and with it all your joys and troubles."

But Lucy shook her head and still turned away from him. At that moment the bell from the church tower began to clang out loudly, with summons startling from its suddenness.

"It is the bell for early service," said Lucy. "Tattenden Church is quite changed since you knew it. You know who is the new incumbent?—No! Tresilian Whitwick?"

"Oh, Tresilian, is it?" murmured Alfred, a shade of jealousy and annoyance crossing his brow. "Do you come to these early services, then?"

"No. I don't think any one attends them but Tresilian and his wife."

"Oh, then, he is married?" cried Alfred, with a perceptible brightening up of countenance.

"Yes; he is married, and quite in accordance with his mother's wishes—to a Miss Shawdice—a nice little thing, whom people say the old lady chose because she thought she would be able to tyrannise over the girl completely."

"And the result?"

"A battle-royal ensued on the return of the young people from their honeymoon, in which mamma was completely defeated, and fled discomfited. She has not been to the house since; and there is no communication now between the two families, although they live so near together."

Alfred laughed lightly. "I am glad she has had

a good dressing: a pretentious creature—like a hen with one chick."

"It is as your father says; there is no comfort in children."

"Oh; but what do you think father says now?" interrupted Alfred.

"Well, what does he say?"

"That if he had a daughter like you, I might stop away as long as I liked. What do you say to that, Lucy?"

"I should take the same view as your father, no doubt."

"What! that I might stop away? Come, Lucy; this won't do. I've been after you now these many years; and you can't deny but that, except for one unfortunate mistake, I've been true and faithful all through; and now—you wouldn't break my heart at last, Lucy?"

"You did not care about breaking mine," returned Lucy, a little melted now, and half sobbing.

"My darling! Did I hurt you? I'll spend all my life to make it up to you;" and he seized her hand, and tried to draw her to him.

"No!" said Lucy firmly. "I am not the mere girl I was when you went away. I have a position of my own now, and a calling to which I am attached. We must negotiate on equal terms. Now, if I say "Yes"—mind I have not said it; but if I were to say it, would you stay here and help me with the school?"

"No; I'm hanged if I would. What! be a school-master, or a schoolmistress's husband rather! No; you'd have to give that up. I couldn't endure to live in a ladies' school."

"And I couldn't endure to be a farmer's wife," said Lucy, tossing her head. "There is the outcome of all your fine professions then. In one breath you will devote your life to me, and all that; in the next, you give me to understand that I must devote my life to you. Which is it to be?"

"Both," cried Alfred. "We'll devote our lives to one another. I will have a big farm, and you shall have a big school; and we'll combine the two, as they did at Dottheboys Hall. Come, Lucy, do, and be what you like, as long as you will be mine."

"I must have time to think about it," replied Lucy; and from this she would not depart, urge her as he might. She would meet him that day week at the churchyard in early morning, and he should have his answer; and in the meantime he must not attempt to see her, but go home and gladden his parents' hearts with his presence. To this, Alfred meekly obeyed.

The morning of the tryst was damp and drizzling, so that Alfred, who was on the spot in good time, feared that Lucy would not come. But she was there before the clock struck eight, wrapped up in a waterproof cloak, with a hood over her head, in which she looked like a charming gipsy. Her face was serious enough, but soft and tender in its expression. She gave him her hand, and was the first to speak.

"It was my poor father's last wish," she said; "and you have been very good and true; so it shall be as you like. I tried to do my duty by papa; and I will try and do my duty by you, if you wish me to try. It was very thoughtless of me to bring you out here in the damp and wet; but you must forgive me; and after this I mean to be very dutiful."

But Alfred swore it was the finest, brightest day that had ever dawned; and they trudged home

together arm in arm, mutually satisfied, and delighted with all the world about them.

Miss Jennings, Lucy's partner, was at first greatly shocked at the catastrophe that threatened the firm; but she became reconciled to the event when she found that she would be able to carry on the school on easy and advantageous terms. Robert Harvey was delighted with the turn affairs had taken, and was even better than his word; for he bought the young people a charming little estate near the south coast, with a house upon it that was even brighter and sunnier than Morlieu. And here, as the story-books used to say, they lived happily ever after.

THE END.

MISTAKEN AIMS.

A VETERAN writer on subjects of Social Economy, Mr W. R. Greg, has issued a volume of his collected papers, under the title of *Mistaken Aims and Attainable Ideals of the Artisan Class*. As comprehending a sort of review of the past thirty years, the book is worthy of attention. We see from it how wild theories have been falsified, how little good comes of visionary projects, and how, after all, society in all its departments must fall back on the exercise of individual industry and intelligence.

Peasant Proprietorship of land, first dealt with, has turned out, as we knew it would, a complete fallacy. Owing to climate, nature of soil, and other circumstances, no man in Great Britain can do any good with land unless he has a sufficiency of capital at his disposal to employ labourers, to purchase horses and agricultural apparatus, to procure lime and artificial manures, and to lie out of his money and support his family until he can send the products of his fields to market. The notion that landlords are tyrants, and that it would be very much better for a farmer to own the land he cultivates, is another chimera, hardly worth discussing. There can be no objection to a man buying six or eight hundred acres of land, and setting to work on them as his own farmer. But, would it be economical to do so? Instead of sinking a large capital in buying land, he would find it cheaper to rent it, retaining at the same time the privilege of relinquishing his tenure when he pleased, or at the end of his lease. Mr Greg points out that small proprietorships usually end in disaster. The morsels of land are in time sold, and accumulated in large masses. We know such to have been the case with land allotments in Scotland.

In the paper on English Socialism, there occur some salutary observations: 'Communistic Association, as opposed to Competition, can only, as indeed its more enlightened preachers fully admit—succeed in its object when society shall be Christianised in reality as well as in name; when all men shall be sufficiently purified from selfishness to work with equal zeal for the common good as for individual reward, and to wish for nothing more than an equal portion of the property of the commonwealth. When this point is achieved, the existing arrangements of capital and labour would answer as well as any other; for then every master would exact from his labourers as little toil, and pay them as large remuneration, as equity combined with benevolence would permit. As man

now is—active, selfish, and ambitious, loving his family better than his neighbours, and his neighbours better than that abstract entity called the community—associations, where they differ from practicable partnerships, must be either lost in the whirlpool of competition, or wrecked on the rock of monopoly. Start the most theoretically perfect scheme of communism you can devise; gradually eliminate from it every element which makes it work ill; add to it, as experience suggests, every element required to make it work well; and you will arrive either at the existing arrangements of capital and labour, or at such co-partnership systems as sound political economists have long since recommended. Distribution of employments by preliminary concert, no practicable machinery could effect; competition, if allowed to operate unchecked, will speedily effect a wiser, juster, more productive, more expansive and adaptable distribution of them, than any government, guild, or committee which the wit of man could contrive.'

Mr Greg had once a quiet conversation with an active member of the Parisian Commune who had taken refuge in England. He was an intelligent and not at all an uncultured man, but his ideas were of that amusingly wild nature which might have been expected. The following were his notions: "The artisans and poorer classes of France—that is, of Paris and the great towns—are ground down (*exploité*) by the capitalists, their employers; they wish to reap the fruits of their own labour; they wish, in fact, to work for their own benefit, and not for that of others; they think that all capital ought to belong to the state, and be lent out on moderate interest to associations of operatives, who would thus enter into the full enjoyment of the products of their own industry. They believe that only a Republic, of which the working classes should be the directors, would give them this result; and they know that a Republic of this sort can only be established by a revolution, and therefore they are willing to hazard everything, and upset everything in the cause of such a revolution." Our interlocutor had never distinctly made out either the correctness of his premises, or the beneficence of his anticipated results, even if attainable or attained; but the dream was a grand one, and it had intoxicated his imagination. And for the realisation of this dream, the finest buildings in Paris were destroyed, hundreds of people were massacred, trade paralysed, and society for a time turned upside down.

Some pretty strong language is employed regarding Trades-unions and Strikes in the paper graphically designated 'The Proletariat on a false Scent.' We need quote only a few lines to shew the author's opinions. 'In most trades, moreover, where these associations are in active operation, the tax levied on the employed workman, in order to support in idleness the unemployed, and buy off their menaced competition, amounts to a permanent and very material diminution of his earnings; and it is only where there are such unemployed workmen that unions and strikes are needed to enhance wages or to keep them up. It is probably not overstating the case to say that in many trades every ten operatives have to maintain a possible rival out of their earnings. Lastly, it is undeniable that the operation of unions and strikes is, directly or indirectly (often both), to raise the cost of the article produced—indeed

that is usually the avowed aim and expectation, and must be the result if the *capitalist* is to secure his remuneration. Therefore it is demonstrable that, as the effect is to raise the price of the article the workman *buys* (his house, his clothes, his shoes, his coal, &c.), and fails to raise the *net* price of the article he has to *sell* (his labour)—these unions must be noxious and impoverishing to him. Yet, notwithstanding this unexpgnable process of reasoning, driven home as it has been by the disastrous experience of the operatives during scores of bitter conflicts, they are still persuaded or coerced into supporting these associations, which have driven away or ruined more trades than one already, and we fear will end in expatriating many others. The taxes levied by the unions are far heavier in most departments of industry than those levied by the state.

We conclude with what may be called a summary of Mr Greg's views on the small social progress made by the operative classes in the course of the generation which now approaches its close. 'During that lapse of time, the manufactures of England have enormously increased; the aggregate wealth, as well as the numbers, of the productive classes has augmented in a vast and rapid ratio; the weekly wages of artisans and mechanics have risen from twenty to twenty-five per cent.; their instruction has been unquestionably, perhaps materially, improved; while, as to their very extraordinary increase of power in the political arena, there can be no question whatever. But during the same period it is impossible to say that we can trace any corresponding or parallel growth either in their sobriety, in their treatment of their own wives and children, in the sentiments of friendliness with which they regard their employers, in the sense of justice and consideration which they manifest towards their fellow-labourers, in the sagacity with which they manage their own affairs, or in the wisdom which they contribute to the affairs of the nation. The working men of 1875 (taken in the aggregate, and allowing for large exceptions) do not appear to me less easily misguided, less unwise in pursuit of their own interest, less blind followers to mischievous agitators and leaders, and assuredly neither less brutal nor less intemperate, than those I lived among in 1850. They are as vehement and far more successful in insisting upon higher wages, but not one whit wiser, kinder, or fairer in spending them; far more clamorous for leisure, but little, if at all, more bent upon spending that leisure worthily. In a word, they seem to me to have had nearly everything they demand within their grasp, and to have cast it away for shadows dangled before them by the blind and passionate; they have had a golden opportunity, such as is seldom offered to a nation, of becoming respectable, comfortable, instructed, and secure—a people "with a balance at its bankers"—a people of capitalists instead of proletaires; and to have not so much let it slip foolishly from them, as flung it recklessly away. Even while I write, they—at least their chiefs—have avowed in the most open manner their systematic hostility to "piece-work," and have entered on a dogged struggle to repress it. In so doing they have contrived, as has often been the case before, to put themselves as much in the wrong as was possible, and have chosen their moment as unfortunately as their principles.

They have shewn a curious blindness to the very elements and conditions of England's industrial success, and have declared war upon their own prosperity. But what is worse, they have set themselves in opposition to the simplest and most obvious dictates of equity and freedom; forbidding men to do as well as they can or to work as hard as they wish; declaring that labour shall not be paid according to its real value; exercising an oppression upon more rational and honourable workmen than themselves which few other people would endure at the hands of even a legal and established government; throwing thousands of unskilled labourers out of work who have no concern in their quarrels nor any share in their funds; and without scruple, or apparently any sense of the adjectives by which their proceedings should be characterised, robbing the industrious man of his industry, the able man of his superior skill; and by the one and same step wasting the earnings of the workman laid by as a security against sickness, old age, or failing trade, and the capital of the employer which should be spent in finding occupation for the artisan. These are all features of evil omen, and I am satisfied that no one who has followed the recent history of trades-unions, or penetrated their true character and purpose, will fancy I have in the least exaggerated their grave significance. There are few sadder spectacles than a nation such as ours can live to watch than the ignorant choosing the wrongheaded for leaders, and investing them with power to guide them recklessly, through sure suffering, to late, perhaps too late, repentance.'

AYLIA.

AYLIA was a poor dark-skinned savage, the partner of one who, like herself, was a savage also, and one whom she tenderly loved. He belonged to a caravan which accompanied an exploring party to Shoa, in South Abyssinia, some thirty-six years ago. It was during the season of the year when the temperature of the tropics is at its highest, that the small party was encamped in a sandy arid plain, without a tree or shrub to break the uniformly even and bare monotony which spread itself around as far as the eye could reach, and mingled in the distance with the lurid light of the declining horizon. The shelter of the leader, an Englishman, was surrounded by those of his countrymen, his companions in the hazardous enterprise, and by the wigwams of a batch of savages of the Weecheema tribe, who had been enlisted to accompany the mission for the ostensible purpose of protection, but really to swell the encampment to such imposing proportions as would secure for it that wholesome dread which paucity of numbers could not inspire. They were travelling through a country whose barbarous inhabitants were but a slight remove from the brute creation; who, divided into petty tribes, kept up a perpetual warfare among each other; whose sole occupation was to tend their flocks and herds, and whose principal excitement was to plunder and murder whomsoever they fell in with, and to gloat upon the agony of their expiring victims. There were other women, the partners of the wild followers, with the party; but it is to Aylia in particular to whom our story relates.

Blessed with youth, attractive features, and

more symmetrical form than her dark sisters, Aylia contrasted favourably with them, and was, as it were, a moonbeam shedding its genial light upon the isolated foreigners. Her ready alacrity to oblige, her happy smile or merry laugh, her lightsome tread as she flitted about the camp, all tended to dissipate the gloom which often pervaded the party, and to cheer and enliven them when other sources failed. It was mid-day, and so intense was the heat that all life seemed to shrink from the scorching rays which darted down with unerring directness from the unclouded orb of day. Not a breath of air fanned the heated atmosphere; to breathe was painful, to move was exertion, to look at the glare around was blinding. A mid-night silence prevailed, except when a terrific whirlwind, drawing everything within its vortex, and raising a spiral cloud of dust, swept by the encampment, and drew forth an angry curse from the lips of some drowsy savage whose rest it had disturbed. Suddenly a distant cry is heard calling the 'men-at-arms' to assemble; and each wigwam, which but a moment before appeared like a silent tomb, sends forth a savage armed to the teeth and ready for the strife. It was soon discovered that a band of the Eesan Somali tribe was driving away some of the camels belonging to the party; and the sight which presented itself was one of which no adequate idea can be formed by those who have not visited the torrid zone. The speed at which the camels were being driven, taken in connection with the distance they were separated from the party at the encampment, made them appear, through the reflecting medium of the mirage, like so many mutilated animals floating in or darting through the air. At one moment would be seen the head of a camel separated from its trunk and projected some feet forward; at the next the fore-legs would seem as if they were running away from the hinder; and again, the whole party would seem like so many mutilated fragments of men and animals hurled by some giant force across the plain.

Those who went in pursuit did not overtake the marauders till nearly sunset, when, having rescued the camels, they returned, but not without the loss of two men killed and the misfortune of a third severely wounded. Lamentable to say, Aylia's partner was one of the killed. He had been the foremost of the pursuers, and dearly had he paid the penalty of his daring. When the melancholy news was communicated by those who returned, all eyes were directed to Aylia's wigwam; but she was not there. Two days passed, and still the lonely hut was deserted; no one could tell whither she had gone. On the third day she returned; but alas! how changed. Her swollen face, her bloodshot eyes, her heaving breast, all bore witness to the intense anguish of her bereaved heart. No loud lamentation, no streaming tears, the accompaniments of slight sorrow, marked her demeanour. She spoke not, she complained not. With unsteady gait and faltering steps, she made for and entered her wigwam, and seating herself upon the saddle of a camel, hid her face in her hands, and thus remained until those who felt for her approached. A vacant stare was all she gave them; and deaf to all the condolence they so feelingly offered, she closed her wigwam, and shut herself in, to solitude and self. What hope had she, a poor untutored savage? The

range of her affections had been circumscribed within a narrow circle; they had been concentrated on him who had been the pride of her existence; and he was gone, gone for ever! The future had no charms for her; it was a hopeless blank. The gloom of despair had settled upon her soul; and she sickened, drooped, and died, without a tear, without a moan.

Her three days' absence was subsequently accounted for. As if by presentiment of the calamity which was to befall her, she had followed the party in pursuit of the camels, had recovered the dead body of her partner, wept over it as long as it could be kept above ground, and then consigned it to its last resting-place.

DOGGIE SQUIB.

Mr doggie Squib is sad or shy;
Sometimes warlike, sometimes tender.
He's honest; but he's also sly,
Oft watching with unblinking eye
Hearts of flame across the fender.

Then, with a start, he makes a rush,
Turning to me with a whimper;
And in his eyes a liquid flash,
And, almost, on his face a blush,
Blended with a sort of simper.

I guess his moods: from tip to toe
Keen and sentient he expresses
Sarcasctic coughs and sighs of woe,
And shrewd resolves of yes or no
In the matter of caresses.

The doggie Squib is charmed of late;
He, I think, beguiles his tedious
By striving much to egotize,
Discerning life and solving fate,
Like a subtle spirit-medium.

His truthful eyes are fixed on me,
Half in query half devotion;
As though resolving some decree,
Or calculating things to be,
Or concocting some odd notion.

To thinking, Squib has not been used;
He grasps a thought, but cannot fix it;
Then half indignant, half amused,
Disheartened, waggish, and confused,
He invites my hand and licks it.

'Tis a much perplexed occasion;
So he bethinks again, and begs,
Equal to the situation,
And makes then a mute oration,
Most eloquent on hinder legs.

O Doggie Squib! The great behest
In Nature's universal plan
Denies thee speech, and thy dumb quest
Unfolded must for ever rest
Beyond that gulf 'twixt dog and man.

J. G.

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THE AGE OF THE WORLD.

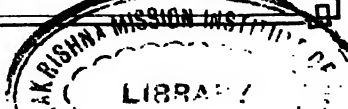
THE cosmogony of the world has puzzled the greatest philosophers. Such was the sagacious remark of Jenkinson in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Had the charlatan lived in the present day, he might have made the same observation. In a hundred years we have hardly got nearer the truth on the subject. The notions about the age of our globe are considerably changed, still nothing is determined with certainty. If any one wishes to see how the battle of the cosmogony stands, and who are the contending parties in the struggle, we recommend the perusal of an article, 'Modern Philosophers on the Probable Age of the World,' in the *Quarterly Review* for July. It is thoughtful, lucid, and scientific—not perhaps what every one will agree with, but presenting a fair exposition of the latest phase of the discussion.

The ordinary chronology which assigns some six thousand years to the age of the globe, or, properly speaking, the date of creation, is set aside as untenable, because demonstrably not only at variance with historic and archaeological research, but with the substantial discoveries of geology. The leading fact dwelt on is, that in all the grand operations of Nature, God works by a 'process of slow development—by means beautifully simple, and involving no violence, and no haste, yet irresistible.' On this basis some millions of years must have elapsed since the earth came into being. 'Modern English geology holds that all geological changes have been effected by agents now in operation, and that those agents have been working silently at the same rate in all past time; that the great changes of the earth's crust were produced, not by great convulsions and cataclysms of Nature, but by the ordinary agencies of rain, snow, frost, ice, and chemical action.' The rising of the ground at one part and the sinking at another is familiarly known, and so are the encroachments and recessions of the sea. Torrents wear away hill-sides, and excavate ravines and valleys. All that goes on before our eyes, and no one entertains any doubt

about it. The question substantially is, how long have the changes been in operation?

This brings us to the views held on the one hand by geologists, and on the other by professors of mathematics and physical science. These latter assert that the sun and the earth, in fact the whole solar system, cannot, from their physical condition, have existed for the enormous length of time claimed by the geologists. 'The principal grounds,' says the reviewer, 'upon which scientific opinion has recently declared itself in favour of limited periods for the duration of the solar system are based, first, on the belief that the earth is cooling—if not rapidly—at such a rate as to make it impossible that it should have existed for very many millions of years; secondly, because there is reason to believe that the earth is not now rotating on her axis with the same rapidity as in former ages; . . . thirdly, because the sun is parting with caloric at such a rate as to make it certain that he could not have continued to radiate heat at the same rate for more than a few millions of years; and lastly, because the changes in the earth's crust, stupendous and varied as they are, could have been, and probably were, accomplished in the course of much shorter periods than popular geology has hitherto considered possible.'

The inquiry as to the date of creation must, it is said, be distinctly limited to members of the solar system. That system floats in space by itself; has nothing to do with the stars, the nearest of which to us is two hundred millions of millions of miles distant—a distance so great as to be beyond human comprehension; and if we conjecture that there are still stars far beyond out of sight, we are lost in the infinitude of space. To keep to the solar system, which is all we can do, it is a group of bodies whirling in solitude, and sustained and regulated by certain distinct laws of gravity impressed by the Creator, and inherent in matter. But how was the solar system set agoing? How was it produced? Here we are referred to the operations of Sir William Herschel, whose discoveries with his large telescopes we lately described. Herschel, as we mentioned, swept the



heavens for nebulae, that is to say, light cloudy matter, which he imagined to be the rudiments of new suns and new worlds. This was in 1779, and his ideas were afterwards elaborated by Laplace. The idea was stupendous. Herschel, assisted by that wonderful being his sister Caroline, discovered enormous numbers of nebulae 'in every part of the heavens, and apparently in every stage of progressive development.' He classified these nebulae according to the stage of growth at which they had arrived. Some were very thin and vapoury, others were more dense and milky in appearance, and finally they seemed to possess a central nucleus, 'nearly approaching the appearance of stars.' There, as was believed, was exhibited the growth of solar systems under the creative hand of the Almighty. In time, the matter thickens, and overpowered by the attraction of gravity, the nebular mass rushes to a centre with concentric rings. These rings break off as planets. 'As each planet was in turn cast off, the central mass contracted itself within the orbit of that last formed, and formed the sun.' Such is the theory of Laplace. Well, but what of the sun's light and heat? On this point the explanation offered by the writer of the article in question is based on a scientific principle not usually thought of. Heat and force are convertible terms. The concussion of two or more hard substances produces heat, and extreme heat produces light. 'If the particles of a vast vaporous mass were brought into collision from the effect of their mutual attraction, intense heat would ensue. The amount of caloric generated by the arrest of the converging motion of a nebula like the solar system would be sufficient to fuse the whole into one mass and store up a reserve of solar heat for millions of years.' If that conjecture—for it can be nothing more—be correct, the mystery of the sun's light and heat is explained.

Another principle in physics is little thought of. The sun's heat is susceptible of being stored up for the use of man. How that should be is curious. The rays of the sun nourish the growth of trees; forests of trees are overwhelmed by geological changes, and, pressed into a hard mass under newly formed strata of sand, assume in course of ages the form of coal. The coal is dug, and being burnt, gives out the heat which was received from the sun. In sitting round a coal-fire, we are warmed by the sun's heat which was diffused on the surface of our planet millions of years ago. In other words, when we buy coal, we are buying a quantity of stored-up sun's heat. We speak of forests being metamorphosed into coal millions of years since, but the period is vague as well as various. Forests of mature growth have been submerged. On the upper stratum of land over the spot, fresh forests have flourished and been submerged in turn. The process has been repeated several times, and all we can really say with certainty is that the different layers of coal have been produced by successive submergings over a very

long period of time. These facts concerning the origin of coal are amusingly illustrated in the life of George Stephenson. On one occasion, when George was at Drayton Manor, the seat of Robert Peel, he said to Dr Buckland: 'Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that railway train?' 'Well,' said the other, 'I suppose it is one of your big engines.' 'But what drives the engine?' 'Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver.' 'What do you say to the light of the sun?' 'How can that be?' asked the doctor. 'It is nothing else,' said the engineer; 'it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light, absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form—and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes.' As is observed by Stephenson's biographer, 'the idea was certainly a most striking and original one: like a flash of light, it illuminated in an instant an entire field of science.'

Reverting to the difference of opinion between Sir Charles Lyell with other geologists and that of the mathematicians regarding the age of the world, the reviewer, speaking geologically, sums up by saying: 'It is eighty millions of years since the lower tertiary formation, one hundred and sixty millions since the formation of the coal-measures, and two hundred and forty millions since the beginning of the Cambrian period! And beyond that inconceivable antiquity lie the whole range of the primary rocks which contain no fossils; adding, that 'Mr Darwin assigns to the world even a greater age.' We confess that all this looks like vague speculation; and who knows but some fresh inquiries a few years hence may upset the notions now so authoritatively advanced. Great periods of time have no doubt to be allowed for, but it would be well to be cautious in fixing these periods with precision.

Any calculations regarding the age of our planet would require, as is said, to be modified by the fact of a gradual retardation of the earth's diurnal rotation. It is alleged there is a retardation in consequence of the daily tidal waves, so that 'the standards by which we measure time are less precise as we recede further into the past. . . . As Professor Tait puts it, the earth has always to revolve within a friction brake. Adams adopted this theory of tidal friction; and in conjunction with Professor Tait and Sir William Thomson, assigned twenty-two seconds per century as the error by which the earth would in the course of a century get behind a perfectly constructed clock (if such a machine were possible).' It would require much more conclusive reasoning than this to prove that the movements of our planet are getting out of order. Nothing in nature seems so marvellous in creative wisdom as the prodigious accuracy of the earth's diurnal revolution, which year after year may be reckoned on to an instant of time. Leaving the reader, if he pleases, to pursue the subject in the article referred to, we can only say that the theories propounded are eminently suggestive, but nothing more. It is not remarkable that there should be differences of opinion among men of science concerning the dark

and stupendous questions of the cosmogony of the world. All we deprecate, in the present state of human knowledge, is rash dogmatising one way or another.

W. C.

A FRENCH MUSSEL-FARM.

THE mussel is not popular in England as an article of food, but there is a great demand for it as bait, and the fishermen along our coasts experience no little trouble in collecting a sufficient quantity for their ever-increasing wants. Hence it is that public attention has latterly been directed to the desirability of establishing mussel-farms. Under these circumstances, little apology is needed for giving the following abridged account, from the third edition of Mr Bertram's *Harvest of the Sea*, of the mussel-farm at Aiguillon, on the west coast of France, how it came to be established, how it is worked, and what amount of profit it yields annually.

Aiguillon is a little out-of-the-way place hard by the port of Esnandes, which in its turn is about seven kilomètres from La Rochelle, and not far distant, therefore, from the Ile de Ré, so famous for its oyster-grounds. It happened, as far back as 1235 A.D., that an Irish vessel laden with sheep was wrecked in the bay, and all the crew save a man named Walton perished. This Walton was a man of some ingenuity; and no sooner did he find himself safe and sound than he turned himself about to provide a regular supply of food, so that he might not prove a burden to the kind fisher-folk to whom he was indebted for his safety, and who were themselves almost destitute. But no matter in what direction he looked, he could see nothing but an expanse of liquid mud, which it was well-nigh impossible to traverse, at least on foot. Accordingly, he set about constructing a sort of canoe, still in use at the present day, and called a *piroque*. In this he managed to explore the coast; and soon found that large numbers of land and sea birds were in the habit of settling on the water and in the mud for the purpose of collecting food. Walton therefore made himself a number of long stout stakes. These he fixed in the mud, and attached to them a kind of purse-net; the result being the capture every night of a large number of aquatic birds. It was not very long before he found the posts to which he had affixed his nets covered with the spawn of the edible mussel. These grew rapidly, and when mature, were found to have a much finer flavour than the mud-grown molluscs whence the spawn had floated. Walton at once saw how he could not only multiply his food-supplies, but likewise create a lasting industry for the benefit of the folk among whom he had been thrown. So he went on multiplying the stakes, and found there was comparatively no end to the produce. 'In ten years after the shipwreck,' says Mr Bertram, 'the bay was covered with an appropriate and successful mussel-collecting apparatus, out of which has grown the present extensive commerce.'

The work of cultivation is carried on very systematically, the same method prevailing now as in the days of Walton. One singular feature in connection with it is the mode of progression over the mud-banks, the mud being very soft and smooth, and without any sun-baked furrows to interrupt the progress of the canoes. The propulsion of the

vessels is after a very primitive fashion. The man kneels in the little boat with one leg, while the other, incased in a huge boot, is planted deep in the mud. A lift of the vessel with both hands, and a simultaneous shove with the mud-imbudded leg, 'and lo! a progress of many inches is achieved.' This frequently repeated soon carries the industrious labourer from one field to another. When a new *trousseau* has to be provided for the *bouchots* (as we shall presently explain), or a stranger has to be taken over the fields, two men load a canoe and work it out between them. Sometimes three canoes are lashed together, when the *bouchotier* in No. 1 propels with his left leg, and he in No. 3 with his right, by which means they get along in a tolerably straight line and with considerable speed.

Besides the stout stakes to which he originally affixed his nets, Walton planted others 'in long rows in the form of a double V, with their apex open to the sea, the sides being interlaced with branches of trees, to which the mussels, by means of their byssus (beard) affixed themselves with great aptitude.' These form the *bouchots* above mentioned, and are 'so arranged one with another as to serve as traps' for the fish that frequent the coast; so that the fishermen have a chance of catching some fish, while they are always certain of securing a canoeful of mussels. To this end the men in search of fish set out for the *bouchots* a little while before the tide recedes, and affixing small nets to the various openings, are sure to intercept any fish that may have come in to feed with the previous tide.

The farm covers eight kilomètres, being laid out in four fields or divisions, each of which has its peculiar name and use. The number of *bouchots* is stated to be at least five hundred, each representing a length of four hundred and fifty mètres, and the whole forming a wall of strong basket-work, equal in length to two hundred and twenty-five thousand mètres (a little over two hundred and forty-six thousand yards), and rising six feet above the mud.

Great pains are taken to keep the *bouchots* in order, the work of repair being constant. Along the cliff-wall which protects the bay are kept the strong wooden stakes, twelve feet in length, and of considerable girth, which form the *trousseau*, as it is called, of the *bouchots*. These are sunk six feet in the mud, the upper part being furnished with a number of strong supple branches, twisted into the form of basket-work, on which are grown the annual crop of mussels. The *bouchots* have different names according to their different uses and positions. Those farthest away in the water, and rarely, therefore, uncovered by it, are called *bouchots du bas*. These consist of large, strong, single stakes, planted close to each other—three to the mètre—and serve as spat collectors, the spat being locally called *naissain*, so that there may be always a store of infant mussels ready for any of the stakes which may accidentally become vacant. The spat voluntarily fixes itself to these *bouchots du bas*. About February or March they attain the size of a grain of flax-seed; in May they are about as big as a lentil; and in about two months more they are as large as a haricot bean, and are then called *renouvelain*. This is the time for planting to begin, the process being very simple. When seedlings are required for the more inland *bouchots*,

the men proceed, at the lowest state of the tide, to the spat-collecting stakes, and, with the aid of long poles having blunt hooks at the end, scrape off as many basketful as are required. They then paddle to the inland stakes and commence the first stage of the work or planting, known as *la bittise*. A good handful of the young mussels is skillfully tied up by one of the mussel-men (*boucholier*) in a bag of old netting or canvas, and cunningly made fast in the interstices of the basket-work, leaving ample room between each group or bag. They soon attach themselves by the byssus, and as the nets or bags soon rot away by the action of the water, are left hanging in clusters on the *bouchots*, where they increase in size so rapidly as speedily to require thinning out and transplanting, by a repetition of the same process, to stakes still nearer the shore. This twofold process of planting and transplanting is observed in order that the mussels may be as much as possible covered with salt water, as they then fatten better.

It will easily be imagined that all this work of repairing the *bouchots* and planting and transplanting is going on incessantly, even at night-time, when the tide is suitable. Some portions of the farm are always under water, and those mussels are the best in quality which are the longest submerged. Care is, of course, taken to keep the mussels as much as possible from being deteriorated by any mud deposits, and for this purpose a good flow of water is provided for between the base of the *bouchots* and the sea-surface. But, in spite of all precautions, many bunches are affected, and this greatly distresses the *boucholiers*, who think more of quality than of quantity. They bear in mind the first experience of Walton, who was induced to turn mussel-farmer by the superior flavour of the mussels which grew on his stakes high above the mud.

When a year's farming has been completed, the mussels are ready for the market; and by the care of the farmer, they are in season the whole year through, though they are best for food in the autumnal months, when Mr Bertram describes them as being deliciously fat and savoury. In April they become milky and less palatable. But the great harvest goes on between July and January. If the mussels are to be sent any distance, they are first carefully separated and freed from all kinds of dirt, then packed in hampers and bags, and sent away on the backs of horses and in carts, there being no less than one hundred and forty horses and a hundred carts employed in the business. The mussels thus sent away are distributed within a radius of about one hundred miles of Esnandes, more than thirty thousand journeys per annum being made in the service. Those retained for local consumption are kept in pits dug at the bottom of the cliffs and within the inclosure where the men keep the *trousseau* of the *bouchots*. In addition are some forty or fifty barques, making about seven hundred and fifty voyages in the year, which convey the mussels to still greater distances.

As to the question, 'Does the mussel-farm pay?' Mr Bertram furnishes the following statistics: Every *bouchot* will yield a load of mussels for each metre of its length; a load is worth six francs, and the whole farm at Esnandes 'is said to yield an annual revenue of about a million and a quarter francs, or, to speak roundly, upwards of fifty-two

thousand pounds per annum. When,' adds the writer, 'it is taken into account that this large sum of money is, as nearly as possible, a gift from nature to the inhabitants, as there is no rent to pay for the farm, no seed—as is the case at the Whitstable oyster-farm—to provide, no manure to buy, only the labour necessary for cultivation to be given, British fishermen will easily comprehend the advantages to be derived from mussel-farming.' And when, as Mr Bertram tells us, a single little fishing village in Scotland requires, for its share only, for the baiting of the deep-sea lines in the cod and haddock fisheries, close on five million mussels, it is time, we think, our British fisher-folk followed the example of their brethren at Esnandes, and set to work cultivating mussel-farms, if not for purposes of food, at least to obtain cheaply acquired bait.

TINY'S LOVERS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. —CHAPTER I.

'Now, now; be quiet a minute, child, and listen to me. Ah! hiff! mind! Move that cushion just a little more. No, no; the other way. Oh, hot lead and burning stones! Confound this gout!'

'Is that easier now, uncle?'

'No; it isn't easier now; you know it isn't. Eider-cushions, indeed! Stuffed with broken glass and nutshells, I believe. There; do stand out of the light, child; you're always standing in the light. No, no; now you're behind me, and I can't see you; and I know you laugh at me, when I can't see you.'

'Now, uncle, dear, that is cruel; that hurts me worse than the gout does you, I know.' This in a broken voice.

'Ah! don't touch me; don't come near me; you'll kill me! Mind my leg!' For there was something like a sob, and a pair of soft round arms were thrown round the fierce-looking old gentleman's neck, while a moist cheek was laid against his forehead, as he sat back in a great leathern easy-chair, with one leg wrapped, bandaged, and cushioned, resting upon another.

'Ha!' said the old gentleman, with a sigh of satisfaction, 'that's nicer, Tiny. What plump little arms you've got, and what soft cheeks! They're wet too,' he continued, drawing the little maiden closer to him, and tenderly kissing her. 'I've made you cry again, and I'm always making you cry.'

'No, no, uncle, darling.'

'But I am, my dear. I believe there never was such an old brute of an uncle since Noah and his family came out of the Ark, and made all the future uncles and aunts to fill the world.'

'O don't, uncle.'

'But I am a brute, my pretty one, and I say all sorts of cruel things to you when I am in agony with that leg of mine.'

'And does it hurt so very much, uncle?'

'Hurt!' exclaimed the old man, 'so very much?'

'I mean, faltered the girl, 'is it so very much worse than toothache?'

'Worse than ten thousand toothaches made boiling hot; worse than the quintessence of tic-doloureux! Ugh! just move that top cushion, Tiny; it feels like lead.'

'Why, uncle, darling, it's as light as down.'

'Yes, yes; I daresay it is, but when those twinges come— Hff! there they are again. Send for one of the keepers, child, or the bailiff, so that I can have something to swear at.'

'Dear uncle!' The young girl went to his side again, took his head upon her shoulder, leaned her cheek against his hot forehead, and gently rocked it to and fro.

'Is it so very bad now, dear?'

'Just like a leg of mutton being roasted before a slow fire without any one to give it a baste,' groaned the old man. 'There; do go away, child, or I shall begin to say cruel things to you again, and be sorry for it after.'

'Do I laugh at you when you're in pain, unky?'

'No, no, no, no!'

'You are sure?'

'I'm sure you love your old uncle dearly; but go away; I feel as if I should say all sorts of things—as if I were going to swear horribly.'

'You wouldn't swear before me, uncle,' said the girl gently.

'Shouldn't I, darling?' said the old man.

'No, uncle; and you may say all the cruel things you like, if it does you good; I won't mind.'

'But I don't want to, child. Send for one of the keepers—Simpson; I want to bully that scoundrel.'

'No, uncle; I won't send for him, now.'

'And why not?'

'Because all the men respect you so, and say you're such a good master; and I shouldn't like them to hear you say things that you would be sorry for afterwards; because, then you would go and apologise.'

'That I wouldn't,' cried the old man, grinning with pain.

'O yes, you would, uncle, dear; the same as you did to Denny, when you called him a—said he didn't speak the truth.'

'Master, indeed!' grumbled the old gentleman; 'master, grand master! Why, I'm not the master; you're the real master of the place, you puss; and a nice lot of trouble you give me. I was going to speak about it when those pains came on, and—and you wouldn't listen to me. Where's Lonsdale?'

'In the billiard-room, I think, uncle, with Captain Barry.'

'And where's Harry Lawler?'

'In the library.'

'Ugh!' grunted the old man, holding his young niece to him; 'nice state of things to come to. Here have I been a careful, saving, hard-working sailor all my life, and I buy this place, to end my days in peace, and I'm worried like this.'

'Dear uncle!' said the girl softly, as she stroked his cheek and kissed him.

'You're laughing at me then!'

'Just a little, uncle; but only at the fancied pains, not the real.'

'Oh, go it; laugh at my gout too, if you like! Wouldn't get married, I wouldn't, but lived a bachelor—'

'O uncle, I know all the story well—about how you loved mamma, and would have married her.'

'Eh, what? Why, who told you that?'

'Mamma herself, and about how nobly you behaved—'

'Hold your tongue, puss!'

'When you found she loved another, and that it was your own brother.'

'Hold your— There, there! I—I— Oh, this confounded gout again! I won't be contradicted, child; I say I wanted to be a bachelor, and—and I came home to end my days in peace, and—and, as if just out of spite, your father and mother must go and die, and leave you on my hands!'

'And should you have liked me to die too, to be out of your way, uncle?' said the girl, sinking down at the side of his chair, with her arms round him.

'Now, now, now,' he whimpered, 'that's—that's very—very cruel of you. To talk to me like that—a poor, broken old man, with nobody else left to love!'

'But you said I was a great trouble to you, uncle.'

'And so you are, my darling—a very—very great deal of trouble; but I don't mind. Tiny, my pretty one,' he said, fondling her; 'you're very hard on your poor old uncle: it's about the only indulgence I give myself, a good grumble, and you cut me very short.'

She kissed him affectionately, and fetched the newspaper to read to him.

'No, no; not now,' he said; 'I want to talk to you. I'm bothered about you, child.'

'Bothered, uncle?'

'Yes, because—because— There, hang it! the— Ugh! those twinges! Better now. Because the men want to marry you, my dear.'

'Uncle!'

'Well, you know they do. Lonsdale's been asking my permission to address you, and I told him he might, though I didn't approve of it.'

'But, uncle!'

'And then Harry Lawler must come and make the same petition.'

'O uncle!'

'Yes; O uncle indeed. And then there's that tall parson with the frock-coat down to his heels, who is always wanting you to go visiting—he means to make you the Rev. Mrs. Faushawe. And there's Hunting Jones, he's taken too. It's too bad, my dear, too bad.'

'But, uncle, darling, I can't help it.'

'Can't help it, you puss!' cried the old man indignantly. 'How dare you be so pretty, and look so enticing, you wicked little man-trap, you!'

The girl made a pretty little moue, and looked at him in the most bewitching way imaginable.

'Ah, Tiny, how wonderfully you are like your dear mother, as I knew her thirty years ago! You are wonderfully good for the gout, little one; I'm ever so much easier now.'

'Oh, I am so glad, uncle,' cried the girl, her eyes sparkling, and then growing humid.

'But now, look here,' said the old gentleman. 'I'm father and mother, and uncle and everything to you now, am I not?' and he held up one finger as he passed his arm round her shoulders.

'Yes, dear, of course.'

'Then, tell me at once—which of them is it?'

'Who is it?' said the girl, with dilating eyes.

'Yes, who is it, you—you—well, there—love, out of these fellows! for I suppose one of them will have you.'

'I only love one,' said the girl, 'and that's you, uncle.'

'Yes, yes, little one, so you do—so you do; but you care a bit for Harry Lawler?'

'O no, uncle. He always scolds me, and is cross with me about my studies, and says I waste time.'

'Well, then, the parson—Fanshawe?'

'O uncle, Mr Fanshawe is very friendly and nice, but—'

'You wouldn't like to be Mrs Fanshawe?'

'O no, uncle.'

'Very glad of it. He gives me the horrors whenever he comes into the house; seems to think smiling a grievous sin, and a hearty laugh an unpardonable offence. Bullied me for an hour one day about what he called my indiscriminate charity, because I gave coals, and blankets, and beef to the poor old folks; said I ought to place it in the hands of his society, where its application would be watched, and the charity reduced to a system. I'm very glad, my dear, it isn't the parson. Then, is it Jones?'

'Oh! dear Mr Jones, I do like him so, uncle; he's so funny.'

'Eh?' said the old man, looking grave; 'you don't mean—'

'O yes, I do, uncle: he is funny, talks about nothing but horses, dogs, foxes, and runs, from the time he comes into the house till he goes. Look here, uncle, darling, I'm going to make you laugh. This is it.' She snatched a chair to his side, sat down, folded her arms, and rested them on her knees, leaning forward, so as to bring her face into close proximity to his, and then, with her eyes twinkling with merriment, she went on: "'Well, you see, Miss Murray, we found as soon as we got to Toddy's copse, and the bounds rattled him out of cover in less than five minutes. He made off for the whins, the whole pack well laid on, the best-mounted men well up, and the ruck trailing off behind, with every likelihood of its being hellows to mend, before they were out of the big plough field.'"

'Ha, ha, ha!' roared the old gentleman. 'Yes, that's it. He nailed me for half an hour once about a run.'

'And he never talks about anything else, uncle. I believe, if he sent a present to a lady, it would be a fan made out of foxes' tails.'

'And yet,' said the old gentleman, 'you think you could love—'

'Love Mr Jones, uncle?' cried the girl, clapping her hands. 'Oh, nonsense, uncle; why, he smells of stables! I'd sooner marry Tom Harris.'

'How is poor old Tom?' said the old gentleman.

'Very bad, I'm afraid, uncle,' said the girl sadly. 'He's very old, you know. He told me yesterday he'd been in the Hall stables seventy-five years.'

'Poor old boy!' said the old gentleman. 'But look here, puss: Lonsdale—the captain? Ah! have I found you out?'

There was a rosy flush on the girl's face, and she hesitated for a moment, and then hid her face on her uncle's shoulder. 'I will be open, uncle,' she said softly; 'I think I do like Captain Lonsdale, a little—a very little.'

'I'm sorry, Tiny, sorry,' said the old man, stroking her hair, 'for, though he's my guest, I don't much like the captain. I'm afraid he's not good stuff.'

'Uncle!'

'Well, well; perhaps it's only my crabbedness, but I'm always suspicious of a man who talks so much about himself. It's very dazzling to a young girl, but there's a ring about it I don't like. I'd rather it had been Harry Lawler, child.'

'He hates me, uncle, I'm sure, because I'm so stupid.'

'Yes, pet; he hates you, like I do; so he asked my leave, like an honourable gentleman, to pay his addresses to you, while I suppose Lonsdale has been making his hay. But there; I'm sleepy and tired. Only promise me this, my pet—that you'll do nothing rashly. Don't choose in haste.'

'I don't want to choose at all, uncle, dear; and you may depend on me that I shall not be silly.'

'That's right, my darling: I know I can. Now, put a handkerchief over my face. No; that won't do: make a hole in it.'

'But it's a new handkerchief, uncle.'

'Never mind; nip a piece out: I must breathe freely, even at the cost of a handkerchief. Now, kiss the top of my head, and be off.'

The little maiden lifted the handkerchief, and kissed the bald pink forehead, dropped it again, and went silently out of the room, leaving Vice-admiral Hanley to get such repose as his gout would permit.

CHAPTER II.

While the above-narrated conversation had been going on, Captain Lonsdale, a tall, handsome officer of dragoons, with a great deal of whisker, moustache, and eyeglass, was, as has been stated, in the billiard-room with Captain Barry of the navy, an old friend of the admiral. The dragoon seemed to be enjoying himself, for the sailor was bluff, and good-temperedly submitted to being beaten again and again.

'That makes you out, I suppose?' said the sailor, as the dragoon made a clever stroke.

'Yes, and one to spare,' said Lonsdale. 'Trouble you for another sov.'

The money was paid, and the dragoon went on knocking the balls about. 'Now,' he said, 'just one more.'

'No,' said the sailor; 'I'm tired. Soon be time now for dressing.'

'Ever seen this stroke made?' said the dragoon, placing the balls in an apparently impossible position.

'No,' said the sailor; 'and I should say it couldn't be done.'

'Bet you half-sov. I do it.'

'Done!'

The stroke was made with apparent ease.

'Shouldn't have thought it possible,' said the sailor.

'Clever, isn't it?' said the dragoon. 'I'll trouble you for half a sov.'

As the money was handed over, a quiet, earnest-looking, gray-eyed young man entered the room, and took a seat, as if to watch the game. He was apparently about eight-and-twenty, certainly not good-looking, but with a thoughtful, intelligent cast of countenance that was most prepossessing.

'There's another little thing I've seen done,' said the dragoon. 'Look here. I place the balls all in a line here: the trick is to hit the farther ball without touching the one between.'

'Well, that can't be done,' said the sailor.

'Bet you half a sovereign it can.'

'Done!'

'Excuse me, Captain Barry,' said the newcomer; 'that trick is as simple as can be, and you must lose your money.'

The dragoon paused, placed his glass in his eye, and stared at the speaker with an air of the most profound astonishment. 'By Jove, sir, I didn't know that your opinion was asked!'

'It was not asked, Captain Lonsdale; but seeing through the trick, I thought it only fair to warn Captain Barry.'

'Trick? Not at all, it's skill.'

'I beg pardon, then,' said the new-comer; 'I looked upon it as a trick. By all means, then, play the stroke—with the balls lying just as they are.'

'Oh, yes,' said the sailor; 'it was a fair bet; play the stroke, by all means.'

The dragoon refixed his glass, thrust his hand into his pocket, took out a half-crown piece, and laid it in front of the second ball; the consequence of which movement would have been, that the first ball, upon being driven by the cue, would have struck the half-crown, risen in the air, leaped over number two, and descended on the other side, striking number three.

'I think I was right, then, Captain Barry; it is a trick, for the balls do not lie now as they were.'

'No, no; of course not,' said the sailor.—'I don't think that is quite plain sailing, Lonsdale, I don't, indeed.'

'As you like,' said the dragoon carelessly; and, to conceal his chagrin, he began to knock the balls savagely about, while the new-comer entered into conversation with the sailor.

A few minutes after, Captain Lonsdale placed his cue in the rack, began to hum a popular opera-bouffe air, pulled his moustache, gave his glass a most aggressive cock in his eye, stared very hard at the new-comer, and marched with imaginary spurs clinking and a big sabre under his arm, out of the room.

'A confounded cad!' he muttered; 'must have been some low billiard marker, or something of the kind; but I'll be even with him yet.'

'Poor girl!' thought the other, as he sat and saw the dragoon close the door; 'I wish she could read both our hearts.'

'Why, Mr Lawler,' said Captain Barry, 'I thought you were a regular bookworm!'

'So I am,' was the reply; and the young man's face lit up with a frank, sweet smile.

'But you play billiards!'

'I play most games,' was the reply, modestly given; 'at least, such as call for skill and thought.'

'Well, too, then, I'll be bound.'

'O no; but passably; but I have always taken an interest in getting to the bottom of things.'

'You play chess, then?'

'Yes, a little.'

'And whist?'

'Yes; I know most games—a little, and have even entered into sports, in spite of my literary leanings.'

'Oh, come, then, we'll have a game at billiards till dressing-bell.'

'With all my heart!' was the reply; and they went to the table.

'What shall we play for?' said the captain.

'Oh, for love,' was the laughing reply. 'It would not be fair to you if we had stakes.'

'Our friend the soldier did not seem to think so,' said the sailor bluffly; 'he has won about twelve pounds of me this afternoon.'

'Indeed,' said the other. 'I think it's a pity to spoil a good game by debasing it into an instru-

ment for gambling. But there; I'm preaching. How many shall I give you out of a hundred?'

'Can you give me any?'

'I'm afraid so, from what I have seen of your play. I have practised a little.'

So it seemed, from the way in which he played, which was with great skill, the result being that he won with the greatest ease, and to the extreme delight of the frank sailor.

'My dear fellow, you play splendidly. I should esteem it a great favour if you would give Lonsdale a thorough thrashing.'

'There I must ask your forbearance; I would much rather not place myself in competition with the captain.' The answer was made in so grave a tone, that Captain Barry did not press it. The dinner dressing-bell too rang, and they departed.

Some twenty minutes afterwards, when Harry Lawler descended to the drawing-room, it was to find Captain Lonsdale in an elegant attitude by the drawing-room chimney-piece, upon which he leaned as he talked to Tiny, otherwise Lydia Murray; while Mrs Rowbotham, the lady who presided over the admiral's establishment, sat upon a lounge, voluminous in black velvet. Lawler found himself almost unnoticed, for Tiny was evidently listening with great interest to some fashionable bit of chit-chat being related by the captain, who seemed to redouble his attention and *empressment* upon seeing Lawler's entry.

'A delightful change in the weather, Mr Lawler,' said Mrs Rowbotham, in a solemn voice, that seemed to have emanated from a tomb, and which, taken in connection with the black-velvet costume, suggested the possibility of the latter being a pall.

'Delightful weather,' said Lawler. 'How is the admiral?'

'Oh, most decidedly better,' said the lady. 'So well, that he insisted upon Lydia coming in to dinner. Dear girl, how attentive she has been to him!'

There was a deeper tint on Tiny's cheeks, for Mrs Rowbotham's voice rolled through the room like the tones of a loud contralto bell. Lawler said he was delighted to hear it, and seemed abstracted.

'What a flow of language your friend the captain has!' said Mrs Rowbotham, after a pause. And then, from behind her fan: 'What a couple they seem to make, don't they?'

'Yes, very,' said Lawler, still more abstractedly; for he had just glanced at Mrs Rowbotham's plump arm, upon which glittered a showy new bracelet. 'Hm!' he thought to himself, 'I see: present from the captain, to win her to his side.'

The dinner-bell rang, and the butler unclosed the door.

'Where is Captain Barry?' said Mrs Rowbotham.

'With my master, ma'am,' was the reply; and the gentleman in question joined them directly afterwards.

It was a bitter repast to Harry Lawler, in spite of its luxury, for he could not help seeing how thoroughly Tiny enjoyed the attentions of Lonsdale, who evidently felt his power, and was determined to make the best use of the opportunity. When the ladies rose to go, Harry Lawler, being nearest, intended to open the door, but Lonsdale brushed by him, and himself performed the duty, though not without causing a look of surprise to flit for an instant across the young girl's face, and

her thanks to the dragoon were certainly not of so warm a character as he anticipated.

On returning to the table, Captain Barry tried hard to make the conversation general, but it soon became evident that there was to be war between the two young men, for Lonsdale almost offensively evaded replying to a remark made by Lawler, and half-turned his chair towards the fire; and at last, in despair, the neutral visitor rose, yawned, and proposed that they should join the ladies. On reaching the drawing-room, the report was that the admiral was much better, and in a comfortable sleep, so Tiny was at liberty; and as if to make up for the slight that had, through her, been put upon one of her uncle's guests in the dining-room, she half advanced to meet Lawler, and began to talk to him about music. He was at first very cold and quiet, but in a few minutes the sweet warm enthusiasm of the girl melted his icy crust, and he began to converse with animation upon music and the great masters, till Tiny wondered how she could ever have thought him cold and strange.

'By Jove, Miss Murray,' said a voice just then, 'you haven't sung us that new French chanson; and with a smile she went to the piano, and though to Lawler there was something Eden-like in the scene, as he sat there listening to the little silvery voice which trilled forth the pleasant melody, it seemed as if a cloud had come over all, and he sighed as he saw how Tiny was once more drinking in the honeyed platitudes of the dragoon.

'She came to my side as she would had I been any other guest,' said Lawler to himself as he walked slowly into a small boudoir, whence, turning over the leaves of a book, he could see through into the drawing-room, where the bluff sailor, Captain Barry, was having a hard engagement with his own face, as he fought to avoid seeming bored by the rather inane remarks of Mrs Rowbotham, which belled and boomed through the room; while Lonsdale completely engrossed the society of Tiny Murray.

Very charming, and young and innocent she looked, as she sat there with the soft light of the great lamp falling upon her animated face, and Lawler sighed as he stood and gazed.

'I was foolish to come,' he said to himself 'very foolish. It was only a dream, and the awakening is very, very bitter. My darling—my darling!' he breathed out in a passionate sigh; 'God grant you be happy!' He let the cover of the book fall, and slowly began to move towards the other room. 'I have awakened now,' he said to himself. 'The dream is at an end, and I must face reality.'

'You will sing something, Captain Lonsdale,' Tiny was saying, as Lawler re-entered the room.

'Well, 'pon my life, I—I really'—

'O Captain Lonsdale!' chimed in Mrs Rowbotham, 'you must sing—you must, indeed. —He does sing, doesn't he, Captain Barry?'

'Well,' said the sailor, 'I think he does; I heard him practising a piece at the piano, a day or two ago.'

'There, Captain Lonsdale, I knew you could sing.'

'Well, er—er—really, you know, if you wish it, I will try,' said Lonsdale; and he glanced towards the little room, as if disposed to lower the curtains to cut off Lawler; but, to his intense disgust, there was his enemy sitting composedly in a lounge, close behind him. 'I shall never be able to sing with that confounded cad there,' he muttered; and a

savage frown crossed his face. But he threw off the feeling of annoyance, took his seat at the instrument, and sang a fashionable patter song, full of vulgarisms, each verse ending with something about Piccadilly.

Captain Lonsdale was eagerly complimented, but he did not feel satisfied; he caught a glance flying between Lawler and Tiny, and he saw the latter looked flushed and annoyed, though he would not own that it could possibly be with his singing.

'I think we ought to make Mr Lawler sing now,' said Mrs Rowbotham, as she saw him crossing the room to where Tiny was sitting.

Lawler looked at Tiny, and her eyes said *yes* as plainly as possible; so he took his seat at the piano, and played one of Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*, in a dreamy, strange manner, which the captain considered so slow that he began to talk loudly to Mrs Rowbotham, gaining nothing, though, by the move, for Tiny quietly left her place, and, to Mrs Rowbotham's intense disgust, stood by the piano, and turned over the leaves till the player had finished the *lied*.

'She has a soul for music, after all,' thought Lawler, with a sigh, as she turned away when the last chord died out.

'I shall have to shoot that fellow,' said Lonsdale to himself, as he retired for the night. 'The cad does everything so easily. I wonder how long he is going to stay!'

'How can she care for such a man?' said Lawler to himself, as he sought his pillow, and lay thinking. 'Ah, well, woman's a riddle.'

MOTIVES.

It has been said that a good action, to be worthy of the name, must be done 'from a right motive, in the right way, and to the right end.' Perhaps few of us would care to bring our actions to so severe a test as this, however far we may agree with the sentiment expressed. And indeed great difficulty would attend our doing so, owing to the fact that our motives are for the most part mixed, or at least undefined. We may perform an act of charity, for instance, under the impulse of the moment, and without having any distinct reason in our minds why the benefit, whatever it may be, should be conferred by us on this or that particular person. It may be that we are moved by a genuine spirit of benevolence; but it is also possible that we are actuated by nothing more than a careless lavishness of money, or by a wish to get rid as quickly as possible of an obtrusive—perhaps offensive—object which is appealing to our compassion.

On the other hand, we believe that many an act of discourtesy or unkindness is done without any definable wrong motive to instigate it. 'I did not mean to be rude,' or 'I did not mean to be unkind,' are not mere childish excuses, but are applicable in many cases to children of larger growth. 'Evil' is not only 'wrought by want of thought,' but also sometimes with an apparent absence of motive which is very perplexing to the student of human nature. In the exercise of the legal profession especially, the inquiry often occurs which Dickens

puts into the mouth of Mr Wickfield (*David Copperfield*): 'The old question, you know, what's your motive in this?' Miss Trotwood, in reply, accuses him of 'always fishing for motives, when they are on the surface;' but he shakes his head incredulously, and says he feels sure it 'must be a mixed motive' which prompts her action. In this case the lawyer was at fault, for he rode his theory too hard, and learned later in life his mistake, or as he himself terms it his 'vice,' in always looking 'for some one master-motive in everybody,' and 'trying all actions by one narrow test.'

But without going so far as he did, men who belong to those professions which bring them very frequently into contact with the darker side of human nature, are often compelled to ask themselves the question, 'What could have induced him to do it?' And they seldom arrive at any satisfactory solution of the problem. There appears to be no reason, in many cases, for any ill-will against the person injured on the part of the aggressor. The insult, the blow, or whatever the offence may be, seems to have been what is so aptly termed gratuitous. There is nothing, apparently, to balance or account for it, on the other side. Nor will the theory of an uncontrollable impulse suffice to account for many an act of petty cruelty and injustice, perpetrated by those whom we should have thought, from their general character, quite incapable of them. Of course, our ignorance of a man's inner life may account to a great extent for our inability to explain the outflowings of the hidden spring, which we call his 'conduct.' But when we try to analyse our own motives we are met by a similar difficulty. We often cannot say why we took this or that course at such and such a time, why we took this or that turn in the road when another was equally open to us. All the account we can give of the matter amounts to no more than—

I do not like you, Dr Fell—
The reason why, I cannot tell.

The fact is, that in every character there are certain eccentricities which the man himself is hardly conscious of till they have blossomed into action. In one of his couplets, Archbishop Trench says:

When thou art fain to trace a map of thine own heart,

As undiscovered land set down the largest part.

And the author of *Daniel Deronda* similarly remarks: 'There is a great deal of unmapped country within us, which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.'

If this be so, what volcanoes of passion now quiescent, but not extinct—what elements of destruction or means of usefulness hitherto unused, but still available—may there be latent in that undiscovered region within! And we know how this is borne out by the fact, that men in different crises of their lives have developed qualities—almost supernaturally quick in their growth—which no one ever suspected them of possessing. They have suddenly 'come out'—to use a com-

mon but descriptive expression—'in quite a new light,' and the world has been compelled to reverse its opinion of them, and say: 'Well, we never thought he had it in him.'

And in the smaller crises of our life, the reason for our mode of action is to be sought for, perhaps oftener than we think, in some *terra incognita* of our nature, rather than in that part of 'the inner man' with which we are acquainted. Perhaps some forgotten incident of our boyhood is revived in the most unexpected manner, and we find ourselves acting, to our own surprise, almost as we would have acted thirty or forty years ago. Or, some buried wrong rises up suddenly before us, and, stung by the recollection, we are betrayed into a hasty word or deed quite foreign to our usual habits, and regretted as soon as it is said or done. At such times our old self reasserts itself, or our unknown self makes an unexpected appearance on the stage, and all unawares we act or speak—not so much without a motive, as in a manner contrary to the ordinary working of our motive-power, or as we say, 'quite unlike ourselves.'

In how many instances, if we turn our eyes away from the fruit 'to prove the inmost root,' are we humiliated to find that there is little or no reason for self-congratulation upon what, superficially, seem some of our best deeds. When we strip our actions to the bare motive, we find endless illustrations of the proverb, 'All is not gold that glitters.' Unfortunately, either from an honest fear of growing morbid or self-conscious, or more commonly from sheer idleness, there are very many who shrink from the task of analysing their motives; and the natural consequence of this is, that the undiscovered portion of themselves grows larger instead of smaller as time goes on. Occasionally it happens to such people that they are required, in giving evidence in a court of law, to answer the question, 'Why did you do this or that thing?' and it has been a matter of astonishment to many a jurymen that there should be frequently extreme difficulty in getting any satisfactory reply from the witness.

The old maxim, 'Know thyself,' has been lamentably neglected, while knowledge has in other respects so largely increased among us. The truth is that the momentum of habit is so strong, and the current in which we move so rapid, that the majority of men merge and lose much of their individuality in the general concerns of busy every-day life. Now and then, one or another is called out of his daily routine to do some special work—to face some awful danger, or meet some untried foe, and to do this by *himself*. And then it is that many a man finds out for the first time in his life of what metal he is composed—how much of dross there is, and how much of pure gold. Well for him if he come out of that ordeal a wiser, if a sadder man. In that case, one change at least will have passed over his spirit: knowing himself better than he ever did before, he will be more on his guard against his own weaknesses, and at the same time more merciful to those of others. And while he is more severely critical of the motives which actuate his own conduct, he will be less inclined to judge harshly of those which prompt the actions of his neighbour. 'There is,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'so much of base alloy in our very best (unassisted) thoughts, that it is melancholy work to criticise too closely the

motives of our most worthy actions; at least we would recommend to every one to let those of his neighbours pass current, however narrowly he may examine the purity of his own.'

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XL.—THE EXODUS.

WHEN an overwhelming grief befalls us, it seems for the moment, even to the humblest, to dwarf all other cares. It is only the rich, however, who can afford to indulge it. With the poor, the next day, or the day after, some miserable need pushes divine sorrow from her stool, and compels attention. Even Kate Dalton, whose sense of duty was so strong, and whose consciousness of responsibility so keen, had in the anguish of her loss underrated the more sordid troubles that were awaiting her. The cold touch of Death had numbed her somewhat to the meaner pain. But though the weight of sorrow still oppressed her sorely, she now began to feel the other burdens that pressed upon her. Lucy was gone, her wages paid to the last farthing, and her fare to town—but without any present, such as her young mistress yearned to make her; and her loss was felt, but not in gain. One month the less to feed made but small difference in the household expenses, already reduced to the most economical figure. Do what she could, Kitty found her little income did but just keep pace with her outgoings. And there were still some debts. Dr Curzon's bill—which must have grown to be a pretty long one by this time—had not yet been sent in; and Kitty dared not ask for it. Yet it seemed to her shocking, and almost sacrilegious, that what was due for medical attendance on her poor mother in those later weeks, as well as on Jenny, should not be settled. The parcel of cast-off raiment had come from Riverside, and Kitty had humbly arrayed herself in one of Mary's dresses. It was nothing more, she had said to herself, than hundreds of well-born and well-bred girls, who are not rich, are wont to do. 'You will not be offended if I send you baby's pelisse, who has grown out of all knowledge,' is a very usual thing for one mother to write to another who is her friend or relative, but happens not to be so rich in this world's goods. It is as common as Dick's old clothes being 'cut up' for his brother Jack. And it is the same, or almost the same, with other garments. Yet somehow Kitty felt it. The change from complete equality with her cousin to this state of dependence, obligation, subordination—there was no actual term for it—had been too sudden for it to be accepted yet as a matter of course.

Jenny, who had been reading about 'doles' in her old books, used to speak of these gratuitous garments as 'the Riverside dole,' and could not be persuaded to make use of them. Some of the furniture from Cardigan Place had come packed in sackings; and 'When my clothes are worn out, Margate and I are going to set to work at dressmaking with that,' she said. 'Mrs Campden will like to see me in sackcloth, I know, and it will no doubt be very becoming.'

But neither Kitty's meekness nor Jenny's mock-humility availed them in a financial point of view, even though the former affected a distaste for butcher-meat—which was essential for her delicate sister—and took to eating bread and cheese.

One afternoon Mrs Campden drove over to the Nook, and found their little dining-table spread with one chop for Jenny, and the loaf and cheese. Tony, as often happened now, had been asked to dine by the good doctor.

'Cheese is very bad for you, Kitty,' said she, taking in the situation at a glance; 'and I am afraid you will find it false economy.'

'It agrees with me very well, I thank you,' said Kitty, with the nearest approach to bitterness that her gentle nature had ever shewn.

'Well, I am glad of that; but I think a good dinner would be an excellent thing for you. If you will come home with me to-day—you and Jenny—I will send you back at night. Mary is away at the Skiptons in Eaton Square, as you know, but Mr Campden and I will do our best to make the evening pass agreeably.'

'I don't like to leave baby for so many hours, thank you,' said Kitty.

'Very well; then I won't ask Jenny to come alone, because I know she hates to be separated from you.'

'Quite right,' said Jenny; 'I do.'

It was astonishing, as Mrs Campden afterwards observed, how soon that girl had lost her manners. Some folks were always independent of mere position in that respect, but Jenny was evidently the creature of circumstances. It was only her being in ill-health that had made people imagine her to have delicate susceptibilities and so forth. Her good-breeding had been in reality but skin-deep.

If Mrs Campden, however, was severe on Jenny, she was very gracious to Kitty. 'Ah, my dear, Mary writes that Eaton Square with Leonora Skipton is not to compare with Cardigan Place and Cousin Kitty. She sticks to old friends, I promise you. I have said my say, you know, about the matter; but you can hardly imagine how Mary clings to the hope of seeing you resume your proper place in the world.'

To this Kitty replied nothing; and presently Mrs Campden took her leave, upon the whole well satisfied with her reconnaissance.

'That bread-and-cheese business can't last for ever,' said she to herself. 'Miss Kate will soon come round to common-sense, or else I am much mistaken.'

And she wrote a letter to Mr Holt that very night, bidding him be of good cheer, for that matters were working in the right direction. She had been a match-maker—having had little else to do—all her life, but she had never entered into any matrimonial plot with such gusto as in this case. The day when she saw Kitty Mrs Holt, and on which she would be able to say, 'That girl owes it all to me,' would be indeed a proud one to her. And she saw it now at no great distance.

Her visit left the two sisters, as usual, in greater despondency than it found them.

'Mrs Campden's reference to our bread and cheese was in exceedingly bad taste,' said Kitty, with unwonted indignation. 'I think you deserve great credit, Jenny, for not flying out at her.'

'My dear Kitty,' returned her sister, 'I have had my say, as Mrs Campden herself calls it, about that woman, and have made up my mind to hold my tongue. Besides, it was *your* bread and cheese, not mine. Do you suppose I don't see how you are starving yourself for my sake?' added she, with a sudden burst of tenderness.

'No, no, darling; I am doing nothing of the kind, I am all right,' sobbed Kitty. They were weeping now in each other's arms. 'It was very foolish of me to be so angry, but she was cruel to taunt us with our poverty. What can be the good of that?'

'Good?' cried Jenny, with passionate contempt. 'Do you imagine she ever thinks of "the good"? She talked like that in order to have an excuse for sending us broken victuals as well as cast-off clothes. Who cares what she says!'

'That is true. It is Uncle George's conduct that hurts me, not hers. He ought to have written, or come over, or something, after that—that letter of his wife's.'

'He is a coward; that is the long and short of it. You never shewed me that letter, Kitty; but'—

'I burnt it,' interrupted Kate.

'I know you did. I only wish to ask you one question about it. Was there anything in it insulting—I mean, disrespectful—to dear papa?'

'There was something about him, not exactly insulting'—

'I understand; you need say no more, Kitty. I suspected as much. If I had known it: well, things are best as they are; but pray, never let me meet Mrs Campden again. I will not answer for my tongue, else. The very sensation of being in that woman's neighbourhood stifles me.'

Nothing more was said on the matter; but Jenny, notwithstanding her observation that matters were best as they were, was furious at the reflection that Mrs Campden was probably under the impression that she had seen that communication to Kitty, and yet had not resented its insults to her father.

The morning after next brought two letters to the Nook, where now the postman so rarely delivered one.

'Well, Jenny, here is an invitation for us all to go to town!' cried Kitty triumphantly.

'Not from the Skiptons, surely?'

'Well, no; from nobody quite so fashionable. It is from Nurse Haywood, at Islington. Her house is vacant, it seems; and if we would only come and live there till dear papa returns—or or something turns up. Of course, we must not take advantage of the dear creature's kindness as to terms; but even if we paid her a moderate rent, it would, I do believe, be cheaper than living here.'

'May I see the letter?—Ah! then you have been writing to her to ask whether we could come, because of what I said to you the other day about my hating to be near Riverside! O Kitty, Kitty, you think of everybody but yourself! I know you would dislike living in town in such a different way to what'—

'Indeed, I should not,' interposed Kitty, flushing up. She had an objection to live in London, but it was certainly not that. She had a vague fear that Mr Holt would find opportunities of pressing his suit.

'Well, if you really wouldn't mind, Kitty, I should so prefer it. And fancy what a pleasure it will be to dear old nurse, and—Jeff!'

Kitty was silent for a little; then quietly said: 'There was a letter from Jeff, was there not?'

'Yes, darling; but as you won't shew me yours, I won't shew you mine—just yet. You are not jealous, are you?'

Either from the idea of leaving Sanbeck, or for some other reason, Jenny was for a wonder in high spirits; and these sometimes, as the phrase goes, carried her away with them.

'No, darling; I am not jealous,' answered Kitty gently; 'but I thought you told me that you liked being at the Nook because of the old books, which were so useful to you in your writing.'

'Did I, dear? Then I was talking nonsense, as I very often do.' And again she smiled. It was seldom that she did so; but when she did, the smile gave her delicate intelligent face a rare beauty, and a softness which of late it had sorely lacked.

Kitty kissed her.

'We shall have to sell all our things, Jenny, or most of them, before we can get away quite free from debt, and set up housekeeping again in London. I suppose they must be sold in Blea-barrow.'

'Very good, my dear,' answered Jenny cheerfully. 'Write to the auctioneer at once; or shall I write? I know the gentleman, for he made my reclining couch. I think I made rather a conquest of him, and he may take off that one-eighth per cent. which Jeff has got so much to talk about.'

'What a pleasure it is to see you laugh again, Jenny,' said Kitty fondly.

'And what a cheap pleasure,' answered the other gaily, 'which is a great consideration. By-the-bye,' added she, with sudden gravity, 'there is one debt we have quite forgotten, though I of all people ought to have remembered it—there is the dear old doctor's account to be settled.'

The light faded out of her face, which had once more grown bright and young; it was as though a child had suddenly been debarred from some long-promised treat.

'I have been thinking of it a great deal, Jenny. If he charges us as he ought to do, it will be a long bill—because you know there was his attendance upon dear mamma. Still, I am sure, it will be as reasonable as he can justly make it. We must sell a little more of the furniture, that's all. Nurse Haywood's house has almost everything we shall require, you know.'

'It is a dreadful thing for a poor family to have an invalid in it,' said Jenny, in a low voice; 'Mrs Campden was right there.'

'Mrs Campden is never right—at least about us,' replied Kitty decisively. 'Of course we would have you well if we could; but you are dearer to us as you are, than any one else could be in the rudest health. Now, let us set to work, Jenny, at once, since we really are going away, and forget all our invalid fancies in active employment.'

'For which I am so very useful,' said Jenny bitterly.

'There are other and better ways of being useful, my dear, than in cording boxes and carrying them up and down stairs. You can write to the auctioneer, as you suggested, for example; and you can pen a few pretty lines to the doctor, asking him to be so good as to let us know what we owe him: he will like it better coming from you than from me; and besides, you can express yourself ten times as well as I can. It is not a very agreeable task, I fear, my darling.'

'It is not worse than things you have to do yourself, Kitty, every hour of the day,' answered Jenny passionately. 'You are starving yourself—'

you are working yourself to the bone, for others; and I won't be spoilt in this way, and treated like a child; I won't indeed.'

Kitty opened her large eyes at this outburst; but before she could reply, Jenny had sat down at her mother's desk and seized a pen.

'Don't talk, please,' said she, with a sudden change from vexation to mock-gravity, 'because I am engaged in business.'

The notion of 'business' as associated with that fragile and immaterial creature was so utterly incongruous and absurd, that Kitty, whose laughter, fortunately for her, was always much nearer to her lips than the tears to her eyes, could not restrain her mirth.

Both Jenny's letters were answered promptly enough. The auctioneer came over from Bleabarrow in person, appraised the furniture, gave them a rough estimate of what it would fetch, and received his instructions. Everything was to be sold without reserve, except the piano, a few books, and some knick-knacks that had belonged to their mother.

Dr Curzon sent his reply by return of post, to the effect, that in case Mr Dalton should come home with a gold mine in his pocket, he would send them in such a bill as could not be made out without consultation with Dr Jefferson, who was an expert in that art; but otherwise that they should get no bill from him. His hand, it was true, was against every man and in every man's pocket, he said, but he did not make war against young ladies. Moreover, that such an idea had been imputed to him had given him mortal offence, which nothing but their all coming to dine with him on the ensuing day could wipe out.

This communication had a very different effect from what the writer had intended; for its recipient broke down as she read it, and gave way to a burst of tears.

Poor Jenny! The hardness of the world made her bitter, and its softness made her weak; or was it the contrast between them that affected her more than either?

But both sisters argued that Dr Curzon's bill must be paid, and they sent by Tony a few earnest yet graceful words to that effect, as well as an acceptance of the doctor's invitation.

'Your bill shall be sent in,' was the reply brought back, along with an intimation that the doctor's 'private equipage'—which was in fact the Bleabarrow fly—should be sent for them on the morrow.

Upon the whole, it was a more cheerful little dinner-party than could have been expected. Their host did not seem surprised that they were bent on leaving Saubek, though he expressed the regret which, without doubt, he felt upon his own account. Very little was spoken about the Campdens; their host was far from saying anything to widen the breach between the families; but when Kitty spoke of the annoyance which she feared the sale at Bleabarrow would cause at Riverside, he observed dryly: 'It is generally disagreeable to see folks drown, especially in shallow water; but it is less painful to some people than wetting their own clothes. At all events, I have no sympathy to spare, under such circumstances, for those upon the bank.'

Jenny said nothing, but thanked him with her eyes.

She would have been still more grateful to him had she known what happened on the morrow; how the doctor rode up to Riverside, and breaking through that neutrality which it behoves every medical man who practises in the country to maintain, had attempted to plead the Daltons' cause with Mrs Campden. He lost it, of course, and his temper with it; and in the end gave a piece of his mind to Mr Campden, who made one in the interview, and about one-tenth of one in the conversation.

His wife had observed that the Dalton girls had behaved disrespectfully to her in coming to this decision about giving up their house without consulting her. 'And as for selling their furniture in Bleabarrow, under our very noses, as it were, it is most inconsiderate and disgraceful.'

'It is ill-judged, my dear,' said Mr Campden; 'but there cannot be any disgrace in selling one's own property to pay one's debts.'

'I agree with Mrs Campden,' said the doctor, 'that it is very disgraceful.'

'There, you see; Dr Curzon agrees with me!' cried the lady triumphantly. 'He knows the circumstances, and especially his patient, Miss Jenny's character, who, you may depend upon it, is at the bottom of this. She would do anything to spite me, because I thought it right to set before her sister her true position.'

This attack on his favourite Jenny cut the last strand of the doctor's patience.

'Your wife mistakes me, Mr Campden. I think it a great disgrace that the sale should take place; but the disgrace lies at your door, not theirs. If I had your money, or one-hundredth part of it, before I would permit two helpless girls, my kinswomen, to be sold up!'—

'Insolent apothecary!' interrupted Mrs Campden shrilly, 'how dare you! You know nothing about the matter. You never had two shillings to rub against one another! My husband's money indeed! I should like to know what you would do with it?'

'Well, then, I'll tell you, madam. The very first thing I would do with it, if I were he—though it cost me fifty thousand pounds—would be, to get a divorce from my wife.' And with that the doctor clapped his hat on his head, and walked out of the house, not to enter it again for many a year.

This little scene did not tend to increase the cordiality of the tenants of Riverside towards those of the Nook. It did in fact widen the breach between them exceedingly. When the sale was over, and it wanted still a week to the time fixed for the Daltons' departure, Mrs Campden wrote a coldly civil letter to Kitty, offering the use of her carriage to take them to the station. This Kitty rightly took as a polite hint that a farewell visit to Riverside might be dispensed with, which was so far a great relief. At the same time the sense that they had been separated so soon and so utterly from those they had considered their best friends, by the bare blade of poverty, was keenly felt. She also trembled to think of the isolation that had befallen those committed to her trust. At present, however, thanks to the necessity for exertion consequent on their departure, this last consideration did not press so hard upon her; but she knew that it was, as it were, in abeyance, to become cruelly poignant when they should find themselves in the wild waste of London.

The last hour the two girls and Tony spent at Sanbeck was passed at their mother's grave. Workmen of all kinds are tardy in the country, and the pretty headstone, with its simple 'OUR MOTHER,' and the date upon it, had been only just erected. The doctor met the little pious band returning from the churchyard, and promised them that Mrs Dalton's resting-place should be henceforth his peculiar care. 'You must come down and see the flowers growing upon it, my dears,' he said. And much else he said, as welcome and as comforting; how they had yet left to them in the little valley one friend on whom they could count at all times—not very able, but good for something at a pinch, and very, very willing.

'But you have never sent that account you promised, and therefore we don't trust you,' said Kitty severely, wishing to stop Jenny's tears, which were flowing freely.

'I have brought it with me,' said he, and he gave it her. 'It is the last remembrance you will have of me, as is the case with all doctors—and now good-bye, darlings.'

He rode off on his stout pony as the Riverside carriage came thundering into the courtyard.

There were still a few minutes to spare before parting with old Margate. (The maid, more open-mouthed than ever, was to accompany them as baby's nurse and bottle-holder.) Kitty's housewifely instincts caused her to look at the total of the doctor's 'little account.'

'O Jenny!' cried she, 'what do you think that wicked old dear has done?'

'Charged us too little, of course—something ridiculously small. I know he would.'

'My dear, he has *receipted* the bill. What are we to do?'

But Jenny had already left the room, and the last box was being put on the carrier's cart.

'I really am afraid it won't do to pay Dr Curzon, Jenny,' said she, reverting to the subject when they were seated in the carriage. 'We must write him a pretty letter of thanks together, instead.'

'Yes; he will value that higher than your cheque, Kitty; God bless him!'

They did not speak much more together as they drove down the quiet valley where they had left their dear one behind them. Their hearts were too full of memories—and perhaps forebodings.

When they got into the train—a second-class carriage happened, by good fortune, to be empty—Kitty again broke silence.

'What on earth had you to say to Charles, Jenny?' (Charles was the Campdens' footman.) 'Of course, I gave something both to him and the coachman.'

'Don't be afraid, my dear, of my paying people twice over,' returned Jenny laughing. 'I assure you I mean to be as careful of my money as though I were ever so rich. I was only discharging a little debt.'

'What debt?'

'The debt we owe to Mrs Campden; that horrid ten pounds she lent us. If the doctor had taken his dues, I should have felt bound to pay them, so far as I could, out of my privy purse, since the bill was incurred on my account. But now—oh, I am so glad to have sent that woman back her ten pounds! I didn't do it insultingly, mind; I just sent a few lines as we were leaving the Nook, to thank her for the use of the carriage—for you

know she said she had sent it principally on "dear Jenny's" account—and inclosed the amount of her late loan. O dear, how nice it was! How happy I feel!'

'But, my dear Jenny, where did you get the ten pounds?'

'From here,' said Jenny, touching her forehead with her forefinger—'from here, my dear. I draw upon my imagination, and my imagination draws upon a firm in Paternoster Row which honours its cheques.'

YACHTING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

IN 1858 and 1859 Mr James Lamont made two yacht voyages to Spitzbergen.* The weird wonders of that little-known land took a powerful hold upon his imagination, and he was haunted by the desire to return thither, which he did. Abandoning his seat in parliament in 1868, Mr Lamont set to work to build a small vessel which should embody all arctic requirements. The *Diana*, as the vessel was called, was a three-masted schooner of two hundred and fifty-one tons, with compound engines of thirty horse-power; and in her internal arrangements a cross between a yacht and a modern Scotch whaler. She was launched in the Clyde in March 1869, and has repaid the care bestowed upon her building and outfit. For six seasons she has undergone all the vicissitudes of arctic navigation, and 'gales, ice, and even rocks have left her as stout and staunch as when she was built.' At Trömsø, Mr Lamont took on board six Norwegian seamen, experienced Spitzbergen sailors generally, but says these six Trömsönians were, 'in sea-going phrase, the *hardest bargains* he was ever shipmate with.' A gale springing up, he was compelled to seek shelter in the harbour of Vardö, an island he describes as shaped like the letter H, affording an east and west harbour. Across the middle of the letter runs the principal street, and so narrow is this bar, that 'the great forty-foot boats used in heavy fishing, when drawn up in each harbour, either meet on an antichiral axis, or thrust their huge prows in the doorways across the street.' This curious place is characterised, we learn, by immense caldrons in the outskirts of the town, in which cod livers are boiled for the European market. The fishermen, Mr Lamont says, have frequently no difficulty in securing some eighteen hundred fish each per day. Nor does he believe there is any exaggeration in the statement, that when feeding on the smaller fry (a sort of sprat, shoals of which frequent the coast in the summer months), the cod lie so thick, a stone thrown into the water sinks with difficulty, only at last slipping from the back of one fish to another, and so sinking at last to the bottom! We can easily understand, however, that under these circumstances fishing may not be unattended by difficulties; but our voyagers were anxious, with as little delay as possible, to shape their course for Novaya Zemlya, and prepare for the excitement of walrus-hunting, concerning which we have many interesting details.

* *Notes of Five Voyages of Sport and Discovery in the Neighbourhood of Spitzbergen, and Novaya Zemlya.* By James Lamont, F.G.S., F.R.G.S. Chatto and Windus, London, 1876.

In all his sporting experiences, and they have been very varied, Mr Lamont says he never saw anything to equal the excitement of a walrus-hunt. Five pairs of oars, pulled with utmost strength, make a boat seem to fly through the water; while perhaps a hundred walruses, roaring, bellowing, blowing, snorting, and splashing, make an acre of the sea all in a foam before and around her. The harpooner stands with one foot on the thwart, and the other on the front locker, with the line coiled in his right hand, and the long weapon in both hands ready balanced for a dart, while he shouts to the crew which direction to take, as he, from standing upright in the boat, has a better opportunity of seeing the walruses under water. The herd keep close together, and dive and reappear simultaneously. One moment a hundred grisly heads and long gleaming tusks are above the waves. They give one spout from their blow-holes, take one breath of fresh air, and next moment a hundred brown hemispherical backs, then a hundred pair of hind flappers, and then they are all down. On goes the boat, the sea-horses are soon up again, and then before they can draw breath the boat is in the midst of them. 'Whish! goes the harpoon; birr! goes the line over the gunwale, and a luckless junger is made fast: his bereaved mother, snorting with rage, charges the boat with flashing eyes, and receives a bullet in her brain.

We can easily understand the interest and wild excitement of such sport as this. But the cruel war of extermination which has of late years been carried on, has reduced the number of these great herds, and driven them into retreats less accessible to man. And also, Mr Lamont thinks, the instinct of self-preservation has occasioned considerable alteration in their habits; some twenty years ago, hundreds of these animals could be found and killed on shore; now, he says, a herd of walruses ashore is seldom heard of. Year by year those of them which escape the hunter retreat into more inaccessible quarters. Ten years ago, not less than a thousand walruses were annually killed around Spitzbergen; but now the numbers have greatly diminished. The commercial value of these animals is a by no means unimportant question, since, if we are to be ultimately dependent on our sportsmen for further arctic discovery, it is essential they should know in what manner they may be able to reimburse themselves for what must prove very heavy outlay. In this way, the fact of a vessel like the *Diann* being able largely to recoup her heavy expenses, has an important bearing on arctic exploration, the value of a large bull walrus being estimated at no less than twelve pounds ten shillings.

The reindeer shot in Spitzbergen were in very poor condition. This we find is always the case in these circumpolar regions in the early summer; but a few weeks of browsing on the short grass and succulent saxifrages of the slopes and valleys make an astonishing change. Through the long winter the only herbage to be found is a scanty covering of moss and lichen beneath the snow, so that the poor animals really live through several months by consuming their own fat. Naturalists have been greatly puzzled by questions as to the affinities of the reindeer of Novaya Zemlya and Spitzbergen. Mr Lamont gives it as his opinion that the reindeer of Spitzbergen

is almost identical with the wild and tame deer of Norway and Lapland, whereas the Novaya Zemlya type appears to him more allied to the reindeer of the American continent. This is a subject full of interest, and at the same time of difficulty, since the four hundred and eighty miles of stormy sea, which never freezes, which divides Spitzbergen from the North Cape, must, it would seem, form a barrier reindeer could not cross. On one occasion 'Leakhov, the Russian trader and explorer, was visiting the promontory of Swätoi-Nos, longitude a hundred and forty degrees east, lying between the mouths of the great rivers Yana and Indighirka, when he saw a large herd of reindeer coming over the Frozen Sea from the north. Their appearance, to his mind, gave substance to the shadowy reports of the Yakuts as to the existence of more land lying in that direction. With the promptness of a man whose business instincts are aroused, he set out with sledges the next month, and following the deer-tracks, discovered the group of islands known as New Siberia, at some fifty miles from the mainland.'

This circumstance suggests to Mr Lamont two points of interest as to the economy of the reindeer, their wandering habits, and their winter-quarters. And he observes: 'The instincts of this animal, as originally exhibited in both hemispheres, seem to be migratory. In spring, vast herds follow up the melting of the snow in their progress northwards for pasture. In the autumn, the first fall of snow drives them back to the shelter and herbage of the northern limit of trees. It may therefore be assumed that the existence of reindeer in Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya and other isolated lands where ordinary yearly migration is difficult or impossible, is an accidental circumstance; in other words, that the reindeer is not indigenous to districts compelling him to live months' starvation. It may further be taken for granted, that the accidental element, whether of deer wandering out of their reckoning on continuous lands or adjacent islands, or of unusual states of ice bridging across areas of part land part water, may recur yearly, or at intervals of years. If this were the case, we should expect to meet in Spitzbergen not only with the descendants of the first chance inhabitants, but also with those brought thither by a recurrence of favourable circumstances.'

Again, he argues, did we meet with characteristics peculiar to the reindeer of one known district, we might reasonably infer that the deer of Spitzbergen, for example, must have journeyed by a route unknown to us from that district. Now, he says, we do find in Spitzbergen reindeer unlike in horns and general proportion to those of Novaya Zemlya, or the variety hunted by the Eskimo of Greenland and North America, but, on the other hand, approaching very closely in type the tame deer used by the nomad tribes of Northern Europe and Asia. The inference he draws from this is, that the reindeer pass over ice and intermediate frozen lands to Spitzbergen, from a point of the continent of Asia almost exactly opposite in a straight line across the Pole, and that this is susceptible of strong confirmation by some remarkable facts which have come under his own notice in his frequent visits to Spitzbergen. One of the most curious of these is the peculiar *ear-marks* found upon some of the old stags. These, he says, consist

of decided 'crops and half-cuts,' similar to those given by a Scotch shepherd to his sheep. Spitzbergen skippers say they have killed hundreds of deer with ear-marks, which they account for by saying 'these deer must have come by some unknown connecting islands from Samoyede Land.'

Again, Mr Lamont says, large numbers of tame reindeer stray away from Eastern Siberia, which are said to go over the ice, and are never heard of again. From this and much more evidence to the same purpose, he concludes there is a strong chain of evidence pointing to the existence of a continent, or tracts of land separated by no great widths of channel, stretching from the neighbourhood of Eastern Siberia across the Pole to Eastern Spitzbergen. But whether Plover Land (north-west of Behring's Strait)—an undefined unexplored district, the newly discovered Franz-Joseph's Land already traced to within sixty miles of Gillis Land, and Gillis Land itself, are parts of this hypothetical continent or archipelago, he says he will not attempt to prove, though he could adduce much evidence in favour of such a theory.

Had shooting deer or hunting walrus been Mr Lamont's only object, he says he might have had splendid sport by remaining in Novaya Zemlya, but 'making a voyage in the first steamer that had visited this part of the arctic seas,' he considered it his 'first duty to prove that steam could carry them where sailing-vessels were unable to go.' This, he says, kept him ever hammering at the ice, and prevented his making the voyage remunerative in a sporting point of view. But it was rich in pleasure, and in the increase of knowledge which comes of careful observation. For instance, his intimate acquaintance with the enormous glaciers of Spitzbergen has enabled him to solve a difficulty which often presented itself to him in the Highlands of Scotland, where he frequently noticed the vast accumulations of earth and gravel, for whose origin he could not account. He has no longer, he says, any hesitation in believing these mounds to be 'the lateral and terminal moraines of ancient glaciers, which filled the glens in times when the climate and aspect of Scotland must have been very analogous to that of Spitzbergen at the present day; when perhaps the seal and the walrus sunned themselves (fearless of harpoons and conical bullets) on fields of ice, drifting about amongst a wintry archipelago of barren islands, and sought their food on submarine banks, now fertile land rented at five pounds an acre.' In confirmation of this belief, he adds: 'The shells, those insignificant but yet powerful exponents of the past, shew that this is more than mere hypothesis, for many shells of mollusca now inhabiting the arctic seas, although no longer found alive in British waters, are dug up in large quantities in the pleistocene beds in some parts of Scotland, and particularly in my own immediate neighbourhood, at Ballinakielly Bay, in the island of Bute.'

Notwithstanding all drawbacks in the way of unforeseen hardships and privations, arctic wanderings have a charm only the initiated know. Those wild wintry wastes, with their weird grandeur and exciting sport, have a fascination strong enough to make men like Mr Lamont regret that the ten best years of his life, spent in Greece, Turkey, and Africa, the West Indies, Paris, Rome, Naples, on the brown moors of Scot-

land, or within the walls of the House of Commons, had not all been passed amid the wild pleasures and daring deeds which make up the sum of arctic life.

A LITTLE ABOUT MANGANESE AND ITS USES.

It is very strange how little one part of the world knows of how the other gets its living. This is no new saying, I know very well, but it is a very true one. Now, for instance, how many people know anything about manganese? and yet the immense quantities imported into Great Britain must give employment to a great many. In one year, fifty thousand tons were brought into this country, and thirty thousand were used on the continent. The ore itself is most variable in appearance; sometimes it is dark-brown, other times blue-black, and then again it is found in beautiful crystallised masses. The principal supply comes from the south of Spain and Portugal, where it is found amongst the mountains in what are called 'pockets'

a miner's phrase for a detached mass of ore—which may vary in size from a few tons to several hundred. Very often it is found on the surface of the ground, and it is seldom that it is met with at a greater depth than ninety feet.

Manganese, unlike other minerals, seems to follow no rule, so that the most experienced mining engineers are often at a loss to know whether the ore exists in certain places or not; the men who know best where to find it are the miners who work in it every day. As these men are totally ignorant of science, they, of course, do not stop to think whether the ore ought to be there or not; but recalling their experience, are seldom wrong, and seem to know by instinct where the ore is. After the ore is got out of the ground, it is roughly sorted from the pieces of rock in which it is found, and then piled in baskets on mules' backs, when it is taken to the nearest water, which is sometimes a long distance off; there it is washed in sieves by the women and children, after which the ore is properly sorted according to quality, for it varies as much in this as in appearance. Here, again, it is strange how clever the sorters are at knowing the different kinds: to a stranger they all look alike; but the poor women know the various grades as well as any clever chemist.

When the ore is ready it is again put into baskets on mules' backs, and taken to the nearest seaport, or railway station, either of which is frequently many miles distant. There are no roads from the mines along which carts could go, so this is the only way in which the ore can be transported.

In Spain the charge for carrying it is about a real (twopence-halfpenny) a hundredweight per league. How would our labourers in England like to carry ore for so many miles for so low a wage?

In spite of all that has been said of Spanish indolence, the poorer classes are steady, industrious workers: they begin working at sunrise, and work till sunset, with an interval of two hours in the middle of the day for the siesta, which is very necessary in that hot, shadeless country, where they are exposed to the full glare of the sun all day. The only holidays they get are on saints' days, for Sunday is like any other day there; but it

must be borne in mind that saints' days occur rather frequently. The men get about two shillings a day wages, and the women and children from eightpence to one shilling. Very young children are employed, some of them not being eight years old.

As a rule, the mines are very quiet, orderly places, where quarrels are all but unknown. The 'truck' system, which used to be so well known in many parts of England, is in full vogue in Spain; every little village—and there is nearly always one near a large mine—has its *almacen*, or general shop, at which the workmen have to purchase all they want; they do not pay ready-money, but tell the *almacenista*, or master, how many days they have worked, when he, as he well knows what wages they get, credits them with a certain amount of goods. At the end of the month the *almacenista* presents his account to the manager of the mine; and the balance, if there is any money over, is given to the worker.

This system—as has been found in England—is very injurious in its working. By an agreement with the manager of the mine, to whom the *almacenista* pays a certain percentage, no one else is allowed to open a shop near the mine; so there is no opposition, and he can charge what he likes for his goods. Still, the people are so accustomed to this system, that it is doubtful whether they would give it up if they could.

Manganese is met with in considerable quantities in the north of Spain, but during the late unfortunate war none of it was exported. Large quantities were, however, met with in the south of Portugal, which are now being extensively worked, the mines being managed in precisely the same manner as in Spain. In England too, in the county of Devonshire, are mines of manganese of excellent quality; and it is occasionally met with in Wales.

Germany used to supply a great deal of this ore, but owing to its poor quality, it has been almost entirely superseded by the Spanish and Portuguese, which, so far, is the best which has been found.

Besides these sources of supply, shipments of ore have been made from California, Virginia, and New Zealand; but at present, the supply from these last-named countries is very limited, owing to the difficulty of getting a freight low enough to make it remunerative.

Recent reports shew that large deposits of manganese exist in the Cape of Good Hope, and the specimens of it which have been sent to England to be tested, shew it to be of excellent quality.

In many of the manganese workings in the south of Spain, abundant evidence exists that this ore was worked by the ancients; and it is supposed that the celebrated Toledo blades owed their peculiar qualities to the presence of manganese in the iron ores from which they were made; and one of the uses to which it is being put in this country is in the manufacture of steel by the Bessemer process. But the principal use for manganese now is in the manufacture of bleaching-powder, or chloride of lime, which, as every one knows, is a powerful disinfectant, and extensively used in making paper, bleaching calicoes, &c.

Manganese ore, or, more chemically speaking, the peroxide of manganese, possesses the peculiar quality of decomposing hydrochloric acid into water and chlorine gas, a quality possessed by no

other ore in such a high degree. The ore is crushed to about the size of walnuts, and put into large stone stills; the hydrochloric acid is then poured on to it, and steam is blown into the mixture, when the chlorine gas begins to evolve, and is then conducted into suitable leaden chambers, where it is absorbed by lime laid ready to receive it, which, when sufficiently saturated with the gas, forms the bleaching-powder of commerce. A singular property of the ore is, that the refuse left in the stills, which is known as chloride of manganese, can be again utilised by the proper admixture of lime with air forced through it, when it is reconverted into peroxide of manganese, and is ready again to do its work. In many of the leading chemical works, this process of recovering the manganese is carried on under the name of 'Weldon's process.'

Spanish manganese is considered the best for making bleaching-powder, owing to the facility with which it dissolves in the acid, many other ores being, although of as high a percentage, of too dense a nature to melt readily; for the real commercial value of the ore depends upon the amount of available oxygen it contains. At one time, owing to the enormous chemical trade of this country, it became a serious question, from whence the manufacturers could draw sufficient supplies of manganese, when the discovery of Weldon's process of recovering it helped them out of their difficulty; this being another illustration that 'Necessity is the mother of invention.'

But manganese is used for many other things besides the manufacture of bleaching-powder. In making steel, it is employed to remove any impurities that may exist in the iron, and it is found to wonderfully improve it, and add to its ductility; and iron ores which contain a small quantity of manganese are eagerly sought after, and command high prices. In disinfecting fluids, of which we may take Cond's as an example, manganese is the principal constituent, giving to the fluid its beautiful pink colour.

Manganese is used in glass-works to remove any impurities in the glass, and make it clear and in proper proportions; it gives the amethyst colour so often seen in stained-glass windows. The black china which has become so fashionable, owes its colour to this ore; and many of the tiles for our floors are made with the same material. In the laboratory the chemist employs it, when mixed with chlorate of potash, as a ready means of obtaining oxygen; and in metallurgical operations, it is found to be a very useful flux.

From experiments that have been tried in Belgium, it has been proposed to bring manganese into use for the manufacture of gas for lighting purposes, owing to the oxygen it contains, and the property it possesses of, under certain conditions, reabsorbing oxygen from the air. This is an experiment which will be watched with the greatest interest by all scientific men. There is no doubt that all the uses to which manganese could be put are not yet exhausted, as fresh discoveries are continually being made; but this latest one, of making artificial light, will be the most interesting to the general public, as the means of obtaining light concerns every one.

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LAMBERT, THE 'HERO AND MARTYR.'

AN interesting jury-trial concerning copyright lately took place in the Court of Session, Scotland. The complainer was Charles Reade, D.C.L., an eminent literary man in London; the defenders were George Outram & Co., printers and publishers of the *Glasgow Herald* newspaper. The complaint was substantially this: Mr Reade had written a story styled 'A Hero and a Martyr,' which, while retaining the copyright, he gave to be printed for a proper consideration in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Without leave asked, or any communication whatever, the *Glasgow Herald* copied the story; and this was an action for damages on the score of an invasion of copyright. There could be no doubt as to the extreme impropriety of so copying the story. The publishers of the *Herald* were clearly in the wrong. Floating news may be freely copied by one newspaper from another, but not a story or narrative valuable in a literary point of view. The justice of the complaint being recognised by the court, the jury assessed the damages at ninety pounds.

We should not have mentioned the case but for the special purpose of calling the attention of our readers to the character and present condition of the hero and martyr who forms the subject of the story. The story, in its leading features, is no fiction, but a true account of a frail and blind old man in Glasgow, named James Lambert, who is noted for having saved numerous persons from drowning. In the *Scotman* newspaper, issued a few days after the trial, Mr Reade tells this poor man's history in the following brief and touching manner.

"There is an old man in Glasgow who has saved more than forty lives in the Clyde, many of them with great peril to his own. Death has lately removed a French hero, who was his rival, and James Lambert now stands alone in Europe. The Frenchman saved more lives than Lambert, but then he did most of his good work with a boat and saving gear. The Scot had nothing but his own active body, his rare power of suspending the breath, and his lion heart. Two of his feats far

surpass anything recorded of his French competitor: he was upset in a boat with many companions, seized and dragged to the bottom, yet contrived to save them nearly all; and on another occasion, when the ice had broken under a man, and the tide had sucked him under to a distance of several yards, James Lambert dived under the ice, and groped for the man till he was nearly breathless, and dragged him back to the hole, and all but died in saving him. Were the chances were nine to one against his ever finding that small aperture again, and coming out alive. Superior in daring to his one European rival, he has yet another title to the sympathy of mankind: he is blind; and not by any irrelevant accident, but in consequence of his heroism and his goodness. As this matter was inadvertently misstated the other day in the course of the trial "Reade v. Outram & Co.," I will be the more exact. He was working at a furnace one wintry day, and perspiring freely. The cry got up that a man was drowning. He flung himself, all heated as he was, into icy water, and when he came out he lost his sight for a time on the very bank. His sight returned; but ever after that day he was subject to similar seizures. They became more frequent, and the intervals of sight more rare, until the darkness settled down, and the light retired for ever.

"The meaning of the word "martyr" is—a man who is punished for a great virtue by a great calamity. Every martyr in Foxe's book, or Butler's, or the *Acta Sanctorum*, or the *Vite Patrum Occidentis*, comes under that definition; but not more so than James Lambert: and the hero who risks his life in saving, is just as much a hero as he who risks his life in killing, his fellow-creatures. Therefore I do not force nor pervert words, but weigh them well, when I call James Lambert what he is—a hero and a martyr. That is a great deal to say of any one man; for all of us who are really men or women, and not, as Lambert once said to me, "mere broom-besoms in the name o' men," admire a hero, and pity a martyr, alive or dead.

'So, then, the Frenchman I have mentioned had one great title to sympathy, whereas Lambert has two; and this is how France treated her heroic son: He lived at the public expense, but free as air. The public benefactor was not locked up and hidden from the public. His breast was emblazoned with medals, and amongst them shone the great national order the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which many distinguished noblemen and gentlemen have sighed for in vain; and when he walked abroad every gentleman in the country doffed his hat to him. Thus does France treat a great saviour of human lives. James Lambert lives at the public expense, but not as that Frenchman lived. It grieves my heart to say it; but the truth is, James Lambert lives unhappily. He is in an almshouse, which partakes of the character of a prison. It is a gloomy, austere place, and that class of inmates to which he belongs are not allowed to cross the threshold upon their own business, except once in a fortnight. But to ardent spirits loss of liberty is misery. Meanly clad, poorly fed, well imprisoned, and little respected—such is the condition of James Lambert in Glasgow, his native city. Yet he is the greatest man in that city, and probably the only man now living in it whose name will ring in history a hundred years hence—the greatest saviour of lives in Europe; a man whose name is even now honoured in India and Australia, in the United States and Canada, and indeed from the rising to the setting sun, thanks to his own merit, the power of the pen, and the circulation of the press—a true hero, and a true martyr, glorious by his deeds and sacred by his calamity. Shall this great public benefactor, afflicted by Heaven, and his days in obscure unhappiness, when men can help it? Shall he be left in the hands of a local charity, which despises those it benefits, and lets them see it? Shall he be hidden from the public, when such men are the greatest human ornaments in the streets of any city? I propose, on the contrary, that we endeavour to rise to the intellectual and moral level of France in this case. Let the public deal direct with this public benefactor, and in a manner creditable to the public. Let us do our own duty for once, and take him into our own hands.

'I ask the nobility, gentry, and commonalty of Scotland to enable me to buy this man a small government annuity of 15s. per week. The whole sum required for this is, I believe, £400. But nothing like that sum is now asked by me. I raised a subscription for the purpose in England some time ago, and there is more than £200 lying at my bankers [Herries & Co., 16 St James Street] under an account entitled the "Lambert Fund." Moreover, the Court of Session has just awarded me a sum of damages in a case which has got mixed with this, and whatever balance may come to me after payment of the costs will be transferred to the Lambert Fund, and go to reduce the sum now required.

My whole scheme is to purchase the annuity for trustees, who will undertake to disburse it weekly to James Lambert for the remainder of his days. Of course, I cannot take any personal part in this arrangement. I live in London; and do not expect to live so long as James Lambert, though he is my senior. But I am quite sure I shall find men of high position in Glasgow who will undertake that the disbursement shall be weekly, and that neither the imprudence which may be expected from a hero who goes under the ice after so ungrateful a thing as a man, nor the ill example of false friends, may defeat the benevolence of an intelligent and grateful public.'

We have done what is in our power to give publicity to the benevolent appeal made by Mr Reade on behalf of the poor and deserving old man; and will be glad to hand over any sum intrusted to us to the 'Lambert Fund.' The success of the appeal cannot, we think, be doubtful. W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

LIFE is not all sorrow even to the sorrowful. There are hours when the sick are well, when the toilers are enfranchised, when the poor are wealthy. It may be that they only seem so by comparison with their usual lot (for has not happiness been defined by a sad sage as freedom from pain?); yet they *are* happy; buoyant, thankful, believing for a little while that the sun shines for them as well as for others; that Fate is not, after all, so hard. Thus it was with the two sisters as they sat together in the railway carriage, the one disclosing, the other drinking in, the details of a literary success.

The baby was asleep, and Tony was endeavouring to teach the open-mouthed maid the rudiments of travelling piquet. She would count the sheep per head instead of per flock, and in doing so missed the magpies, the donkeys, and all that was really valuable upon her side of the way.

'This news is wonderful, dear Jenny,' cried Kitty admiringly. 'The idea of your being a real live author! I thought that you had some idea of getting money by your lace-work; and so did dear mamma. We used to talk about it together, though we never spoke of it to you, and she used to tremble so lest you should meet with some disappointment. She said people would not think so much of your lace, beautiful as it was, when they had to pay for it.'

'She was right, Kitty. I failed in the lace-line; I thought I would try literature.'

'Extraordinary!' murmured Kitty, overcome with the audacity of this idea.

'Yes, my dear, I said to myself: "I will be an author." You know I was always fond of scribbling. I suppose I had written as much as Shakespeare from first to last; though there was a considerable difference in the quality.'

'Don't let us say that,' said Kitty encouragingly.

'Well, other people said it, my dear (or the equivalent of it), at all events: editors especially.'

'Editors! You write to editors, then?' Kitty regarded her sister with a sublime surprise—an admiration tinged with awe.

'Why, no; I got Jeff to take the things, and to offer them as though they were his own productions.'

'Jeff! You made poor Jeff pretend to be an author! But how could he?'

'He went to work as naturally as possible. He gave them tragedy, comedy, melodrama, and sentimental effusions; but no one ever expressed a doubt.'

'How charming!' exclaimed Kitty, clapping her hands together in joyful excitement. 'And they were all accepted, of course?'

'No, dear; they were all rejected. The editors told Jeff that he must have patience, and "fill his basket." (The expression puzzled him a good deal, by-the-bye; he said he had only heard of one's "bread-basket;" and how was an author to fill that, if he could not sell his works.) He was to read more, they meant, and not attempt to spin things out of himself, like a spider. You shall read Jeff's description of it all some day. So I set to work upon Mr Landell's library. It was rather dry work at first; but I ferreted out some curious and out-of-the-way things, and made two articles out of them, and told Jeff to try his fortune with them with the *Smellfungus Magazine*. And the editor actually accepted them.'

'Only to think of it, Jenny. Then you were in print. And yet you never told us! How could you keep such a secret, and oh, Jenny, from dear mamma too, whom it would have pleased so much!'

'I have often thought of that, dear,' answered the other gravely; 'but it does not matter now. What I had set my heart on was to get money for us all - to show that I was not going to be the clog and the burden to you that - that woman at Riverside took it for granted I should be. And since for those articles I got no money, I determined to say nothing about them. But Jeff - dear Jeff - so managed it that for a story I wrote, all out of these old materials, I did get money. The day you heard from Nurse Haywood, he sent me two five-pound notes from the editor. I should have given them to you at once, only you spoke of Dr Curzon's bill, and I thought they ought to go for that. Even so, it would have been very nice: but as it is - to have paid Mrs Campden off with them - it is simply delicious! We are out of debt, and we shall have the means of livelihood. This was "the hope" that I told that woman we still had, and at which you smiled so sadly, when she came to call that day at the Nook: the hope of my being able to make money by my pen; and you see it has been realised. It is not such a bad world, after all; if only dear papa comes home to us. I think he will come now; I do indeed. Everything looks so much brighter, though I thought we were never to have a ray of sunshine again. Kiss me, Kitty.'

The two girls sat locked in a close embrace.

'But, Jenny, why did you let us leave Sanbeck? You will no longer have any books to - to -'

'To "gut." That was the word the editor used to Jeff, little knowing that he was giving advice to a lady. He said that at the British Museum I should find any amount of old books to - to perform that

operation upon. It seems I have a talent for evisceration.'

'I daresay,' said Kitty confidently, 'though I don't know what it means. It seems to me you have a talent for everything. Oh, you dear, clever creature!' cried she, holding her at arm's-length, 'I declare I feel quite afraid of you; I shall never dare scold you again.'

In the exuberance of her admiration, Kitty must needs confide the fact of Jenny's authorship to Tony, but without awakening the like enthusiasm, for that gentleman being deep in his game of travelling piquet, which disinclined him to withdraw his attention from external objects, and also not being particularly interested in literary matters, only observed that 'Jenny was a stunner, and that he had always said so.' And if he had been informed that she had been made editress of the *Quarterly Review* or *Punch*, or both, he would probably have made the same observation.

This philosophy upon Tony's part, with which Kitty was herself inclined to quarrel, amused Jenny exceedingly, and for an hour or two she continued in the highest spirits. Then the long travel and comparative discomfort of the carriage began to tell upon her feeble frame; she grew pale with pain and weariness, then sick and faint. They were fortunately still alone, and all was done for her in the way of affectionate tendance that could be done. Kitty was not one of those young ladies who associate faintness with immediate dissolution, and are frightened out of their small wits on beholding an attack of illness; but she felt with anguish that the improvement which was hoped had taken place of late in her sister's health must have been less real than apparent. Perhaps those very attempts to procure money by her pen over which they had just been so sanguine, had exhausted and enfeebled her. At this thought the momentary sunshine in poor Kitty's heart was quite extinguished, and the clouds that covered it were darker than those it had dispelled. What were a few pounds earned now and again, when set against the cost of Jenny's life! As the light faded out from the short winter's day, and she sat with Jenny's aching head pillowed on her breast, and with the baby's feeble moan in her ears, she was filled with sad forebodings; strange thoughts of self-sacrifice and self-negation, which had for a time grown unfamiliar to her, retook possession of her brain, and turned her cold - as cold, but as steady, as a statue. As the whistle sounded and the train plunged into the last tunnel, she pictured to herself her last return from Riverside, alone, when Jenny and her mother had come to meet her at the station and take her home. Now there was no mother, nor any home that could be called such; and none to meet, or -

'Kitty! Jenny! - there's Jeff!' cried Tony excitedly, as the carriage rolled into the gas-lit station. And in another moment Jeff's hand was on the door, and his bright face smiled through the window-pane as he ran beside the still moving train.

How glad, and yet how sad, Kitty felt to see him: glad upon her sister's account, to whom she could now entirely devote herself, while Jeff looked after the baggage; but sad upon her own, for somehow his presence scattered and broke down those 'low beginnings of content' she had begun to feel in that scheme of self-sacrifice which

she had just now been painfully elaborating. Oh, why had he come with his kind tones and tender eyes, ere yet her mind had had time to harden in its mould of duty!

'Jenny is very tired, Jeff,' was all her greeting to him, except the thankful pressure of her fingers.

'Of course she is,' returned he cheerfully. 'How could it be otherwise after such a journey! I have got a brougham for her, so that she should not be jolted quite to pieces. So get you into it, you three folks and a half; and I will follow with Tony and the baggage in a four-wheeler.'

'A brougham!' sighed Jenny, looking more dead than alive. 'I call that a wasteful extravagance.'

'Pooh, pooh!' he whispered; 'distinguished authoresses don't ride about in hack-carriages in London, let me tell you, whatever they may do in Saubeck.'

No further expostulation was made, for indeed nothing could have been more welcome to poor Jenny's back and limbs than the cushions of the vehicle in question, which Jeff had had supplemental for her especial use. She felt positively better on her arrival in Brown Street, after their long drive through misnamed 'Merry Islington'—the dullest and drabdest of all suburbs than when she had left the train. She had been as eloquent about Jeff's thought and kindness on the way, as her feeble voice would permit her to be; but Kitty had answered nothing. She knew how tender and how true he was, and dared not trust herself to praise him. To her great relief, he did not present himself that night in Brown Street, but left the little family to 'settle down' in their new dwelling alone. If it was not 'like home,' it was very unlike what ordinary lodgings would have been; instead of the smiles of a mercenary landlady, there was the honest kind face of Nurse Haywood to give them welcome. It would not have beamed half so brightly had they been rich folks who had agreed 'for six months certain' at treble the rent; for she loved 'the young ladies' as though they had been her own children, and thought them the most beautiful and charming of God's creatures. 'Master Tony' had always been her especial darling; and the baby she regarded as a precious and sacred charge bequeathed by its sainted mother to the world, in compensation for her departure heavenward.

Kitty always used to assert that Nurse Haywood was 'a lady,' and looking at her with her neat gray hair and gentle, quiet face, as she stood dressed in her new black silk, to welcome the bereaved ones, you would have indorsed that opinion. She wore a certain gold watch and chain a little ostentatiously, to be sure, in the front of her dress, but then these had been given her by Mr Dalton's own hand, and she wished to shew herself mindful of him. Her face, like her person, was plump, and, notwithstanding her advanced years, quite free from wrinkles; and if her voice was somewhat broken, it was not through age, but because, though old, she had retained all her sympathies and affections (the more easily, perhaps, that they were within narrow limits), and was sadly 'upset' at the sight of her dear ones. It was their trouble that troubled her; and her chief care and fear were that, accustomed as they were, as she expressed it, 'to the best of everything,' the

accommodation she had to offer them in Brown Street would seem miserable and insufficient.

The sight of Jenny, so wan and travel-worn, utterly overcame her, and she could only exclaim, 'My poor, poor lamb!' as she folded her to her heart.

Truly the 'wind was tempered' to her and to all the shorn flock in that hospitable dwelling. It was humble, yet, as Kitty shrewdly suspected, by no means so low-rented as the price Nurse Haywood had charged them. They would be none the less a burden on their old friend, because she would bear it like a feather; and if it lasted long, how could she bear it! However, she drove those thoughts away, and for the present resolved to feel only thankfulness. After the nice little supper, at which Tony greatly distinguished himself, and which she herself did her best to swallow, lest her hostess should ascribe her want of appetite to fastidiousness; and after she had seen the rest of the party stowed away in their small dormitories, and Jenny dead-tired had fallen asleep, Kitty sat down in her room, over an unaccustomed fire, to cast up the expenses of the day. Accounts had of old been hateful to her, but now she found a refuge in them from thought. Their dry details shut out alike reflection on the past and forebodings for the future.

Scarcely had she begun, however, when there was a gentle knock at the door, and there entered Nurse Haywood.

'Now, my dear Miss Kitty,' said she, perceiving the nature of her occupation, 'why on earth are you a-worrying yourself about pounds and shillings, instead of getting ready for your bed, which, Heaven knows, you must want enough?'

'But, my dear nurse,' answered Kitty, smiling, 'I must needs look after not only pounds and shillings now, but shillings and pence. You have endeavoured to spoil us, as usual, with all sorts of luxuries; this fire in my bedroom, for one. But, indeed, you must not go on so. I told you in my letter how very different things were with us, remember.'

'I know that; and the more shame to them as have brought it about.' Nurse Haywood firmly believed that the Daltons' misfortunes had been caused by some wicked human agency, assisted by the more or less direct assistance of the Devil. 'But you have no call to fash yourself with money-matters yet a while. There's near upon a hundred pounds, my dear, in the savings-bank, which is yours if it is anybody's, Heaven knows, since it was all saved in your service.'

'Nurse, nurse, don't talk like that!' cried Kitty, breaking down in spite of herself. 'Do you think we have come here to live upon your savings?'

'You are come here to be comfortable, and not to worrit,' returned the old dame decisively. 'Your dear papa will be home soon, please God; and a pretty thing it will be if he finds you have been denying yourself things in my house. And even if he don't come back, do you suppose you have no friends?'

'None but you, dear nurse; except one or two who have all the will indeed, but not the power to serve us.'

'Well, I don't know; gentlemen who ride on horseback with their groom behind them have generally money to spare; and one such at least has been here to-day to ask after you all. A more

civil-spoken gentleman, or who shewed himself more kindly towards you all, it is not easy to picture.'

'What was the gentleman's name? Was it Sir William Skipton?'

'Very like, miss. He might have been all that, to judge by his hat and boots, which you might have seen yourself in, just as in that looking-glass. He didn't leave his name; but he said he was a friend of your father's—which went to my heart at once, as you may credit. And he asked after you all, one by one, down to the sweet baby. He thought you had come yesterday, it seems, and called to inquire how you all were after your long journey.'

'Was he a little man with gray whiskers?'

'O no, Miss Kitty: he was a tall, fine-looking gentleman, rather stiffish, I should have said, if he had not been so affable. I am sure he is a friend of yours, whoever isn't.—But what I came up to say was that here is a letter for you, as came by the last post to-day, but which the sight of your sweet faces put clean out of my old head till now. I thought I'd bring it up—else you had much better not read it to-night—in case it was anything about—about your dear papa.'

'It is nothing about papa, I am sure,' said Kitty quietly, having cast her eye on the address. 'And I shall take your advice, nurse, and go to bed.'

She at once proceeded to put away her accounts; and after a cordial 'good-night,' the old dame withdrew. Then Kitty drew her chair to the fire, and gazed at the still closed letter with hard despairing eyes. She had recognised the handwriting; at once as that of Mr Holt; and she thought she could guess at the nature of its contents. He had called in person, it seemed, that very day, and now he had written her a letter. Fate was not only hard with her, but urgent, as though she had already tendered her submission to it.

The envelope was a large one, and held something weighty, like that she had received from Mrs Campden. Was it possible that this man had dared to send her money—bank-notes? No; thank Heaven! it was not that. There was a letter, and something official on a large piece of paper. The receipt of a premium from a life insurance office for one hundred and twenty pounds. What could it mean? The letter was of course from Mr Holt:

MY DEAR MISS DALTON In the hurry of your father's departure from England he omitted to pay his usual premium to the *Palm Branch*. As in a few days it would have been overdue, and the policy thereby have lapsed, I have taken the liberty to guard against that contingency. The money has been paid under protest—that is to say, if it should turn out—which Heaven forbid!—that your poor father should have deceased before this date, the society will repay the premium in question together with the policy of five thousand pounds. You will perceive, therefore, that I have incurred no risk, nor yourself any obligation, by this transaction, which I have only effected as a mere matter of convenience to you, and of course not without consultation with your friends.

I did myself the honour to call in Brown Street to-day, but mistook, it seems, the date of your arrival in town. Pray, make my best compliments to your sister, and remember me most

kindly to my young friend Tony. The acquaintance of the remaining member of your family I have not as yet had the pleasure to make, but I hope he bore his journey with equanimity.—Believe me, my dear Miss Dalton, yours always most faithfully,
RICHARD HOLT.

She took up the receipt again, and read it with scarlet cheek. 'Received one hundred and twenty pounds.' She was indebted, therefore, in that sum—or in nearly a whole year's income to the man who had paid it. When he wrote that no obligation had been incurred on her part, he was writing an untruth, and one which he knew could not impose upon her for a moment. The 'friends' with whom he had consulted were, of course, the Campdens, or probably only Mrs Campden. Surely 'Uncle George' could never have allowed himself to be a party to a scheme which made her this man's debtor!

She had not known the money was due. The application, in fact, had come through her father's bankers, who had been always instructed to pay it; and since there were now no funds in hand, they had forwarded it to Riverside. How hopeless would she have felt at Sanbeck, had she been aware of it; and how hopeless she felt now! Even if her father should come home to-morrow—poorer, in all probability, than he went—she would be none the less indebted to Mr Holt. Indeed, the certain news of her father's death, and the consequent payment of his policy, could alone acquit her of the pecuniary obligation, let alone any other. Oh, cruel Fate! that her only escape from an unwelcome—she dared not now say even to herself, now that the thing might come to pass, a detested—suitor, should be, as it were, over her father's corpse!

She could of course decline to receive this help at all; could object to the premium being paid at all; but then there was the contingency which Mr Holt had glanced at, of her father dying after the premium had become overdue. He might be wrecked somewhere at that moment, but still alive; and yet he might not come back alive to England. In that case his children would lose the policy: that five thousand pounds, the possession or loss of which would make all the difference to them for their lives in this world; would insure them competence, or condemn them to the poverty that one at least of them was so ill fitted to bear.

That very morning—not twelve hours ago—Kitty had been happy, hopeful, in her sister's triumph; now it seemed an age since happiness had visited her, and, moreover, that it would never visit her again. Her future looked dark indeed. The self-sacrifice she was contemplating was one which no man can estimate; there is nothing like it in the experience of his sex; for when a man marries a woman for her money, it is she, and not himself, when all is said, who in truth is sacrificed.

In many cases, indeed, such as poor Kitty's, the gilded chain soon ceases to gail; it is only a few to whom romance is necessary, and the purchased bride finds her life very tolerable; but Kitty was conscious of an obstacle to her self-abnegation, which made it ten times more hard for her, and almost a crime. In giving herself to Richard Holt, she was casting away the offer of Geoffrey

Derwent's love; and in her heart of hearts she had accepted it.

'O mother, mother!' cried she despairingly, as she turned upon her sleepless bed, 'why, why did you leave me?'

She had never felt the need of an adviser and a comforter so much as now.

GIFTS TO WAITERS AND SERVANTS.

OCCASIONALLY is to be seen, in the windows of a few dining-rooms in London, the announcement 'No fees to waiters.'

This suggests a query: Why *should* there be fees to waiters? Why should this kind of service be so set apart from all others as to require a different and unbusiness-like mode of remuneration? There is surely nothing in the labours of a waiter which renders him a special member of society! His thin shoes and his white table-napkin, his bill of fare and his bustling activity, may all be well enough in their way; but the duties certainly call for the exercise of no very remarkable amount of talent. The conventional clippings of language which sometimes amuse a visitor at the more busy of the middle-class or commercial establishments, when instructions are given out and the components of a dinner brought in—'One veal and ham;' 'two calves' head and bacons;' 'two mashed potatoes;' 'half pale ale;' 'three Cheshires;' 'two college puddings'—are not achievements which put in requisition any vast moral or intellectual power. The waiter is expected to see that the right dishes are brought to the right persons; that such requests as 'not too much done,' or 'only a little fat,' are duly attended to; that the coveted middle half of the *Times* is not retained too long by any one reader; that there is the wherewithal in the waiter's pocket to give change to anybody and everybody; and that he accounts to his employer for all the money taken. There is a story told that, at a suburban tea-garden, one waiter told another, in an agony of despair, that 'Two teas and one brandy-and-water had cut off over the palings.' Of course 'two roast porks and one apple-sauce' are not likely to evade payment in a respectable dining-room; but still the waiter will naturally be on the alert. Nothing in this, however, requires greater promptness and cleverness than are displayed by shopkeepers or shopmen.

If we give a penny, twopence, or threepence (the particular amount does not affect the question) to a waiter, why not to the servitor behind a counter? If we enter a stationer's shop and pay sixpence (say) for a quire of paper; if the shopman put on a look of expectancy which nothing less than a penny gift will satisfy—should we not deem this a strange mode of conducting business? Do the young men who supply sandwiches and ale at a luncheon bar; or the young ladies who dispense sweets at a pastry-cook's; or the spruce-looking assistants at a draper's, who sometimes have endless trouble to satisfy a fiddle-faddle customer—do these or any of these reap the harvest of a fee? If

not, why not? It is nothing to the purpose to urge that a penny is too small a matter to be contested; we all know that 'mony littles mak a mickle'; and besides, anything which is commercially clumsy ought not to be maintained as a permanent system. If the waiter receive less than he ought, he is wronged; if more than he ought, the customer is wronged; while in any case the waiter's half-muttered thanks for a *gift* involves a lowering of that independence of character which is respected by a *payment*, for services rendered.

Fees to waiters, coachmen, guards, and vails or presents to servants, rest upon the same basis; while the *pour-boire* of the French and the *trink-geld* of the Germans are analogous. Perhaps we had more abuses of the kind in England in past times than we have now. Mr Rush, when he arrived in England as ambassador from the United States, was struck with a novelty of this class. While eating his first English dinner at Portsmouth, his ears were regaled with the sound of a merry peal of bells, which he afterwards learned was intended in honour of his arrival. After dinner, he was told that the bell-ringers desired to pay their respects to him. 'Eight men,' Mr Rush tells us, in the Narrative of his Residence at the Court of London, 'with coats reaching down to their heels, hereupon entered the room. They ranged themselves one after another in a solemn line along the wall. Everything being adjusted, the spokesman at their head broke forth with the following unintelligible address. He said that they had "come with their due and customary respects to wish me joy on my safe arrival in Old England as Ambassador Extraordinary from the United States; hoping to receive from me the usual favour, such as they had received from other ambassadors, for which they had their book to shew." This book was a curiosity. It looked like a venerable heir-loom of office. There were in it the names of I know not how many ambassadors, ministers, and other functionaries, arriving from foreign parts, throughout the lapse of I know not how many ages, with the donations annexed to each!'

The custom of giving vails or presents to servants, when visitors leave a house, has considerably fallen off, although still much too prevalent; but the tradesman's bleeding, the expected gratuity to the servants of customers, still reigns in full force in the metropolis, if not elsewhere. The cook, the housemaid, the butler, the footman (especially in large establishments) consider that they have a claim upon the pockets of the tradesmen who supply the house, the gratuity being expected either at Christmas or when the bill is paid. The valet or 'gentleman's gentleman' similarly looks out for the tailor, the lady's-maid for the *modiste*, the coachman for the harness-maker and the corn-chandler, and so on. Although this may, to the eye of a looker-on, seem like a mere act of kindness to persons in a menial position, yet it is in fact paying them indirectly instead of

openly and avowedly; for there can be very little doubt that, in the long-run, the master or mistress really pays these amounts, by a corresponding increase in the charges made in the bill. The indoor servants of an establishment tax the tradesmen in this way; but the heads of the household have to run the gantlet among another list of fee-receivers or fee-beggars. The postman, the hawker, the lamplighter, the scavenger, the 'regular dustman,' the turncock—many of them (we are speaking especially of London) call for annual gratuities under the well-known designation of 'Christmas-boxes.' Systematically wending their way from house to house, in the well-to-do streets, with their books and pencils and formalities, they make an application as if it were the assertion of a right, and seem much disposed to expostulate if silver fees are not forthcoming. It would be difficult to defend this custom on any sound principle. All these men are paid for their services by the firms or companies that employ them; and if the pay is too small, that is no fault of the housekeepers. It is, in fact, a relic of the graceful and kindly old custom of mutual present-giving at Christmas; but it has lost all its grace by its one-sidedness, and by being made a matter of business—almost of compulsion. The item of Christmas-boxes has become such a large one in some of the commercial establishments of the metropolis, that there is a strong desire to frown down a custom which has degenerated into an abuse. The kindness and hospitality of a man who knows that he is well served will always find ways of shewing themselves; there is no fear that the heart or the purse would be closed by a common-sense view of this matter. Thanks to railways; they have shewn that a traveller may have a long day's journey without being pestered for fees by the servants of 'the road,' and yet obtain fully as much civility from them without any attempt to purchase it.

Hotel arrangements, except in some well-managed concerns, are vitiated by the fee system to an unsatisfactory extent. You put up at an inn or hotel for a single day, and glance at the bill just before your departure. It may contain no separate charge for servants, although you know from experience that a payment from you to them will be expected. You have to consider whether your accommodation has been in the 'coffee-room' or the 'commercial room;' whether or not you have had a 'private room;' whether you have received services from other domestics than the three functionaries familiarly known as waiter, chambermaid, and boots; and whether the establishment has the general aspect of an upper-class or middle-class hotel, or only of a 'railway inn.' All these matters you have to take into account before deciding on the amount of honorarium to set apart for the servants. A most unsatisfactory system, seeing that you seldom know when you have done enough, or whether you have done too much. If we admit the propriety of paying other people's servants (which we doubt), the bill may be drawn up by entering a separate item for 'attendance.' A traveller hereby quickly learns what his rate of expenditure would be at an inn or hotel; and different classes of establishments would be selected, to suit different purses.

But why a separate charge at all? Even the entry of 'attendance' in the bill is not always a

safeguard against uncertainty. The writer remembers an instance at an Irish hotel, where, although 'attendance' was charged in the bill, a solicitation of 'Waiter, sir,' was put forth on the ground that 'master keeps the attendance fee for himself.' Why, we repeat, a separate charge at all? If we go and purchase a hat, the hatter does not enter an item in the bill for the service of his shopman; any such item is supposed to be included in the charge for the hat, and the customer is not plagued with details with which he has no concern. And why not the hotel-keeper, the railway inn-keeper, the keepers of coffee-houses, chop-houses, and dining-rooms? If the charge for a bed be two shillings and you are expected to give an additional sixpence to the chambermaid, why not call it half-a-crown at once, and leave the master to settle with his servants? That remarkable personage 'boots,' who is expected to know everything and to be everywhere to serve everybody, may be supposed to be worth a certain annual wage or salary, which there would be no difficulty in fixing between master and man; there is no apparent reason why the master should be out of pocket by this arrangement, for his charges might be made to cover all such expenses with justice to himself and to his customers.

That such a thing can be done we have proof in some of the recently established dining-rooms in London. The conventional penny to the waiter (seldom more than a penny in the class of establishments we have now in view) is, however, in most cases still given. The clerks and warehousemen who can snatch a hasty half-hour for a mid-day meal (they are not all so lucky as to have suburban villas with a six o'clock dinner awaiting them) flock in great numbers into these establishments—thickly congregated around St Paul's, Cheapside, and Cornhill; they pay for their refectory, reasonably in most cases, and give the waiter a penny more than the charge made by the proprietor. The smallness of the fee cannot effectually hide the absurdity of the system. Waiters probably at one time received salaries in the same way as shopmen; but their masters, finding the fees amount to a good round sum, insisted on a lessening of salary, until at length matters have come to such a point that the servant pays the master (a good handsome royalty, it is understood, in flourishing establishments), and his fellow-servants besides. Many a head-waiter has saved enough money out of his accumulated fees to become an hotel proprietor on his own account. Here we come round to the same dilemma as before; if the waiter receives more than his services are worth, the public are the losers; if he receives only what they are worth, a clumsy, uncommercial system is maintained without special gain to any of the persons concerned.

We have just adverted to the sparsely adopted 'no-fee' system. Some of the City dining-rooms, well appointed and well served, have a small inclosure near the entrance where a cashier is placed to receive the money. Different modes are adopted of acquainting this cashier with the number and kinds of the good things which have constituted the refectory; he adds up the values with the quickness of an expert arithmetician, names the amount, and receives the exact sum from the diner. The waiter receives neither payment nor fees from the public for the simple duty

of bringing in and carrying out laden and unladen platters. We may safely give the proprietors credit for sufficient sagacity in laying their plans that neither cooks nor carvers, waiters nor cashiers, shall cheat them with impunity. We surmise that in some of the establishments the proprietor himself acts as cashier during the busy hours of a City day. The cashier plan is in other rooms combined with the fee plan by a penny being added to the rapidly counted sum named by the money-receiver; which penny is presumably handed over afterwards in some way to the head-waiter or amongst the waiters. But this is a distinction without a difference; the folly of the fee is still retained.

TINY'S LOVERS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

A FINE brisk late autumn morning, when they met next day at breakfast; through the great windows the golden-leaved oaks stood out russet against the sombre green of the pine-woods. The ferns were covered with gem-besprinkled cobwebs, which hung from frond to frond, all dry, brown, and crisp. The larches were of a russet yellow, amongst the feathery green spruces; and glinting in the distance, its bosom sparkling in the sun, was the great mere, dotted with green islands, bearing pines and clumps of evergreens, while in all directions wild-fowl flitted and splashed about. Now it was a flock of wild-duck, with their keenly cut swift wings, wheeling round and round, before descending with a rush to flick the water; anon it would be a flock of coots flying with a piping cry, and their feet trailing in the lake; while grebes and divers disported here and there in the pale sunshine of the passing year.

The news about the admiral was excellent, as Tiny took her place at the table, and Mrs Rowbotham, all smiles, began to dispense the tea and coffee.

'Is it to be the pheasants this morning?' said Lonsdale languidly; 'or will Miss Murray allow us to play cavalier in a ride?'

'I could not go away from the house this morning,' said Tiny; 'not till my uncle is better.'

'But he said, my dear, that you were to go out to-day,' said Mrs Rowbotham.

'Yes; uncle is very kind,' said Tiny; 'but still I should not like to be out of sight.'

'Well, look here,' said Captain Barry; 'I've been longing for days to go on the water. Let's take the guns, and try for the ducks. Miss Murray could go with us, and then we should always be in sight of the house, and a signal would bring us back. How would that do?'

'Ah! the very thing,' said the captain.

Tiny's eyes sparkled with pleasure, and the matter was soon arranged. One of the keepers was to have the boat ready in an hour, and soon after breakfast the party prepared to start.

'Not going, Lawler?' said Captain Barry. 'Come along, man; there'll be plenty of room.'

Captain Lonsdale frowned, and Lawler glanced

at Tiny, to see if she would give him ever so slight an invitation to be of the party; but no: she kept her head averted, and playfully held out her glove to the captain, that he might fasten it.

'Thanks; no,' said Lawler. 'I am going to the study.'

'See that the fellows keep up a good fire,' said the dragoon banteringly, and with a sneering laugh, directed at the young man, he followed Captain Barry and Tiny down the path that led to the lake.

'I believe I'm a fool,' said the young man, as soon as he had shut himself in the study; 'but all the same, the more I see her getting lined by that man, the harder it seems. I ought to go away, but I can't. Does she love him, I wonder?'

He took down a book from the shelves, and threw himself into a chair, rested his forehead on his hand, and tried to read, but not a word could he retain.

'I ought to have gone with them,' he said at last impatiently. 'A look would have drawn me, but she has only smiles for that man. If he were only a fine true-hearted fellow, I believe I could give her up without a murmur, and say: "God bless them both!" but with such a man as that—Oh, it's insupportable! I shall have to make some excuse, and go.'

'I hope that boat is safe,' he said to himself after a pause; and a strange feeling of uneasiness came over him. 'I wish she were back on shore. The signal would bring her, but it would only alarm her; and I should look as if I had brought her ashore on false pretences. Bah! I'm out of sorts.'

He took to walking up and down the study; went to the billiard-room, and took down a cue, but only to put it back in disgust. He was going to the drawing-room, but hearing the voice of Mrs Rowbotham, he fled in dismay back to the study.

Here the thoughts about the safety of the boat recurred to him, and, in a state of nervous fidget, he took a *lorgnette* from its case on the wall, and went into the dining-room, where he soon made out the party on the mere—distant quite a couple of miles now, and a tiny white puff of smoke told that the sport had commenced, though with what fortune he could not detect.

He stood watching them for half an hour, when they passed round a curve in the lake, and he saw them no more.

'I shall have to go,' he muttered, as he went back to replace the *lorgnette*. 'I might have finished what I wanted to read, and gone to join them, rowing myself in the skiff. I will too,' he said. 'Suppose I ring for the keeper, and get a gun. No: the very thing; I've gone out to try for pike!'

He rang the bell, and asked for the second keeper; and in half an hour, with the man to scull him about, he was fishing in the lake, and each minute lessening the distance between him and the shooting-party.

As it happened, his sole wish was to approach the other boat with a good excuse on his lips; the

fishing was a secondary consideration; but fate willed that he was to have excellent sport, and he was delayed three times to master and capture a goodly pike.

'They bes a-running well to-day, sir,' said the keeper. 'We'll go on to the deep water, where they're shooting—the big ones lie out there.' Saying which, the man rowed out in the specified direction; and again Lawler was detained, for a monster pike seized his bait, and though he played him badly, in the hope that the prey would escape, fortune was for the taking of the fish, which was gaffed at last, and hauled in triumph into the boat. 'Row straight over to the other boat now,' said Lawler.

'Haden't you better have another throw in, sir?' said the keeper.

'No; I am tired of it now,' said Lawler; and in disgust at the want of appreciation of sport on the part of his master's guest, the keeper rowed steadily after the shooting-party.

Twice over the reports of the guns told of sport, and when within three or four hundred yards, Lawler saw Captain Barry rise up and fire at a heron, which was lazily sailing by, and the bird fell, to go flapping along the water towards a reed-bed farther on.

The keeper with Lawler turned and looked as he rowed on, and then said quietly: 'I s'pose Jem Myers knows about them there posties?'

'About what posties?' said Lawler.

'Them posties just below the water, sir; he might overset the boat if he rowed atop o' one on 'em.'

'But I thought it was all deep water there.'

'So it is, sir; but the folks as was here before the admiral, sir, had what they called a pagody, sir—a Chinee summer-honse, out in the lake; and when it got old and rotten, it was took down; but they couldn't pull up the big timber posties it was built on, and there's two or three left now.'

'Pull on, then, quickly,' cried Lawler, 'and let's warn them.'

'All right, sir; they ain't near 'em yet. And it's a rare good spot for perch, that is. You come along o' me some morning, sir, and I'll row you over here, and'—

'Pull, man, for Heaven's sake!' cried Lawler impatiently. 'Here, let me take one of the sculls.'

'Can't, sir; there's only one pair o' rowlocks. I'll be with 'em soon.'

They were now about a couple of hundred yards off; and, at Lawler's instigation, the keeper with him turned and shouted a warning: 'Mind them there posties, Jem!'

'Hey?' was shouted back.

'Mind them posties!'

'No posties here,' was the reply; and then, with the keeper pulling one oar, and Captain Barry the other, and a pretty good 'way' on, the broad flat-bottomed boat was seen suddenly to glide up on one side, as if it was being lifted, and overturn, while those who followed were still a hundred and fifty yards away.

'Row!' cried Lawler hoarsely, 'or we shall be too late;' and he quickly took his place in the fore-part of the boat. As the man tugged at the sculls, the little skiff flew through the water. As Lawler stood, divesting himself of coat, vest, and boots, he saw the capsized boat floating gently away, urged by the brisk breeze, Captain Lonsdale

clinging to the bottom, and shrieking for help; and Captain Barry and the keeper, Myers, swimming easily, and evidently in search of that for which his eyes were sweeping the water.

'Can't you see miss, sir?' said the keeper hoarsely, as he tugged at the oars, and sent the skiff nearer.

'No,' groaned Lawler. 'She went over with the boat, and it must have struck her; she hasn't risen since.'

As the words left his lips he was now so near that he left the boat with a spring, parted the water with joined hands, disappeared, and rose to the surface again, paddling and looking in all directions.

'Somewhere about there, Lawler,' shouted Captain Barry; and the young man gathered himself up, turned over, and dived.

'Here, help! Boat, boat!' roared Captain Lonsdale.

'Oh, you're all right, sir,' growled the keeper in the skiff, standing up and thrusting down a boat-hook, to see if he could catch the girl's dress.

'Try more to the right,' cried Captain Barry; and the man plunged the hook in again up to his shoulder, and again and again without success.

'Want help, mate?' said the keeper to Myers.

'No,' was panted out. 'I could swim for a week.'

'Like to get in, sir?' said the keeper, this time to Captain Barry.

'No, no, man; I'm all right. But for any sake, keep that boat-hook going!'

'Help, here! I can't hold on!' cried Captain Lonsdale.

'Then let go,' growled the keeper, plying hard with the boat-hook in every direction, while Lawler came up to the surface, and dived again and again, though his stay below was shorter each time.

The last time he came up, his face was blue, and there was a terrible look of despair upon it, as he placed one arm over the side of the skiff and hung there panting.

'You're good as done, Lawler,' said Captain Barry, swimming up to him. 'Get into the boat, man. — Pull him in, Smith.'

The man made as if to seize him, but Lawler warned him off.

'Haden't we best get the drags, sir?' said Myers, placing his arm over the gunwale.

'Here, help! Are you men?' shouted Captain Lonsdale. 'Bring the boat here; don't leave me to drown!'

As he had crawled on to the flat bottom of the capsized boat, and was only in danger of catching a very bad cold, no one stirred, but one blank face was directed at another, till, with a hoarse cry that was hardly human, Lawler suddenly thrust himself from the skiff, turned, and swam hard for the capsized boat.

'Where's he going?' cried Captain Barry. 'Good heavens! that I should have lived to see such a day!'

'To join the captain, sir,' said Myers. 'O sir, let's go and get the drags!'

'No, no; he means something,' cried Captain Barry excitedly. 'Yes, I see. Row after us;' and he loosened his hold, and swam after the other, just as, when near the boat, Lawler raised himself well in the water, turned over, dived, and

disappeared beneath the boat. A dozen seconds of agony followed, and as the skiff was rowed close up, and the captain rose, feeling that it was for his reception, the second keeper groaned, and said in a husky voice: 'The brave young chap's gone too.' But as the words left his lips, Lawler's head shot up on the other side, and with him rose the body of Tiny Murray.

'Quick!' shouted Lawler, beating the water; 'her dress is caught underneath.' In less than a minute, the skiff was round, and Tiny dragged in by the keeper; but he had to use his knife to cut her dress, which was hitched in some hook inside the boat. The act of dislodging this rocked the big boat so that Captain Lonsdale grew terribly alarmed for his own safety, and shouted twice in agony.

'Now, then!' cried Captain Barry to the second keeper, as he laid the inanimate body in the stern of the boat; 'row, man—back to the Hall, for your life—and hers.'

'What! and leave you gentlemen!' said the man.

'Yes, of course,' cried the sailor, passing an arm under Lawler, who was quite exhausted. 'Row for your life! Tell them hot bath—doctor!' he shouted; but the boat was already surging through the water, as the man bent to his task.

'Stop that boat!' shrieked Lonsdale. 'Are you going to leave me to drown?'

'No, sir,' growled Myers, crawling on to the bottom, and nearly dislodging the captain. 'We're a-going to drown all along with yer.—Here you are, sir,' he continued, stretching out his hand; and with his help, Lawler, blue and exhausted, was dragged on to the bottom of the boat, where Captain Barry soon joined them, with the result that the punt was sunk almost entirely out of sight, and its freight in momentary danger of being floated off.

'It's worse than murder,' groaned Captain Lonsdale, clutching convulsively at Myers.

'Ever so much, sir,' said the man dryly. 'Hudn't you better give me the tip as you meant, afore it's all over?'

Lonsdale glared at the keeper; but his aspect, with his wet hair and whiskers, was so far from impressive, that the man was not much moved. Until the skiff was out of sight, very little was said, and by that time, Lawler was somewhat recovered, but he lay on the boat without a word.

'I suppose the luke isn't very deep here, keeper, is it?' said Lonsdale, as they were drifting before the wind, and a hush nearly sent him off.

'Well, sir,' said Myers, 'I should say that just 'bout here's the deepest part of the whole mere; they do say as there's thirty foot o' water.'

The dragon's teeth chattered, and his eyes rolled despairingly about, but they met with nothing consolatory, for no one seemed to care for him, and again and again he wished mentally that he had learned to swim.

'We ought to touch that little island in a few minutes,' said Captain Barry, as they drifted on.

'And so we shall, sir,' said the keeper, 'or else get so near it we shall be able to swim ashore, and turn the boat.'

The news excited Lonsdale; and all turned out as the keeper had said. They drifted so near that he lowered himself into the water, felt for the painter-rope, and then swam with it ashore, dragging the boat up on the gravel. The men

then turned the punt over, baled it out, and were afloat in it once more and drifting before the wind, when the skiff appeared in sight with two men in it, bringing spirits, blankets, and wrappers. But the news of Tiny was far from encouraging. The doctor had been sent for, and the servants were doing everything they could, but the man was afraid that there was little hope.

CHAPTER IV.

It was, however, found on their return that there was hope, for the doctor had restored animation, but it was only for a severe feverish fit to supervene, and for many days there was a hard struggle with death.

The old admiral had insisted upon his guests staying, in spite of his trouble; and he appealed again and again to Lawler as to whether he was not the most ill-used man on the face of the earth. 'The gout's better, though,' he said; 'and gal, sir, I forgot all about it as soon as I saw them bringing my little darling up to the house. Lawler, my boy, if it had gone wrong with her, I believe it would have killed me.'

It was a fortnight before Tiny came down to the little drawing-room, looking very pale and weak; and no sooner was it announced, than Lonsdale rushed off to pay his homage. He was not gone long, however, before a message came into the study, where Lawler had shrunk upon seeing Lonsdale hurry off.

'She'll be better pleased to see *him*,' he muttered bitterly; and then he sat brooding, as he thought about the terrors of that day, of the agony he had endured, and the relief when he knew that she would live. 'Half selfishness; I thought more of self than of her, poor girl,' he said. 'Why should I grudge her the happiness she feels.'

'Where is he? In the study? Might have known'—

It was the old admiral's voice, as he came stamping across the hall, and the next moment he limped into the place. 'Here, I say, you, Harry Lawler, what the dickens are you doing burying yourself in books, and leaving me to drive myself mad hunting after you! This gout's coming back, like like—like a hurricane, sir. I shall be so bad to-morrow, that— O dear, O dear! But don't you know? Tiny's down-stairs again, and wondering why you don't go and see her.'

'Captain Lonsdale's with her,' said Lawler bitterly.

'No; Captain Lonsdale isn't with her either. Why, Lawler, you don't deserve to have the little lass, you don't; and for two pins, sir, I'd forbid it. Go and see her directly, you scoundrel, and, *egal*! if you say an unkind word to my darling, sir, I'll have you out and shoot you!'

Lawler stood hesitating, for he knew of old the leanings of his host; but this announcement that the captain had been up, and returned, and in so short a time—'Ah, poor girl!' he thought, 'she's too weak to have a long interview.' He felt a poke in the back from the admiral's stick as he crossed the hall, and the next minute the door had swung ~~so~~ behind him, and so great was his emotion, that the place looked blurred and dim before his eyes. He had made up his mind, though, to be very quiet, cold, and reserved. She would thank

him for saving her life, and he should say it was nothing, only that he was glad she was so much better, and that would be all.

And there she was, rising hastily from her seat, looking so pale and delicate, and yet eager, as she half ran to meet him, and he was so cold and reserved, that his heart gave a great throb, and before he knew it, he had caught her little hands in his, and was holding them to his breast.

'My poor little girl!' he exclaimed. 'You have been ill.'

'Yes,' she said softly; and—it must have been through weakness—she leant against him. 'I've been very ill, and I've thought a great deal while I was ill. They told me all about it.'

'About what?' he said huskily.

'About how brave and good you were, and how you saved my life.'

'Hush!' he said; and he laid a finger upon her lips, to have his hand taken in both hers, and feel it kissed again and again; and the next moment his arms were round her, and she was sobbing on his breast.

'And I've been half mad,' he said, 'and hopeless, and full of despair.'

'Why?' she said softly; and there was something of her old merry arch look in her eyes, as she met his fully.

'Because I believed you cared for some one else. But you did not love him!'

'No! never,' was the reply, frankly given. 'He flattered me, and was attentive; but my eyes were open before the day when that terrible accident occurred; and—and—you were so cold and cruel all the time.'

'And she don't care for you a bit, Harry Lawler, not a bit!' said a voice, which made them start, for the old gentleman had crept in quietly, to stand chuckling at the success of his scheme. 'Come here, puss. But there; you may kiss her once, sir, and then—— There, there; God bless you, my dear! you've made me very happy. Now, I can go and have my gout in peace!'

But somehow the gout did not come on, and the admiral was in high spirits the next day, even begging Captain Lonsdale to have another week with the pheasants.

But the captain was recalled suddenly to town, and the groom who drove him to the station said he was 'the stingiest gent as master ever had down.'

Mrs Rowbotham, however, thought differently, and she confided to Captain Barry her sentiments after tea.

'So thorough a gentleman, Captain Barry, suave, polished, possessed of the tone of good society, and of excellent birth. I think the admiral has made a great mistake—don't you?'

'No, ma'am,' said the sailor quietly; 'I don't.'

'You don't, Captain Barry?'

'No, ma'am; I think he would have spent the girl's money, and broken her heart.'

'Captain Barry!'

'Look there, ma'am—look there!'

He pointed with his eyeglasses to where Tiny sat, pale and thin, but with the light of love shining from her eyes, and Lawler reading to her from one of her favourite authors. They seemed to think they were unobserved, for Harry softly raised one little white hand to kiss.

Mrs Rowbotham gave her shoulders a little bit

of a shrug, and said nothing, for the admiral was coming up to where they sat.

'Mrs Rowbotham thinks we have done wrong, admiral, in apportioning our little pet. For me, I say we have done right.'

'Right! God bless them, yes.'

PRIMARY EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

IN the state cabin of the Cunard steamer *Scotia*, the following dialogue lately took place between the Hon. John B. Tomkins of Connecticut, and Mr William Roberts of London, who was on a voyage to the United States. We give it entire, as it throws some light on the methods of primary education in America.

Mr Tomkins. I suppose you are not coming across the Atlantic for the purpose of seeing the Exhibition alone? It is worth coming to America to have a look at her Free Schools, since you in England are now so much engrossed in educational subjects.

Mr Roberts. I should certainly much like to obtain some knowledge of your schools while in the States; and I confess I have not given more than a cursory attention to the subject. But perhaps you may be able to enlighten me.

Mr T. Any information I have is at your service. What is the first point you wish to ask me about?

Mr R. Well, I should like to know, whether the parents of your scholars pay for the education of their children, and also how your schools are supported?

Mr T. Our primary schools, I am proud to say, are now free. That desirable result has only been obtained within the last ten years; and so far as can be judged by statistics, this change has considerably increased the attendance at school. In my own state, the increase in two years has been more than eleven thousand; for if I remember rightly, the increase in the year after we passed our new law, that is, 1871, was more than five thousand. I attribute this increase almost entirely to the Free Schools, because in the year preceding the new law the increase had only been four hundred odd.

Mr R. Certainly this seems satisfactory. But will you mind explaining, if these schools are now free, how they are supported?

Mr T. Gladly. But of course I can merely give you the heads of the sources of the school income. The first source is the State School Funds. This, again, may be divided into two parts: that which comes from the income of capital produced by land given by Congress for the purposes of education, which used to be known as the Sixteenth Section Lands; and that which has been given out of the Surplus Revenue Fund.

Mr R. These moneys, I understand, may be said to be given by the central government then, and not by each state?

Mr T. Exactly. I am now coming to the moneys which come from the individual state. Presently I will tell you how little the actual government of the Union has to do with education. Well, the second head is, that of the State Taxes. These vary as regards the mode of levying them in different states. In Connecticut, for example, with which I am naturally most familiar, we pay one dollar and a half out of the state treasury for each child enumerated.

Mr R. Then in your state you don't even have a special tax, only a grant?

Mr T. Just so. That will shew you how widely the several states differ in the financial machinery. But really my third head, that of Local Taxes, is the most important, for by far the largest proportion of the required money is raised by these means. I won't go further into this part of the question; and I need only tell you that the fourth head consists of Donations in aid of education, such as those of the late Mr Peabody and others.

Mr R. Are large sums received from donors?

Mr T. Large when considered by themselves, but small compared to those obtained from taxation. In Connecticut, during the last ten years, we have received in gifts for various educational purposes something like three million dollars. In 1873 alone, the amount from local taxes in our state came to 1,105,601 dollars, or about £207,300 of your money; so you see the proportion.

Mr R. Now that we are on the financial part of the question, can you tell me anything about the expenditure—I mean the cost of your schools?

Mr T. The cost of our schools is the amount received from the various sources of income. I can tell you this much, however, for I have it in my pocket-book jotted down from the Reports for '73, that in Connecticut the expenditure per head on the population between six and sixteen years of age came to 12 dollars 89 cents. The expenditure in the other states was pretty near that figure: the highest was Massachusetts, with rather more than 21 dollars; and the lowest, Virginia, with rather more than two dollars.

Mr R. Who provide your schools, or rather see that they are provided—the separate state or the Union?

Mr T. That question brings us to the radical distinction which exists between the functions of the Union and the individual state. I will try to explain it to you. The Union has nothing to do with education. The only central body is the National Bureau of Education; but the duty of this body is only to obtain information for the use of those interested in education, not to manage the education of the people. Upon each state rests this latter responsibility; but here again the state only issues general directions, and leaves them to be carried out by the local authorities, according to the outlines enacted by each state. The township is usually the local unit which looks after education; in the states where the township is not employed, the local unit is a county or district.

Mr R. Do you have Boards?

Mr T. Yes. There are Boards called School Committees, School Directors, and so forth, who are elected, and who have to engage teachers, see that there are sufficient school-houses, and so forth. I should have told you, by the way, that in some states there is what is called a State Board, something like your Education Department, and in some states an intermediate officer—that of County Superintendent—who is a kind of inspector; quite a creation of the last few years.

Mr R. I should like to know what you do about religious teaching in your schools?

Mr T. That is not so easy to describe accurately, for you must remember again the number of states into which the Union is divided. I may, however, speaking broadly, say that no sectarian teaching is given; and that in most schools the Bible may

or may not be read, according to the view of the school directors or committee. Our schools are very little troubled, therefore, by any question about religious teaching.

Mr R. And about compulsion?

Mr T. A compulsory system has been introduced in many states, which have passed a law to this effect, and which, I think, will eventually become universal; but at present the flaw in our system of compulsion is that we have no officers whose duty it is to enforce the penalties, which must be done, generally speaking, by some tax-payer.

Mr R. And your system of teaching, or rather pure education?

Mr T. All our schools run, as it were, one into another. There are usually three schools or departments—'primary,' 'grammar,' and 'high.' Sometimes a 'secondary' is placed next to the 'grammar,' and makes a fourth. None of them, however, is like your grammar-schools, for, with the exception of the 'high,' they are in fact parts of the primary school. But in America all classes, high and low, rich and poor, attend the primary schools; which they don't, I believe, in England. The elementary course of instruction is thus carried on in the primary and grammar schools, the higher course in the 'high' schools. These primary and grammar schools, again, are subdivided into grades or classes; ten, eight, or seven, as the case may be. At Boston—to take an example which will fix the ages somewhat in your memory—they endeavour to pass all children into the grammar-school at the age of eight; that is, about half-way up the grades or classes.—Now I think you have a very sketchy outline of our elementary education; but you will perhaps, from this conversation, find it easier to go more fully into details when you have the various educational works at hand on your arrival in America.

THE PIGMY SHREW.

THIS is a curious little creature, frequently called the Lesser Shrew, the *Sorex pygmaeus* of naturalists. It is to the ordinary mouse what the wren is to the sparrow, and the snout and tail are of enormous length in proportion to its diminutive body. The stiff-looking bristles protruding from the droll little snout give one the notion of their having been borrowed or stolen from some neighbouring pig. The teeth are sharp and pointed, and differ considerably from the teeth of the common mouse; but it is quite a harmless creature, as its mouth is so small that a bite would inconvenience the giver rather more than the receiver. The great point in his favour is, that he is an insect-eating animal only, and persistently declines all temptation in the shape of grain, bread-crumbs, cheese, &c. When searching for a new hunting-ground, he moves slowly, keeping his snout in a state of perpetual activity, sometimes twisting it in the air in a most ludicrous fashion. My life as a girl in Ireland has been amused by watching the habits of shrew mice. They can climb, but not well or quickly. Our garden-wall was covered with a variety of flowering-shrubs, honeysuckle growing in a zig-zag fashion across the others. One shrew

used to toil slowly and carefully up the rough dashed wall in a direct line to the place where the honeysuckle was most heavily laden with blight, avoiding the cotoneaster and other shrubs, on which there was no probability of food. Its companions never seemed able to achieve this climbing feat, but always remained on the ground, shrieking with amazing power for such small throats. The shrew shrieks at everything; it is just as much its nature as the lark's to sing. It may quarrel now and then, but it is by no means the vicious being which its ugly name implies. Americans say the opossum has nineteen lives; now, I am of opinion eighteen out of the nineteen were stolen from the *Sorex* family by the cute 'possums. You may watch the operations of the shrew-mole as closely as you please; it will mine away most unconcernedly till there is nothing visible but the tip of its tail. But once lay hold of it, no matter how gently, and it immediately revenges the insult by dying in your hand. I can speak from experience, for I have tried the full-grown ones, and I have tried one no larger than a bean, with like result in all cases.

Notwithstanding the fact, that the peculiar odour of these little animals is their great preservative in most cases, it is no safeguard from the magpies. The magpies—their name was legion about our cottage in the west—used to sit up long after all other respectable birds had gone to rest, purely and solely for the purpose of committing wanton murder. Their only pleasure in killing frogs, shrew-moles, &c. appeared to be in the investigation of the dead body, which afterwards took place with all the clatter and argument of a Home Rule meeting. The Irish peasantry say the hedgehog (*granogue*) is 'the only animal that eats the snout-head or ant-eater;' but I must confess the only one which we captured on purpose to prove it, scuttled off with a grunt of indignation on being offered a dead shrew. To be sure, that old lady had five children, not gently reposing, but squeaking awfully like little pigs, in a neighbouring potato-furrow. Alarm at the danger of being separated from her noisy offspring may have destroyed her appetite for the time being; or she may have had scruples about eating dead-meat.

As to the shrew's nest, I have seen but one; and I am not ashamed to confess that I should never have found that one, but for the assistance of the ill-fated boy in the neighbourhood, who, I verily believe, was *en rapport* with all living creatures, whether bird, beast, or fish alike. Soft, marshy ground is their favourite building-place, and a bog is the most likely place of all.

One might tread on a dozen of these nests without being aware of it. There was nothing in the appearance of the wee bale of moss and dead-leaves, to lead me to suppose it was anything more than an accidental meeting of a bit of heather in some dry moss. It had no visible entrance whatever. If I hadn't seen the lady of

the house entering her mansion rather more than two feet off, and leaving it in quite another direction a short time afterwards, my doubts of its existence would have been considerable. The fact was, although the nest itself was built above ground, the tunnel which led to it was commenced a long way off, and about two inches under the surface of the moist clod. Being shaped like the letter V, there was always a spare road in case of accidents. Why she should leave her nest exposed, while taking so much trouble to tunnel the entrance, is inexplicable.

The Pigmy Shrew has but two young ones at a birth. Before the fur grows, they are not enticing-looking creatures. There is a dark hue round the snout and ears, or rather ear-marks; but the peculiar shape of the head is not very strongly developed. The odour from the nest is much stronger than from the full-grown animal, which is scarcely perceptible unless when terrified. Buffon speaks of the shrew as having eight or nine at a birth. I think that number must apply to the larger species. I never heard of a case in which the lesser shrew had more than two. Though one particularly damp border was honey-combed with tunnels, they were not sociable, like rabbits, but travelled either singly or in pairs. The latter was the most usual fashion.

The Irish peasantry consider it most unlucky to kill one of these snout-heads, as they believe them special messengers sent by Providence to destroy the insects which would otherwise injure the crops. It says much for Paddy's intelligence that he recognises the value of these useful creatures. According to Buffon, the labouring classes in England believed the shrew to be a most dangerous animal, which brought all manner of evils on the cattle and horses by merely running over them. The poison of a shrew-bite could only be cured by the following charm (we'll hope they're better educated by this time): 'Take the sap out of a piece of green ash, and plug up a living shrew in its place; then burn the whole to a powder; make into an ointment, and apply to the wounded part.' Another and surer charm was to cut a live shrew in half; apply while fresh, in the same way.

I should observe that the Rev. J. G. Wood considers the term shrew-mouse, which is used by Buffon, as inappropriate, as they evidently belong to the Mole tribe. He mentions a variety of shrews in the same family, particularly the water-shrew, which is the most beautiful of all, on account of the bubbles of air which adhere to its fur giving it a silvery appearance while swimming. He also notices the difference between the fur of the shrew-mole and the ordinary mouse or rat, when examined by the aid of the microscope.

But the Pigmy of the tribe is the only one with which we were on intimate terms, and great as our friendship was, he never condescended to visit us during the winter. To speak with caution, I opine that he does not hibernate, but feeds on grubs, wood-lice, &c., at a comfortable distance under ground. I am further strengthened in this opinion by his being so decidedly wide awake, when he is accidentally turned out by the spade.

And now, by way of conclusion, let me observe: there is one thing, reader, which neither you nor I know, and I hope it may be long ere the British pigmy shrew obtains an opportunity of informing

us—will this beautiful insectivorous little animal be of use in destroying the Colorado Beetle, should we ever have the misfortune to witness its arrival in this country?

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

IN ordinary writing, from thirty to thirty-five words a minute are written on the average. Many a letter-writer has often wished he could write quicker or more legibly, but has hitherto been hampered by pen and ink and the usual appliances. Something was wanted, and the something is now offered in the shape of the *Type-writer*, an instrument which prints in legible characters any letter or note, from two to three times as fast as it could be written. It would not be easy to convey an intelligible idea of this ingenious contrivance without lengthened details and diagrams; but the reader may imagine a small table, having in front a sloping key-board, and in the rear a frame-work which supports a roller, and incloses a concentric range of levers. The keys, resembling those of a telegraph instrument, are marked with the letters of the alphabet, and with the necessary stops and spaces. When required for use, a sheet of paper is placed under the roller; the keys are touched to spell out the words; each key impels a lever which bears on its end a corresponding letter; this letter strikes an inked ribbon placed below the roller, and prints itself on the sheet of paper. When the first line is ended, the roller and paper shift their position, and the second line is printed without loss of time, and so on until the letter is finished. In this way a sheet of notepaper or foolscap may be filled (after sufficient practice) with surprising speed. We have seen a nimble-fingered damsel touch off a despatch three times as fast as it could be written, and all in perfectly legible characters, which is by no means least among the advantages of this rapid instrument. The manufacturers are Remington & Co. of Queen Victoria Street, London.

Dr Thurstfield has invented a writing-frame by means of which people who are blind, or who see imperfectly, may write legibly and regularly; and people who can see may write in the dark. It comprises a small flat board on which the paper is held in place by springs. A wooden bar fixed to a movable stem crosses the paper. This bar guides the pencil and the fingers of the writer, who, as soon as he feels that he is come to the end of a line, shifts the bar down a notch, and so continues until the page is finished. The writing instrument is a style to be used with carbonised paper, or with paper specially prepared. Messrs Elliott Brothers of the Strand are the makers of this useful contrivance.

The Popoff air-bag, so named after the Russian admiral who invented it, for raising sunken vessels, has been tried at Portsmouth with promising result.

An old lighter, weight two hundred tons, was sunk to the bottom. The air-bag was fastened to it, and air was pumped in until the pressure indicated sixteen and a half pounds to the square inch. Then bag and lighter rose suddenly to the surface, and with such accelerated speed that the heavy vessel leaped, so to speak, four feet out of the water. The lifting power of the air-bag has thus been satisfactorily demonstrated. How many such bags would be required to raise the *Vanguard*?

The torpedo experiments which have been for some time carried on by orders of the Admiralty will shew surprising results in our next naval war—if we are ever to have another. A missile that swims with great velocity under water in any required direction, and blows up just when most mischief is to be done, is a formidable means of attack or defence. The shores generally and the entrances of ports may be so thoroughly protected by torpedoes that the approach of an enemy's ship would seem hardly possible. The forts at Spithead, in addition to their heavy guns, are to be used as torpedo stations, and we are told that in the Noman fort there will be 'a double series of electrical connections by means of five cables, with as many ground-mines. These mines will be surrounded by a number of hidden buoys, each connected with the trunk cables by subsidiary wires. Supposing, then, an enemy's ship should attempt to force her way into Portsmouth, every buoy she touched in her progress would instantly telegraph her approach and exact position to the engineers in the fort, and when it was found that she had got above a mine, or within the range of its offensive influence, a touch would complete the circuit, and an explosion would follow.' The effects of a series of such explosions may be imagined.

Experiments have been tried in some American steamships with a view to do the steering by means of compressed air. To steer by steam is not considered sufficiently trustworthy, as in time of war the steam-engine might be injured by the enemy's shot. When the screw is at work, it moves a pump which compresses air and forces it into a reservoir. When the vessel is under sail, the screw-blades only turn round as she moves through the water, and still furnish power enough to compress the air. The power thus stored is brought to bear on the rudder by mechanical appliances, which, under the influence of an elastic medium, work without shock.

A brick-making machine has been invented in America, which takes in raw clay, tempers it, rejects stones, and makes from fifty to eighty bricks a minute, or, on the average, about thirty-five thousand in a day of ten hours. This seems to be a snitable rate of production in a country where, for some years past, bricks have been baked by steam. The kiln is so constructed that the heat of the fires is made to superheat steam, and this steam is conducted to all parts of the interior, and through the

mass of bricks until they are thoroughly baked. Treated in this way, the bricks are of much better quality, and are less in price than those burnt by fire, for there is a saving of nearly two-thirds on the cost of burning.

It is known that hair, feathers, and such-like articles can be bleached by means of peroxide of hydrogen. A preparation of this substance is sold under the name of Auricome and Golden Hair Water. Dr Hoffmann, in writing on this subject, says: 'Peroxide of hydrogen is not the first body the industrial application of which commenced with trifles and gradually reached an unimagined extension. Nitrate of silver served first the vanity of the world as a hair-dye long before its applications in photography. A wish has been expressed that peroxide of hydrogen might be generally accessible at a moderate price, and that it were introduced into the pharmacopœia. For medicinal purposes it is preferable to oxygen, ozone, or ozone water. While ozone only bleaches ivory in the strongest sunshine of summer, there is no doubt but that peroxide of hydrogen would answer the same purpose even in the absence of light.'

The government of India are going to reorganise the system of meteorological observations which has been for some years carried on throughout that great country. Suggestion has been made that the opportunity would be a good one for the introduction of earthquake observations. India is subject to earthquake shocks, which appear to originate in the Himalaya; and if a continuous series of observations were made with seismometers and other instruments, some knowledge would be gathered on what is at present a difficult and obscure question.

Professor Loomis of Cambridge, New England, continues his 'Contributions to Meteorology,' in which he endeavours to shew what are the laws of the weather in different parts of the world. He traces the courses of storms, and finds that movement is checked by heavy rainfall. This is particularly the case in the neighbourhood of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, where the warm water of the Gulf Stream produces such an accumulation of vapour that unusually heavy rains occur, and in these rains a storm is sometimes arrested for three or four days. Differences of temperature or of pressure have a remarkable effect and at long distances. In connection with this, Professor Loomis thinks he has discovered a 'law,' and that 'we must conclude that when the temperature of Iceland is much *above* the mean, the temperature of Central Europe is generally depressed *below* the mean, and this influence is most decided during the colder months of the year.' In corroboration of this we may cite an instance, of which an account was published by the Austrian Meteorological Society. On the 20th and 21st of May last, a belt of cold of unusually low temperature was observed in Russia and Austria. Mr Stelling, of the St Petersburg Observatory, in discussing the phenomenon, says that the cold is to be attributed to the continuous high range of the barometer, and prevalence of north-easterly winds in England, for some time before and after the two days of extreme cold.

Vice-admiral de Laugle has published an able paper 'On the Periodicity of Hurricanes,' in which he maintains that the sun and moon in their

changes of position with regard to the earth play an important part in those atmospheric outbreaks. Study of the records shews that hurricanes occur in certain years and seasons more than others. The season it is thought depends on the sun's place in the ecliptic, while the year corresponds generally with the lunar cycle of nineteen years; and Mr de Laugle finds on examining the particulars of one hundred and ninety-five hurricanes, that one hundred and nine took place within three days of the moon's apogee or perigee, and fifty-six at the time of eclipses of the sun or moon. An eclipse appears to intensify the aerial disturbance; but it is remarkable that the disturbances are the same in the two hemispheres. The years which shew most hurricanes among the islands of the West Indies also shew that hurricanes occurred in the east both on the north and south of the line. Twenty-five per cent. of the typhoons in the China seas fell on the same days of the month and in the same years as the hurricanes of the Antilles. This is clearly a subject which requires further investigation.

It is a sign of civilisation to build a lighthouse. Round the coasts of Japan and on the shores of the inland seas, there are now twelve lighthouses and two lightships. At all these, registers of the barometer, thermometer, and of the wind are kept; and out of the registers Commander Tizard, late of the *Challenger*, has compiled a *Contribution to the Meteorology of Japan*, which has been published by authority for the information of mariners, and all persons interested in the wind and weather of that far eastern group of islands.

At a recent meeting in Paris, Mr Leverrier stated that the coast of France is now well provided with meteorological stations whence warnings of storms are issued twenty-four hours in advance. Thus the example set by England is producing good results in other countries. For the inland districts a system of 'agricultural warnings' is to be carried out as soon as the details are settled, and these must necessarily vary with the physical character of the districts included in the scheme. For example, a warning to an agricultural district in Picardy could hardly be the same as a warning to a district in the Lower Pyrenees. At the same meeting it was mentioned that the leading features of the climate of Ajaccio (Corsica) are 'great atmospheric purity and uniformity, regularity in seasonal changes, slight barometric oscillation, mean annual temperature 63° 6', mean winter temperature 63° 2'.' These particulars may perhaps prove interesting to invalids.

During the rainy weather of last year, Professor Piazzi Smyth of Edinburgh, in making spectrum observations noticed a broad bend in the spectrum of daylight, whenever the atmosphere was charged with watery vapour of high temperature, or more particularly when rain was imminent from the south-east. It has been suggested in the Quarterly Journal of the Meteorological Society that as the south-east is a quarter from which the barometer is generally very little affected, the daily observation of, or looking out for, this peculiar rain-bend might prove useful as an addition to the ordinary means available when meteorologists attempt forecasts of the weather.

Among naturalists there are some who believe that an organic jelly-like substance which they call *Bathybius*, exists at the bottom of the sea, and

spreads a layer of rudimentary life beneath the deep waters. Mr Buchanan, who was chemist on board the *Challenger*, discusses this subject in a Report published in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society. If, he remarks, this substance is really formed at the bottom of the sea, 'it could hardly fail to shew itself when the bottom water was evaporated to dryness and the residue heated. In the numerous samples of bottom water which I have examined, there never was sufficient organic matter to give more than a just perceptible grayish tinge to the residue. Meanwhile, my colleague, Mr Murray, had actually observed a substance like coagulated mucus, which answered in every particular, except the want of motion, to the description of the organism; and he found it in such quantity that, if it were really of the supposed organic nature, it must necessarily render the bottom water so rich in organic matter that its presence would be abundantly evident when the water was treated as above described.' The result of the treatment shewed that the supposed organic substance was in reality sulphate of lime, which when subjected to further experiment 'crystallised in the well-known form of gypsum, the crystals being all alike, with no amorphous matter among them.'

During the antarctic portion of the cruise, Mr Buchanan made analyses of sea-water ice—the ordinary pack-ice met with in those regions—and determined its constituents and the temperature at which it melts. From this he found that 'the salt is not contained in it in the form of mechanically inclosed brine only, but exists in the solid form, either as a single crystalline substance, or as a mixture of ice and salt crystals.' And he tells us that a very important practical consequence follows from his observations, 'namely, that pack-ice, though unfit to drink when a lump of it is melted as a whole, may serve as a source of fresh water if melted fractionally. As the melting-point of the salt ice is lower than that of pure ice, it melts first; and at the same time, by keeping down the temperature of the mass to its own melting-point, it prevents any of the fresh ice being wasted. When the salt ice has all been melted, the brine may be thrown away, and the remainder of the ice will supply fresh water. If a thermometer be kept in the ice during the process of melting, it will indicate by its reading when drinkable water is being formed.' These facts are worth making a note of by all who navigate the icy regions whether north or south.

A curious instance of animal transformation has been observed, which perhaps may prove interesting to unlearned readers as well as to naturalists. A small crustacean, one of the Entomostraca, is met with on the sea-shore in different parts of Europe. On the coast of Hampshire it is known as the brine-worm or Lynington shrimp; but its scientific name is *Artemia salina*. This creature inhabits the pools in the salt marshes near Odessa. Those pools, through the breaking of a dyke, had lost much of their original saltiness. The dyke was repaired, and the saltiness of the water went on increasing until it reached twenty-five degrees. Simultaneously with this increase a modification went on in the *Artemia*, until it was changed into a species known as *Artemia Mühlhauseni*. The transformation con-

sisted of a diminution of number in the lobes of the tail, and a general decrease of size. It took place among animals in a state of freedom, and was corroborated by experiment on similar animals in captivity, when precisely similar changes were observed. Moreover, the inverse experiment was tried: *Artemia Mühlhauseni* placed in water rendered less and less salt, gradually retrograded towards the form of *Artemia salina*. The importance of salt as a vital stimulus is, in this case, clearly demonstrated.

We are informed from India that there are large tracts in the Punjab where Dr Angus Smith's suggestions as regards cultivation of peat-bogs and formation of peat reservoirs could be applied with great advantage. Our brief notice of what the doctor has written on the subject appeared in April last.

A SOLDIER'S DEATH—1845.

THE foe had left the tented ground;
The fight was ours; the day was done;
When he fell, in a deadly swoon,
Above the heights of Sobraon.

Quick are his friends to bathe his brow,
To staunch the slowly trickling gore;
He sees them not, he hears not now,
Or whispered word, or cannon's roar.

But for a moment, as he waits
Till death shall close his glazing eyes,
His spirit, through the opening gates,
Sees a foretaste of Paradise.

His eye, poor wayworn traveller,
Rests once more on the heathery bryar,
The drooping birch, the stately fir,
That fringe the streams of Inveraye.

A little cot he sees once more,
White in the glare of the sunbeam,
An aged father at the door,
A bairnie paddling in the stream.

And from the schoolhouse, pouring out,
Beside the banks of silver Dee,
The lads and lassies call and shout,
And race and chase along the lea.

No more; but as the earthen coils,
Untying, loose his soul away,
His comrades catch the faltered words:
'The bonny birks of Inveraye.'

So let him rest: afar, alone,
Unseen of friends who held him dear;
His only word was: 'Duty done,'
He asked no pity, claimed no tear.

Yet not afar; yet not alone—
There is one sun, one sky, one day
Above the heights of Sobraon,
Above the birks of Inveraye.

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TORTURATIONS.

TORTURING did not go out of use when it was relinquished in judicial practice. It remains a well-known element in our social system. It may be said to start up afresh with every new generation. Society, advanced as it is in many respects, inherently continues to be composed of Torturers and Tortured. We are not quite sure which is in the majority. Were we to accept the opinion of a venerable tradesman in Glasgow, who had much experience in worldly difficulties, we should say that torturers are much the more numerous. This sagacious individual, now at rest, used to allege that 'every well-doing man has about forty fules to look after;' from which shrewd remark we may assume that his troubles had been neither few nor light. There may have been exaggeration but also a grotesque truth in the observation. Every man who by dint of mother-wit and assiduity has worked his way on in the world, is almost certain to be embarrassed by a number of persons old and young, who, whether from mental incapacity, waywardness, or other causes, never cease begging or borrowing from him, or relying somehow on his good offices, and giving him an incalculable degree of trouble, which meets with no appearance of gratitude, and is all taken as a matter of course. In short, through the greater part of a long life he finds himself assailed by what we call Torturations of one sort or other. At fifty a number have probably dropped off, at sixty there are still fewer hanging on, and arriving at threescore and ten not more perhaps than one or two are left. It has been a dreary struggle. At seventy-six, when barely able to crawl about, the old man with a sigh of relief says to himself: 'At length, all my Torturations are gone. I can now close my earthly career in peace.'

It is a delicate subject to analyse. Torturations are of a very varied nature. In not a few cases they are more or less a man's own children. Sometimes, they consist of a flock of self-willed nieces. Sometimes, they are your own brothers and sisters. Still more melancholy the fact, wives

are occasionally the torture of husbands, and husbands of wives. Looking around scrutinisingly you feel that the whole social atmosphere is fluttering with 'Ne'erdo-weels,' who live but to give trouble. Who are those who give employment to police and criminal courts? Torturations. Who fill our prisons? Torturations. Who cause an enormous annual outlay, in rates and otherwise, to the soberly inclined part of the community? Torturations. In spite of everything that can be done, Torturations of different ages are the plague of the world. It has been so from the beginning, and we suppose will be so till the end of time.

One of the saddest kind of Torturations is that which is inflicted by a son on a father. On this score, what revelations could be disclosed of family misery! From the first the father has done all that man could do to provide his son with a suitable education, and to set before him a good example, with no end of the kindest precepts. All in vain. The lad is not devoid of excellent parts; he is rather clever than otherwise; but he has no solidity or foresight, is full of vague notions, and will settle to no regular business. He regards life as pretty much an amusement, and rejects the paternal counsels. Trusting to his father, he seems destitute of self-reliance. Encouraged possibly by frivolous companions, he is willing to drift on as a mere dependant; and the chances are that he drops into the hopeless condition of a 'Ne'erdo-weel.' The odd and incomprehensible thing is that while one son behaves in this eccentric fashion, another conducts himself as a rational being. Both have the same father and mother; both have been educated alike; and yet, for no intelligible reason, one is conformable to discipline and a comfort to his parents, while the other is a downright Torturation. Very hard this, very inexplicable!

Perhaps, if formally interrogated—put on his trial, so to speak—the young Torturation would have something plausible to say for himself. It would not surprise us to hear him indignantly discourse on being ill-used: 'I have, in fact, never been understood. Father would not allow

me to follow the bent of my inclinations. He destined me to go into his own commonplace profession, for which I have no turn, and heartily detest. Such being the case, I naturally lost heart, and went to the bad.' A clever line of defence. We are reminded of the lines of Pope—

A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.

And so the scapegrace, who has never earned a shilling, rides off triumphantly on the score of outraged genius—his career in 'high art' had been cruelly checked. If let alone—only aided with a little money while trying his wings—he would have soared to be a poet like Keats or Byron, though unaware that he was devoid of the poet's inspiration. Or, if given fair play, he would by his talents have become a second Rembrandt or Michael Angelo, though, alas, destitute of the qualities that lead to eminence in painting. Worst of all, destitute of that acute intelligence and power of steady perseverance without which distinction in any line of industry is impossible. In melancholy cases of this nature, the best thing to do is to let young Hopeful have his way. He cannot be long in being awakened from his fantastic dreams. Failing to rise to eminence in his fanciedly sublime pursuit, there is fortunately still room in the world for him. As a last resource, he can emigrate to Australia, where, brought to his level, and without relations on whom he may sponge at pleasure, he will probably find an opening as the driver of a wagon, or in the honourable position of 'boots' at an hotel. The folks at Melbourne are not unacquainted with this class of imported Torturations. They can shew you M.A.s of Cambridge who once shone in the Ride at Hyde Park, and are now driving a bullock-wagon or blacking boots for a subsistence, or possibly herding sheep in the bush. It is a down-come to early prospects, and sorrowful for old friends to think of, but not absolutely to be lamented. Proverbially, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' In a Torturation point of view, we should say that 'a relation in the bush is worth two in the hand.' Let the poor exile alone. Let him feel what he has brought himself to. It will do him good. He will become a wiser man. Nothing like the sharp tooth of experience for teaching the crazy order of Torturations. Herding swine brought the Prodigal Son to his senses.

We can picture something even more pitiable than a youthful Torturation. We could tell the story of a well-disposed son being brought to grief and poverty by a recklessly inconsiderate father. Not that the son was under any legal obligation to support his father's extravagances, or to pay his idiotically constituted debts, or to pamper his foolish tastes. But all that is of no consequence; the power of Torturation is not limited by statute. It takes a prodigious sweep over the affections. With the keen scent of a

vulture, it fastens on and remorselessly dominates the finest sensibilities of our nature. What son moving in good circumstances could endure the idea of his father going about as a beggar, or reported in the newspapers as being an incorrigible vagrant? Therein is demonstrated the father's *tour de force*. Working on the son's sensitiveness, he takes matters very complacently, depends on benefactions, and fixes himself down as a permanent Torturation. The son writhes under the burden, but for decency's sake he very likely says little about it. He possibly suffers in silence. The old fellow is less scrupulous. While daily pillaging his son by his exactions, he assumes the air of a distinguished martyr, along with the right of being impertinent to the son on whom he leans for support. Not improbably—we knew a case of the kind—the father lives as a Torturation till nearly a hundred years of age, all the time, while pensioned off under the obligation of not coming within twenty miles of the metropolis, amusing himself, as he considers to be his due, by playing cribbage at a guinea a game, to which diversion he was passionately attached; not apparently imagining he had any other duty in life. The interests of the well-doing son who has to come forward in relieving straits, when sheriff-officers are troublesome, are not for a moment thought of.

A wretched exhibition of human nature is this bit of daguerreotype, yet the old and heartless father habitually preying upon and distressing his son, scarcely composes so horrible a picture as that of a foolish mother, who for years and years cruelly preys upon and exacts the liberal support of a daughter, doomed to stand in the gap by the exigences of family misfortune, and to whom no immediate sympathy is extended. See the young woman, by birth and education a lady, and possessed of literary tastes, constrained to toil with the pen not alone for herself but her mother, whose whole consideration is centred in some selfish indulgences. No care given for the poor girl's long and exhausting labours. She is viewed as the drudge destined to support her weak-minded parent in every costly whim and fancy. She is to provide the finery of fashion, expensive articles for the table, the luxuries becoming for evening parties, the outdoor amusements from which there may be procured some *débat*. 'Mamma, I cannot afford it,' is perhaps murmuringly whispered. 'Nonsense; I cannot do without my comforts. It is all little enough you can do for me.' And so, to avoid a rupture, the wretched girl, lady-like and attenuated, toils sixteen hours a day. She has dreadful headaches, her eyesight is impaired, her life is little better than a slavery, until in the course of Providence that dreadful Torturation, her mother, is happily swept away from all earthly vanities. This is no imaginary sketch. It is the truth.

Not unfrequently, Torturations spring up unpleasantly in successive crops in a family over a

long course of time. To begin the dismal round : a youth, perhaps the youngest son of his parents, after being a plague for years, marries a woman as vain and intractable as himself. This union brings about a double Torturation. Then come the children of the frivolous pair, who have sense neither to guide themselves nor to be guided by others, and accordingly, in their wretched career, they form a triple, if not a quadruple Torturation. In the long round of infliction, uncles and aunts are worn out, cousins are worn out, friends and acquaintances of every degree are worn out. A complex and long-lived Torturation of this kind often continues in a flourishing and vigorous condition within a family circle for the greater part of a century.

Of course, it is easy to declaim on the folly of submitting to these Torturations. But in innumerable instances, not only a mistaken sense of duty, but a desire to avoid a public *fracas*—that odious fear of Mrs Grundy—is favourable to the domestic tyranny which we are speaking of. External decorum must be maintained. Professional character is thought to be at stake. Tear the veil from outer proprieties, and what suffering from secret Torturations comes to light. Take, for example, a much esteemed professional man, one who in his calling is considered to be at the top of the tree. What splendid success ! What a happy man he assuredly ought to be ! Yes, all is beautiful externally ; but look behind the scenes, and see what sufferings are endured from a Torturation. It is a case of a well and an ill doing brother. The successful man, assiduous and universally respected, is the prey of a wretch to whom, as a brother, he is constantly administering some species of relief, but on whom succour and advices are alike thrown away. The conduct of the Torturation goes beyond the demand for occasional doles. It becomes known that he is compromised in some transaction which will send him to prison, if not to penal servitude. Money is required to avert a prosecution. With indescribable agony a large sum is dispensed, and for a time there is a sensation of relief. But that time is brief. Fresh annoyances break out, as if they were to be endless. The sorely tried sufferer is in truth destined to sink under the affliction. An organic illness is aggravated by the scandalous behaviour of his heartless relative. He lies down and dies—of a broken heart—universally lamented. At the side of the open grave, looking bleakly down on the coffin of his victim, stands in mock-solemnity the hideous example of a fraternal Torturation !

In this little and too truthful sketch, as in previously mentioned cases, the error consisted in readily yielding to the impulses of a delicately sensitive nature. We are of opinion there would have been no loss of repute by allowing the prodigal to suffer for his misconduct. When Torturations are persistently deaf to admonition, and insist on ruining themselves, it is neither morally nor socially right to shelter them from the consequences. It is hard to offer this counsel. But surely no one out of mere sentiment is justified in submitting to years of discomfort, loss of health, it may be ruination, in the attempt to sustain the vagaries of incorrigible sons, brothers, or other relatives.

There was a time not long ago when young Torturations could have been got rid of by stuffing

them into situations in the Civil Service, or by buying commissions for them in the Army. These handy methods of providing for idly-disposed lads are now cruelly extinguished. Whether for civil or military appointments, youths of all sorts, aristocratic as well as plebeian, have to undergo a searching examination as distasteful and fatal to incompetent idlers as is the fume of brimstone to bees. A dreary outlook this for a certain order of Torturations and their relatives. As for those youths who think themselves too fine for ordinary business, we can see nothing for them but the elegant employment of bullock-driving or sheep-herding in Australia, such as has been faintly hinted at. No doubt, if money is at command, the fathers of Torturations may keep them nearer home, yet sufficiently distant not to be troublesome. We have specified the case of an aged Torturation being pensioned by his son on condition of never coming within twenty miles of the metropolis. As a middle course, the pensioning plan might, in a variety of cases, be tried with good effect. Perhaps it is not generally known, that Scotland has become a convenient place of exile for young Torturations from England—the Scotch by no means inviting the settlement among them of this class of strangers, but treating them courteously so long as they choose to be on their good behaviour. As far as we have ever heard, the plan works well, and is not very costly ; it is at least cheap in comparison to the pressure of incessant exactions and annoyances.

We may fancy a case in which one of these Torturations in Belgravia or Mayfair is addressed as follows by a long-tried and exasperated father : 'Now, John, I wish to speak to you seriously. You have worn us all out by your unsettled and most reprehensible conduct. The thing is intolerable. You have made your mother quite ill by that last terrible escapade, which brought you ignominiously under the notice of the police. Your sisters are ashamed of you and in a state of distraction. I tell you we are going to stand this no longer. Our mind is made up. You must go. Everything is arranged for your departure. Listen to what I have to say. We will not doom you to the wretchedness you deserve, but give you a chance of recovering your character. The plan we propose is very simple, and I trust it will be effective. You must quit London and all its associations and go to Scotland. It is a charming country Scotland—a fine bracing climate—the country, you know, of Walter Scott, the Lady of the Lake, and all that sort of thing—good society in Edinburgh and other towns—capital fishing in the numerous lakes and rivers—good shooting, and I am told, good golfing, but that I do not exactly understand. Anyhow, you will be furnished with reasonable means of support. Your pension is to be two hundred a year, payable quarterly by Messrs Sharplingly and Mucklewrath, a firm of respectable solicitors in Edinburgh, who will furnish all the local information you may require. Here is their card. You are to be allowed to live anywhere you like in Scotland, and do what you like. You may wear a kilt of any pattern if you like ; that does not concern us. Only just understand this : Your pension will be paid on the sole condition that you never cross the border into England. If you break bounds and come southwards, your

allowance will be stopped, and not another shilling shall you receive. So, there is the law laid down for you. Either go off instantly about your business, and never more darken my doors, or at once accept the arrangement I propose. You march on Thursday morning.'

This may be called coming to the point. John being firmly brought to bay, accepts the offered terms, for they are the only alternative of being turned out of doors. He accordingly packs up, and is seen off in the train northwards on the appointed morning. Leaving him to his shifts, we may generalise a little by saying we have chanced to see several of these dismissed exiles, and to do them justice, as far as we know, they fulfilled the contract by never breaking bounds. A kind of prisoners on parole, they did not cross the Tweed, and this is spoken of to their honour. Nor have we ever heard of any of them doing discredit to family dignity. A new home under stern obligations worked wonders. Though a little eccentric, as if with 'a bee in their bonnet,' they have usually been amusing fellows enough, taking hugely to golfing and angling, are particularly handy at picnics, and so on; but good for nothing in the way of serious business. Casting a retrospective glance over a gloomy phase of human weaknesses, one cannot but feel pleased that by the distant pensioning plan there is discovered, after all, not a bad niche in our social system for certain classes of TORTURATIONS!

W. C.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XLIII.—HOW THE PREMIUM WAS PAID.

BROWN STREET is not lovely, but it is far from being so melancholy a place of residence as that wherein three-fourths of the population of London are doomed to pass their lives. There was light in it and air enough, at least for persons in good health; and at the end of it, where the builder's money had come to an end, and he went into the Bankruptcy Court, there was still a space unoccupied by brick and mortar, through which a glimpse of the country could be seen. This was not the valley of Sanbeck, but it was open ground, with a spectral tree or two, holding its ragged arms aloft, as though in deprecation of the advancing host of houses; and afar off was what looked like a village church—though it was, in fact, the tower of a Water-works Company. The dwellings in Brown Street were clean, at least externally—at Mrs Haywood's you could have 'eaten your dinner off the floor,' it was so spick and span—and they had not yet begun to 'peel,' to exhibit those cracks and flakes peculiar to stucco, which is analogous to some skin-diseases in the human frame. The street was situated between two magnets, or would-be magnets. There was an immense public-house at one end, which had not yet succeeded in withdrawing the custom of the humbler classes from the old pot-house in the neighbourhood, but was convenient for those who liked their beer on draught, and were not very particular as to what it was made of; and at the other end was an ecclesiastical edifice of iron, about which the pious part of the population had not quite made up their minds. Service was performed there every Sunday by a real clergyman;

but one likes one's church to look like a church, and it might not afford that security against fire—in the end—which its material suggested. From Brown Street ran off at right angles Little Brown Street, a spot devoted to the hatching of small shops of all descriptions; about half of which were added; or rather the thing that was brought forth—it was chiefly in the cheap newspaper and tobacco line, the toy line, or the cheap tailoring line (with a splendid picture of the Fashions in the window)—lived but a week or two; it sparkled, was exhausted, and went to the broker's. The omnibuses—one line of them, at all events—knew of the existence of Brown Street, because commercial gents of various kinds lodged there, and were 'taken up' every morning within a few hundred yards of it; but the cabs ignored it. 'Brown Street? Where was Brown Street? Might it be down away by the Duke of York's Head, ma'am?' A question no lady fare could answer. One may imagine, therefore, how entirely unknown it was to carriage-people. Yet on the very day after the arrival of the Dalton family, the equipage of no less a person than Lady Skipton did somehow contrive to find its way there. 'Never heard of such a place, my lady,' said the coachman to his mistress, when directed to drive thither. 'Never seed such a place,' was his remark, in confidence, to the footman, as the carriage bumped over the half-formed road, and over the broken bricks that plentifully strewn it; 'it's a cruelty to a carriage and 'osses.'

Jenny was not visible to her ladyship: after that episode of the lacework, she would not have seen her under any circumstances, but on this occasion she was really too ill to do so. The journey had utterly knocked her up. So Kitty received her alone. She was far from well herself, for she had had but little sleep; and she had been thinking all the morning what sort of reply she should write to Mr Holt's letter. But she felt that she was not in a position to refuse to see anybody who might be of service to them. It was a sickening thought that even her friendships as she had been accustomed to call them—must now be alloyed with views of self-interest. With Lady Skipton came her daughter Leonora—Lenny, as Kitty was wont to call her—who had attended classes with her in old days, and, next to Mary Campden, had been her greatest confidante. She was a pleasant little person, with a great deal of hair and a fairy figure. Everybody wondered how such an elephantine mamma her ladyship weighed about eighteen stone—could have produced such a gazelle. She was one of twins, her sister having died in infancy, or she would probably have been double the size. She had written poems: one, 'To my *Alter Ego* in Heaven,' was very much admired in her family circle. Kitty had always believed in her sensibility, and defended it against Jenny, who derided her ('She is too much "up," Kitty; like ginger-beer'); but somehow she now mistrusted Lenny's impassioned greeting.

'You got my letter, my darling, of course?' said this young lady.

She had written one to Sanbeck upon the death of Mrs Dalton, full of quotations from the poets, and which had jarred on Kitty's sorrow-laden ear. It had been a relief to her that Lenny had written 'Don't reply,' the one piece of true consideration in the letter.

'How terribly you must have suffered,' she went on. 'How pale you look, darling.'

'Black never becomes the complexion,' said Lady Skipton encouragingly. 'When she is in colours again, she will look more like herself. I am so sorry about dear Jenny; but doubtless the change of air will do her good. I am afraid she was annoyed with me about her lacework; she sent back the little present I inclosed to her.'

Then for the first time Kitty learnt the story of the unsold lace.

'She never mentioned the matter to me, Lady Skipton,' answered she, when it had been related to her.

'Come, then, let us hope she was not offended,' replied her ladyship cheerfully. 'I hope you will both come and dine with us, as soon as you get settled, my dear; of course it is a little *soon*,' said she, with a glance at Kitty's mourning garb, 'but then we are old friends.'

'I am afraid we shall not be great diners-out for the future,' said Kitty.

'Now don't you go and shut yourselves up, my dear,' replied her ladyship promptly. 'In your case particularly, it would be most injudicious. I won't promise to send the carriage, because Robert is so particular about his horses; he is in the worst of tempers at this moment, because there is a brick or two in the road: but when you come in a cab, mind, that is always *my* affair. I should never forgive myself if I caused you any expense, just now; though I have good reason to believe that the little inconvenience you may now be suffering from will soon be over.'

'I am glad to hear it,' said Kitty coldly, almost defiantly, 'though it is news to me.'

'Well, well, perhaps I am premature; I thought, from something that dropped from Mrs Campden — But no matter. I hope our horses—by-the-bye, they are old friends of yours, Kitty, for Sir William bought them of your papa—are not catching cold.—Lenny, just see where Robert has taken the carriage to?'

Lenny looked out of the window and reported progress in the direction of the public-house.

'I thought so,' said her ladyship with irritation. '—Well, my dear, you see we didn't lose a day in calling on you. By-the-bye, you have never shewn us that dear delightful baby. Is it like your poor mamma, or who?'

'The baby is asleep,' said Kitty.

'Bless it!' cried Lenny, clasping her little hands ecstatically. 'What is its pretty name?'

'John. He is called after dear papa.'

'Very right, very proper,' said Lady Skipton. 'If I had had a boy, I had made up my mind to call it after *his* papa: though, to be sure, when there is a title in a family, the thing becomes imperative. Little Tony, of course, is at school?'

'No; he is at home for the present.'

'Well, well; I daresay you are wise. So long as you can exercise authority over a boy, he is best among home influences.—Come, there is Robert at last; he is wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, so one knows what *he's* been after.—My dear girl, I do assure you it is not altogether a disadvantage to have to drop your carriage; that man's the plague of my life. God bless you!'

Kitty submitted to an impassioned caress from Lenny; and then, to her great relief, the visit was over. She felt a secret conviction that it was *pour*

prendre congé; and it proved correct. Lady Skipton's invitation to dinner was repeated, after a considerable interval; but she found it impossible—on account of Robert—to bring her carriage again to Brown Street. Her afternoon's adventure in the wilds of Islington gave her a subject for conversation for many a day, with opportunities for dwelling upon her favourite topic, the abominable behaviour of her coachman, and for delicately hinting at her own patronage of friends in reduced circumstances. 'I was not going to desert those dear girls because they happened to live in Islington; but what I went through to see them I shall not easily forget. The people stared at us as though we were a travelling circus; I don't think a carriage was ever seen in the neighbourhood before; and Robert was in the sulks for a month afterwards!' Sir William sent Kitty a brace of partridges and a hare from his country-seat. There would have been more, wrote his wife, but that the birds were so wild that year in Berkshire.

When Kitty went up-stairs, she found Jenny had not yet risen, although she had announced her intention of doing so.

'I felt a little giddy, Kitty, so I thought I'd be lazy. And I write in bed in pencil just as well.'

'Pray, don't think of writing, Jenny,' implored her sister. 'You are quite feverish, and your eyes are ever so much brighter than they ought to be.'

'That is because I am so anxious to hear about those dear Skiptons,' laughed Jenny. 'Was her ladyship affable, notwithstanding that we live in Brown Street? I am bound to say I didn't expect her to come and see us. Lenny, of course, was as gushing as ever. She will write a poem about us, called "Friends, though Fallen," or some such title: I can see her at it.'

'I daresay they meant well, Jenny; but I must confess that it was all rather unsatisfactory.'

'Then it must have been very bad indeed,' said Jenny.

'Well, they didn't even ask to see poor Tony, though they knew he was in the house, and you know Tony used to call Lenny "his wife," for years.'

'Ah, you see we can't be too particular—or too little particular—about young gentlemen who are not eligible. The simple fact is, my dear,' said Jenny, dropping her tone of raillery, 'the Skiptons are rubbish. Our position is that of a sieve, through which we find our sham friends are all dropping out. Nurse Haywood, Dr Curzon, and Jeff, remain to us; but the rest are all in the dust-heap. Let them lie there. I feel that we shall henceforward be independent of them. I am satisfied—weighing one thing with another, and not even taking into consideration the fact, that dear papa's society has been a sunshine among all these shady people, for which they will always owe him gratitude—that we are indebted to them for nothing. For the future, let us be careful to incur no obligations.'

Kitty's heart sank within her: she had Mr Holt's letter, with his receipt for the premium, at that very moment in her pocket; and Lady Skipton's hateful words—'Any little inconvenience you may now be suffering, I have good reason to believe, from something that dropped from Mrs Campden, will soon be over'—were still ringing in her ears.

'Above all things,' continued Jenny, 'I am thankful to think we have got rid of Mr Holt. To tell you the honest truth, I had really begun to think, dear Kitty, that from some mistaken notions of duty to your family, you might have been induced to listen to that man. Of course, you could never have liked him.—What? You don't say that?'

'Why should I say it, Jenny? He has certainly shewn himself well disposed towards us.'

'Yes; but for reasons of his own. Of course, he wishes to ingratiate himself with *you*. But do you suppose he has fallen in love with me, and Tony, and the baby also? I saw through that man—I flatter myself—from the first; and I see him—in my mind's eye, Horatio—to the end. Shall I tell you what I see?'

'No, Jenny. I don't wish to hear it. Besides, you are exciting yourself; and I am quite sure that quiet is what you want. Pray, do not try to write to-day.' She took the pencil and paper from Jenny's hand, who gave them up without resistance.

'Perhaps you are right, darling: I will let my brains lie fallow for a day or two; they seem all in a muddle somehow.'

Kitty had never seen her sister looking so ill since they had left Riverside. The excitement she had lately gone through, combined with the fatigue of travel, had evidently much affected her. Instead of being the prop and stay she fondly hoped to be, it was more probable she was about to be seriously ill. Dr Curzon had always said: 'Jenny is progressing, and that is well, for standing still in her case is impossible; there must be improvement, or else retrogression, which would be dangerous. Her constitution is deficient in rallying power.' The plain English of that professional expression was only too clear to Kitty.

Here, then, was another and urgent reason why she should make up her mind to accept Mr Holt's assistance; yet, in doing so, she felt that she would be accepting so much more, that it gave her pause. Jeff was sure to call that evening on his way home from office, for he lodged close by; and she resolved—not to consult him; no, him least of all men; but to ask him one question before answering Mr Holt's letter. After that she would take her own way in the matter, without seeking advice from any one.

As she was taking her frugal supper with Tony—for the housekeeping was now in her own hands—Jeff arrived. She felt a disinclination to be alone with him, born of her mistrust in her own fortitude; her heart was wax towards him, and melted at his presence, though she was so resolved he should not mould it.

'Jeff,' whispered she, while Tony was engaged with a new book his friend had bought him, 'tell me the truth about dear papa. Is there any hope of his coming back to us?'

'There is always hope, Kitty,' replied he gravely. 'Where there is life,' she answered. 'But is there life? Is there any chance of his being alive?'

Jeff did not answer, only beat softly with his fingers on the table, and looked most miserable.

'You are loath to give me pain,' she said. 'I would not put you to pain unless there was a necessity for it. Dear papa has insured his life for our sakes. Is it worth while to pay the premium which has become due?'

'O yes,' returned the young fellow eagerly. 'You can pay it under protest; that is, supposing that the policy should have fallen due already; in which case you will get the money back again. And then, you will make all sure. It is clearly the right thing to do, if—if—it can be done.'

'It can be done,' returned Kitty gravely. No more was said upon the subject. When Jeff was gone, and all the inmates of this little house, save herself, were fallen asleep, and freed from earthly cares, Kitty sat down and wrote her answer to Richard Holt. In her own name, and for herself, she thanked him for the payment of the premium. She spoke of it as a loan, of course, but expressed her sense of his generosity as well as of his forethought. She would not pretend that there was, as he suggested, no obligation; she would not affect to understand that his kindness had not herself for its object. She would never encourage him; nay, she would temporise and procrastinate as much as she could; but her weapons—weak though she felt herself to be—should be at least fair weapons, and therefore hypocrisy could not make one of them. Many women will deceive and cajole even those they love; but this one was truthful to the man who, in her secret heart, was hateful to her.

CURIOSITIES OF THE WIRE.

TELEGRAPHY affords ample room for the occurrence of curious and remarkable incidents, and these, it may be explained, arise generally from a variety of causes. In its early infancy the telegraph, as can well be imagined, was like the railways at first, a source of much wonder to many who came under its influence; and even at the present day there exists a great deal of imperfect knowledge and misconception concerning it. I remember a lady-friend apologising not long ago for faults, &c. in a telegram she had sent me, offering the excuse that it was the first she had ever sent. I assured her there was no occasion to apologise, since the original document did not, of course, come into my hands. The following, kindly supplied to me by a telegraphist in the London Central Station, to whom it really occurred, is also a case of patent misconception as to the powers of telegraphic communication. An old lady presented a telegram at the counter duly addressed. Telegrams being not unfrequently sent to the counter-clerk in that manner, my informant began to open it. 'What are you about?' exclaimed the lady in surprise. He, of course, explained that it was impossible to send a message *without first seeing it*. 'Then,' replied the female, in evident ire, 'do you suppose I'm going to let all you fellows read my private affairs? I won't send it at all; and therewith she bounced out of the office in high dudgeon.

One of the chief eccentricities of the telegraphic wire is frequently to refuse to do its duty altogether, and pile on the battery-power as you may, probably not a vestige of current reaches the distant end. Before the transfer of the 'telegraphs' to government, it was no uncommon thing for the companies occupying the roads and canals to have half-a-dozen 'repeaters'

or 'automatic clerks' between London and the North, in order to get their traffic through. Practically, in fair weather there is no limit to the distance the current will travel; but in bad fogs and wintry weather, the loss of current at the supporting poles is so considerable that the greatest difficulty is sometimes experienced in keeping up the communication with distant centres. Spiders are the bane of the telegraph; they choke up the cups of the insulators with their webs and nests, and in foggy weather render them conductors rather than insulators.

The tendency of the action of atmospheric electricity during thunder-storms, on the telegraph, is generally to demagnetise the instruments, thereby causing the needles to move in a contrary direction; or in the case of a Morse instrument, to cause the paper-slip to record dots *only*, instead of the proper code of dots and dashes. It also sometimes causes the total or partial destruction of the apparatus, and as a consequence scares the employes present. Lightning, in its eagerness to get to earth has been known to blow the telegraph apparatus to pieces, fusing the wires that form the electro-magnets and charring the wood-work. Where the earth connection of the wire has been made to a metal gas-pipe, an occurrence of this description has been found to melt the pipe and fire the gas; while on more than one such occasion the flame of the gas has in its turn melted a contiguous water-pipe, and thus saved the building from very serious damage, if not from total destruction. It may be added that those earth connections which are attached to water and gas mains are considered the most reliable.

Blunders occasionally take place from the imperfect writing of the receiving clerks. We have had telegrams delivered to us utterly unintelligible. A celebrated doctor was once sent on a fruitless journey by receiving a telegram worded—'Don't come too late.' As originally handed in to the telegraph office, the message ran: 'Don't come, too late; but in the transmission, the signal denoting the comma was omitted; and hence the considerable inconvenience to which the recipient was put. This instance shews, however, what care telegram-senders should exercise to avoid the least ambiguity, since the mere reversing of the phrases thus: 'Too late, don't come,' would in the case in point have dispelled all doubt as to the meaning which was to be conveyed. At the same time, of course, it also shews that the telegraphist in receiving and transmitting telegrams cannot give too much attention to apparently the most trivial matters.

Another instance is taken from Mr Scudamore's lengthy Report of 1871 on the 'Telegraphs.' A London firm telegraphed to a country agent: 'Send rails ten foot lengths.' The letters 't' and 'e' are in the Morse code represented by a dash — and a dot respectively; but in transmitting this message, the instrument in recording the word 'ten' signalled two dots instead of the dash and dot, and the word was thereby converted into 'in,' the message reading: 'Send rails in foot lengths.' Mr Scudamore adds, however, that 'if the senders had been less chary of their words, and had written: "Send rails in ten foot lengths," which would have cost no more, the blunder would never have occurred.' In somewhat the same manner, in a message where the sender asked for a 'hack'

to be waiting him at the station, the letter 'h,' which is signalled on the Morse instrument by four dots, was converted into 's,' the signal for 's' being three dots; the wayward instrument having failed in one dot, the consequence was that the traveller found a 'sack' awaiting his arrival.

We can imagine the astonishment of a butler who received a telegram from his master—a certain nobleman—asking him to send at once 'ten bob,' as he was 'greatly in need of it.' Of course the message had been wrongly transmitted, 'ten bob' having originally been 'tin box.' This story, which happened not many years ago, was told me by a gentleman who was in the telegraph service at that time, and had to deal with the complaint which was made about the matter. The following also comes from the same source. At one of the gatherings held periodically at Braemar, some years ago, a certain earl telegraphed to Edinburgh for a 'cocked-hat' to be sent to him at once. In transmitting the message, the article mentioned as wanted was converted into 'cooked ham,' which was actually forwarded forthwith, greatly to the surprise and indignation of the nobleman.

A telegram was once received as follows: 'Please send your pig to meet me at the station.' Of course it should have been 'pig,' the instrument having made what, in telegraphic phraseology, is called a false dot, by recording . — . . . (1') instead of — . — . (G). In fact, it is almost necessary to state, for the credit of the telegraph, that the treachery complained of is, after all, not intentional, but arises mainly from a difficulty which it appears to have in distinguishing the difference between certain letters. This is plainly so in the letters 'y' and 'x,' which the electric wire is constantly confounding one with the other. Over and over again jaded railway officials have been caused fruitless searches after a missing 'black boy' through this want of power, on the part of the telegraph, to discriminate between 'y' and 'x.' The stories current on this point are numerous, but the best I have yet heard is the following: Some time ago, a station-master received a telegram from a lady, stating that she had left at his station 'two black boys' in the waiting-room, she believed, and tied together with red tape; would he please forward them at once. The astonished official caused search to be made; but instead of 'boys' he found two 'boxes' in the waiting-room, as described, which were duly forwarded. From a similar cause on the part of the electric fluid, a lady received from her son-in-law a telegram which astonished her not a little. It stated that his wife had presented him with a 'fine box.'

Sometimes, however, the telegraph takes it into its head (metaphorically) to substitute in messages passing along the wires, words altogether different from the original; more by way of a joke, let us conjecture, than anything else. But in some cases the joke fails to be appreciated by the victim. For instance, a gentleman who recently telegraphed for some ice was more wroth than amused by the playfulness of the instrument, which converted 'ice' into 'ten,' and thereby caused a box of the same to be sent at once.

In the same manner, the sense of a message sent over the wire by a gentleman who had left his wig in the train, and desired it searched

for, was unmercifully altered, the word *wig* having become *wife* when the telegram was received at its destination. Diligent inquiry and search was of course made for the missing lady, but without avail. The mistake was, however, ultimately discovered, and the lost article recovered. Another story tells of exactly the reverse, where a gentleman, being detained out on business, telegraphed for his wife, but was strangely surprised to receive by the next train a *wig* instead. Let us hope that when he returned home his explanation of the trick the telegraph had played him was accepted by his wife as sufficient excuse for his 'absence without leave,' and saved him from a wiggling.

During the lectures by the Anti-Papist Murphy at Bury, Lancashire, he was severely hauled by a mob, and according to a telegram, 'seven of the men charged with an assault on Mr Murphy were *boiled*' (bailed).

Here is a curious mutilation of a telegraph message hardly to be accounted for. Not long ago the clerk of a small telegraph station near Burton-on-Trent was surprised to take from his instrument a telegram addressed to the '*Master of Miseries*.' He was naturally puzzled how to effect its delivery, and only succeeded by receiving from his head office the information that the message was really intended for the 'Master or Mistress' of a school (not a Dotheboys) in the vicinity. Let us add that it was only in the short distance between Burton-on-Trent and the telegraph station referred to, that the message became so equivocally altered!

A large number of the erroneous messages which pass over the telegraph arise through some fault of the senders themselves. The most common fault of senders at present is that of making their telegrams too short, for which there is really no need, when a uniform rate of so liberal a character has now been conceded to the public by the government. Another too frequent fault upon the part of the sender is bad penmanship. If the caligraphy is nearly illegible, mistakes must continue to exist. The person who telegraphed to a broker with reference to certain stock which he desired to have transferred, was alone responsible for the mutilation which occurred to his message, in which, with graphic brevity, he described the transferee as of 'Largo, Fife, widow.' The broker received it as 'large fine widow.' Again, the curt instructions, 'Sell three orles five' contained in a telegram proved disastrous to the sender, for it was transmitted to the addressee: 'Sell three *or* else five.' If the sender had availed himself of the sixteen words which were still at his disposal in this case, the mistake had surely never taken place. A firm of brewers at Burton-on-Trent recently received an order by telegraph to send '6 casks of butter;' but inquiry elicited the discovery that bitter ale was meant. Again, less brevity would undoubtedly have prevented this error.

The following extract from the telegraph-book preserved at the Paddington station appeared some years ago in the *Quarterly Review*. It is illustrative of the great use of the telegraph in criminal matters, and is so interesting as to merit record here. '*Paddington*, 10.20 A.M.—Mail-train just started. It contains three thieves named Sparrow, Burrell, and Spurgeon, in the first compartment of the fourth first-class carriage.'—'*Slough*, 10.48 A.M.—Mail-train arrived. The officers have cautioned

the three thieves.'—'*Paddington*, 10.50 A.M.—Special train just left. It contained two thieves, one named Oliver Martin, who is dressed in black, *crape on his hat*; the other named Fiddler Dick, in black trousers and light blouse. Both in the third compartment of the first second-class carriage.'—'*Slough*, 11.16 A.M.—Special train arrived. Officers have taken the two thieves into custody, a lady having lost her bag containing a purse with two sovereigns and some silver in it; one of the sovereigns was sworn to by the lady as having been her property. It was found in Fiddler Dick's watch-fob.'

'It appears,' continues the writer, 'that on the arrival of the train, a policeman opened the door of the "third compartment of the first second-class carriage," and asked the passengers if they had missed anything. A search in pockets and bags accordingly ensued, until one lady called out that her purse was gone. "Fiddler Dick, you are wanted," was the immediate demand of the police-officer, beckoning to the culprit, who came out of the carriage thunderstruck at the discovery, and gave himself up, together with his booty, with the air of a completely beaten man.' The effect of the capture so cleverly brought about is thus spoken of in the telegraph-book: '*Slough*, 11.51 A.M.—Several of the suspected persons who came by the various down-trains are lurking about Slough, uttering bitter invectives against the telegraph. Not one of those cautioned has ventured to proceed to the Montem.'

No wonder that, as the *Quarterly* writer adds, 'ever after this the light-fingered gentry avoided the railway and the too intelligent companion that ran beside it, and betook themselves to the road; a retrograde step to which on all great public occasions they continue to adhere.'

The last curiosity of the wire which I have now to touch on is of a sentimental character. 'Can the telegraph make love?' has been asked of me. Yes! most emphatically, as could well be attested by many a telegraph operator. There are many stories current as to marriages that have taken place between telegraphists, the courtship having been carried on through the medium of the wire, although the parties concerned were miles apart. The best story I can remember at the present time in reference to this matter is told by Mr Scudamore. Berlin and London are directly connected by wire. At one time a male operator occupied the seat at our end of the wire, and a female at the other. As time went on, those two began to know something of each other through daily telegraphic intercourse; and naturally enough, for while conversing with each other per wire, during spare moments, they came to possess a mutual knowledge of each other's habits and character. Cartes-de-visite followed. Later on, to use the language of love, hearts were exchanged, electricity was made the slave of love, and finally the happy pair were made partners for life at the hymeneal altar! By the telegraphist, distance is laughed at, for he or she can talk to the operator at the other end of the wire, no matter what number of miles away, as easily as to his or her next neighbour; while experts are said to be able to tell the handwriting of those with whom they have been in the habit of wiring.

The story I have given is not the only one on record; many are known to have taken place, and

there is no doubt that still more have also occurred through this agency that are not known. Nor need we wonder that Hymen sometimes plays a part, when I inform my readers that certain love-code signals exist, known only to the parties most interested; and that it is perfectly possible for a sentimental telegraph clerk at A to transmit a kiss instantaneously to the lady who has charge at B, or—*vice versâ*. I have seen it done!

FOLLOWING UP THE TRACK.

CHAPTER I.

It was the year 1807, and in two of the southern counties of Ireland—namely, Tipperary and Waterford—the approach towards winter was marked by many acts of violence and outrage. There then existed no organised constabulary force to track out offenders with the zeal and energy the sportsman displays in the pursuit of his more innocent quarry; and when the intelligence arrived of any tale of horror, it was generally so magnified in the course of its transition, that to hear at the breakfast-table of only one murder having been committed, produced a positive feeling of relief, as the head of the family kissed his wife and little ones when leaving home for a day or two in the way of his business. The guardians of the peace consisted principally of pensioners from the army, past their labour; the idle sons of the tenants of magistrates who stood well with the authorities at Dublin Castle; or the relatives of bailiffs connected with the large estates of absentee proprietors; and it was only when desperate riots at fairs or elections took place, that the military were called out, to shoot down a few people by way of example, but generally making victims of those merely attracted to the scene of action through curiosity; and thereby intensifying the hostility which was entertained against all connected with the observance and administration of the law. What a contrast to the present, when we find an intelligent, educated, and trained quasi-army of twelve thousand men occupying the country, and stationed in almost every village, taking note and heed of every stranger passing their barracks, and, under the stimulus of the hope of promotion or reward, following the cunning doublings and twistings of the habitual criminal, be he the cruel assassin or the mere petty pilferer of the hen-roost or the potato-pit near the road-side!

The ordinance of the curfew bell of the Norman Conqueror William was a precedent followed when affairs assumed a very serious aspect, and nine o'clock at night was the usual limit permissible to loiterers; but so many pretexts were afforded for assembling at distant markets, wakes, and other social gatherings, that if it happened to some vigilant magistrate to come upon a body of men at a forbidden hour, there was the ready answer for his 'honour,' that 'sure they had been in the town selling slips of pigs, or a cow, to make up the rent to pay the agent; or they were at the berrin of Phil Ryan's decent gossoon, or the wedding of Darby Guinane's daughter; and sure the way was so lonely, honest people had to wait for each other.' And for such and the like pleas, there would occasionally be some semblance of truth, because it is marvellous indeed the love of a humble Irish peasant or agriculturist for

the wasting his time at any rustic reunion or gathering, whether purporting to be held for business or merely diversion. Many a shilling Pat spends in order to economise a prospective penny; and a journey is made of eight or ten miles to buy a pair of brogues or 'pumps,' because they are to be had for a trifle less than in the shop in the village almost in view of the door of his cabin, although by this process he, if a labourer, loses his day's hire; and should he happen to be that travesty upon the science of agriculture 'a small farmer,' his horse is taken from the plough for the expedition, and at the most critical period of the year no sound of labour is heard lending its glad music to the deserted fields. And how readily are the virtues of the dead made a pretext for the idleness and improvidence of the living. When a neighbour has breathed his or her last—and the word 'neighbour' is applied in its Scriptural generality—all within the two or three adjoining parishes at least, including the halt and the blind, are sure to flock to the 'wake;' and the prospect of a glass or two of whisky and a heavy 'shock' of the pipe contributes to the estimation in which the memory of the deceased is regarded. We are bound too to confess that stimulated by the genial drink, accidents occasionally happen on the way to the grave-yard; and an unlucky shout or wheel of defiance in the Homeric spirit, from a Dwyer against a Hayes, a Shanavest against a Caravat, or some other equally senseless cry, surges up into a fierce faction-fight. The coffin is suddenly dropped upon the road, and the congenial waves of conflict sound the requiem of the departed one. In Corsica, the widow hangs up in the hall of her dwelling-place the clothes in which her husband was slain, in order that her children may daily observe the rent made by the cruel knife, or the perforation of the ball in the homespun brown cloth; or she sews a strip of the stained linen into the garments of her son, as a memorial of his duty to the deceased. But Pat does not require such a spur to bring up all the ancestral wrongs inflicted by the members of any faction with which he is at variance.

At the period we are writing of, Maurice Power rented a small farm about eight miles distant from the assize town of Clonmel, and situated in one of those picturesque districts, the attraction of which consists rather in the boldness and abruptness of its contrasting scenery, than in the beauty of any one isolated portion of the landscape. The suburbs of the town left behind, and the bridge over the river Suir crossed, the traveller finds the road to the 'Glen Farm' winding along the edge of a mountain of fern-crested verdure, and insinuating itself with tortuous dexterity past every obstacle and opposing projection; at one time seeming as if it must come to an untimely termination, and at another lengthening out until obscured by the shadows cast by some more than usually lofty peak; and a glance back would reveal in the valley in the distance the faint outlines of the church, the jail, the hospital, and the barracks, those ordinary institutions of civilisation—one class to instruct and heal, the other to repress and punish; and presenting in social antagonism the several types of good and evil. At a part of the road where it suddenly at the right inclined

under the mountain, before it bridged over a small tributary stream, there was a recess, rendered densely gloomy by a belt of overshadowing pine-trees; and through them a bridle-way led up a ravine. The sun never glanced down on those pines. This was attributable to the configuration of the height in immediate proximity; and superstition had its dreadful tale, and a heap of ruins was pointed out which was once said to have constituted the home of a happy household, all the members of which were immolated, because the father had become a witness against men who had robbed him. A lonely 'boreen' or lane was the approach to the lonely cottage of Maurice Power; but the cleared cultivated space around evidenced the industry and the energy of the owner; and the smoke of the turf-fire curled over the domestic roof in fantastic wreaths, as if reluctant to leave its genial protection.

CHAPTER II.

It was an evening late in October—the period of the year when, like unto the decline of life, the bright recollections of the summer sunshine are mingled with the anticipations of more gloomy days—that at the door of the farmer's dwelling stood a fair girl just passing into womanhood; her deep-blue earnest eyes directed to the boreen, while a miniature counterfeit of herself, held in her loving arms, was pulling down over the anxious face of the young mother a luxuriant mass of golden hair. Mysteriously sacred is the tie that links together a mother and her child—the fragment of her own being never alienated from her, however estranged in the opinion of the world, by guilt or infamy! At any other time, the slightest touch of these tiny fingers would have sent the blood rushing through Ellen Power's frame, but her features were now averted from her first-born, and one person only was in her thoughts. She paused to listen. A step was heard in the lane; nearer and nearer it came, and in a minute more the wife and child were within manly and encircling arms.

'Maurice, dear,' said his wife, after the first greeting was over, and she had proceeded to get ready their supper, bringing forth from the cupboard in the corner the freshly made roll of butter, the gathered cream, the eggs just laid, sufficient to induce an appetite in the most fastidious Lucullus of Piccadilly or Sybarite of Belgravia—'when I heard the trees moaning down in the glen to-day I almost fancied, such was the dread got over me, that it was likely the "banshee" would be coming here to-night; but then I took courage, when I remembered that the spirit only waits on the "quality" when death is nigh at hand. And after all, sure God is very good to the likes of us not to let us be frightened before our time is come.'

Maurice Power, like many of his countrymen, was an aristocrat in feeling, and proud of the tradition that those whose name he bore, and from whom he was descended, once held the countless acres which repeated confiscations had transferred to the stranger and the absentee; indeed, he had truer claims to an ancient lineage than might be set forth in the vamped-up pedigrees enrolled in certain colleges of arms, pedigrees which but too often possess neither the reality of history nor the interest of fiction. He was learned enough to know to what sept

he belonged. His ancestors were not so favoured as the O'Neills of Ulster, the O'Connors of Connaught, the O'Briens of Thomond, the O'Lachlans of Meath, and the MacMurrongs or Kavanaghs of Leinster, who were alone received within the pale of the English law down to the reign of Elizabeth, and admitted to the right to sue and be sued; but Maurice had been told, that in the possession of the elder branch of the family whose name he bore, there was a veritable map tracing out the broad lands which they were to get back again when the Cromwellian and the stranger should be expelled. And after all, there is surely something worthy in the respect which is entertained for ancestry, when the claimant is an honest and an earnest man, who, instead of clothing himself in the decayed garments of the dead, puts on his own home-spun workman's attire, but is equally anxious as they were when living, that no stain shall appear upon them, no blot mar the family escutcheon.

'Don't talk the like of that,' said the husband; 'for my heart is never so light for work, and the plough never seems to pass along so easily at the head-land, as when I think of getting back a few of the acres those once had who have gone before me, depending upon no dirty scrap of writing or the good-will of an agent, and with no fear at any hour of being turned adrift upon the waves of the world. If we have a "mane" opinion of ourselves, why should not others have the same? Recollect what Father Mulcahy said in his sermon last Sunday in the chapel, when the agent was telling all the tenants that if they would not vote as he ordered them, they would have to quit the place for ever. "He wants your souls as well as the rent; but grand as he thinks himself up there in the great house, six feet of the ground he took from the Widow Murphy and her little orphans will lie heavy on him when he comes to die. He was a *shoneen* when the fathers of those he afterwards turned out were walking about in grandeur." But,' continued Maurice, 'when the pride was coming into myself at the thought of being after all much better than Mr Driver, his Reverence quashed all but good thoughts when he ended by reminding us that the blessed Lord died for all of us, gentle and simple—for the poorest beggar that walked the road, as for the finest estated gentleman in the whole county, and that the one was as precious in his sight as the other.'

'True for you,' was the response of the wife; 'and sometimes, but it is not often, when I am about to ask what the rich were made for, and why the likes of you have to work from mornin' to night, the sunshine breaks through the shadow, and then I begin to pity, rather than grudge them all they possess; for surely they must find it harder to get to heaven, and be longer on the way, with the weight of what idle people must always have to carry with them. They have a tedious journey to make, and begin it with too many things which they don't wish to part with, or throw away.'

'After all,' remarked the husband, 'though my mind goes with you, my heart does not, for I should be proud to have the banshee come to our window when any of our people were going to depart, for it only weeps and cries for the old stock, and shuns a new-comer.'

As this equivocal source of consolation found expression, Ellen Power turned pale; and the wind, which had been playing among the fallen leaves outside, causing them to dance in fantastic eddies, commenced that peculiar wailing moan which it requires no vivid fancy to picture is the lament for the dying and the dead. Possibly the sound in this instance was the first burst of grief indulged in by nature herself—a monody over the waning glories, the gladness, the sunshine of the departing autumn—over the long days, with their flowers and their fruits, their hum of insects and song of birds—over the long days to be so soon shrouded in early night.

‘Don’t leave me for a long time again, Maurice, for I feel something strange coming over me these last few days, and more-betoken there is bad news about the “boys,” for the “army” and the tithe-proctors are hunting them out in every place.’

‘You mustn’t give heed to such notions, my darling, for I can’t help going to Clonmel to-morrow; and if I don’t raise fifty pounds more to make up the two hundred I went security for your cousin Delany, the sheriff and his men will be here next week; and this house will no longer be ours; and yonder mountains look upon us no more.’

A track of pain made its furrow across the usually placid face of the young wife; but she made an earnest effort to appear calm, for she recollected what a wild and graceless fellow her kinsman Delany was; and her own good sense had originally caused her to hesitate to ask her husband to lend his name to the raising of the money in the bank; but then she recalled to mind the fact that her cousin had loved her passionately; and in the impulsive promptings of her heart to remedy in some measure a wrong she had inflicted, the suggestions of calculating prudence were forgotten.

To be enabled to say ‘No’ is a cardinal virtue, requiring, however, much present self-denial, and which, if more practised, would have blotted out from the pages of History many of its direst tragedies, and from the annals of Commerce many a ruin-spreading disaster. ‘No,’ would have enabled the mother of Cain to remain a dweller in Paradise, and thousands of her descendants to live in happy homes, instead of being wanderers and outcasts on the face of the earth. But then the word ‘Yes,’ although with only one letter more, has so much of facility in its utterance, such a graceful yielding to the exigencies of the passing hour, that all sense of future responsibility is forgotten; and whether it be to give the order for a massacre like that of St Bartholomew, the sacrifice of a Socrates, the burning of a Latimer, or the execution of a Sir Thomas More, or the agreeing to accept a bill for the accommodation of a friend, there is a terrible significance in the little word of three letters. And in the case of Maurice Power, the ‘bit of writin’ in the bank had become a serious affair; and Ellen, who felt that the subject was one too painful to dwell upon, went about the discharge of her household duties with great assiduity, as if occupation would bring relief to her mind; but such muttered observations to herself as ‘There’s something quare hanging over me this blessed night,’ expressed in prosaic language the impressive thought conveyed in the more euphonious utterance of the poet.

Coming events cast their shadows before.

CHAPTER III.

Next morning the homely breakfast was over, and Maurice rose to depart. He had bidden his wife good-bye over and over again, and left the little room, but returned once more under some idle pretence, too obvious to deceive and yet plausible enough to be sanctioned by affection; but at last motioning her back into the cottage, he passed down the breen leading on to the high-road, not venturing to turn his head, even when the sound of the raising of the latch caused the blood to rush rapidly to his heart, and his imagination pictured Ellen standing at the threshold, her tears falling fast over the child now folded in her arms. And it might be asked, where was the young farmer going? From what friend was he about to obtain the money which was to be the ‘open sesame’ of the fairy tale, and to retain for him the untold treasures of home? It is more blessed to give than to receive, is the language of Heaven. It is better to oppress and grind down to the earth, is too often the doctrine of the world; and even when a less harsh creed is professed, how often is an otherwise good deed spoiled by the manner of the doing. Debt is bad enough as an ordinary evil; but when an usurer holds the bond, pitiful indeed is the case of the victim!

Maurice Power had lived long enough to know that he could call upon few friends when his object was to borrow money, and therefore he resolved to wait upon Stephen Meagher the usurer, one of that class whose profession is to trade upon the miseries of mankind; wretches by whom good harvests, considerate landlords, and the Samaritans of society, are regarded as afflicting visitations of Providence; while a famine year or a potato-blight are blessings that swell out the rate of interest and add another figure to the multiplication table.

A quick walk of two hours, and the farmer reached Clonmel; and after passing through some of the principal streets, turned down a lane, in the leading dwelling of which the well-known urban discounter carried on the double occupation of money-lender and publican; a lane, most of the structures in which shewed all the dilapidations of age without any of its decencies. Tottering nests of timber, crested with roofs which had upon them patches of sickly grass; attic windows, in which were stuffed broken bottles, tiles, and tattered rags; doorposts bending towards each other in perilous familiarity; one or two rooms more ambitious than the rest, meant for lodgers likely to contribute to the payment of the rent; and partly lighted by a few panes of glass of a deep-green colour, the bull’s-eyes in the centre of which glared ominously upon the humble pallets in the corner, and upon dislocated chairs and stools, often converted into weapons of offence, or defence. Boils of mortar and blains of dirt of Egyptian malignity marked in every direction the spread of a social plague; and even the fervent imagination of a future Ruskin could not have discovered any redeeming feature in this chaos of confusion and disheartening penury.* The street channels and narrow passages swarmed with children, who seem, by some unaccountable

* The present condition of Clonmel is in marked contrast to the scene described.

ordinance of nature, to increase in an inverse ratio to the ability to maintain them; and their wondrous ruddy faces, so far as they were visible through their masks of smut and grime, and their bright eyes, shone with premature intelligence.

As he passed by these hovels Maurice shuddered, for he thought of his own loved mountain home, and of what might become of his wife and child should he fail to obtain the advance he required, and be turned out of his farm; and his hand trembled as he touched the half-closed door of the public-house, a building which stood a little recessed from its neighbours, with an obvious assumption of superiority. A bow-window at one side of the entrance was decorated with glasses, and pipes crossed upon them; and three or four dingy decanters stood filled with coloured fluids of very questionable reputation and purity. The building itself presented the remains of past respectability, but there was manifested the downward career of what had once been well-conducted brick and mortar. The signboard of the *Traveller's Home* announced the fact that good entertainment could be had within for man and beast; but the natural question suggested itself, where were the responsible guests to come from and remain in such an establishment—who could indulge in the luxury of having an animal worth the price of a feed of oats? The private parlour to the left of the hall presented a dreary aspect, with faded green curtains to the windows, excluding light and air, and strongly guarded by iron bars.

When the anxious intending borrower walked into what appeared the dingy den beyond the bar, and sat down, he found himself alone; and the thought arose, and not a very reassuring one, that it was to the owner of this hard-featured abode he must apply for the obtaining of the aid which was to extricate him from his present difficulty. There are those who assert that bright or dark impressions are created irrespective of locality; but let the wearied worker in the slums and alleys of a town catch the fresh breath of the country, and even on his apathetic feelings, a revelation of better things to come is made known. The cynic may characterise the country as only a 'heathy grave'; but the peasant who, when he opens his cabin door in the morning, looks out upon the wide pastures and hears the lowing of the kine, and becomes associated with the kindred humanities by which he is on every side surrounded, may bless the Providence that saved him from going out to his day's labour from the crowded town garret with its pestilential accompaniments. Maurice Power waited in the room into which he had been ushered, a considerable time, or possibly it may have been only the state of his feelings that led to this impression, and paced up and down the broken earthen floor, till his suspense was at length brought to an end. He was startled by the abrupt opening of a door he had not noticed in the corner of the passage leading from the bar, and a man stepped forward with the interrogation: 'What may your business be here?'

'I want to see Mr Meagher, and to him only can I tell what it is that brings me to this town.'

'Then out at once with whatever you have to say, for I am the man you are speaking of, unless, indeed, I was changed at nurse.'

Maurice looked with a perplexed air at the individual who thus addressed him, for he had formed

in his own mind the traditional conception of a usurer—namely, that he must be an elderly and physically feeble man, insinuating in address and voice, and with cunning and craft in every wrinkle in his parchment face; while on the contrary, the person in question was scarcely forty years of age, of gigantic stature, and rude and rough in manner. A closer examination, however, would have disclosed lines insinuating themselves towards the angle of the mouth, imparting to that impressive feature a harshness almost intensifying into cruelty; while the light-blue eyes, contrasting strangely in colour with luxuriant masses of dark hair, were restless and quick, but averted the moment attention had been directed to them.

'If you are the gentleman I want'—and the epithet 'gentleman' was emphasised—'you may easily guess what call I have here. I must have money without counting many hours, to meet the sheriff; and I am ready to pay what you may charge for the loan of it, and to pledge the word of an honest man that you shall be paid back in a little time.'

'Pledge your word!' observed Meagher with a sneer, dwelling with emphasis on the last word. 'I could not pin a duplicate on any such security; and those who come to me on the like business as yours may be honest, but they are unfortunate; and honesty and misfortune are bad neighbours, and generally part company for peace-sake. To be poor is not a crime, but there are those who think it worse. And now, may I ask who you are?'

'I am Maurice Power, and tenant of the Glen Farm.'

'I think I have heard your name well spoken of before. Who is your landlord?'

'One who, if he was at home, would not let any of my name carry with him a heavy heart, or a light purse, or be beholden to a stranger for what he could give himself; but he is far beyond the seas, and not even the cry of the widow or the orphan could travel across the big waves.'

'But if he is so generous and kind, a letter would in the end be sure to find him.'

'Doing that would be sure to vex the agent, for he would always like to be thought the master himself; and besides that, the hand which can turn the plough so well at a contrary head-land, can't manage the pen so easily; and then again, I would not strive to make a poor mouth, when I have enough to shew that my credit ought to be good.'

There is, or used to be, a prevailing poetical superstition that even for the doomed souls in the world of suffering where Satan reigns, there is one day in the year in which they are permitted to revisit the earth, and to be conscious of a sympathy with those whom they have known in their happy period of existence, even though the subsequent reaction after such a brief interval must prove a purgatory in itself; and somewhat in analogy to this belief, the miser on this one occasion seemed to be liberated from the thralldom and the curse of avarice, and to be actuated by a sense of pity.

'How much do you want?'

'Fifty golden guineas—no less and no more.'

'I knew, when I was a boy, the farm which you now hold,' observed Meagher; 'at least I think I do so; and as I consider from your looks that you

are an honest fellow, at least so far as honesty can keep company with poverty, if you sign a note for the money, and also leave me your lease as a security, I will try and raise what you want, for I have not the whole of it in the house, and must borrow a part of it.'

It was the old story over again—the conventional language of usury—the shibboleth of the exchange and the mart. The money was to come through a delta of divided tributary streams, and before it reached the main channel was to be reduced by absorption no less than forty per cent.

'For Heaven's sake, save me; for the sake of my wife and our poor child; but I cannot give you the lease, for I left it with the agent, who has promised to get me a new one for a longer time; and he won't be home from the north, they tell me, for the next month; but I will put my name to any bit of writing you ask; and if not at Christmas, you shall surely have the loan back at Shroffside.'

Meagher smiled bitterly; and perhaps he was judging rather too favourably of himself when he replied: 'Why, I might be in heaven before that time.'

'I hope not,' was the response of Maurice; and he then proceeded to falter out some unmeaning withdrawal of the expression, as he was conscious that the hope intimated might admit of anything but a favourable interpretation.

'You might before the time you have fixed upon be a homeless beggar, my friend. I wish you a good morning, and friends that would be disposed to do more good than I can, who am a black stranger to you.'

'For the sake of the mother who bore you; for the souls of your people who have gone before you; for all the blessed thoughts that came across you when you were a child; and more than all, for the blood poured out for me as well as you when we had nothing to offer for it but our sins, give me your help in this day of my want and sorrow; and may the angels make your bed when the light grows dark in your eyes, and you cannot even hold in your hands the money which, if spread out before, would have done you good, and brought out the prayers of the poor! I am honest; indeed I am;' and as the troubled man held with a tenacious grasp the coat of him he addressed, it needed no attesting witness to prove the verity of his plea, for nature's own seal had made its impress upon it.

'Honesty is, I am quite sure, a very good thing in itself, and also helps to keep people out of jails and troubles,' remarked Meagher; 'but it does not pay the rent. It won't put clothes on the back, or money into the pocket; besides'—and here the speaker's voice assumed a tone of mingled incredulity and insult—'how am I to know that you have a penny to meet your rent, even if you were to get from me the fifty guineas?'

The honest farmer trembled with suppressed passion. His truth had never been questioned before at fair or at market, even when subjected to that most trying test to all veracity, the selling of a horse, in which process all social and moral considerations seem to be so frequently ignored. But too deep a stake was at issue in this juncture to permit him to speak out his mind, and after a pause, he replied: 'Your dealings with those who are in trouble may have made you suspicious, and

perhaps after all you may be in the right; but come with me to the Glen if you think me a liar, and I can count up for you the guineas I toiled to put up before my marriage, and there is not one of them, if it could speak, but would tell how often I shunned the public-house, and the dance, and the wake, and the hurling; and worked after the night was far gone towards morning, my only music the voice of the good spirit whispering into my ear, and the hope lifting up my wearied eyelids, that one day I might be able to ask *her* to be my wife. Often and often have I looked at the money, until I began to get afraid I might think of loving it as well as my darling Ellen.'

'Excuse me,' observed Meagher, 'if I appeared to doubt you; but I have often very queer people to deal with, and who, when they are in trouble and distress, are not very particular as to what they do with the goods of those who have something to lose. But aren't you a foolish fellow (I mean no offence) to keep any decent sum of gold at home, when the "boys" are out so much of late, and you living in such a lonesome place?'

'I often thought that myself; but since a bank broke, my wife began to think there would be no safety at all in any strange people, and she got me to draw out all my little store of money; and until the landlord comes home from foreign parts, and tells me what to do with it, she keeps it by day in a hole in the thatch, and at night in the foot of a stocking, the string round which never leaves her neck; and sure the neighbours think it must be the blessed rosary she has near her bosom.'

The usurer, to whom any device was a source of pleasure, smiled significantly, and said, after a pause: 'Your words have made a change in me, and I will go out of my way to serve you, even if I find no good return for it. This is Tuesday; meet me here on Friday night.'

'Friday night!' echoed the farmer, with a marked manifestation of surprise. 'Why not in the daytime?'

'Because, as I told you already, I must myself borrow part of the money from a friend who lives a good start away from this, and he told me only yesterday, that he would be selling stock at Kethard on Friday, and could not be home from the fair before dark. And as I must be at heavy costs about your business, you must sign this,' pulling out, as he spoke, from a drawer a sheet of paper, and proceeding to make out some apparently elaborate calculations with the aid of a well-thumbed arithmetic book, the manual of his devotions at the altar of extortion.

What borrower in his hour of emergency has time or calmness to think of the future? With one foot on the rock near the iron-bound coast—the baffled waves clamouring around, and casting the spray from their lips upon him—the drowning man will grasp at the sea-weed although it may give way to his touch; and if bleeding and bruised he can reach a spot of safety, what matters to him then that he may be a beggar for the next morsel of food? He has escaped from the imminent peril; that is enough. And thus likewise, when in the mid-ocean, the burning ship and its blistering timbers leave no resting-place for the seaman, he will fling himself into the expanse of waters, to win but a minute's immunity from death.

No doubt Maurice Power felt a momentary pang when affixing his name to the I O U, drawn

out in due legal form, purporting to constitute him a debtor to Mr Stephen Mengher, inn-keeper and money agent, after the lapse of half a year, in the sum of £89, 18s. 9½d. Now, your usurious lender delights to deal not only in generalities, but also in minute details when a purpose of apparent accuracy is to be attained; and an odd halfpenny is almost of itself sufficient to disarm all inquiry. How can the debtor ask by what process, in the course of six months, is the increment to be so great in favour of the capitalist? No doubt all is right. In the present transaction, and after the document was signed in due form, in a spasm of generosity the ninepence-halfpenny was struck out of the account; and when the host and the guest finally parted, the latter felt an ease of heart he had not enjoyed for many a long day.

GARDEN PARTIES.

Of late years the fashion for this pleasant means of passing a summer afternoon has become deservedly popular, and all classes of the community, from royalty itself down to the vast middle class, have participated in its pleasures. In the garden parties of all but the very highest class, there is usually a total absence of formality, and as a consequence there is much more sociability—a faculty in the nature of us Englishmen which is capable of much improvement. We will not discuss the merits of those gatherings of the 'upper ten' where a regimental band is engaged to discourse a selection of music, and where everything is carried out in a strictly polite and coldly correct manner; but we will endeavour to give some idea of what is done at the residences of the middle classes, and suggest means for the greater enjoyment of these social gatherings.

Garden parties are most natural and therefore most enjoyable in the country; but in many of the suburbs, where the gardens are so situated that they cannot be overlooked by the neighbours, the party is perhaps quite as pleasant, although it be necessarily a little more formal in its relations. Than garden parties there is no better way of bringing together one's friends and acquaintances; and as the entertainment is comparatively inexpensive, and does not entail much trouble, it is possible for the host to assemble a large party several times during the summer without intrenching too much upon his income. What, then, are the requisites of a successful garden party? A good hostess is indispensable. If her efforts be seconded by the aid of a husband who does not decidedly object to parties of all kinds, and by that of a few olive-branches who have arrived at the age of discretion, so much the better. In addition, the following must be considered as more or less necessary: a fine day, not too hot; a good large garden, with one or more lawns; some games for the amusement of the guests; plenty of attendants; and, last though not least, a goodly number of visitors with a fair proportion of men. Children are perhaps in the way at a garden party of adults; they cannot enjoy themselves as they like, and therefore ought to be provided with little garden parties of their own. In anticipation of the guests the lawns are closely shaved and neatly trimmed, the garden-paths weeded and swept, and the flower-beds put in order. Croquet hoops are adjusted with a carefulness worthy of a better cause

in one part of the lawn, while other games are arranged in suitable localities. There is a set of lawn-bowls: there the paraphernalia of lawn-tennis are to be seen; while in remote corners, 'Aunt Sally,' 'Jack's Alive,' or other adaptations of old-fashioned games, are provided for. A tent is erected if necessary, and all the available chairs, sofas, settees, &c. are conveyed into the garden and placed in shady spots; for many ladies whose girlish days are past, prefer to take a passive rather than an active part in the entertainment, and seem to delight in sitting quietly chatting with their friends, admiring or criticising the doings of the younger people, and talking over the news of the neighbourhood. This naturally suggests the idea of tea; and it will be found that a plentiful supply of tea and coffee, expeditiously served by ready waiting-maids, will tend to add immensely to the success of the afternoon. A light refreshment is found to be an agreeable item in the afternoon's enjoyment, and should be handed round soon after the visitors arrive; it usually consists of iced claret, hock, or champagne cup, or other varieties of cooling cups and dainty drinks. A word or two about the games provided. Croquet, which has held supreme sway for many years, appears to be gradually dying out, but there are still a few ardent enthusiasts who take great pleasure in a well-contested game, and play constantly on their own lawns; but we think that at these social gatherings it is hardly admissible now-a-days. Who that can play with any degree of skill cares to engage in a game with negligent players, who have to be reminded each time it is their turn to play; and then perhaps do not know what hoop they want, or have forgotten the distinctive character of their own ball! At all events, from whatever cause, croquet is seldom indulged in at garden parties, and if provided, is but poorly patronised. It has, in fact, become too scientific a game for the generality of people, and so has lost its original prestige.

In some parts of the country the game of lawn-bowls is very popular, and deservedly so, for it is a most interesting game, and capable of being played thoroughly well by ladies. For this game a well-kept and tolerably level lawn is necessary. Badminton has enjoyed a transient existence, but has been for the most part eclipsed by the more fashionable game of lawn-tennis. This latter is very enjoyable for gentlemen, exacting, perhaps, a little too much exertion from them in hot weather; but it is rather too energetic a game for any but exceptionally active young ladies. Occasionally, however, it is played remarkably well by some of the fair sex, who have practised it assiduously on their own lawns; and we are glad to see that the number of lady players has increased—a healthy sign of the growing popularity of the game. To procure a good set of apparatus for the game is, unfortunately, rather an expensive matter; but with a little ingenuity and the aid of the village carpenter, it is quite possible to make up a set at a very trifling cost. Instead of the expensive rackets, plain deal ones of a similar shape perforated with small holes, to diminish the resistance to the air, are found to answer admirably, and they cost only about a shilling each. It is easy to find two posts to support the netting, which can be improvised from the ordinary garden netting; and thus, after procuring some balls, we

can play lawn-tennis to our hearts' content for a mere nothing. 'Aunt Sally' is sometimes patronised, but it is not usually a very attractive game. We have seen a most amusing game at 'Jack's Alive' played with great enthusiasm by four or five country parsons, all beyond the middle age. Their evolutions, although perhaps not quite in keeping with the gravity supposed to be proper to clerical gentlemen, were, however, much appreciated by their fellow-visitors. This pastime is a modification of the old-fashioned school-boy game of 'duck-stone,' and is played in a similar manner. It is, however, somewhat out of place at a garden party, being too boisterous a game for ladies to engage in, and therefore not admissible. From our experience of other games it is evident that however popular a game may be, we cannot go on playing it for ever, and so, like croquet, lawn-tennis will most probably lose its attractions after a few seasons, and we shall yearn for something else which possesses the charm of novelty. The 'short holes' at golf afford attractions of the most inviting kind for ladies; and wherever the ground presents the requisite inequalities, the game ought to be introduced and encouraged, more especially as our *répertoire* of suitable outdoor games and amusements is at present extremely limited. Indeed there is plenty of scope for the invention and adoption of new games and pastimes. Meanwhile we will suggest a few ways in which we may perpetuate the interest in our garden parties. In the early summer we may, during the hay-making season, prudently invite our friends to a hay party, where those who like can amuse themselves by tossing the hay about, while others can lounge on the sweet-smelling hay and sip their tea in any position they like; or we may combine a garden and hay party, so as to suit all tastes. As to pastimes, we think the simple game of 'catch-ball' would find many supporters and create lots of fun; while 'trap-ball' and 'battledore and shuttlecock' might be tried with advantage. Lawn-quoits, too, might become a very interesting game if the quoits were made of india-rubber or some light material, so as not to injure the grass. Archery, again, might be indulged in at garden parties, and would, in our opinion, form a great attraction to the members of both sexes—a desideratum of the highest importance. Doubtless skating rinks might and will be formed in private gardens by those who can afford the luxury, and may at some future day be one of the attractions of a garden party. As additional means of amusement we would suggest the performance in the open air of chorades, short pieces from suitable plays, as selections from Milton's *Comus*, &c., with occasional *al fresco* concerts. Hand-bell ringing, too, might with advantage be practised by a few friends, and employed as a means of entertainment at garden parties, for it is well known that the bells never sound so sweetly as they do when rung in the open air. These and like additions would add greatly to the success of these social gatherings, and enhance the enjoyment of the guests. The pastimes, however, although a necessary, are not the most important, part of the afternoon's business; they are but a means to an end. They serve as vehicles to friendly and social intercourse, and if they succeed in that they attain their end. At a typical garden party each visitor does exactly what he pleases; there is no constraint

of any kind, and no one is expected to join in this or that game unless he feel inclined to take part in it. Thus every one gratifies his own particular taste, and, as a natural consequence, every one is pleased.

EEL-FARE.

In Scotland very few people can be found who will venture to partake of eels. Whether this prejudice against this kind of food is founded on the resemblance which the eel bears to the serpent, or is a remnant of the ancient Jewish prohibition of its use as an article of diet, we will not venture to say. Probably the form of the fish is the principal obstacle to its general acceptance at the table; but it is a curious fact that the antipathy which is felt towards the eel is localised in different parts of the country, or confined to special districts or races. Thus, while Scotland as a whole repudiates the fish, there are parts of England in which this fare is held in the highest estimation; while as a class, perhaps omnibus drivers—to judge by the avidity with which they devour their pen'orth at the little stalls in the street corners of the large towns—are most partial to this dish.

Those who have a taste for stewed eels declare the flavour and delicacy to be far superior to similar preparations; and it is certain that the dish forms a very light and nourishing article of diet. Like most kinds of fish, eels have lately been increasing in price; whether this is owing to the fact that they are rising in popular estimation, and that the demand for them is increasing, or to the circumstance that the supplies are actually growing less, is a point which has incidentally been brought before parliament and the government, and on which many people will no doubt care to be enlightened.

Probably the most important eel-fisheries in England are those situated in the estuary of the Severn and the streams which run into that arm of the sea, and here not only full-grown eels, but the fry of eels, called 'elvers,' are captured in large quantities.

In this connection we may refer to a popular belief that eels are self-produced; that they are evolved from the mud found in most river-beds and ponds. Indeed hardly any common fish has had more fallacies promulgated concerning it than the eel, although it is universally distributed, and is perhaps as prolific as any creature in the waters. It is said by some to be viviparous—that is, bringing forth its young alive. Its power of travelling over land has endowed it, in the imagination of certain persons, with the possession of feet. The minuteness of its scales has caused it to be declared 'scaleless.' The curious 'air-bladders,' so called—which are really intended as reservoirs for water to moisten the gills of the fish when travelling out of the water—have been held to prove that it is properly an air-breathing creature, which occasionally, like some snakes, sojourns in the water for reasons of its own.

These and other superstitions which have prevailed concerning the fish, are the more extraordinary when we remember how universal is its distribution, and how its great tenacity of life has given opportunities for carefully examining its physiological nature, which are not always to be met with in the case of other fish.

Like almost every other fish, eels are oviparous, the spawning usually taking place in the brackish waters of estuaries, whence the young fry, called 'elvers' or 'eel-fare,' soon migrate up-stream in countless myriads. In the Severn this fact is taken advantage of by the fishermen, who reap an abundant harvest of delicious food during the months of March, April, and May, when other kinds of fish are scarce. The adult eels are caught in their progress down the streams in the latter months of the year, in most parts of England; but it is principally in the Bristol Channel and its tributary streams that the capture of 'elvers' is practised. The origin of this word is not perfectly known. It is probably a corruption of 'eel-worm,' or, as Yarrell suggests, of 'eel-fare,' the word 'fare' being used originally in the sense of 'way-faring,' and referring to the passage of the eels up the rivers. But whatever its origin, the inhabitants of Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and neighbouring counties prize their eel-fare very highly, and tons upon tons of these minute creatures are caught and used for food every spring. As a rule they are boiled and pressed into cakes, in which shape they can be easily transported.

According to the evidence given at a recent official inquiry, an attempt has been made to deprive the people of the right to take these elvers, an attempt they have strongly resisted. It is alleged that, notwithstanding the enormous destruction which takes place night after night, the quantities of eel-fry are so immense that no appreciable effect is made on their numbers. They are described as swimming in compact masses several miles in length, and finally distributing themselves over the tributary streams, and even in the ditches, ponds, and lakes of the country. The curious point is that only an infinitesimal proportion ever descend as adult fish to perpetuate their species, and yet year after year the same marvellous reproduction is repeated; thus proving the wonderful productiveness of the fish. Indeed the ova are so minute that they are scarcely discernible by the naked eye, so that each parent eel must produce many hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of young in a season.

These facts are curious and, we imagine, not generally known; and without attempting to deduce any moral from them, as regards the desirability of cultivating such a vast source of food-supply, we have recounted them for the information of our readers. Perhaps some of them who have not already done so may be inclined to test for themselves the merits of 'eel-fare,' whether in the shape of the adult fish or their minute fry.

The value of eels as an article of food may be estimated from the fact that though, as we have said, they are not equally appreciated in all parts of this country, as many as ten vessels are constantly engaged in bringing eels to London from Holland alone, in quantities varying from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds-weight in each cargo, in addition to the supply which our own rivers and lakes afford.

ARIADNE.

When Theseus landed in Crete with the offerings of the Athenians for the Minotaur, Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, king of the island, conceived a passion for the handsome stranger, and helped him to slay the monster. Theseus and Ariadne then escaped together, and sailed to the island of Naxos, where, according to the favourite legend, Ariadne was abandoned by her lover and left asleep on the strand. She was found sleeping by Dionysos or Bacchus, who, enchanted with her beauty, married her, and after her death gave her a place among the gods. In another version of the story, Ariadne is related to have been killed at Naxos by Diana.

SAILED the ship from dreaming Naxos ere Aurora tinged
the sky
With the breaking clouds of promise that the day was
drawing nigh,
While the winds who used to woo her filled her sails with
one low cry—

Ariadne!

Bowed the trees in awe-struck wonder, for a fear lay on
the land;
Moaned the seas as if in anguish, dashing wildly on the
sand;
Wind and waves their voices mingling, half entreaty, half
command—

Ariadne!

Drooped the flowers in wistful clusters; ran a shiver
through the dells;
Trailed the eglantines' sweet blossoms, shook the lilies'
fairy bells,
As a wail ran through the valley, breaking sadly into
swells—

Ariadne!

Passed the dawn in fitful shadows; to his car the Sun-god
stepped,
Casting down a softer glory where the Cretan Princess
slept,
While one tiny wifful sunbeam whispered softly as it
crept—

'Ariadne?'

Spoke the lilies all a-tremble, hiding low their heads in
shame:
'Let the south wind bear our message; Theseus may return
again;
Let our presents be sweet odours, and our song the maiden's
name—

Ariadne.'

Sped the south wind on its journey, ever singing as it
wot—
'Back; return to mourning Naxos; Ariadne is for-
got.'
Round the ship spread sweetest odours; Theseus heard,
but answered not.

Ariadne.

Landward flew the breezes, madly lashing all the seas
afoam;
Curled the waves up white in anger with a weird
unceasing moan,
Till they formed one mighty chorus—the refrain—'Alone,
alone,

Ariadne!'

Trembled trees through leaf and branches for the sleeping
maid of Crete,
Trailed the eglantine so lowly that it almost kissed her
feet,
Bud and blade and tendril joining in a lullaby so sweet,
'Ariadne.'

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AN ECCENTRIC LADY.

THAT 'Truth is stranger than fiction' is an axiom of which the justice is generally acknowledged but so seldom realised, that whenever we hear of some event rather out of the common course occurring to any of our friends, we find ourselves involuntarily describing it as being 'like a romance!' And yet the wildest work of fiction ever penned has rarely contained incidents more extraordinarily improbable than those which have marked the career of the heroine of our present story, and which, little edifying in many respects although they be, may nevertheless serve

To point a moral and adorn a tale.

Jane Elizabeth, Lady Ellenborough, if we may trust the matter-of-fact pages of *Lodge's Peerage*, is the only sister of the present Lord Digby, being daughter of the late Admiral Sir Henry Digby, G.C.B., great-grandson of the fifth Lord Digby; her mother was a daughter of Thomas William Coke, of Holkham, the veteran M.P. for Norfolk, and well-known agriculturist, afterwards created Earl of Leicester. She was born in April 1807, and when little more than seventeen, was married to the late Lord Ellenborough (the Governor-general of India); but the union was dissolved by act of parliament in 1830, 'on account of her elopement with Prince Schwartzberg.' She married as her second husband, two years later, Charles Theodore Herbert, Baron Vennigen, of Bavaria.

It is probable that this alliance lasted but a short time, at least if any credence may be attached to the account of a correspondent of the Vienna *German Gazette*, who writes thus from Beyrout in 1872-3: 'I met to-day an old acquaintance, the camel-driver, Sheikh Abdul, and he told me that his wife has died. Abdul spoke well of the woman. Her name was once known all through Africa. Sheikh Abdul is the ninth husband of Lady Ellenborough, whom I met for the first time about thirty years ago at Munich, just after she had eloped with Prince Schwartzberg from the resi-

dence of her first husband. She then went to Italy, where, as she told me herself, she was married six times in succession. Each and all of these unions were dissolved after a short duration. In 1848 I met her at Athens, where she concluded an eighth marriage with the Greek colonel, Count Theodoki; this, however, also lasted only for a short time. Her affections were now bestowed on an old Palicar chieftain, for whom she built a beautiful house at Athens. When her latest marriage was again dissolved, she went to the Levant.'

It would seem as if the old satirist Juvenal must have had Lady Ellenborough in the 'prophetic eye' of his mind when he wrote of a Roman lady some eighteen hundred years ago—

Thus in autumns five
Eight husbands doth she wed—a worthy thing
To note upon her tomb.

The paragraph from the *German Gazette* above quoted having gone the round of the daily papers, gave occasion for a variety of obituary notices of the ex-Lady Ellenborough, dwelling in not very complimentary terms upon certain parts of her singular career of adventure. It subsequently appeared that the news of her death was quite premature, and that the report had been originally put into circulation by one of her ladyship's and her second husband's bitterest enemies in the neighbourhood of Damascus, which she had made for some years her head-quarters, opening her eastern home to all sorts of visitors from the West, as well as to her oriental friends. The rumour of her death was effectually contradicted a few months later by a letter in her own handwriting, addressed to an English lady, who was well acquainted with her in Damascus. This lady and her husband had mourned old Lady Ellenborough for two or three months as having died in the Desert, and had quite given up all hope of ever seeing her again, when one day they received from her a letter stating that she was alive and in the best of health, and asking her to contradict the rumour of her decease.

Lady Ellenborough was fortunate in the possession of at least one sincere friend, generously eager to defend her when attacked, and to make out the best case possible for her. Mrs Isabel Burton, who had been intimately acquainted, and in the habit of daily intercourse with this extraordinary woman, during a residence of two years in Damascus, while her husband, Captain Burton, was the English consul at that city, appears to have contracted a warm attachment for her, and speaks of her, in spite of all her faults, in terms of the highest praise. To Mrs Burton, Lady Ellenborough confided the task of writing her biography, and dictated it to her day by day until the task was accomplished. In a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, written in March 1873, when under the belief that Lady Ellenborough was dead, Mrs Burton says, in allusion to this biography: 'She did not spare herself, dictating the lad with the same frankness as the good. I was pledged not to publish this until after her death and that of certain near relatives.'

Mrs Burton subsequently adds: 'I cannot meddle with the past without infringing on the biography confided to me; but I can say a few words concerning her life, dating from her arrival in the East, as told me by herself and by those now living there; and I can add my testimony as to what I saw, which I believe will interest every one in England, from the highest downwards, and be a gratification to those more nearly concerned. About sixteen years ago, tired of Europe, Lady Ellenborough conceived the idea of visiting the East, and of imitating Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, not to mention a French lady, Mme. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who has built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet, and lives there still. Lady Ellenborough arrived at Beyrout and went to Damascus, where she arranged to go to Ikkad across the Desert. A Bedouin escort for this journey was necessary; and as the Mezrab tribe occupied the ground, the duty of commanding the escort devolved upon Shaykh Mijwal, a younger brother of Shaykh Mohammad, chief of this tribe, which is a branch of the Great Anazeh tribe. On the journey the young Shaykh fell in love with this beautiful woman, who possessed all the qualities that could fire the Arab imagination. Even two years ago she was more attractive than half the young girls of our time. It ended by his proposing to divorce his Moslem wives and to marry her; to pass half the year in Damascus—which to him was like what London or Paris would be to us—for her pleasure, and half in the Desert to lead his natural life. The romantic picture of becoming a queen of the Desert and of the wild Bedouin tribes exactly suited her wild fancies, and was at once accepted; and she was married, in spite of all opposition made by her friends and the British Consulate. She was married according to Mohammedan law, changed her name to that of the Honourable Mrs Digby El Mezrab, and was horrified when she found that she had lost her nationality by her marriage, and had become a Turkish subject. For fifteen years she lived as she died,* the faithful and affectionate wife of the Shaykh, to whom she was devotedly attached. Half the year was passed in a

very pretty house which she built at Damascus just without the gates of the city; and the other six months were passed according to his nature in the Desert in the Bedouin tents of the tribe.

'In spite of this hard life, necessitated by accommodating herself to his habits—for they were never apart—she never lost anything of the English lady, nor the softness of a woman. She was always the perfect lady in sentiment, voice, manners, and speech. She never said or did anything you could wish otherwise. She kept all her husband's respect, and was the mother and the queen of his tribe. In Damascus we were only nineteen Europeans, but we all flocked around her with affection and friendship. The natives did the same. As to strangers, she received only those who brought a letter of introduction from a friend or relative; but this did not hinder every ill-conditioned passer-by from boasting of his intimacy with the House of Mezrab, and recounting the untruths which he invented, *pour se faire valoir*, or to sell his book or newspaper at a better profit. She understood friendship in its best and fullest sense, and for those who enjoyed her confidence it was a treat to pass the hours with her. She spoke French, Italian, German, Slav, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish, and Greek, as she spoke her native tongue. She had all the tastes of a country life, and occupied herself alternately with painting, sculpture, music, or with her garden flowers, or poultry, or with her thoroughbred Arab mares, or in carrying out some improvement. She was thoroughly a connoisseur in each of her amusements or occupations. To the last she was fresh and young; beautiful, brave, refined, and delicate. She hated all that was false. Her heart was noble; she was charitable to the poor. She regularly attended the Protestant church, and often twice on Sundays. She fulfilled all the duties of a good Christian lady and an Englishwoman. She is dead. All those who knew her in her latter days will weep for her. She had but one fault (and who knows if it was hers), washed out by fifteen years of goodness and repentance. Let us hide it, and shame those who seek to drag up the adventures of her wild youth to tarnish so good a memory. *Requiescat in pace.*'

But Lady Ellenborough was not dead. It will, of course, be obvious that along with Lord Brougham, she has been privileged to read the obituary notice of her own career; and she is probably destined to see many more summers and winters in her Arab home.

It is evident from the tenor of the last few sentences of the foregoing letter, that the 'one fault' to which the writer alludes was the elopement of Lady Ellenborough with Prince Schwartzenberg, and that Mrs Burton entirely disbelieves in the half-dozen or more of apocryphal husbands intervening between Lord Ellenborough and the Arab sheik. At anyrate, the eccentric lady is entitled to the benefit of the doubt; and public curiosity respecting this extraordinary woman must remain unsatisfied until the period shall arrive when her friend and confidante, Mrs Burton, will be at liberty to publish the autobiography committed to her charge.

It would be possible, without difficulty, to draw at once a parallel and a contrast between the eccentric Lady Ellenborough and the scarcely less eccentric niece of the younger Pitt, Lady Hester

* This was written at the time when the report of Lady Ellenborough's death was generally believed to be true.

Stanhope, whom I have named above, and who, more than half a century ago, exchanged English life, habits, and sentiments, and possibly also to some extent her faith as well, for those of the wild and romantic East.

CURIOSITIES OF PATENTS AND PATENTEES.

THE characteristics of men are as much shewn in the taking out of patents as in many of the more important transactions of life. Some persons are proud of possessing 'Her Majesty's Royal Letters-patent,' as if the possession implied a special token of royal favour conferred on the fortunate recipient. Some imagine that the smallest exercise of inventive power ought to bring to them a rich reward, which a patent will in some mysterious way insure; while others, with a little further knowledge of the subject, nevertheless delude themselves into a belief that their particular inventions are certain to be of immense benefit to society.

One of the curiosities of patents is shewn in the inability of many patentees to discriminate between a *discovery* and an *invention*—the one relating to a scientific principle, the other to a practical application. By the English law, and (we believe) by the laws of other countries, it is only a practical application of some already-known scientific principle that can be patented, not the discovery of a new principle. Sir Isaac Newton discovered the great principle or law of universal gravitation; but he could not have patented it. And the successors of Newton have in like manner been debarred from obtaining patent rights for the great scientific discoveries made by them. In our own immediate day, Mr Joule has rendered immense service to science, engineering, and the practical arts by determining the mechanical equivalent of heat; but it is not an *invention*; he cannot patent it, although hundreds of persons may, and probably will, obtain patents for mechanical inventions based on this principle of equivalence (that is, a definite amount of work or mechanical energy produces a definite amount of heat; and *vice versa*). Many a would-be patentee has come to the ground through inattention to this difference between discovery and invention.

Another of the curiosities is the blissful ignorance of many patentees that their patented inventions are old; that the apparatus or the process was known long ago, whether patented or not. A man (say) notices that when his shirt-button comes off with provoking facility, some little contrivance at the back would render it more secure; he invents and patents a contrivance; and then finds to his cost that it had been already known and tried. The number of patents invalidated on this ground almost exceeds belief; the inventors have not obtained the preliminary information necessary for knowing what had been done by other men before them.

Unless one be very certain that his invention has never occurred to another and by him been patented, the result is frequently disastrous. The state, deriving a large revenue from the granting of patents (how large, we shall shew presently), cares little and does little towards rendering the patent what it ought to be. In such a case as

the supposed shirt-button, for instance, the state virtually says: 'John Brummagem must find out for himself whether his new button-fastener is new or old; it's no business of *ours*; all we do is to go through the formalities, issue the documents, and take the fees.' And then, when other makers of shirt-buttons are proceeded against at law for infringing the patent, the pursuer has the sweet additional satisfaction of paying all the law expenses, besides losing his supposed patent right. Some of the most memorable incidents in the history of inventions are the great legal struggles concerning the novelty of the subject patented. The famous *Torbane Mill* trial, to determine whether the substance from which Mr Young obtains his paraffin is a 'mineral' or 'coal,' lasted thirty days, and cost a prodigious amount of money. Neilson's *Hot Blast* was the subject of a patent which ran away with nearly a hundred thousand pounds to establish its legal validity against a host of infringers. The Patent Capsules for covering bottles were bartered about from one court of law or of equity to another for five years, at a cost of tens of thousands of pounds. True, these three celebrated cases ended in favour of the patentees; but they equally well illustrate our meaning—that the State, in issuing a patent and taking the fees, leaves the patentee to find out for himself whether his patent holds good in law or not. And it requires almost a Mark Tapley in 'jollity' of disposition for the patentee to bear with equanimity the fact that scientific witnesses are well nigh as numerous on one side as the other, at most of these trials.

We hardly know whether to class as a curiosity the tendency of many patentees to regard the government as a gold mine, to be worked for their special benefit. Some persons look at the government or the state as the holder of vast treasures of money, forthcoming to reward deserving men whenever the ministers of the day may choose to dip into the coffers. The inventors of warlike appliances place hardly any limit to the magnificence of the reward which they think 'the government' ought to make them. One patentee offered to sell to the state, for five thousand pounds, the patent for a new projectile, with an additional ninepence for each and every shot made. Another named eight thousand pounds as a reasonable price for his newly invented shell. A third asked ten thousand pounds for a new muzzle-stopper. But these are modest men compared with an inventor who demanded from the government the sum of one hundred thousand pounds for a patented plan for strengthening guns. Another feature, which we may call a curiosity or not as we please, is the roundabout and entangled language in which many inventions are described by the patentees. Want of clearness in what is termed the specification leads to no end of disappointments to all concerned.

Curious beyond all question is the vastness of the number of inventions which have passed through one or more of the formalities of patenting. By the end of 1875, in connection with our own country alone, they exceeded ninety thousand; and as they grow at the rate of something like four thousand in twelve months, the round number of one hundred thousand will be nearly reached by the end of 1877. In some

departments of invention the patents are indeed formidably numerous—two thousand for firearms of various kinds; twenty-one hundred for processes of plating and coating; twenty-two hundred for furnaces and fireboxes, and an equal number relating to the various operations and apparatus of the printing-office; twenty-six hundred for heating and evaporating appliances; twenty-seven hundred for various india-rubber and gutta-percha appliances; thirty-four hundred for railway carriages and plant; four thousand for modes of air-supplying; forty-three hundred for propelling and driving mechanism, and about an equal number for spinning fibres into yarn and thread; forty-five hundred for applications of motive-power; five thousand for weaving and braiding; six thousand for steam engines and boilers; and not much less than seven thousand for various substances and processes relating to metallurgy and metal-working. Some of the groups tabulated by Mr Bennett Woodcroft, the able chief of the Patent Specification department, are noticeable for the oddity of the subjects rather than for the number in each group. Beehives and beeswax, coffins and tombstones, covers for coal-holes, cricket-bats, destroying rats, dramatic and scenic effects, extinguishing flames, garden-pots, garters, hair-dressing, hatching and breeding, hearses, hooks and eyes—what a whimsical medley is here! Not less so such as the following: vermin destroying, matches and fuses (four hundred of these patents), medical treatment, mole-traps, nut-crackers, petticoats and skirts, pigeon-shooting, rags and waste, raising sunken ships, kettles and sauce-pans, sepulchral monuments, singeing pigs, stays, window price-tickets, tags, thimbles, trousers and drawers, voting machines (sarcastic politicians assert that illiterate electors are often little better than voting machines; but here the patentees refer to some kind of ballot-receiving boxes).

The number of stages through which a patent has to pass in order to obtain its full fourteen years' validity, is not less a curiosity than many of the matters we have hitherto noticed. An intending patentee, willing (more or less) to pay for the honour conferred upon him, prepares, or gets a patent-agent to prepare for him, a petition announcing his wish to obtain patent rights for a certain invention; also a provisional specification setting forth briefly the nature of his apparatus or process, and mostly accompanied by a sheet or sheets of diagram drawings; also a declaration asserting that all the statements in the petition are, to the best of his knowledge, true concerning the originality and usefulness of the invention. These three documents, together with a fee of five pounds, are handed in at the proper office. The Crown refers the matter to the law-officer (nominally the Attorney-general or Solicitor-general, but really a clerk), who examines the provisional specification to see whether it reads intelligibly, &c.; the examination is little more than a mere form, for many of the specifications of those which pass are dreadfully confused and *unintelligible*. The law-officer gives his approval in the form of a certificate; and then the Great Seal Office awards the petitioner provisional protection for six months. So far good. At the end of the six months he decides whether he will let the matter drop, and lose his five pounds, or whether he will give notice of intention to proceed, and pay another sum of

equal amount. Unless objected to by some other person, and the objection maintained before the law-officer sitting as a presiding judge, the law-officer makes out a warrant, the letter-patent is drawn up in verbose official language, the petitioner applies for the sealing of the patent, he sends in a final specification, and at length becomes a full-blown patentee, after paying five sums of five pounds each. No, not full blown; the patent in this form lasts only three years. At the end of the third year, if his invention does not turn out well, he makes no attempt to obtain a prolongation of his rights; but if the prospect be fairly good, he pays a further sum of fifty pounds, for which his patent is endowed with four more years' lease of life. At the end of seven years, if he still likes the appearance of affairs, he pays one hundred pounds, and obtains a prolongation of his patent for an additional seven years. Thus it is, then; every patent for fourteen years costs the patentee, first and last, a hundred and seventy-five pounds in fees and stamps, besides patent-agent expenses.

Does every applicant for a patent go through all these forms, and pay all these instalments of money? The answer to this question is itself a curiosity. Out of a hundred petitions for patents, it is found that only seventy-five (on an average) proceed to the next stage; they fall to sixty-five by the time twenty-five pounds have been paid in fees; those that advance beyond three years are barely twenty in number; while those that survive seven years, and live on to their full maturity, are actually only four or five. Taking a wide range in order to arrive at a fair average, it is found that nineteen patents out of twenty come to grief by or before the end of seven years. There are four thousand applications for patents every year; the Patent Office receives the snug sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year in fees and stamps; and the patentees take their chance of a due return for this expenditure.

The most amusing part of the subject is connected with the inventions for which the patents are obtained—the oddity much more manifest than the importance, in so many instances. The first patents, issued in the time of James I., were more in the nature of monopolies or privileges, for which a 'consideration' was paid to shrewd Jamie himself. The very first patent of all was an exclusive privilege for drawing, engraving, and publishing maps of London, Westminster, Windsor, Bristol, Norwich, Canterbury, Bath, Oxford, and Cambridge. The next was for the privilege of publishing portraits of His Sacred Majesty. The third was for an unexplained group of wonderful inventions; for ploughing land without horses or oxen, making barren land fertile, raising water, and constructing boats for swift movement on water.

Many of the patents relating to clothing are singular either for their immediate objects or for the language in which they are couched. One patent for breeches, at a date when trousers had not yet come much into use, described a mode of cutting out and making 'to do away with all the inconveniences hitherto complained of'—by the aid of elastic springs, morocco elastic supporters, straps, buckles, &c. Another 'protects trousers from mud,' by means of a shield attached to the hinder part of the boot-heel, which shield receives the splashed mud. Martha Gibbons, early in the

present century, patented 'a certain new stay for women and others, called the "*Je ne sçais quoi* stay;" which may be padded in any part when required for persons to whom Nature has not been favourable'—probably a euphuism for 'flat figures.' George Holland patented a mode of 'making false or dummy calves in stockings.' A famous *modiste* has an improvement in ladies' dresses, 'rendering the same body capable of adapting itself to fit different figures.' For those 'who cannot bear a ligature round the leg,' a patentee has a garter made of steel springs, connected with a silver plate placed in the waistband of the dress. One patent tells of a machine for brushing trousers; a frame-work supports a spindle which carries a set of concave brushes; a cylinder of wicker or cane is placed inside the trousers to keep them distended; and the spindle is set rotating by an endless band acting on a bevelled pulley.

The searchers after a machine for producing Perpetual Motion—that dreamy fallacy of the middle ages—have not failed to make their appearance in the patent world. Mr Dircks has published a verbatim copy of a letter which shews that the 'Perpetuum Mobile' has by no means been banished from the minds of uninformed or half-informed inventors. In 1859 two Germans, Krause and Rotman, residing at Milwaukee in the United States, sent a letter to 'Her Majesty the Queen Victoria, Patent Office, London.' Her Majesty most likely did not read it, but the Patent Office folks did. It ran thus: 'Your Majesty, we humbly advertise that we find out the Perpetual Motion, a machine very singular in its construction, but the same time very important by the power it gives. We intend to secure ourselves the patent right for the United States; and as we are informed your Majesty has secured a reward for the invention, we respectfully ask your Majesty if we may come to shew our invention? To prevent mistake, we humbly beg not to believe any person without having the original patent of the United States, and the copy of this letter.'

From the cradle to the grave, patentees take care of us in some way or other. Even Dolly is attended to. One patent among many tells us that 'dolls hitherto made have never been so constructed as to allow of their being placed in a sitting posture, with the legs bending at and hanging down from the knees; and announces that this important desideratum has now at length been secured. Another inventor 'gives a rocking motion to dolls' cradles' by an elaborate array of clockwork, eccentric wheel, winch, and connecting-rod. One of the early patentees had 'a hydraulic, which being placed by a bed-side, causeth sweete sleepe to those which either by hott feavers or otherwise cannot take rest.' A patent medicinal powder, compounded of tobacco and herbs, was so meritorious that 'if one tablespoonful be struck for a dose up the nose as snuff, will cure various disorders of the hypochondriac and melancholy kind.' Eighty years ago many persons believed in a patented mode of curing numberless aches and pains 'by drawing over the parts affected various pointed metals, which from the affinity they have with the offending matters, or for some other cause, extract or draw out the same, and thus cure the patient.' One patentee has a thief-proof coffin, in which the corpse is secured by chaining or hooping it to a false bottom; and another

a coffin made impregnable by some special application of 'tappel and case-hardened screws.'

If we cut short our budget of curious patents, it is only because space fails us. Two of the Lily-whites, the celebrated cricketers, have at different times patented bowling-machines; in one instance for the adoption of machine-bowling in actual play; in the other only for practice at batting, when a trained bowler is not at hand. If the reader will imagine something of the catapult or cross-bow kind, he may form some idea of these cricketing oddities. One patentee has a balloon for catching fish; a balloon, inflated with air and ballasted with water, is supposed to drag or trawl the fishing lines or nets. Before the Manchester and Liverpool Railway was constructed, a bright genius conceived the idea of using balloons to draw a ship overland between those towns, on a tramway of twenty feet gauge! A balloon has been patented for preventing sea-sickness; a platform, resting on a huge ball and socket, supports the seats for the passengers; the platform is connected by cords with a circle of small balloons, and the balloons are expected to keep the platform always horizontal—of course to the great satisfaction of the passengers. Balloons are also intended, by another patentee, to keep in motion the swings which are such a source of delight at country fairs. One of the very earliest patents was for 'a fish-call, very useful for the fishermen to call all kinds of fishes to their nets, speares, or hookes; and for fowlers to call severall kinds of fowles or birds to their neets or snares.' In one part the inventor speaks of his fish-call as a 'looking-glass'—rather a puzzle to interpret. Acrobats are invited to use a patent shoe soled with iron, which will enable the wearer, with the aid of a powerful electro-magnet, to walk head downwards along a metallic ceiling. There are patents for milking cows, for preserving the hands from chapping, and for curing the croup in fowls. Snuff-taking is made easy by 'two snuff-boxes, one with a slider and the other with a sweep, out of which snuff may be taken without pulling it (the box ?) out of the pocket, and without spilling.'

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XLIV.—IN THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

THE post flies quickly in town, and the next afternoon brought a letter from Mr Holt, in reply to Kitty's, and asking permission to call on the ensuing day. She was well aware of the significance of this request; he had called already without permission; but this would be altogether a different sort of visit; one wherein she could not deny nor excuse herself to him, and which would be paid to her alone. Even should he not ask the question upon which she knew he had so resolutely set his mind, this interview would be the forerunner to it, and in permitting it, she must needs foreshadow her reply.

To think was torture; to delay was vain. She sat down, and wrote a few words at once to say that she should be at home at the hour he had named.

The interval, which she had expected to pass in apprehensions of his arrival, was spent in fears

of another kind. Jenny grew much worse, so bad that, in spite of her (for Jenny had small confidence in unknown doctors), Kitty yielded to Nurse Haywood's advice, and called in the nearest practitioner.

'Aggravated febrile symptoms; nervous debility; and great cerebral excitement,' was his account of the patient. (He talked like a medical handbook, but he was by no means ignorant of his business.) 'The young lady requires quiet—freedom from anxiety of all sorts. How does she chiefly occupy herself?' asked he of Kitty.

'In reading and writing.'

'You mean by writing, composition? I thought so. The very worst thing for her in her present condition. Reading she must have in moderation; but pen and ink must be kept from her. And as soon as she is fit to be moved, I should recommend sea-air.'

Kitty bowed in assent—she believed him the more because Jenny had always been recommended 'Brighton' in the spring—and blushing, tendered him one of her ten guineas.

'You have not lived in Brown Street long,' he said, smiling. 'Science is cheaper here than in some places.' And he returned her thirteen shillings and sixpence. Freedom from greed is one of the many virtues of the medical calling; but to poor Kitty this seemed only another proof how pitiful must be the case of her and hers, since even strangers compassionated it, and returned her money.

'Perfect rest' and 'sea-air.' The prescription was doubtless good, but could only be carried out in one way—at her own proper cost. If she had hitherto entertained a doubt of the sort of reception that she should give to Mr Holt, she had none now. And yet things did not happen quite as she expected.

Mr Holt came indeed with the punctuality of clockwork, but matters had become by that time so serious with Jenny, that little else could be alluded to.

'I am very much shaken and unnerved,' said Kitty pleadingly; 'you must forgive me if I do not acknowledge your late kindness as it deserves.'

'It deserves nothing,' returned Mr Holt. 'I hope you will not pain me by alluding to such a *bagatelle*.' (He would air his French, even to her.) 'But if I can be of real use, pray, command me. Now, with respect to Brighton'—

'My sister cannot be moved for weeks,' interrupted Kitty quickly; 'she is very, very ill.'

'Still, when she *can*, I adjure you to remember that the means will not be wanting. If your father were—were in England, do you suppose he would spare any expense for such an object? A hundred pounds, or a thousand; what does it matter? We have a saying in the City that "money may be bought too dear," but that does not apply to life.'

His manner was most respectful, and yet tender; he took her hand in his, and pressed it as he said the words, 'Money may be bought

too dear,' which was inopportune, to say the least of it. But she did not withdraw her hand.

'I entreat you,' he went on, 'not to add to your real sorrow, by worrying yourself about pecuniary troubles; for so long as Richard Holt is alive they are visionary. I shall send or call to inquire daily; but I shall not intrude upon you while your sister remains so indisposed—unless it would be any relief to you to see me,' added he, with gentle pleading.

'You are very, very good,' said Kitty. 'I am not fit to see any one just now.'

If he had hoped for any other answer, he did not shew it. His behaviour was the perfection of patience and devotion. Kitty would have felt really sorry for him—as her mother had done—if she had not been so wretched on her own account. It was impossible to doubt that the man loved her; and to be loved without return is almost as bad (to a kind heart) as to love under the like circumstances.

'Did you walk?' inquired she, mustering some show of interest in him, as he took his leave.

'No; I rode: my horse is at the corner of the street. I left it there because Mr Derwent told me that your sister was so ill, and I feared the noise would disturb her.'

This was thoughtful of him in one way, but he was foolish to have mentioned Jeff; it somehow stopped her thanks.

'Good-bye,' he said, 'my dear Miss Dalton; or rather, I should say *au revoir*.'

He came the next day and the next, but had no speech with Kitty. Her place was by her sister's pillow, and she could not leave it. Thus once more it happened that by a caprice of Fate she was saved by one species of misery from the endurance of another. Weeks went by without much alteration in the condition of the sick girl; and then the spring came, and with it a little renewed vigour. In the meantime, her story had appeared in the *Smellfungus Magazine*, and achieved what in the periodical world is held to be a success. A second edition of that serial—the first had not been a very large one—had been called for in consequence. Mr Sanders had written to Jeff a cautiously expressed letter of congratulation, bespeaking a 'more sustained work' from the same 'gifted pen, combining fiction with antiquarian details.'

'The beggar takes me for Walter Scott,' was Jeff's observation. Yet he could hardly smile at this new proof of the editor's misplaced confidence, for he knew that many a month must pass away before she, whose representative he was, could resume her pen, even if she could ever do so.

He wrote to say that indisposition would incapacitate him for the present from writing for the *Smellfungus*; and the next day Mr Sanders met him at luncheon-time in a City oyster-shop eating like Dando and drinking stout.

'You are writing for something else, you know you are,' exclaimed the editor with a burst of

irritation. 'I should have thought the author of "The Monk of Monkwearmouth" [Jenny's successful tale] had been more of a gentleman.'

'He is nothing of the kind, and never made any pretensions to it,' said Jeff coolly.

Mr Sanders thought him more like Chatterton than ever.

One morning, Mr Holt received a telegram, which, as was usual with him, he opened in Jeff's presence. His table was covered with letters every morning, yet he received more telegrams than letters; and none of these various communications ever seemed to move him. But on this occasion, he leant back in his chair, and turned deadly pale.

'Are you ill, sir?' said Jeff with interest.

'I feel a little faint: it is the spring weather. Get me a draught of water.'

When Jeff brought the glass, the telegram had disappeared, and his employer was consulting *Bradshaw*.

'I shall have to go away from office to-day,' said he, speaking more thickly than his wont. 'I have been summoned to—Plymouth. There will be no business of any importance to transact, I believe.'

'Very good, sir. In case any one wishes to see you, when shall I say you will be back?'

Mr Holt did not answer; he seemed to be in difficulties with his *Bradshaw*, a work which he had generally at his fingers' ends.

'Tell the boy to fetch me a cab, a Hansom,' said he presently. 'There is not a minute to lose,' added he, as if to himself. Then, before Jeff could leave the room, his employer uttered so terrible an execration, that the young fellow turned to look at him in astonishment. He had never heard him swear before, and it really seemed as though he were making up for past omissions in that respect. Mr Holt's usually calm face had become a sea of passion.

'I said a cab,' exclaimed he imperiously. Jeff himself flew for a Hansom, and as he caught one passing the archway out of the court, Mr Holt was at his heels. He did not seem to notice him, and perhaps took him for the boy, as he leaped into the vehicle.

'King's Cross— and drive like the devil,' was his direction to the cabman. And the man drove off at the pace supposed to be affected by his Satanic majesty.

In his hurry and passion, had his employer given the wrong address? thought Jeff. Or had his statement that he was going to Plymouth been an untruth? Certainly King's Cross was not the station for that town.

He had left his letters behind him unopened; even those from Liverpool, where he had a small branch establishment, and which generally claimed his first attention. Something serious had certainly occurred.

At eleven o'clock arrived Mr Dawkins, a pretty frequent visitor in Abdlall Court. He appeared greatly excited; his neckcloth, always tight for his large throat, seemed almost to suffocate him, making his face to swell and his eyes to project in a very alarming manner. 'Where is your master?' inquired he hurriedly.

'Do you mean Mr Holt?' replied Jeff with stiffness. 'He is gone away. A telegram arrived for him this morning which took him out of town.'

'Ay; to Liverpool, of course,' said Mr Dawkins. 'Then the news is true, I suppose?'

'What news?'

'Look here, my young fellow,' said Mr Dawkins persuasively, 'everybody must know it by this evening, and before your employer comes back: it is a question of hours. You cannot possibly do any harm by telling me just "Yes or no" about the *Flamborough Head*. I can make it well worth your while;' and he tapped his breast-pocket, which was always bulging with bank-notes.

Jeff looked at him severely. 'No!' roared he. He was very angry, but he knew that words—as a vehicle for moral sentiments at least—would be wasted upon Mr Dawkins.

'Do you mean that the news isn't true, or that you won't take the money?' asked Mr Dawkins.

'I don't know the news, and I don't want your money,' answered Jeff contemptuously.

'This is ridiculous,' said Mr Dawkins, regarding him attentively. 'Look here, young man: if anything should happen to your employer—I don't say it will, mind, but if it should—you may hear of something to your advantage by calling at this address.' He pulled out a card and threw it on the table. 'What luck Holt has!' he murmured as he left the room. 'But where on earth could he have ever met with such a boy?'

Just before one o'clock, Jeff the Incorruptible had another visitor. A commissionaire called with a note for 'Geoffrey Derwent, Esq.' *Immediate; bearer waits*, was underlined upon the envelope.

'Are you Mr Derwent?' inquired the messenger scrutinisingly; 'because I was to give this into your own hands.'

'It is all right, my man. Are you from Islington?'

Jeff was afraid there might be bad news from Brown Street, where he called every night and morning.

But the handwriting of the letter, which consisted of but a few words, was strange to him: 'A friend wishes to see you at once upon important business at the *Good Templar's Coffee-house*, Ludgate Hill. Please keep this communication private. Ask for Mr Phelps.'

When Jeff looked up, the messenger had vanished.

This young gentleman was not of a romantic turn of mind. 'I believe it's Sanders, who wishes to keep me under lock and key till I shall have produced a three-volume novel,' mused he. 'In that case I shall be a prisoner for life. Or perhaps it's a dodge to get into the office.' This last idea seemed probable enough; and before Jeff left, he gave the policeman a hint to look after the premises in his absence, since the boy in charge was but an inefficient guard. It was his own time for dinner; so he had no compunctions about spending some portion of his usual hour in answering the mysterious summons, which considerably excited his curiosity. There was a tectotal smack about the *Good Templar's Coffee-house*; but none of Jeff's acquaintance were teetotalers, having most of them the power of imbibing spirituous, or at least malt liquors, without getting hopelessly intoxicated. Perhaps, after all, the whole thing was a hoax, to which species of humour the young gentlemen of the Stock Exchange are almost as much given as their seniors. At all events, Jeff was resolved to see it out. As he passed by

Lloyd's, two men pushed by him talking eagerly, and he thought he heard one of them mention the *Flamborough Head*. Was it humanly possible that that vessel had come safe to port, after so many weeks and months? His reason told him it was not; yet still the incident, taken into connection with Holt's summons to Liverpool and Mr Dawkins' hint about great news, was curious. The *Good Templar's Coffee-house* was a third-rate establishment, situated, not in the main thoroughfare of Ludgate Hill, but in one of the small streets to the south of it. So unpromising indeed was its appearance, that had it been evening instead of noonday, Jeff might have hesitated to enter it on such an invitation as he had received. But as it was, he walked in unconcernedly enough, and inquired of a very dirty waiter, who was lounging in the passage with a napkin under his arm that matched his linen, for Mr Phelps.

The man nodded, and led the way through a swing-door into a low-roofed and dingy coffee-room, arranged in compartments like tall old-fashioned pews.

'Gent for Mr Phelps,' said the waiter sharply; and immediately from the farthest corner there emerged a stranger, and came forward to meet the visitor.

A stranger, as I have written, he was to Geoffrey Derwent, and yet there was something about the man not wholly unfamiliar to him. His face was dark and wrinkled, and his hair was gray; but his eyes were bright and piercing. He had never seen so old a face with eyes so young before, save once.

'It was good of you to come so soon, Mr Derwent, and on so unceremonious a summons,' said he, in grave tones. 'Oblige me by sitting down for a few minutes and hearing what I have to say.'

He pointed to a seat in the compartment next to that from which he had risen, and lighted better than most by a dusty window.

Then Jeff could see that the man was curiously clothed, like one who has just come from travel in foreign lands, and to whom either time or means has been wanting to equip himself like other people. The latter was probably the case in this instance, for even such clothes as he had were worn and threadbare, as well as being of too slight a texture for the season.

Jeff gazed at him long and earnestly; while his new acquaintance, as though to give the opportunity of doing so, drew out a note-book and cut a pencil.

'We have met before, I believe, Mr Derwent?' said he presently, as if in reply to this examination.

'Never. But you bear a strong resemblance to one very dear to me, though you are an older man.'

'You mean John Dalton?'

'Yes.'

'I am his half-brother, Philip Astor,' returned the other, still more gravely than before; 'and it is of John Dalton that I wish to speak with you.'

'Have you any news of him, sir?' inquired Jeff eagerly. 'Your tone gives me little hope; and yet there is a report—or at least some sort of talk—in the City that the *Flamborough Head* has come into port.'

'Indeed!' returned the other with some surprise. 'I am sorry to say, however, the news is

false. You are acquainted, I believe, not only with my half-brother, but with his family. Be so kind as to speak out, as I am a little deaf.'

'I am well acquainted with them,' answered Jeff in distinct tones: 'they are the dearest friends I have in the world.'

'And yet they are in bad circumstances, I understand?'

'They are not rich. When one says "dear," one does not always mean a money value,' returned Jeff coldly. He began to dislike this man, with whom, too, he now remembered Mr Dalton had had some sort of quarrel or litigation.

'The object of my inquiries is a friendly one, I do assure you,' observed the other, reading his thoughts. 'I wish to be assured of our friends' welfare, that is all.' He paused; then, with a slight tremor in his voice, continued: 'Are they all well?'

'Kitty is well.'

'And still Miss Kitty, I suppose?' put in the other quickly.

'Certainly,' returned Jeff, with heightened colour.

'And she is not engaged to any one that you are aware of? Well, well, I only asked, meaning no offence. And how are the rest of them?'

'Jenny has been very ill, but she is getting somewhat better. She was always delicate, as you are probably aware; and her poor mother's death—'

'I know, I know,' interrupted the other hastily: 'that sad news has already reached me.'

A heavy sigh broke forth from somewhere in the darkness of the room.

'What is that? We are not alone,' said Jeff angrily. 'I do not choose to speak thus of the affairs of others in the presence of strangers.'

'It is a friend of mine in the next box.'

'I don't care who it is. I won't—' Here Jeff stopped short, transfixed with awe.

A face was looking down upon him over the next partition which he had never thought to see again. It was a worn and weary face, older by ten years than when he had seen it last—as old as that of his present companion, senior (as Jeff knew) to him by many, many years—but it was that of John Dalton.

'Jeff, do you know me?' said a weak and half-choked voice, very different from those musical tones that had once won every ear.

'O yes, Mr Dalton. (God be thanked! What joy, what happiness, you will have brought with you!'

'Do you think so?' inquired the other eagerly, as they pressed each other's hands. 'Have they forgiven me, and yet not forgotten me—my dear ones?'

'Sir, they think of you and pray for you—I know Kitty prays for your return even yet—every day and night.'

'My Kitty, my own bright Kitty! Jenny, you say, is better. And the boy—dear Tony?'

'He is as blithe as June, sir, and as gentle. To see him watching by his little brother, amusing him—'

'Ay, there is another,' said Dalton gloomily. 'Her baby boy.'

'And as jolly a little baby as one would wish to see,' interposed Jeff cheerfully. 'He is the plaything of the whole house, though Kitty and he are

inseparables. They are all well, Mr Dalton, and need only to see their father's face again to be all happy.'

'God bless you, Jeff, for saying so! I did not dare to ask about them myself, but got Philip here to be my spokesman. Where are they all?'

'At Mrs Haywood's, in Brown Street. The old dame is delighted to have them, and they feel quite at home.'

'Perhaps there is not much temptation to leave it,' observed Dalton significantly. 'Are their friends kind?'

'O yes. There is Dr Curzon—he came up expressly to see Jenny; and, and— Why, who could help being kind to them?'

'I see one who could not help it; but I should like to hear of others. Tell me the truth, Jeff. Are my children quite deserted? Do none of all my old acquaintances visit the motherless and the poor in their affliction, for my sake or their own?'

'Well, you see, Jenny has been ill of late'—

'Was it infectious, then?' inquired the other apprehensively.

'No; it was not infectious; but when there is illness, it is well to keep a house quiet; and besides, Kitty made up her mind, when she found herself in charge of the family, and there was a necessity for great economy, to seclude herself as much as possible.'

'In spite of invitations and hospitalities,' said Dalton bitterly. 'I see. The Riverside people, however, have surely not forsaken them?'

'There was a misunderstanding with Mrs Campden, sir: Jenny returned some money that she had sent them or lent them; and there has been a breach.'

'And "Uncle George," he took his wife's part?'

'Upon my life, sir,' said Jeff earnestly, 'I don't think he could help it.'

'He must have some good in him, since you stick by him, Jeff,' answered Dalton with a faint smile.

'—You see how it is, Philip. There are just three—Dr Curzon, Mrs Haywood, and this one here. Just three. Think of it!'

'And a very good average,' returned Astor curtly. 'I have got one friend, just one. And perhaps I shall not have him long,' added he moodily.

'As long as he lives, Philip,' returned Dalton, quietly taking the other's hand.—'Jeff, you have stood by me, and mine. Take my brother also into your wide and loving heart. It is through him, next to God, that I am now alive. It is through him that those who, I have just heard you say—and bless you for it—were dearest to you, are about to be made happy. I cannot see them to-day—at least not yet. I have something to do first; something'—here his voice grew very harsh and stern—'that has nothing to do with happiness, but with woe, and wrath, and retribution. You are in Richard Holt's employment, it seems, as good men have been before you. Where is he?'

'He left his office this morning, he said for Plymouth, but as I have reason to believe, for Liverpool.'

Dalton and Astor exchanged significant glances.

'Ill news flies apace,' said the latter. 'What matters it? He cannot escape us.'

'That is true,' answered Dalton, in a slow tone of satisfaction. 'He would have to take my life ere he could do that.'

'And mine, John,' observed Philip in a tone of reproach.

'I know it,' returned Dalton with tender gravity; 'but you and I are one, brother.'

VARIETIES OF THE HEALING ART.

Of all sciences, that of medicine is perhaps one of the most widely interesting, because, although we cannot all be doctors, it is not unlikely that we will, most of us, one day sooner or later swell the world-wide class of patients. Viewing disease as not necessarily something either unnatural or malign, but rather as a disturbance of the bodily functions, which Nature is constantly endeavouring to rectify, nothing can be more instructive than to trace the progress and efforts of those men who, with greater or less enlightenment, have sought to aid her in the process.

It is not every day that we have presented to us a book so full of curious and interesting matter as *Doctors and Patients*, by the late Mr Timbs; and though we have already noticed it in these pages, we venture to hope that a few additional words may not come amiss.

A capital anecdote is told about a very famous man, although not a famous doctor, Oliver Goldsmith, whose medical career ended in the house of a lady, a personal friend of his own, one Mrs Sidebotham. He was prescribing for her, and he and the apothecary quarrelled over the dose, the lady siding with the compounder of drugs. This was more than the M.D. could stand; he rushed out of the room in a violent passion, and said to Topham Beauclerc, whom he met: 'I am determined henceforth to leave off prescribing for my friends.' 'Do so,' said the wit dryly. 'In future, when you undertake to kill, let it only be your enemies.'

Most people have heard of Abernethy's gruffness; here is an anecdote which shows how truly kind and liberal he could be at times. 'In the year 1818, Lieutenant D— fell from his horse in London, and sustained a fracture of the skull and arm. Mr Abernethy was the nearest surgeon, and being sent for, continued his attendance daily for months. When the patient became convalescent, he was enjoined by Abernethy to proceed to Margate and adopt shell-fish diet. The patient requested to know the extent of his pecuniary liability. 'Who is that young woman?' inquired Abernethy smilingly. 'She is my wife.' 'What is your rank in the army?' 'I am a half-pay lieutenant.' 'Oh, very well: wait till you are a general, then come and see me, and we'll talk about it.'

Next we have quacks, of whom there are, and always have been many. Adepts, jugglers, and dealers in charms were the first quacks; and then we have good Bishop Berkeley and his tar-water, which he seems to have been firmly persuaded was a specific for all the ills that flesh is heir to. The tar-water had its day, and was succeeded by Dr James's fever powder, and the pills of Morison the hygeist; both of which popular remedies, whatever their effect upon the public health might be, proved extremely beneficial to the pockets of their inventors. Dr James left a large fortune; and Morison died in Paris at the age of seventy, worth five hundred thousand pounds. Quacks of a meaner grade were in the habit

of perambulating the country, and appearing at all the village fairs, where their stage, with a drummer parading before it, and a merry-andrew casting somersaults behind the doctor's back, were among the most attractive exhibitions of the day.

The realms of quackery, like the more regular paths of medicine, were never entirely free from the invasions of the softer sex. One of the most notable quacks of her day was Mrs Mapp the bone-setter, who resided at Epsom. She was the daughter of a bone-setter named Wallin, and some have alleged that she was the sister of the celebrated actress who subsequently became Duchess of Bolton; but this, Mr Timbs says, is a mistake. However she acquired her skill, she was certainly very successful in her treatment of fractured bones, dislocations, and even of structural deformities, of which she was alleged to have performed some wonderful cures. She was a tall, raw-boned, exceedingly plain-looking woman; and her strength was so great that she required no assistance in replacing a man's dislocated shoulder. Of this strength she one day made a curious use. A fellow was sent to her by some doctors, who pretended that he had a dislocated wrist. She took hold of it, saw that it was all right, and with a single wrench turned his feigning into earnest. 'There!' she said. 'Go back to the fools who sent you, and get them to set your wrist; or if you come back this day month, I will do it for you myself.'

While still basking in the sunshine of fortune, this strong-minded, or at least strong-armed, practitioner determined to marry, the object of her choice being Hill Mapp, a footman in the employment of a mercer in Ludgate Hill. The marriage was not a fortunate one; Mr Mapp was not a good husband, nor did he give his connubial felicity a long trial, for he absconded in less than a week, taking with him, as a souvenir of his short honeymoon, a purse of a hundred guineas which his lady happened to have in the house. And in the December of the following year, her short hour of popular favour over, the once famous bone-setter died miserably poor at her lodgings in the Seven Dials, and, as Pat would say, was indebted to the parish for a coffin and a grave.

The Company of the Barber Surgeons of London was incorporated by Edward IV. in 1460-2, and one of the best of Holbein's pictures represents the presentation of a charter to this Company by Henry VIII.

Cheselden, John Hunter the anatomist, and many other distinguished names, are upon the roll of this Company. Among others is that of Sir Hans Sloane, an eminent physician, born in 1660, who bequeathed his museum to the public on condition that twenty thousand pounds should be paid to his family; this sum being something like the value of the gold and silver medals, ores, and precious stones which were comprised in his collection. Parliament accepted the trust; and in this manner the nucleus of the British Museum was formed.

Mr Timbs next treats of corpulence, many recipes for the cure of which are given. We read of a Spanish general, who by a free use of vinegar reduced his size so much that he could fold his skin around his body like a garment. How long he lived after he had effected this somewhat alarming reduction of bulk, is not recorded. If it is a wear-

iness to the flesh to be too fat, it is almost an equal affliction to be too lean. Larrey, a celebrated French surgeon, mentions an unfortunate priest who became so thin that he was at last unable to go through the celebration of mass. His bones and joints became so dry 'that at every genuflexion they cracked in such a loud and strange manner that the faithful were terrified, and the faithless laughed.' Mr Banting's struggle with corpulence is amusingly described; and as he won the battle, and became 'a thinner and a happier man,' those who think themselves too fat may, if they choose to run the risk, go and do likewise.

An interesting chapter treats about matters pertaining to the hair and beard. Many instances are recorded in which vivid mental emotions of a painful kind, such as extreme terror, have blanched the hair almost instantaneously. In prison the hair of Marie Antoinette became suddenly white; and Ludwig, king of Bavaria, who had caused his wife to be put to death, in a fit of jealous frenzy, on learning her innocence, suffered such extreme remorse that 'his hair became in a moment as white as snow.' Apropos of hair-dyes, there is an amusing anecdote of a lady who was beginning to get elderly, and who once said to Douglas Jerrold: 'I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn gray; I sometimes fancy it must be the essence of rosemary with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. What do you think?' 'I should be rather afraid, madam,' replied the witty dramatist, 'that it must be the essence of time.'

Not much light is, or perhaps can be thrown upon the curious question of the origin of epidemics. The many theories which have been advanced upon this subject seem scarcely so much to touch the question as to leave it open and undetermined. Of what fatal combinations they are born we can scarcely tell; all that we can do is to turn them aside, if possible, in their destructive course, and combat and neutralise them, by improving as much as possible the sanitary conditions of life.

Many interesting anecdotes are given to illustrate the remarkable contagious power of typhus fever and the plague. Cotton shipped from a port infected with the plague is sometimes impregnated with such a poisonous effluvia, that instances have been known of people being struck down dead while opening the bales. The Arabs, who are fatalists, seldom resort to medicine for the cure of this disease; but in spite of their predestinarianism, they often try to escape from it by flying into the Desert; 'alleging as an excuse, that although the distemper is a messenger from Heaven sent to call them to a better world, yet, being conscious of their unworthiness, and that they do not merit this special mark of grace, they think it more advisable to decline it for the present.'

Poisons, of which Mr Timbs treats, have played a very important part in the history of the world. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and more particularly in the hands of Pope Alexander VI. and his infamous son, they were a regular engine of statecraft, and the powder and poisoned ring of the Borgias obtained an unenviable notoriety. Chemistry was then in its infancy, and such a dread of secret poisoning pervaded all classes of society, that there is no doubt that many guiltless persons must have fallen victims to the panic created by

the crimes of a few. Medicated gloves, bouquets, and handkerchiefs were sometimes used to convey the subtle agent of death, but more commonly it was introduced into the food or drink. Aqua Tofana, so named after the hag who invented it, was credited with the death of six hundred people in Rome, and was a preparation of arsenic; while the powder of succession, much in vogue with cardinals and personages still more exalted, was common sugar of lead. Laurel-water was the poison employed in a very remarkable case, that of Captain Donellan, in 1791. He was a needy, unprincipled, unscrupulous man; and his wife had a young brother, Sir Theodosius Boughton, to whose estates she was the nearest heir. This revisionary interest, it was alleged, combined with the captain's pecuniary difficulties, formed the motive for the crime which he conceived and carried out. His brother-in-law had some slight ailment, for which he received some phials of medicine from an apothecary, upon swallowing one of which he suddenly fell back in a fit, and died almost immediately, foaming at the mouth. It was afterwards proved that Captain Donellan had a still in which he prepared laurel-water, and that he shewed suspicious alacrity, after the death of Sir Theodosius, in rinsing out the phial which had contained the fatal draught. On this evidence he was condemned and hanged at Warwick, in spite of certain exculpatory medical evidence, which was led to the effect that a fatal fit might have been induced by the revulsion caused by swallowing a *nauseous medicine*.

Then comes an amusing anecdote of Sir Walter Scott's experience of the faculty, in a small English town where his servant fell sick, and he was under the necessity of sending for a doctor. There were two in the town, one who had been long established, and one a newcomer. The latter gentleman was fortunately found at home, and lost no time in obeying Sir Walter's summons, who, looking up when he entered, saw before him a grave, sagacious-looking man, attired in black, with a shovel-hat, in whom, to his utter astonishment, he recognised a Scottish blacksmith who had formerly practised with considerable success as a veterinary operator in the neighbourhood of Ashiestiel. 'How in all the world,' exclaimed Sir Walter, 'came you here? Can it be possible that this is John Laudie?'

'In truth it is, your honour—just a' that's for him.'

'Well, let us hear. You were a horse-doctor before; now it seems you are a man-doctor. How do you get on?'

'On? Just extraordinary weel; for your honour maun ken that my practice is vera sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon two simples.'

'And what may their names be? Perhaps it is a secret?'

'I'll tell your honour' (in a low tone): 'my twa simples are just laudamy and calamy.'

'Simples, with a vengeance!' replied Sir Walter. 'But, John, do you never happen to kill any of your patients?'

'Kill? On, ay. May be sae. Whiles they dee and whiles no; but it's the will o' Providence. Ony-hoo, your honour, it *will be lang before it makes up for Flodden*.'

The use of anæsthetics, Mr Timbs tells us, was partially known to the ancients. Pliny states that

the juice of mandragora was used, before incisions were made into the body, to produce insensibility to pain; and the Chinese, in the third century of our era, were accustomed to administer a drug for the same purpose, supposed to be Indian hemp. During the middle ages, mandrake, a compound of mandrake and opium, and a potion composed of opium, mulberry, lettuce, and a variety of other herbs, was used to accomplish the same end; while in our own day, Sir James Simpson discovered in chloroform a safe, an effectual, and an easily administered anæsthetic agent, which has robbed the surgeon's knife of half its terrors, and conferred an inestimable boon upon sufferers of all ranks and ages.

Concerning sleep and its phenomena, there is much interesting information; and many curious instances of dreams are recorded, which, if not prophetic, at least produced upon the mind a strong impression of a coming event, which in a short time actually did take place. Dr Abercrombie, in his work on the Intellectual Powers, relates the following story of a dream, which, eight days before the assassination of Mr Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer, occurred three times in one night to a Cornish gentleman—Mr Williams of Scorrer House. The Chancellor was unknown to Mr Williams by sight, but in his dream he imagined that he (the dreamer) was standing in the lobby of the House of Commons, when a little man entered, dressed in a peculiar fashion. Almost immediately the little man was followed by another man, whose dress Mr Williams also particularly observed; and this second man drawing a pistol from under his coat, fired it at the first, who staggered and fell. A crowd of people then ran forward; Williams saw the murderer arrested, and heard, still in his dream, those around him say: 'Mr Perceval is dead.'

This dream, in itself unaccountable, is made stranger still by the fact that it occurred about much the same time, and in much the same form, to Bishop Baines!

Concerning insanity and the treatment of the insane, Mr Timbs shews us how much the deprivation of reason, the greatest calamity that can befall a rational being, has been intensified and prolonged in past times, by the ignorance and indifference of society. Over the gates of most lunatic asylums might have been written the inscription which Dante placed over his abode of the lost—'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.' In 1815 the House of Commons Committee found in the women's gallery in Old Bethlem, 'in a side-room, ten patients, each chained by one arm or leg to the wall, the chain allowing them merely to stand up by the bench or form fixed to the wall, or to sit down upon it.' The only article of clothing these poor women had, was a sort of blanket-gown made like a dressing-gown, but with no band to fasten it round the body. Their feet were bare, and while some of them were dirty, imbecile, and offensive, others spoke quite coherently, and were sensible and accomplished. The men were found, if possible, almost in a worse condition. 'Except the blanket-gown, they had no clothing, and the room had the appearance of a dog-kennel.' Private asylums were often still worse, the treatment of lunatics in Bethlem being considered to afford rather a favourable specimen of the best mode of curing the mentally afflicted!

The closing chapter treats of the phenomena of death. The diseases which conduce to dissolution are, as we all know, legion. There are many paths leading up to that grim gate; but when we pause at last before its portals, our passage to eternity is, according to the observation of the most competent authorities, painless. Mr Savory, a physician of great eminence, in commenting upon the subject, 'concurs in the statement of Sir Benjamin Brodie, that in almost all cases the point of death is free from physical suffering.'

The signs of death are various, but often in the partial delirium which supervenes, the mind returns to its habitual occupations, and in the very act of quitting the stage of life, constructs for itself a last imaginary act of the closing drama. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' said an expiring judge, Lord Tenterden, 'you will now consider your verdict.' 'It grows dark,' said Dr Adams, the author of *Roman Antiquities*, believing himself still surrounded by his pupils—'it grows dark; the boys may now dismiss.' '*Tête d'Armée*,' murmured the dying Napoleon, believing himself still charging at the head of his legions, instead of lying a helpless prisoner in his sea-girt dungeon of St Helena, slowly drifting, in spite of guards and jailer, into the freedom for which he had so vainly yearned.

FOLLOWING UP THE TRACK.

CHAPTER IV.

THE intervening few days had passed—they were days of suspense, when that condition of mind arises in which nothing can be done, through the very anxiety to be active and occupied, but the weary interval had at last been bridged over; and as the town clock of Clonmel was striking eight o'clock on the festival of Hallowe'en, the vigorous form of the tenant of the Glen farm could be seen in the dim obscurity, coming down the pathway and disappearing within the open doorway of the inn.

'The master bid me tell you to wait for him, should he be kept out late, for the mare he brought with him got lame on a sudden, when I took her out of the stable; and you are not on any account to go back until he sees you; and as he thought you might not like to be troubled with the company in the big room, you are to come into the one he keeps for the quality when they come here to give a treat to a herd or the like on a fair or market day.'

The speaker who thus accosted Maurice was a smart red-headed lad, rejoicing in the name of Clover, because his reputed mother had deserted the infant in a field of the same, probably speculating that as his habits and tastes had not yet been developed, he might possibly become a vegetarian, and take kindly to the only provender within his reach, in the absence of the alcohol which would have mingled so largely in the nutriment she would have supplied him with. An ill-natured world might possibly have suggested that her intentions were less philanthropical, and that provided she got rid of a burden, he might take care of himself in the best way he could. Be that as it may, the little waif cast upon the tide of life was picked up by a good-natured old woman—fed like

Romulus; a goat, however, being the substitute for the wolf; and after passing through various stages of misery after his benefactress had died, the outcast had arrived at the equivocal dignity of waiter at the *Traveller's Home*, in the absence of Brien Spelassy, who was the regular official of the establishment, but in the habit of so frequently going away, and returning at such irregular intervals, that the wonder was why Stephen Meagher, a hard and strict man, would submit to pay for services which were so frequently only nominal. The surmise, however, was that some unknown tie of kindred existed between them; and this belief was confirmed by the fact that Spelassy not merely neglected the duties of his employment, but would demand money of his employer with a roughness which denoted equality rather than the subservience of a subordinate. That mutual esteem was not the bond between them was evident, for sometimes, when a more than usually inordinate demand was made, the lips of the master would allow a few bitter words to escape; but they were quickly repressed.

'I dare not remain here long, even if your master does not soon come home,' was the reply of Maurice to the lad; 'no, not if you could make me a lord. My darling is waiting for me; and now that the country is in so bad a way, and the Whiteboys breaking into houses for arms, and doing even worse, and not even a gosssoon under my roof, I could not stay away from home, even if the sheriff was to "cant" all my goods the next blessed mornin'.'

'You know your own business best, I suppose,' was the rejoinder, and Clover smiled, as if he thought otherwise. 'But would your good woman at home thank you very much if you only came here on a fool's errand, and that after all the trouble my master went to on your account? Why, if Paddy Guilfoyle, who was hanged when the judge was last here, had only waited twenty-four hours longer, the letter from Amerieky, telling him of all the money left him by his brother, would have come, and he need not have gone and robbed the squire's house.'

'I think you mean to give me good advice; although I am not beholden to you for likening me to the man who died for his own bad act; and I will try and stop until your master comes back; but troubled as I am in my mind, I would rather be in any company than my own,' and as he spoke, the farmer, advancing a few steps, opened the door which at once introduced him into the tap-room. The occupants of it were not very select. Some were playing cards, the dirt of which followed suit with the hands that shuffled them, the prizes being a goose and a quart of poteen; and there was as much perverse ingenuity and scheming resorted to, as if a principality were involved in the ultimate issue. Others were too tipsy to score another vice to the catalogue of their offences; and then came those who with profitless profanity displayed their only knowledge of the things of another world by the use of sacred names cursed out with shocking frequency. These and many another vagrant dropped into the apartment by degrees; and coarse jest was followed by the noisy joyless laugh, the hard bitter word, the malignant scoff. The dreadful uniformity of selfishness in a scene meant for revelry, jarred upon the nerves as would a feast spread upon a tenanted collin; and Maurice

Power, unable to endure the company, after a while returned to the hall, and from thence into the room which had been reserved for him. A candle was brought in, a smoky fire kindled; but the latter did not lighten up the dingy decency of the place, and out stood in grim outline the propped-up drawers in the corner, the hard straight-backed chairs, and the seats, in which ravines of matted hair wound their tortuous course; while the faded carpet, patched and pieced, was like the primitive garment which antiquaries assert originated the tartan plaid.

The attendant evidently manifested considerable interest in the visitor. Could it have been because his honest presence exercised a humanising influence over the establishment? He quickly brought unbidden a steaming jug of punch, the chief ingredient in which was of too republican a spirit to submit to the imposition of any duty, or pay any tribute to His Majesty George III. The drink was pressed upon the stranger with an amount of solicitude almost amounting to rudeness; and in the abstraction of his mind he drank off the contents of the tumbler more than once. The hoarse asthmatic clock in the passage struck nine and ten successively, and its tickings beat with painful clearness on the nerves of the listener. An original thinker has declared that he could not endure the 'insolent monotony of the ocean when in repose,' but better monotony than the echoing utterances of time, and Maurice moodily drew close to the recently lighted fire-place, until at last his eyes began to close in unquiet sleep, and the white ashes of the turf seemed to form themselves into snow-drifts, while the charred pieces of bog-wood assumed the outlines of crushed and mutilated limbs.

How long he had been unconscious the dreamer knew not: vague figures had risen, as it were, and dilated until they filled the apartment, and made the air difficult to breathe; and he awoke with the sensation that the ceiling was crushing down upon him, that the walls were pressing round him with iron grasp, and that many waters were hurtling and beating against the closed door. All was profound darkness; not the 'palpable obscure' of the poet, but something as it were far in excess of it; and the brain of the sufferer reeled and wandered, not under the agency of mere drink, but as if opium had been swallowed by one who had never before experienced the clouded intellect that is attendant on its use. Where was he? Was that the mountain stream near his cottage which was sounding in his ears? Was that the fervent breathings of the wind in the grove below? Or was it the tramp of armed men, pacing up and down the bazaar or passage leading to his own loved home? Or—terrible thought!—could it be possible, as each broken image passed across his brain, that the whole was a delusion, and that he had become a madman? He groped his way along the wall, felt the barred window which the heavy curtains concealed from observation, caught the handle of the door, and was out into the passage opposite the tap-room. The street entrance was at the far end; but when he reached it, there was a heavy padlock on its hasp, and the echoes of his own footsteps, as he trod upon the creaking boards, alone broke the profound silence. Not a gleam of light could be observed; and the sense of touch was but of little

avail in the labyrinth of the building in which he found himself. A heavy grating at the foot of the stairs prevented access to the landing above; and two massive bolts shot into recesses in the wall, and secured there, indicated that the usurer had adopted precautions to prevent customers, when the business of the evening was finished, making their way over the house.

What was to be done? He had evidently been forgotten. The first and natural impulse was to try and alarm the inmates. He listened for a short time; but except the movements of the clock and the beating of his own heart, all was as silent as the grave. Ah! what would his wife think of his absence? What terrors might she be enduring at that moment! for never since his marriage had he slept under any roof but his own; and there was vividly present to his recollection, as death was clouding the eyes of the mother of his bride Ellen, the last joyous gleam passing over the wan countenance, when he assured her that he would be everything to her child. As this thought arose, all about the necessity of the loan about which he came and had delayed so long was forgotten, and with a sudden effort he forced the door and quitted the house.

The night was wet and profoundly dark; the wind sighed and fretted itself, dashing against the chinks and recesses of the maze of humble dwellings into whose company it had been seduced, away from the pure mountain range encircling the town; but on and on sped the husband, as if he could relieve the agitation of his soul by rapid motion. On, on through the dim streets, past the open market square with its quaint stiff-necked roofing. On by the quays, which in the daytime used to be animated with the shouts of the boatmen as they drew their barges across the gravel in the shallow water, laden with piled sacks of corn and other produce, the wine and oil of the rich surrounding plains and valleys of the Golden Vale. The long bridge spanning over the Suir was passed over, and up and up the hilly road and past several scattered cabins Maurice Power urged his way, at one time rushing along with wild impetuosity, and then pausing to recover his breath. How he envied the inmates of each, buried in sleep after the labours of the past day! They had no care now, whatever the morning might bring forth. A just Providence deals not so unequally with the poor, and wealth has cares that attend not the human lilies of the field, whom the autocrats of the Stock Exchange would despise. For them a greater than Solomon provides; and in their resignation and calm endurance under trials, Christian virtues and graces are revealed before which the sufferings of martyrs sink into insignificance; the one being a life-long submission in obscurity, and the other the temporary agony which the glory of their subsequent fame and example enables them to sustain.

It was not until the glen had been reached and the entrance to the bazaar, that Maurice, panting and exhausted, leaned against the ditch to rest himself for a few minutes. Then, with a quieter and more composed step, he proceeded up the passage, and opening the gate of the farm-yard, said, by way of precaution, not to cause any sudden alarm, and in a low tone of voice: 'Down, Rover; down, good dog. Poor fellow, sure it's only myself has come home; don't bark, Rover.' But there came

no yelp of recognition ; no significant greeting by the fierce but faithful mastiff.

Was there any light in the dwelling-house ? None. Ellen had doubtless been tired of watching for her husband, and had fallen asleep. But what was that seemed to flit across, and could he possibly have been mistaken in his first glance ? Yes ; he must have been, for in the bedroom which was at the end of the cottage, and through the chinks of the shutters which secured the window, a thin thread of brightness flickered amid the darkness, and a faint murmur of voices came out upon the night-air. Maurice Power approached silently to the spot ; his straining eyes were fixed upon the little opening, which afforded but a very limited view of the interior. Vague undefined outlines could be traced, but nothing palpable ; and rising from a stooping posture, to obtain a better means of observation, the heavy staff which he grasped struck against a projecting stone in the wall, and made a sound in so doing, low but yet distinct. Big drops poured down his forehead ; his heart beat with the painful clearness which often heralds the stoppage of its action for ever ; and it was only after an interval that he stood erect and placed his face close to the aperture. All seemed quiet. Had his fears been awakened without a cause ? Was he the victim of a too sensitive imagination ? No ; he felt convinced that cautious steps were moving within ; and in a few seconds the door opened, and the indistinct figure of a man crossed the threshold into the yard, two others following. They went towards the window in the direction whence the noise proceeded. Immediately beyond it and at the gable there was a small railed inclosure, meant by Ellen Power, in the first days of her married life, for a tiny pleasure-ground, in which Chinese roses, woodbine, and clematis might twine their tendrils up to the thatch, and afford a shelter as well as a source of ornament ; but domestic cares soon came in the way, and the protecting paling had fallen into a state of decay—was tumbled down, or rubbed against by cattle and pigs, and made the asylum for proscribed donkeys and intrusive fowls.

The foremost of the persons who had come out from the cottage approached so close to Maurice Power that the latter almost fancied he felt the chill air getting warmer within the little circle of his breath ; and the next move of the unknown intruder's foot would have met his, had it not been that he crouched down, and drawing back to the broken paling, crossed it, over into the yard, where some strewn hay dulled every sound. In an instant afterwards was heard a hoarse voice muttering : 'It must have been fancy made us think we heard something outside.'

'No !' was the response of a second speaker ; and the peculiar intonation had, as it were, a potent influence upon the agitated listener. 'I could swear I heard something strike against the wall.'

'Faith,' whispered a third person, and the tension of his faculties was such that the husband could accurately distinguish every inflexion of tone, and assign each to its appropriate utterer, 'an uneasy conscience is a bad companion ; and sorry I am I was ever got to join you in this business, even though I never thought it would come to the pass it has done ; and if I had as much to own as either of you'—Here he seemed as

if he were about to mention the names of his companions ; but the words were stopped by the significant : 'Not a word out of you, as you value your life. Trust none, living or dead, with our secrets. Let us leave the place as quickly as we can, when our business is done ; for *he*'—and marked emphasis was laid on the phrase—'might be back again before the morning breaks.'

THE USE OF FORESTS.

FORESTS have uses in nature not usually thought of. They furnish wood—that we all know. They shelter the lands against piercing winds. They are generally beautiful to the eye—at least a relief to bareness. But that is not all. They modify, or rather avert, destructive torrents of rain. The evil effects of the wholesale cutting down of extensive tracts of timber are, it may be said, only beginning to be felt. Direful results have ensued, and now it is to be hoped we are taking warning. While extensive forest-clearings have been made, reckless of consequences, in India, the United States, and other portions of the globe, France was the first country to awake to the folly of the system. The old seigneurs loved woods, the peasant-farmer hates them. In the south, where the land has been more cut up into small properties than in other parts, the trees have been so cleared off that there are whole communes without any ; mountain communes, which, owing to the now unchecked action of the rains, bid fair to be pretty soon nothing but bare rock. The peasant grubbs up a tree, and thereby gets a few more square yards for his rye or lucern ; but thereby also he helps to keep off the gentle rains, and to bring about destructive droughts, alternating with no less destructive floods. That, at anyrate, was the conclusion to which years of study and observation led M. Becquerel, who, a quarter of a century ago, published his book on the Effects of Forests on Climate. He and his fellow-workers cried out so loudly, that people got fairly frightened. In France, replanting began at a great rate, though, unhappily, not to any extent in the poorest communes of the south, where it is most needed. Latterly, in the United States, laws have been made against the reckless destruction of forests ; and in India a whole 'service' has been formed to manage the forests, taking care that they are cut judiciously, and that new plantations are always made after a clearance, so that furnaces may be well kept in provender without any risk of entirely stripping the country of its timber.

The Third Napoleon at first advocated the use of trees : part of the Gascon *landes* towards Arcachon was planted with firs ; a good deal of the Sologne—a hungry sort of Bagshot Heath, in Central France—was treated in the same way. But by-and-by, as we all know, 'playing Providence' became very expensive ; the revenue always shewed a deficit, and expedients of all kinds were resorted to, to 'raise the wind,' without

increasing taxation. 'Why not sell the crown forests?' asked Fould, the imperial financier. 'Because,' replied his master, 'if we do, the buyers will cut most of them down; and then, what are we to do for wood?' 'Burn coal,' replied the Israelite; 'having a long bill with England will strengthen the *entente cordiale*.' And he straightway set one of the many venal *savants* of 'the Second Empire' to write a book, in which it was 'proved' that forests had no appreciable effect upon climate. The *savant* had some conscience; he was forced to confess that cutting down the trees did cause that *ravinement*—sweeping away of earth and seaming hill-sides with channels, from which (as we have already noticed) many communes in the south of France, and not there only, have suffered; but he stoutly denied that forests have any effect in increasing or regulating the rainfall. This was in 1865; and since then, M. Mathieu, Director of the School of Forestry at Nancy; M. Cantégaill, Inspector of Forests at Carcassonne, and others, have been conducting a series of conclusive experiments. Fortunately, public opinion was too strong even for M. Fould; and after the Reports published within the last three years, it is not likely that the attempt will be made again.

Forests, it seems, have a fourfold effect on climate and rainfall. There is the chemical action of their leaves, which decompose the carbonic acid of the air, fixing the carbon in their woody tissue, and liberating the oxygen. There is their physical action, in hindering evaporation and stopping currents of air, and in covering the ground with a vegetable mould which holds water like a sponge. And there is the organic action of the leaves, which, in breathing, restore to the air a part of the water which the roots have drained from the soil. Lastly, there is the mechanical action of the roots, which at once prevent the earth from being washed away by rain, and also enable the water to filter down deep into the ground. Forests, then, ought to make a country cooler, by withdrawing the carbon from the air; the heat that is set free when wood is burned is the very heat that was being absorbed while it was growing. A forest may be looked on as a vast condensing apparatus for storing up the heat of the atmosphere. That is what theory says, and experiment confirms it. The mean temperature of a wooded country is always lower than that of a similarly situated treeless country; but (and this is important) the cold is less extreme, as well as the heat, and changes of temperature are gradual. Of course, since rain comes because the air is too cool to hold its moisture any longer in solution, there ought to be more rain in a wooded than in a treeless district; and so there is—from six to eight per cent., as M. Faurat found by putting up several rain-gauges, some in a forest, seven yards above the tree-tops, others on treeless ground some two hundred yards off. Bare soil soon gets heated, and heats the surrounding air. This expands, rises, and absorbs, without condensing them, the vapours brought by the sea-winds. Rain only comes in such a district when a contrary wind meets this hot current, packs its layers one on another, and, as it were, squeezes out

the wet from them. Hence such rain, due to 'atmospheric perturbation,' generally comes in floods, unlike the gentle natural rainfall of forest-land. Storms are rare in wooded countries, the electricity of the air being gradually drawn off instead of accumulating. Hail especially is rare where there are many trees. M. Cantégaill has tracked many of the hailstorms so destructive in France, and has found that they generally make a leap over a forest. Early in June 1874, for instance, a hailstorm which had swept over the department of Ariège, entered that of Aude. As soon as it got to the forest-land, the hail totally ceased; but when it reached the treeless department of the Eastern Pyrenees, it began again with great fury; yet there was electricity enough in the air over the forests, for several fir-trees were struck and shivered to pieces. But hail is caused by the very rapid evaporation of rain passing through an exceedingly dry stratum of air. Evaporation, we know, always causes cold (this is the principle of water-coolers, &c.); and in this case the latent heat of the rain is withdrawn so rapidly that the result is frozen raindrops. Hence, in wooded countries, where the air is always moist, the evaporation is slower, and rain falls instead of hail.

Every one must have felt the soft warmth of the air in a wood just after nightfall, so different from the chill that comes on after a hot dry day in an open plain. No wonder—evaporation and radiation of heat are five times greater in the latter than in the former. But, it may be said, if the trees bring more rain, they use up more than the treeless ground, for their roots drain the soil, and their leaves drain the atmosphere. Not so; though wood is more than half water, the amount of water contained in all the wood in a forest is the veriest trifle compared with the rain that falls on it during the year. Moreover, a series of experiments seems to shew that the amount of water decomposed by an acre of forest is very much less than that required by an acre of cabbage, or wheat, or clover. Again, because pines and other trees (notably the blue-gum, *Eucalyptus globulus*, which is being planted by the million in Algeria) dry up marshes, it has been argued that trees must lessen the water-supply. But here again experiment comes in, and proves that this drying-up is not due to evaporation through the leaves, or to the water being in any other way sucked up by the trees. All the trees that have this property can, and do, thrive also in dry hungry soils; they drain the soil by virtue of their spreading roots, which enable the water to run off into the lower strata.

Hence, it seems clear that forests lower the temperature, while they prevent extremes, and increase the rainfall, at the same time that they regulate it, and keep off those deluges of rain which cause sudden and destructive floods. Floods do come in wooded countries; but they are not floods like those of the Loire, which, rising in bare granitic mountains, brings down, when it overflows, a mass of sand and shingle which ruins some of the best land in France. During the terrible rains of September 1860, careful observations were made in Savoy and Auvergne, and it was seen that wherever there were woods, or even quite recent plantations, made terrace-wise along the hill-sides, so as to cut across the torrents and force them into a zigzag, the rains did little harm; where the

mountain sides were bare, the roads and bridges were swept away, and the valleys covered with shingle. At last, the peasantry have seen the force of this; and out of some two hundred thousand acres replanted from 1860 to 1868, four-fifths have been done by private individuals or by the *communes*. In this way, Einbrun, at the mouth of the valley of Sainte-Marthe, in the High Alps, has been saved. The work was begun in 1865, by raising two hundred little dikes in the torrent-bed. These were planted with quick-growing trees and shrubs, whose roots so consolidated the earth, that now there is practically no torrent at all. After heavy rains, the water, of course, rises; but it no longer whirls down sand and shingle, and huge masses of rock with it.

These, then, are the two great uses of forests—to increase the rainfall, and to prevent it from coming in devastating floods, instead of in fertile showers. The first is most valuable in hot countries. It is sad to think what mischief has been wrought in the fairest countries of the world by reckless destruction of forests. Persia, the whole Indus valley, the valley of the Euphrates; and, above all, Lesser Asia, have each of them suffered grievously from this waste. Lesser Asia, the Greeks looked on as the garden of the world; it is now subject to droughts like that which not long ago spread death through whole provinces. The same everywhere. The millions of mulberry trees planted in Egypt since Mehemet Ali's time have actually brought rain to that hitherto rainless land; the plantations here and there along the Suez Canal are doing the same.

The other effect of forests tells everywhere. In the forest of Montant, in the department of the Aude, a stream used to turn a whole string of fulling-mills. The land was disforested, and the trees were wholly cut down. At once the supply of water became so irregular, that the mills were stopped during a considerable part of the year. The *commune* has lately replanted its forest; and now the stream runs all the year round, and the mills go on as merrily as of old. In the neighbouring 'Black Mountain,' observations have been made in two valleys, one wooded, the other treeless. After rain, there is much less water from the first; but then it lasts much longer—does not all run away in a flood, as it does from the other. The reason why on our maps of Palestine nearly every river is marked with dotted lines as 'a winter torrent,' is because the country has been almost bared of timber. We shall never be able to get rid of floods; but forests undoubtedly lessen their violence, by letting the water down gradually.

No doubt, one may have too much of a good thing. Gaul, in Cæsar's time, was far colder than it is now, because both it and Germany were to a great extent one vast forest. The Rhine in those days used to be regularly frozen hard enough for troops to march across. Italy was colder than it is now, from the same cause; so was England. West Africa and parts of tropical America are pestilential, because the soil is so saturated, owing to the thick forests, and consequently small evaporation, that it can hold no more, and the rains cause marshes, which last from one rainy season to the next. Too many trees are, in this case, nearly as bad as none at all; it is a choice between the Sahara and the Gold Coast. But even in such places trees should be cut down with judgment,

and should be replaced by the fever-preventing *Eucalyptus*; while in India and in Ceylon, the coffee-planter and the man who cuts railway fuel need to be narrowly watched; and in New Zealand and Australia, the recklessness of the emigrant wants checking. It is so easy to make a place treeless, so difficult to reclothe it again. The French are finding this out; and we in England and Scotland, and still more in Ireland, might, in spite of all that has been done, take a leaf out of their book. The wholesale destruction of fine old trees round London is not atoned for by a little planting on the Thames Embankment. Trees are living things, working for the good of the common weal; and if we recklessly destroy them, we lessen the sum of national life, and therefore the amount of national power.

REMEMBERED DAYS.

I REMEMBER a morn behind the mill,
When blackbirds sang,
And sheep-bells rang,
Far off, and all things else were still,
But the rising bream
In the pictured stream,
And the noise of water about the mill.

I remember a maid in her sweet youth,
Whose gentle days
In village ways
Were passed in simple works of truth;
The Summer's day
Sped fast away
In a dream of love, in a time of youth.

I remember the Spring in garb of green,
The light heart glee
That came to me
With the smile of my love at seventeen;
Her laugh that went
Like woodland scent
To my soul—that time on the daisied green.

And though I know the days are spent,
That love was lost
When came the frost
At summer's close of my content;
Yet some joy stays
In winter days,
And brings its joyous complement.

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MY STARLING.

I FEEL very lonely now since my starling is gone. I could not bear to look upon his empty cage, his bath and playthings, so I have had them all stowed away; but the bird will dwell in my memory for many a day. The way in which that starling managed to insinuate itself into my heart and entwine its affections with mine, I can never rightly tell; and it is only now when it is gone that I really know how much it is possible for a human being to love a little bird. The creature was nearly always with me, talking to me, whistling to me, or even doing mischief in a small way, to amuse me; and it was often the very best relaxation I could have had, to throw down my pen, straighten my back, and have a romp with Dick.

The rearing of a nest of starlings is always a very difficult task, and I found it peculiarly so. In fact one young starling would require half-a-dozen servants at least to attend it. I was not master of those starlings, not a bit of it; they were masters of me. I had to get out of bed and stuff them with grub at three o'clock every morning. They lived in a band-box in a closet off my bedroom. I had to get up again at four o'clock to feed them, again at five, and again at six; in fact I saw more sunrises during the infancy of that nest of starlings than ever I did before or since. By day, and all day long, I stuffed them, and at intervals the servant relieved me of that duty. In fact it was pretty nearly all stuffing; but even then they were not satisfied, and made several ineffectual attempts to swallow my finger as well. At length—and how happy I felt!—they could both feed themselves and fly. This last accomplishment was anything but agreeable to me, for no sooner did I open their door than out they would all fly, one after the other, and seat themselves on my head and shoulders, each one trying to make more noise than all the rest and outdo his brothers.

I got so tired of this sort of thing at last, that one day I determined to set them all at liberty. I accordingly hung their cage outside the window

and opened their door, and they all flew, but back they came into the room again, and settled on me as usual. 'Then,' said I, 'I'm going gardening.' By the way they clung to me it was evident their answer was: 'And so are we.' And so they did. And as soon as I commenced operations with the spade, they commenced operations too, by searching for and eating every worm I turned up, evidently thinking I was merely working for their benefit and pleasure. I got tired of this. 'O bother you all!' I cried; 'I'm sick of you!' I threw down my spade in disgust; and before they could divine my intention, I had leaped the fence and disappeared in the plantation beyond.

'Now,' said I to myself as I entered the garden that evening after my return, and could see no signs of starlings, 'I'm rid of you plagues at last;' and I smiled with satisfaction. It was short-lived, for just at that moment, 'Skraigh, skraigh, skraigh' sounded from the trees adjoining; and before I could turn foot, my tormentors, seemingly mad with joy, were all sitting on me as usual. Two of them died about a week after this; and the others, being cock and hen, I resolved to keep.

Both Dick and his wife soon grew to be very fine birds. I procured them a large roomy cage, with plenty of sand and a layer of straw in the bottom of it, a dish or two, a bath, a drinking fountain, and always a supply of fresh green weeds on the roof of their domicile. Besides their usual food of soaked bread, &c. they had slugs occasionally, and flies and earthworms. Once a day the cage door was thrown open, and out they both would fly with joyful skraigh, to enjoy the luxury of a bath on the kitchen floor. One would have imagined that being only two, they would not have stood on the order of their going; but they did, at least Dick did, for he insisted upon using the bath first, and his wife had to wait patiently until his lordship had finished. This was part of Dick's domestic discipline. When they were both thoroughly wet and draggled, and everything within a radius of two yards was in the same condition, their next move was to hop on to the fender, and flutter and gaze pensively into the

fire; and two more melancholy looking, ragged wretches you never saw. When they began to dry, then they began to dress; and in a few minutes Richard was himself again, and so was his wife.

Starlings have their own natural song, and a strange noise they make too. Their great faculty, however, is the gift of imitation, which they have in a wonderful degree of perfection. The first thing that Dick learned to imitate was the rumbling of carts and carriages on the street, and very proud he was of the accomplishment. Then he learned to pronounce his own name, with the prefix 'Pretty,' which he never omitted, and to which he was justly entitled. Except when sitting on their perch singing or piping, these two little pets were never tired engineering about their cage, and everything was minutely examined. They were perfect adepts at boring holes; by inserting the bill closed, and opening it like a pair of scissors, lo! the thing was done. Dick's rule of conduct was that he himself should have the first of everything, and be allowed to examine first into everything, to have the highest perch and all the tit-bits; in a word to rule, king and priest, in his own cage. I don't suppose he hated his wife, but he kept her in a state of inglorious subjection to his royal will and pleasure. 'Hezekiah' was the name he gave his wife; I don't know why, but I am sure no one taught him this, for he first used the name himself, and then it was only to correct his pronunciation.

Sometimes Dick would sit himself down to sing a song; and presently his wife would join in with a few simple notes of melody; upon which Dick would stop singing instantly, and look round at her with indignation. 'Hezekiah! Hezekiah!!' he would say; which being interpreted, clearly meant: 'Hezekiah, my dear, how can you so far forget yourself as to presume to interrupt your lord and master with that cracked and quavering voice of yours!' Then he would commence anew; and Hezekiah being so good-natured, would soon forget her scolding and again join in. This was too much for Dick's temper; and Hezekiah was accordingly chased round and round the cage and soundly thrashed. His conduct altogether as a husband, I am sorry to say, was very far from satisfactory. I have said he always retained the highest perch for himself; but sometimes he would turn one eye downwards, and seeing Hezekiah sitting so cosily and contentedly on her humble perch, would at once conclude that her seat was more comfortable than his; so down he would hop and send her off at once.

It was Dick's orders that Hezekiah should only eat at meal-times; that meant at all times when he chose to feed, *after he was done*. But I suppose his poor wife was often a little hungry in the interim, for she would watch till she got Dick fairly into the middle of a song, and quite oblivious of surrounding circumstances, then she would hop down and snatch a meal on the sly. But dire was

the punishment for the deceit if Dick found her out. Sometimes I think she used to long for a little love and affection, and at such times she would jump up on the perch beside her husband, and with a fond cry sidle close to him.

'Hezekiah! Hezekiah!' he would exclaim; and if she didn't take that hint, she was soon knocked to the bottom of the cage. In fact Dick was a domestic tyrant, but in all other respects a dear affectionate little pet.

One morning Dick got out of his cage by undoing the fastening, and flew through the open window, determined to see what the world was like, leaving Hezekiah to mourn. It was before five on a summer's morning that he escaped; and I saw no more of him until, coming out of church that day, the people were greatly astonished to see a bird fly down from the steeple and alight upon my shoulder. He retained his perch all the way home. He got so well up to opening the fastening of his cage-door that I had to get a small spring padlock, which defied him, although he studied it for months, and finally gave it up, as being one of those things which no fellow could understand.

Dick soon began to talk, and before long had quite a large vocabulary of words, which he was never tired using. As he grew very tame, he was allowed to live either out of his cage or in it all day long as he pleased. Often he would be out in the garden all alone for hours together, running about catching flies, or sitting up in a tree repeating his lessons to himself, both verbal and musical. The cat and her kittens were his especial favourites, although he used to play with the dogs as well, and often go to sleep on their backs. He took his lessons with great regularity, was an arduous student, and soon learned to pipe *Duncan Gray* and *The Sprig of Shillelagh* without a single wrong note. I used to whistle these tunes over to him, and it was quite amusing to mark his air of rapt attention as he crouched down to listen. When I had finished, he did not at once begin to try the tune himself, but sat quiet and still for some time, evidently thinking it over in his own mind. In piping it, if he forgot a part of the air, he would cry: 'Doctor, doctor!' and repeat the last note once or twice, as much as to say: 'What comes after that?' and I would finish the tune for him.

'Tse! tse! tse!' was a favourite exclamation of his, indicative of surprise. When I played a tune on the fiddle to him, he would crouch down with breathless attention. Sometimes when he saw me take up the fiddle, he would go at once and peck at Hezekiah. I don't know why he did so, unless to secure her keeping quiet. As soon as I had finished he would say 'Bravo!' with three distinct intonations of the word, thus: 'Brävo! doctor; br-r-ravo! brävo!'

Dick was extremely inquisitive and must see into everything. He used to annoy the cat very much by opening out her toes, or even her nostrils, to

examine; and at times pussy used to lose patience, and pat him on the back.

'Eh?' he would say. 'What is it? You rascal!' If two people were talking together underneath his cage, he would cock his head, lengthen his neck, and looking down quizzingly, say: 'Eh? *What* is it? *What* do you say?'

He frequently began a sentence with the verb 'Is,' putting great emphasis on it. 'Is?' he would say musingly.

'Is what, Dick?' I would ask.

'Is' he would repeat—'Is the darling starling a pretty pet?'

'No question about it,' I would answer.

He certainly made the best of his vocabulary, for he trotted out all his nouns and all his adjectives time about in pairs, and formed a hundred curious combinations.

'Is,' he asked one day, 'the darling doctor a rascal?'

'Just as you think,' I replied.

'Tse! tse! tse! Whew! whew! whew!' said Dick; and finished off with *Duncan Gray* and the first half of the *Sprig of Shillelah*.

'Love is the soul of a nate Irish-man,' he had been taught to say; but it was as frequently, 'Love is the soul of a nate Irish starling;' or, 'Is love the soul of a darling pretty Dick?' and so on.

One curious thing is worth noting: he never pronounced my dog's name—Theodore Nero—once while awake; but he often startled us at night by calling the dog in clear ringing tones—talking in his sleep. He used to be chattering and singing without intermission all day long; and if ever he was silent then I knew he was doing mischief; and if I went quietly into the kitchen, I was sure to find him either tracing patterns on a bar of soap, or examining and tearing to pieces a parcel of newly arrived groceries. He was very fond of wine and spirits, but knew when he had enough. He was not permitted to come into the parlour without his cage; but sometimes at dinner, if the door were left ajar, he would silently enter like a little thief; when once fairly in, he would fly on to the table, scream, and defy me. He was very fond of a pretty child that used to come to see me. If Matty was lying on the sofa reading, Dick would come and sing on her head; then he would go through all the motions of washing and bathing on Matty's bonnie hair; which was, I thought, paying her a very pretty compliment.

When the sun shone in at my study window, I used to hang Dick's cage there, as a treat to him. Dick would remain quiet for perhaps twenty minutes, then the stillness would feel irksome to him, and presently he would stretch his head down towards me in a confidential sort of way, and begin to pester me with his silly questions.

'Doctor,' he would commence, 'is it, is it a nate Irish pet?'

'Silence, and go asleep,' I would make answer.

'I want to write.'

'Eh?' he would say. 'What is it? What d'ye say?'

Then, if I didn't answer:

'Is it sugar—snails—sugar, snails, and brandy?'

Then: 'Doctor, doctor!'

'Well, Dickie, what is it now?' I would answer. 'Doctor—whew.' That meant I was to whistle to him.

'Shan't,' I would say sulkily.

'Tse! tse! tse!' Dickie would say, and continue: 'Doctor, will you go a-clinking?' I never could resist that. (Going a-clinking meant going fly-hawking. Dick always called a fly a clink; and this invitation I would receive a dozen times a day, and seldom refused. I would open the cage-door, and Dick would perch himself on my finger, and I would carry him round the room, holding him up to the flies on the picture-frames. And he never missed one.)

Once Dick fell into a bucket of water, and called lustily for the 'doctor'; and I was only just in time to save him from a watery grave. When I got him out, he did not speak a word until he had gone to the fire and opened his wings and feathers out to dry, then he said: 'Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!' several times, and went forthwith and attacked Hezekiah.

Dick had a little travelling cage, for he often had to go with me by train; and no sooner did the train start than Dick used to commence to talk and whistle, very much to the astonishment of the passengers, for the bird was up in the umbrella rack. Everybody was at once made aware of both my profession and character, for the jolting of the carriage not pleasing him, he used always to prelude his performance with: 'Doctor, doctor, you r-r-rascal. What is it, eh?' As Dick got older, I am sorry, as his biographer, to be compelled to say he grew more and more unkind to his wife—attacked her regularly every morning and the last thing at night, and half-starved her besides. Poor Hezekiah! She could do nothing in the world to please him. Sometimes, now, she used to peck him back again; she was driven to it. I was sorry for Hezekiah, and determined to play pretty Dick a little trick. So one day, when he had been bullying her worse than ever, I took Hezekiah out of the cage, and fastened a small pin to her bill, so as to protrude just a very little way, and returned her. Dick walked up to her at once. 'What,' he wanted to know, 'did she mean by going on shore without leave?' Hezekiah didn't answer, and accordingly received a dig in the back, then another, then a third; and then Hezekiah turned and let him have one sharp attack. It was very amusing to see how Dick jumped, and his look of astonishment as he said: 'Eh? What d'ye say? Hezekiah! Hezekiah!'

Hezekiah followed up her advantage. It was quite a new sensation for her to have the upper hand, and so she courageously chased him round and round the cage, until I opened the door and let Dick out.

But Hezekiah could not live always with a pin tied to her bill; so, for peace-sake, I gave her away to a friend, and Dick was left alone in his glory.

Poor Dickie! One day he was shelling pease to himself in the garden, when some boys startled him, and he flew away. I suppose he lost himself, and couldn't find his way back. At all events I only saw him once again. I was going down through an avenue of trees about a mile from the house, when a voice above in a tree hailed me: 'Doctor! doctor! What is it?' That was Dick; but a crow flew past and scared him again, and away he flew—for ever.

Dear little fellow! he may well have asked 'What is it?' for all things must have appeared very new and strange to him.

Is it any wonder I miss my dear little bird?

FRENCH CAVE-MEN.

THE skeletons, weapons, and ornaments of the cave-men who form the subject of this paper, were discovered, as we shall presently shew, for the most part in two distinct regions of Southern France, the excavations which brought them to light having been undertaken, under government patronage, by zealous French antiquaries.

In the Museum of Toulouse may be seen the skull of a man who dwelt ages ago in a cave at Langerie Basse, in the French department of the Dordogne. When he lived we can only guess, it was so very, very long ago. But in his day there was no village of Lower Langerie, no department of the Dordogne, no France, republican or imperial, no Gaul even—nothing but a nameless, frigid land of lagoon, forest, swamp, and glacier, ranged by wild beasts and wild men. Long ages before Troy was besieged or Jerusalem built, this savage hunter drank of the water of the little river Vézère, which still tinkles past the cavern on its passage to the blue, sunny Bay of Biscay that dimples and flashes hard by.

He died in his sleep, and by an accident to which these savage masters of Europe seem to have been very liable. As he lay, a limestone block from the roof of the cave fell upon his neck and chest, leaving the head uninjured. A well-shaped, largely developed head it was, more like, so craniologists declare, to a Grecian skull than to that of a Carib or a Mongol, the head of one who could appreciate beauty, and was not devoid of the artistic instinct. He was indeed not merely a mighty hunter, used to grapple with brutes more terrible than our continent can now shew, but a draughtsman of no mean pretensions, as we shall presently see.

The great cave near Langerie Basse, behind the picturesque Gorge d'Enfer, and called the Moustier from some fancied resemblance to a medieval minster or church, was known to be rich in animal remains. Bones and teeth once belonging to the monstrous cave-bear, the long-haired cave-lion, the great tiger, in comparison with which the fiercest denizen of the Bengal jungle is but a puny thing, and of the hyena, were dragged to light, along with the bones of horse and ox, stag and reindeer, the bison of the north and the ibex of the hills. Quite recently, and after hard work with pick, shovel, and gunpowder, the way was cleared to the spot where lay the buried man of the cave himself.

He had lain down to rest, no doubt, after the fashion of all barbarians, fully dressed, but time has rotted away every scrap of the bear's fur and deerskin that clothed him. His ornaments have proved more durable, for his broad collar and bracelets lay in fragments around him when the searchers reached his rocky couch. These were entirely composed of perforated sea-shells of two varieties of the genus *Cyprea*, only found in the Mediterranean, and quite unknown in that stormy Atlantic which foamed and rolled within a league or so of the wild man's grave. Here was a fact, then, resting on indisputable evidence;

either by commerce or by migration the hunters of Western Gaul could procure the products of the far-off Southern Sea.

These shells, faded with age and damp, had once been of a rare lustre and beauty. Each was somewhat larger than a pigeon's egg, transparent as porcelain, and while half of them were of a silvery mouse-gray, the rest were of a light red colour, so that the contrasted hues must have produced an effect which modern jewellers would not despise. At some paces off, amidst the rubbish which littered the uneven floor, were picked up, first the sketch of a horse's head, scratched with flint or bone, on the horn of a buck, then similar sketches of a wild cat, of the antlered head of a stag, and of a hare. Lastly was found, executed with the rudest tools, no doubt, and on part of the horn of a reindeer, a really admirable engraving which represents a fawn in the act of running. A similar sketch on mammoth ivory, and representing a mammoth, had been found in a cave, eight years earlier, in Auvergne.

The great preponderance of reindeer bones in the Moustier proved that these animals, now confined to Scandinavia and Lapland, were the chief game pursued by the nomadic people who dwelt in caves, while the ornaments of subtropic shells suggest a wintery migration southwards, to escape the severe frosts which must have been general in Gaul, a country which could at best have presented but a softened prototype of the Greenland of to-day.

The grotto of Lortet in the High Pyrenees, long blocked by stalactites above and stalagmites below, yielded, when explored, along with many bones and many weapons of flint and bone, one spirited engraving on stag's horn representing a moor-fowl, but no human remains. The other bones were those of bear, reindeer, moor-fowl, stag, and horse, those of the horse being by far more abundant than those of the deer. All the bones, like those found in the glacial mud of Alsace, in the Swiss cave of the Kesslerloch, or in the Belgian Trou du Frontal, had been split from end to end for the sake of extracting the marrow.

There was some dispute, not as to nationality, but as to national ownership, with regard to the superb skeleton which persevering M. Emile Rivière, under the auspices of the French government, found near Mentone. It lay in the cave of Cavillon, just within the Italian frontier, in a mass of limestone rock that hangs beetling over the Mediterranean. This cave-dweller, whose remains were, after a labour of eight days, heedfully removed, with the bed of funereal cinders on which they lay, and with jealous care transported to the Paris collection in the Jardin des Plantes, was of great stature. That he was old, his deeply worn teeth indicate. His skull is large and comparable to the finest heads in our museums. That the wearer of it was a chief or prince seems probable from the circumstances of his burial.

This cave-dweller's skull was covered, when found, by what the workmen of M. Rivière compared to a nightcap, but which was probably a head-dress of state, composed of numerous perforated coloured shells. There was also an anklet of similar shells, and necklaces of bears' teeth, the teeth of deer, and even of flint. The floor was thickly strewn with cinders. There were cinders and charcoal in a large shell. Weapons and tools

of bone and flint, the latter unpolished, lay near. Beneath the head of the skeleton were the heads of two spears, and on the forehead rested a curious instrument of bone.

These cave-dwellers had no bronze, and, it seemed, no pottery of which a scrap remains for us to see, no hand-mill, or grain, or seeds. In the cave were bones innumerable, of the great bear, the wild cat of Europe, the great wolf (happily extinct), of woolly rhinoceros and cave hyena, of five sorts of deer, of the hare, the wild pig, the antelope, the long-horned wild bull, the great goat, and a smaller bear. There were no remains of reindeer or wild horses, so plentiful in Switzerland and Gascony. Knives, arrow-heads, lance-heads, of flint, were abundant. There was in the Cavillon one bone-pin that seemed to be ornamental.

A cave in the Baoussé Roussé, or Red Rocks, also near Mentone, furnished, when investigated by M. Emile Rivière, the skeleton of a very tall man. The measurement was no less than two metres, or six feet six inches of our standard; and near this cave-dweller the bones of wild horses were found, with those of bear and wolf, of fox and hyena, of the wild hog, goat, and bull, and of hares of two sorts. There was also the skeleton of an eagle of extraordinary size, and the shells of many oysters. The giant's bones lay on a bed of cinders, with his weapons and ornaments around him.

A second search in the Cavillon grotto brought to light, along with stone, but not flint, implements, the skeletons of two children and a man of gigantic height, whose large bones reposed on cinders, and were decked with shells and pierced teeth. This warrior was of a different type. His head was, instead of being rounded or of a fine oval, like the skulls first mentioned, excessively long and flattened, while the under jaw was powerful and projecting, like the jowl of some ferocious Carib or martial Ashantee. His limbs and joints were of most unusual strength, and the general character of the head approached that of the skulls found in a peat-moss near Dunkirk, and during the late excavations in Boulogne harbour.

What little we know of the former inhabitants of France is full of strange contrasts. They dwelt in caves, exposed to peril, not merely from enemies brute and human, but of those land-slips and falls of rock so common among the honeycombed cliffs of limestone. Of metals, of pottery, of cloth, silk, or tanned leather, of fruits, grain, or domestic animals, they seem to have known nothing. Fishermen they were, and in a sense navigators, as their long and solid canoes seem to prove. Above all things they were intrepid hunters, contriving, with no weapons but spears, arrows, and tomahawks of sharpened flint, to slay mammoth and rhinoceros, lion and bear, to say nothing of wolves and bears, tigers and wild cats.

That they travelled, the mute witness of the bracelets and collar of the Dorlogne skeleton testify; while the skill with which, on a scrap of horn and with the angle of a flint, they could depict the wild animals in the chase of which their lives were spent, was, for savages, extraordinary. By burnt-offerings and the interment of arms and adornments they did honour to their mighty dead; while the rude plenty in which they lived is evidenced by the heaped-up relics of their feasts, forming a bed of bones and organic matter, often some feet in thickness, on the floor of the tribal

grotto. It is worthy of notice that the wild horse of these pre-historic times was no pony, as in America and Tartary, but an animal fully equal in dimensions to our domestic steed of to-day.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XLV.—RETROSPECTIVE.

WHEN Dalton arrived at Liverpool upon the day of his leaving Riverside, it was too late to go on board the *Flamborough Head*, and therefore, notwithstanding his desire to be economical, he was compelled to sleep at an hotel. The next morning was a wet one; yet, for the sake of a few shillings, he sent his luggage by a porter's truck, and went down through the rain to the docks on foot. It was just such an arrangement of the 'penny-wise and pound-foolish' sort as those unaccustomed to frugality are wont to make; and grievously did he afterwards repent of it. He found everything on board in confusion; there was a difficulty, or seemed one, about getting at the contents of his portmanteau; his cabin indeed was infinitely better than he had expected, thanks to his wife's kind extravagance, and not a moment was to be lost in acknowledging that. One thing and the other, in short, combined to make him careless of so small a matter as damp raiment, and the end of it all was rheumatism in the knees. This is a malady—let those who enjoy the acquaintance of sciatica boast as they please—not easily matched for habitual discomfort, and it crippled Dalton. It was some time before he could leave his cabin and so much as crawl about the saloon, and even then he was subject to severe relapses. On one of his 'better days' he managed to make a grand tour of the vessel; he was on that part of the deck appropriated to second-class passengers, when suddenly his pains came on, and he fell rather than sat down upon a coil of rope.

'You are ill, Mr Dalton; shall I give you an arm?' said some one in cold but courteous tones; and looking up, he saw his half-brother.

The phrase 'More familiar than welcome,' which would have suited with the sight of Astor's face a few days back, had now no meaning for Dalton. Any face that he had known of old, and which therefore reminded him of home, was welcome to him.

'What! you here, Philip?' said he, with genuine emotion. A pleased expression flitted across the other's grave gray features; for hitherto his half-brother had been scrupulous to call him 'Mr Astor.'

'Yes, John, it is I. I suppose I must say I am sorry to see you, since you are outward bound, like myself, but, unlike me, have left so many dear ones behind you. You are in pain, I fear, too?'

'I have got a touch of rheumatism; that is all. But how came you here? I thought, from what Holt told me, you had left England some time ago.'

'It is not well to believe what Richard Holt tells you about anything,' answered the other bitterly. 'I should have thought you had found out that for yourself by this time. If otherwise, I am surprised

you speak to me, after what he must needs have told you about me.'

'He told me nothing, except that he was dissatisfied with you; by which I understood that you had parted company on account of some business disagreement.'

'Dissatisfied?' echoed Astor contemptuously. 'Yes, he has cause to be dissatisfied with me: he took me into his employment upon speculation—in the hope that, after all, I should make good my claim of legitimacy against yourself. He didn't tell you that, I'll warrant?'

'No, indeed,' said Dalton. 'On the contrary, he gave me to understand—though he never actually said so—that he retained you out of his regard for me.'

'Regard for you?' exclaimed Astor, with a bitter laugh. 'Why, he would have put all your money into my pocket—minus what he claimed as his own share—if the thing could have been done. I would have gained from you what I considered my own, Mr Dalton—as I still consider it—but I would never have played you false, as he did.'

'But you have quarrelled with him, you confess, yourself?' remarked the other cautiously. He had his own suspicions of his late business friend, but he felt that that was no reason for believing all that a personal enemy might say against him.

'Yes, we have quarrelled,' answered Astor frankly; 'and legally, it is I who have been in the wrong. He led me to imagine that I was his partner. The whole plot is plain to me now; but I was deceived as easily as a child by a trick at cards. John, tell me the truth. Did that villain ever hint to you that I had forged his name?'

'Never, upon my honour, Philip: he would not have dared to do it.'

'I thank you, brother, for that word,' answered Astor gravely. 'Well, he might have done it, and, in a sort of way, yet spoken what was true. He knew that I had meant no wrong, but it might have been hard to persuade others so. He gained a hold on me, at all events; and when I got to know more of his affairs than was agreeable to him, he used his hold. I am no felon, John, believe me; and yet, thanks to Richard Holt, I am transported. He has compelled me to leave England—as he has compelled you.'

'He has not compelled me,' answered Dalton haughtily. 'In fact, I am doing so contrary to his advice.'

'I understand,' said Astor quietly. 'He wanted you to part with your shares; but your motto was, "Stick to the *Lara*."

'Good Heavens, how do you know that? Why—Philip—it was you who wrote that warning letter?' exclaimed Dalton in astonishment.

'If four words can be said to be a letter; yes, I did. You are bound for Brazil, to discover if the advice be good, for yourself. Time will shew; yet I think you have acted wisely.'

'But, Philip, why should you have done so? Why should you have taken the trouble to do so

good a turn to one whose interests—and unhappily whose acts, though of necessity—have been so antagonistic to your own?'

'Well, there was a reason; for which you yourself owe me no thanks.'

'I owe you thanks, whatever it was.'

'No. The thanks, if they turn out to be owed to any one, are due to Kitty.'

'To my daughter Kitty?'

'Yes; and my *niece*,' answered the other. 'Listen, John. Years ago, when that unhappy litigation between us had resulted—though, as I thought, and as Holt thought, only temporarily—in my defeat, I set foot for the first time under your roof. We met; not cordially, but without ill blood; and you would have behaved, if I had permitted you to do so, with what you doubtless considered—and indeed what was so, from your point of view—with generosity. Well, we need not talk of that now. You refused to acknowledge me as your brother. As I left your house—full of wrath and bitterness—a little maiden, beautiful as a fairy, ran up to me in the hall, and with eager eyes exclaimed: "Why, you are Uncle Philip!" I snatched her up in my arms and kissed her. It was very illogical in me, no doubt—for if the little lady had known the circumstances of the case, she would probably have been the last to give me such a title—but I loved her for acknowledging the relationship that you denied. She has forgotten me, no doubt; but I never forgot her; and when years afterwards, I discovered—no matter how—that my employer, Holt, was bent on making her his wife—'

'Ah, you know that too, do you? I have sometimes suspected it,' said Dalton gloomily. 'Go on.'

'Well, I say, when I found that that false hound had dared to lift his eyes to Kitty, I swear I hated him for that worse than for all the rest. I had no means of foiling him, of course; but I felt that his opportunity could only lie in your necessity, and therefore strove to avert your ruin. What losses he has caused you, I know not; my belief is he made a cat-spaw of you from the first, and has robbed you right and left; but with the *Lara* he has still connection, that is certain. I heard from Brand (himself dismissed, like me, for knowing too much) that Holt was pressing you to sell your shares. And so I wrote to you to stick to them. That's the whole story.'

Much of this was of course news to Dalton, though somehow it only tended to confirm his own suspicions. Yet, after all, like them it was but vague. He had a greater distrust of Holt than ever, yet he had no more tangible ground than before for entertaining it. Had the opportunity, for example, been at once afforded him of returning to England and taxing his late business friend with malpractices, he would scarcely have taken advantage of it. No proof of any kind was to his hand. As time went on, however, and he got to know more of his half-brother, his confidence in him increased, and in proportion his suspicions of the man he had got by that time to consider their common enemy. The little episode of Kitty's reception of her uncle touched her father's heart, and out of it there flowed a tenderness not only towards Kitty herself, but towards him who had thus recalled her, and spoken of her so fondly; while the anger Astor felt against Holt for daring to wish to win Kitty's favour, combining with his own suspicions of that

intention, made somehow a still stronger bond between them.

The intimacy between the saloon passenger and the second-class man, as well as the unmistakable family likeness between them, excited considerable curiosity and some comment; and here, again, Dalton endeared himself to Philip by at once owning him as his half-brother, without saying a word of his illegitimacy. John's mother was supposed to have been married again to a person of larger means than her first husband; and hence the difference of the social position of the two brothers. It was generous of him—for it cost some sacrifice of pride—but Philip was more than grateful for it. No liberality which John had shewn him in the past touched him half as nearly. Unhappily, he was in no position to repay him; for he was going to Brazil, a mere adventurer, as friendless and even more penniless than his kinsman; but as a comforter and, when occasion required, as a sick-nurse, his companionship was invaluable. The two men would sit together for hours talking over Holt's conduct, chiefly in relation to John; speculating as to whether he had played him false in this and that affair, but especially concerning the mine. And then, for relief, they would turn to Kitty, of whom Philip was never tired of hearing; and from her John would diverge to his wife and the other children, and find at least a patient and apparently an interested listener.

It was curious how the adversity which thus knit John to Philip isolated him from the rest of his fellow-creatures. His genial nature had been nipped and frozen by its cold breath, and where the blossoms of wit and fancy had been wont to hang in such profusion, there was nought now but bare boughs. If to any one among the saloon passengers on board the *Flamborough Head* the social reputation of John Dalton was known by repute, he must needs have thought it ill earned. Dalton was, to be sure, an invalid; but even when he was able to take his seat at table, or hobble up to smoke a cigar upon the deck, he did not mingle in the conversation, but sat in silence and sad thought. He was polite, of course, and answered when addressed; but that was all. There were some young ladies on board who interested him, by some faint resemblance perhaps to Kitty or Jenny; but he was constantly asking himself how it was with Edith and the little household at Sanberk. The recollection of the unpaid premium to the *Palm Branch* also occurred to him, and gave him great uneasiness; for though he strove to believe that Mr Campden would surely discharge that debt for him, his thoughts were full of bitterness and disbelief in the loyalty of all friends. From the little gaieties and amusements of life on shipboard, he shrank with pain, except on one occasion. That pretty custom had just come in vogue of committing a miniature vessel, decked with ribbons, and named after some young-lady passenger, to mid ocean laden with letters for England, in hopes that some homeward-bound ship might pick it up, and act as postman. In this case, the fairy craft happened to be named the *Edith*; and since it could but carry a very limited mail-bag, there was much competition for the privilege of sending letters by it. The coincidence of the name with that of his wife, made John strangely solicitous to be one of the favoured few; and he succeeded in his desire. Perhaps his only happy hour on board the *Flamborough Head* was

during the launching of this fragile toy; his eyes were the last to watch it as it rose and fell upon the calm bosom of the ocean in their wake. After that day there was no more calm. Stormy weather set in, and with it the pangs of his rheumatism increased. He was confined to his berth, and day and night lay listening to the roar of wind and wave. Philip came to him, and sat by his side, conversing so long as it was possible to converse; but after a time the gale so increased that no human voice could well be heard.

One day—it was but noon, but the cabin window was so hidden by sheets of water that it was almost dark—John asked, with difficulty, 'Is there danger, Philip?'

His brother nodded gravely, holding on meanwhile to the side of the berth. The ship so pitched and lurched that the floor was as often the ceiling as the floor; the howling of the wind and the roar of the sea were deafening and incessant; but above them both could be heard hurried movements upon the deck.

'They are getting out the boats. Is it not so, Philip?'

'I will go and see. Do not fear, brother; I will not desert you.'

'I fear nothing—only for my poor wife and the children; thank God, I am well within the days of grace, however.' John Dalton's thoughts amid that whirl and woe were centred on the premium of his life-assurance. Presently the door was burst open—it would open in no other way now—and Philip rushed in.

'Quick, quick! You must get up; and I will carry you on deck.'

'Not I,' answered Dalton resolutely. 'What should I do, a poor cripple, in this tumult? Could I jump into a boat? Could I live in one, if I did? No. Let me drown in peace.'

Philip's only answer was to seize him in his powerful arms and drag him from his berth.

From thence, by immense exertion, he got him across the saloon; but up the cabin stairs, now steep, now sloping, and now staggering towards them like a thing of life, it was impossible to carry him: he was not only a helpless cripple, but every movement gave him torture.

'Leave me, Philip, leave me!' exclaimed he vehemently. 'God will reward you, though He will not suffer you to save me. Tell Edith my last breath was'—

There was a rush of water down the cabin stairs, that swept the men apart, and dashed the speaker senseless against the cabin wall.

When he came to himself, he was lying on the floor wet through; the turmoil of the elements had nowise abated, but the trampling and hurrying overhead had ceased. Sometimes all was in darkness—when the maimed and shattered vessel fell into the trough of the sea—and sometimes there was light enough to behold the devastation and wreck of the saloon as the ship battled to the surface, and was hurried on the crest of a wave. From her aimless and uncertain progress, it was evident that she no longer obeyed the helm, but was rolling like a log, now under, and now above the water.

If John's personal discomfort had been less, he might even now have congratulated himself that he had lived his life thus long, and had not ended it upon Bleabarrow Crags, as he had once thought to

do: Edith could now have no sort of difficulty in realising the five thousand pounds from the *Palm Branch*, and there would be no guilt of self-murder upon his soul. But his knees gave him such intolerable pain that he could think of little else. He contrived, however, to drag himself on to one of the couches let into the sides of the saloon, and presently swooned away there.

When Dalton next awoke to life he was in his own berth; the roar of the tempest had greatly diminished, but there was a slush and whirl of water in his ears; and he perceived—or was he dreaming?—that some articles in his cabin were advancing to and retreating from him in the strangest manner: they were in fact aloft. From the complete absence of any sound save that of the elements, it was plain to Dalton that the ship was deserted. Yet how, if this were so, could he have been conveyed back to his berth? His pains had abated, but he was faint and sick with hunger, and conscious of some strange disturbance in his brain. Was it a dream, or was it reality, that some one was splashing about the cabin? Dr Curzon, perhaps, upon his pony: yes, and with a prescription too, which he persisted in thrusting into his mouth—a mixture of bismit and brandy, which so revived him, that he presently sat up, and said: 'Hollo, Philip!'

'Hollo, old fellow,' answered his half-brother cheerily; 'the old ship floats, you see, still.'

'Yes; only the water is inside of her instead of outside of her; is it not?' said Dalton. It was a point that puzzled him, and which he really wished to have cleared up; but the other mistook it for a joke.

'Come, that is spoken like yourself, John. You are getting round now, though you have had a bad touch of it.'

Then Dalton began dimly to comprehend that he had been ill for days.

'Where is everybody, Philip?' inquired he suddenly.

'The ship is water-logged: as for the people, I don't know for certain,' answered Philip gravely; 'but I fear that you and I are all that now remain of them. That day when you saw me last—to know me—was one I shall never forget. The scene on deck was heart-rending. The women—You remember those two girls who launched the *Edith*?'

John nodded: he remembered their doing that.

'Well, they clung about the captain like poor demented creatures at the feet of their idol. Their shrieks, their cries for help, where no help could come, while the wind and waves stormed at them like devils, were terrible to listen to. The launching of the boats was with great difficulty effected; but some were staved in, and some were swamped with all on board, before our eyes. It was a sea, the captain said, such as it was scarce possible for a boat to live in. I told him how you were left below stairs; but he said, taking into account your maimed condition, you had as good a chance of life—if chance there was—in remaining there, as in endeavouring to leave the ship.'

'And you?' inquired Dalton, taking the other's hand and pressing it with what little strength he had.

'Well, I thought I would see the thing out along with you, John. The boats I verily believe are lost, with all that went with them; and the old

ship herself was bound to have gone down too, but for some empty casks it seems she has below.'

'There is hope in your eyes, Philip!' cried the other eagerly. 'Is a sail in sight?'

'No, indeed. Only, since the ship has floated so long, lop-sided and water-logged though she be—'

'There is land ahead?' exclaimed Dalton excitedly.

'You have hit it, John. There is land of some sort; and you must make shift to come on deck and look at it.'

A CO-OPERATIVE COMMUNITY.

ABOUT two years ago, the Black River, rising one night without warning, swept away a toy factory at Springfield, Vermont, U.S., managed by a Mr Ellis, who had invested the bulk of his savings in the concern, and found himself suddenly a poor man again. He had long believed that working-people could profitably become their own employers, and determined to risk the little the cruel waters had left him in giving practical proof of his faith in co-operation. Four good workmen, who had saved a few dollars, were found willing to make the experiment, and 'the Practical Co-operation Association' was formed; its avowed objects being, to provide each member with constant employment at remunerative wages, find him with wholesome victuals and a comfortable home at the lowest possible cost, and insure him a competency when his working days were over.

With a joint capital of a thousand dollars, the five 'industrials,' as they soon came to be called, commenced business as manufacturers of toys and fancy articles in a small workshop commanding water-power. They had no difficulty, thanks to Mr Ellis's experience, in finding a profitable market for their wares; and when it was seen that they could hold their own, plenty of men were ready to join the Association, and as every new-comer had to bring a hundred dollars with him, it was not long before the society owned its shop and another beside. Everything went on well with them until the spring of 1875, when the damage done by a fire frightened not a few of the associates into secession. The majority, however, 'stuck to the ship,' turned builders for the nonce, and at the end of a couple of months were busy at their accustomed work again; and they have gone on prospering ever since.

Upon making this second start the rules of the Association were revised. By the code now in force a candidate for admission into the community must be sound in body, blameless in character, a non-smoker, an abstainer from intoxicating drinks, and the possessor of three hundred dollars, which he pays into the general fund upon entering the society. When he has done this he is only a member on probation, liable at the expiration of his three months' term of trial to be voted out of the Association, if his co-workers so will; so that the industrials are not likely to be saddled with bad workmen or disagreeable companions. The affairs

of the community are managed by five directors, chosen by ballot, who appoint a president, a secretary, and a superintendent, and select those they deem best fitted to act as foremen of the shops. A member on probation receives a wage slightly in excess of the cost of his keep; but as soon as he is elected into the society, he is paid according to his ability; the rate varying between seven and a half and sixteen and a half dollars a week, the last-named amount being exceeded in special cases. What is done when a worker is incapacitated by illness we cannot say, information being wanting on that point. Wages are paid once a quarter. Not in full, however; four and a half dollars a week being deducted for board and lodging, and one-fourth of a worker's earnings being retained for investment in the Association's capital fund. Thus, a man earning fifteen dollars a week will at the end of three months receive eighty-eight dollars in cash, and have forty-eight dollars added to his capital; so that every member is compelled to save money and increase his monetary interest in the business. He cannot draw any money out of the fund, even the interest due to him being added to his capital, until it pleases him to withdraw from the community, when he—or in case of his death his representative—receives the whole of the money standing at his credit in the Association's books. What with the quarterly additions and the high compound interest, a member who holds on to the P. C. A. for ten years will find his original investment swelled to a very respectable sum. Boys and women are put on the same footing as men, save that the former need only bring in one hundred, instead of three hundred dollars to the common fund; while the latter are let off yet easier with a contribution of twenty-five dollars, which they are allowed to pay by instalments out of their earnings, and are only charged three dollars a week for their board and lodging.

Business meetings are held at regular intervals to consider the directors' reports and statements of accounts, and to fix the rate at which each worker is to be paid for the ensuing period; it being the strict rule of the Association that the interest upon the invested capital—which is fixed at eight per cent.—must be first secured; and if the dullness of trade threatens a falling-off in the receipts, the difficulty is met by reducing the wages until things recover themselves.

Every member is expected to be in his or her place when the machinery is started at seven in the morning; any one making an imperfect day being mulcted ten per cent. on the day's earnings. At twelve all adjourn to the home, where a good dinner is provided, and return to the shops at one and work until six. The Practical Co-operation Association does not recognise the Saturday half-holiday or any other holiday except the statutory ones. The American journalist to whom we owe our knowledge of the existence of this interesting community, visited their workshops one dreary afternoon when the rain was descending like a deluge. 'No one was to be seen outside the shops. Inside, however, little heed was paid to the weather. The noise was deafening, and every one was working with a vigour and earnestness that would have amazed me had I not known that each member was labouring with the knowledge that his or her industry was increasing the

resources of the community, and thereby adding to the wealth of each individual worker. Men and women were employed together—the men doing the rougher work at the machinery, while the women had lighter and easier labour. There was little or no conversation going on; the entire faculties of every one within the walls of the shops seeming to be engrossed, to the exclusion of everything else, in the manufacture of American flags of various sizes, intended to enable the patriotic youth of the Republic to becomingly celebrate the centennial fourth of July. The wheels flew round and round, as if they too shared the general spirit of industry and were actuated by a sense of personal responsibility. Sheets of muslin went in at one end of the presses white and glazed, and came out at the other damp with the freshly painted stars and stripes. As rapidly as nimble hands could seize them they were hung up to dry, after which the women pasted or nailed them to sticks, which were being manufactured in another room. The superintendent told me that the members had been employed in this manner for the past two months, during which period they have made and shipped not less than three-quarters of a million flags. In April they shipped about four thousand seven hundred dollars' worth; increased their capital by fifteen hundred dollars, and their joint wages amounted to eighteen hundred and twenty-three dollars.'

One good feature usually distinguishes the operative classes in the United States. After the hours of daily labour, they go home, shift their attire, and put on a dress resembling that of other members of the general community. In other words, they do not appear as loungers in the streets, unwashed, and in their working garments, as is too commonly the case in English manufacturing towns. Among the co-operators we are speaking of, there is visibly a high sense of self-respect. When the day's work is over they hurry to the boarding-house, to change their working-clothes for smarter attire ere they sit down together to an early supper; and supper discussed, set about amusing themselves according to their several fancies. Some go for a walk, some for a row in a boat, some try their skill at football and other outdoor games, while the stay-at-homes settle down to their letters or their books, or gather round the piano for a little music. As the evening closes in, the family gather together to indulge in candy-pulling—that is, drawing out great masses of molasses candy until it becomes too stiff to be pulled any longer. Then the dining-room is cleared for a game at forfeits; the penalties attached to the redemption sometimes affording amusement. At ten all retire for the night, and conscious of a well-spent day.

This curious industrial Association counts fifty-five members, ranging in age from sixteen to thirty, the sexes being pretty equally represented. The majority of the male recruits are steady workmen tired of enforced idleness, and the consequent melting away of their savings. Most of the women have been lured from the harassing, underpaid work of teaching by the prospect of being able to lay by something for the future while earning a present livelihood. They are said to be well endowed in the way of good looks, which may be accounted for by their admission

into the community depending upon the votes of male co-operators; although it must be owned that the latter have not shewn themselves oversusceptible to feminine charms, for only two marriages have taken place among the members since the Association was founded.

So far the Association has prospered. It has fulfilled its promise of providing constant and remunerative employment and a comfortable home for all belonging to it; whether it will last long enough to insure them a retiring competency, time only can tell. A trade-union that recognises the claims of capital; insists upon every worker working his best and being paid according to his ability; discountenances the idler, the shuffler, and the thriftless, and inculcates self-denial, is such a novelty in these days, that we cannot but wish it every possible success.

FOLLOWING UP THE TRACK.

CHAPTER V.

THERE are periods of our existence when long hours of passion, of emotion, of sorrow, and of conflicting hopes and fears, become epitomised and brought within the compass of a few minutes; when the mind becomes as it were almost omniscient in the extent of intelligence it takes in; realities and thoughts crowding upon the senses, and thronging in through the same narrow portal. It is mostly through the martyrdom of suffering that this supremacy of intelligence is attained, and the day in which a great calamity has been endured outlives in memory decades of happy months.

The steps of the strangers were heard receding, and the cottage door was closed. Could it be that they were some of the Whiteboys in search of arms? They would be disappointed; but though on such missions the lawless peasantry almost always acted with courtesy and tenderness to women, the thought was present, how great would be the alarm of Ellen. No! he would not delay a moment longer; and again he crept to the window of the little sleeping apartment, and grasping the sill, stretched on tip-toe, looked through the wood-work at the top, where a knot in the timber had dropped out and left a minute circle vacant. There were assuredly persons moving across the floor; but what were they doing? The time was one for energy of action; and gazing more fixedly, he was enabled to discern three men at the least; but he could not say whether there might not be more. Their faces were blackened, and having drawn a table into the middle of the room, they were bent down round something laid upon it. There was the sound coming in upon the drear quiescence of the night, of the heavy metallic clink of gold, not to be mistaken, and some of it was passing from hand to hand. The dread reality was revealed to the unhappy man. With one appalling shout of agony the husband rushed against the closed entrance-door, which yielded at once to the effort, and passing through the hall and kitchen, sprang into the bedroom, and with his huge staff levelled the

nearest ruffian to the floor. The light on the table was extinguished, but not before Maurice had seized another of the gang in his grasp. But at this juncture the arms of the assailant were suddenly relaxed; sparks of fire flashed from his eyes; he felt as if he were in a drunken revelry, or out at sea amid the swell and upheaving of many waters, and struck from behind with the butt-end of a gun, he became senseless, and at the mercy of those who had desolated his quiet and happy home. . . .

The bright but yet sedate sun of an October morning had long risen before Maurice Power awoke to consciousness; and still confused, he staggered to his knees, after one or two vain attempts, and then, with a painful effort, to his feet, and looking around, flung himself on the bed over the body of his poor murdered wife. If it be hard to leave those we love when long sickness has, as it were, acclimatised the sufferer and those who surround the bed to the atmosphere of another world—if it be hard to be reconciled to the idea that the wasted frame and the languid step of the loved one must soon be looked upon no more; and if we are reluctant, through the gathering mists of this earth, to look upwards and behold the radiance of heaven shining upon the home angel released from this prison-house of care and pain: what, indeed, must it be to part, when youth and health have been the gifts of but a yesterday? What is it to know that death has come in all its terrors; no voices to whisper divine truths into the ear, learned before but only now to be thoroughly applied to the conscience; no wondrous affection; no anticipating tenderness to supply every wish and thought of the paralysed tongue; no prayer to herald forth the bright future beyond the churchyard and the grave; the fainting spirit left alone—broken down and crushed, and doomed to pass across the dark stream which separates the mortal from the immortal!

Such or similar thoughts, if they could have found expression, were present to the unhappy tenant of the Glen farm; that farm for the retention of which he had lost everything. He was alone—that word in the very pronouncing of which there is a lament; for the slayers of his wife had not spared even his child. But one purpose alone was now to actuate him—namely, that of vengeance. Who, except those initiated in the brotherhood of sorrow, can realise the loneliness, the vacancy, the objectless condition of the man whose young wife had been taken from him! To see her no more on this earth; no more to bid her good-bye, and God bless her, as he goes forth to his daily business or to the distant fair—no longer to have her sympathy and affection sustaining him when galled by the slights, the slanders, and the reverses to which even the most successful career is exposed; to be conscious that she is under the same roof no longer; that no opening door will bring to him the light and sunshine of her presence; that the music of her gentle accents

will never more be heard! To whom could he now confide what were once his pleasures? To whom unburden his griefs? There are a hundred tributary streams which tend to swell the current of our affections; but when the parent source whence they issued has been dried up by some great calamity, they flow no more in their wonted channels. How truly has a great poet marked out the changed household aspect:

Wonderful!

Never to feel her thrill the day or night
With personal speech or act.

Clenched in the hand of the unhappy man was some evidently small object, which he regarded with especial and strange solicitude. He viewed it again and again, as if to guard against any possibility of mistake as to its identity, and finally folded it up carefully (could it have been by design, or in the mere abstraction of misery and grief?), placed it in an inner pocket; and having knelt at the threshold of the home which was to be his sanctuary no longer, and uttered prayers fervent and impassioned, in all the eloquence of natural emotion, turned away in the direction of Clonmel, to put the authorities upon the track, and to have the last dread offices solemnised for those who had passed away.

CHAPTER VI.

Nance Dwyer was the owner of an establishment in which wayfarers found a decent home at very moderate charges, situated about a mile from the village of Mulla, and about half a day's journey from Clonmel, travelling by easy stages. Her household consisted only of herself, a daughter and a nephew; but half an acre of ground planted with potatoes, and the like quantity of grazing, afforded no Savlanapalian luxuries; and as the district she lived in was sparsely inhabited, her ordinary humble lodgers were limited in point of numbers; no rural 'Claridge's' hotel for them, with announcements in the provincial *Morning Post*, of fashionable arrivals and departures; no *Trois Frères* to stimulate palled tastes with truffles in the highest perfection, and Lafitte of the most delicate bouquet; and as cynics describe society as consisting of only two classes—those who have money and no appetites, and others who have the appetite without the money, the guests of the widow were ordinarily of the latter type.

It was the advent of a large gathering in the village when Mrs Dwyer found herself overwhelmed with a sudden influx of visitors, some of whom were very unwelcome. Among them was a nomadic collection of thimble-riggers, card tricksters, self-created cripples, and the scum of society that seethes up at every racecourse and fair. Sheer necessity alone compelled Mrs Dwyer to keep the lodging-house in question; an extensive building, and the only property saved from the wreck of a spendthrift husband's inheritance. As some one has bitterly observed, 'Poverty is no crime, but it is worse'; and the lines on her forehead became more defined and numerous as years passed on, and the little child at her feet grew up until she had passed the frontier bounds between girlhood and womanhood. How painful that she should be even thought for a moment to have any

knowledge of the lodgers in her mother's place, when at a festive-time the place was crowded with the characters to whom we have referred. That mother had a further cause for deep anxiety, for her nephew, John Dwyer, who had been brought up by her with a loving solicitude, had of late years become wild and reckless, moody and dissatisfied with his condition, and for weeks would remain away, assigning no cause for his leaving home, and with no kindly word, no message to tell where he had gone or what he was doing.

There was one, indeed, to whom his moody changes of temper and his unexplained departures constituted the first great sorrow of her young life. Mary Dwyer had promised to become his wife if only her cousin would reform, and give up the wild companions with whom she feared he had become the associate; and with a contrariety of feeling often found, but never to be satisfactorily explained, the faults she wept over excited a pity and a sympathy which the acts of a better man would not have awakened. Shrinking from association with the persons who came to her mother's house, she would often urge her to give up the place; and when any doubt was expressed upon this change, she would say: 'I am young and strong; I will work for you; and as his Reverence told us the other day, when advising every one to rise early, the blessed manna in the desert could only be gathered in the morning, when the dew was fresh upon the ground. The work will also be a light to my soul when I think for what it is done; and when I go along the beautiful fields after my devotions, I won't then have the shame of thinking how the drink destroys so many poor fellows in the parish, and that my darlin' mother had her share in the blame and in the sin of encouraging them, by keeping some spirits unknownst to the ganger.'

'Don't mind that,' would be the plea of Mrs Dwyer: 'the boys will have the drop whenever they get it; and what else is there to make their hearts light? And the law allows you to pay for a license if you are rich enough.'

'Don't put your dependence on that, my darlin' mother. The law builds prisons, and gives food and comforts to the thief; while the honest poor are left to the charity of those scarcely better off than themselves. The law locks up the man who can't pay except by the sweat of his brow, and keeps him idle while his people at what was once his home are starving; while the owner of the big shop in the next town, who cheats the whole side of a country, goes up to Dublin, has a talk with some grand people there, who know nothing of his "character" before, and gets a bit of paper which gives him the right to set up again; and he is better off than ever.'

'We must not begin to think in that way, or it would drive me mad. We must honestly try to get the bit and the sup, and keep the shelter over our heads; and if some of our customers are queer in their ways, and free with the passionate word, the unkind deed, and the wrong to others; sure the treatment they themselves get from those who never knew what it was to rise fasting, or to sleep on the hedge-side under the bursting cloud, must be in store for them when they die, and speak for them while they are with us.'

'It won't do, mother, to try and put our faults upon others, who have their own heavy loads to

carry ; and I know this moment, from your looks, you do not mean what you say.'

'Well, another time I will think about what you are "discoursin'"; but we must hurry to get ready for the company that will be off in the morning on their way to the fair.'

Such was the conversation that took place between Mrs Dwyer and her daughter the night before the great half-yearly fair of Mulla, and six months after the events mentioned in the opening chapters of our narrative ; and a strange medley insisted on finding place in the abode of the widow, and even in the dilapidated sheds at the rear, the relics of better days.

'What trouble or ill-luck brings you here, Brien Spelassy?' interrogated Mrs Dwyer, laying particular emphasis upon the word '*you*,' as stirring about in the vain endeavour to find room for a sudden avalanche of guests, she addressed a man who had just passed the threshold of the door, after uttering the accustomed greeting : 'God save all here !' He was tall and well dressed ; intelligent, but unprepossessing in appearance, and with an equivocal smile playing on the verge of his mouth, as little genial or kindly as sunshine upon ice ; while his eyes, restless in their orbits, were never fixed upon any object except for a few seconds. A thick crop of fiery red hair, which not even the imagination of the most ideal poet could change into an auburn hue, crested his narrow and receding forehead.

'You needn't ask,' was the response of Spelassy, 'when Mary is to the fore, and makes the day dark if one does not get a sight of her countenance by times.'

This reference to her daughter was anything but pleasing to the mother, and with a bitterness of tone which she took no care to conceal, she said : 'I would rather have the *keeners* following her coffin to the grave, than see her living, if she was not to find, some day or other, a better home than either you or I could give her.'

'Is it a grand lady you would think of making of her?' retorted Spelassy, with a sneer. 'Is she to become the mistress of the great house beyant ; or do you expect she is to find a crock of gold in the fairy rath forenent the door that looks out into the ould meadow ?'

'No ; I am not the fool to think of getting her into a grandeur which would be strange to her. But she is a good and an honest child, though you see her here ; and just as my heart is breaking at the thought of dying, and leaving her alone among the waves of the wide world, the blessed saying comes into my mind, that the righteous shall never be found begging their bread.'

'You are only fit to join the Swaddlers with such talk ; but you may find in the end that there are worse matches in the country than Brien Spelassy's.'

As these words were spoken, the subject of this colloquy stepped forward from within the recess of the ample fire-place or nook, over the piled turf on the hearth of which hung suspended a huge iron pot in which was a mysterious compound ; although more substantial and savoury than the weird sisters in *Macbeth* had collected in their abominable pharmacopœia.

'Don't trouble yourself about me, Mister Spelassy'—and emphasis was attached to the '*mister*'—was the observation of the young girl ; 'for if there was never a boy in the whole of

Munster, barring yourself, you would have to go back alone. The bog of Allen, they say, is a big one ; but all the turf that is upon and under it, if set on fire at once, could not make my heart warm to you.'

'That's a strange saying,' retorted Spelassy ; 'but young women are never sure of their own minds for the length of a day ; every wind blows them about from one side to another ; and many a one who talked so big about hoping her friends would go to her funeral and wake, rather than be at her wedding, ended by being the fondest wife of the man she would have cursed.'

'I have heard of such things, and I have even known some who married those they did not care about, or even disliked, for the sake of the money, and for the shelter of a home as they fancied ; but no good ever came of the like ; and the priest who heard the confession of such a poor thing before going to the altar, might be inclined to think, from her tears, that instead of a blessing throwing light upon the threshold she was going to step over, it was the last rites of the church before death he was giving her. God knows that there has been trouble and darkness in this house ever since your shadow fell upon it, and you became so great with my cousin, John Dwyer. No luck or grace have we had since ; and now that the poor fellow has left us entirely for months, and without even a word or a message to say where he has gone, I feel as if the sun looks dim in the sky, and as if the night would never give way to morning again.'

It was manifest from the frank, open speaking of Mary Dwyer, that her heart was near her lips—that no coquetry, no false shame, operated to conceal the affection she bore to her near kindred, wild and graceless as he had become ; and she either disregarded, or perhaps did not notice, the ominous frown which darkened the brow of the person to whom her language had been directed. It seemed doubtful whether he would not give way to the passion with which his frame was quivering ; but he turned away with a manifest effort, and as he did so Mary heard, or fancied she heard, the muttered exclamation : 'You'll see him no more at this side of the Suir, anyhow.' As to the exact words, there might be some mistake, but that something in the nature of a threat was meant she felt assured. But there was no time for reflection, and it was better for her it should have been so, for at this time the place commenced to fill with a noisy and clamorous crew, and when her eyes, after a long interval, rested on the person of her rejected suitor, he was seated in the farthest corner of the kitchen, with three or four others ; and the frequently-replenished tumblers, and the lawless pleasantries which they inspired, were only ended when, under the exhaustion of the debauch, they rolled off their stools, and lay on the floor, faces flushed and brains heated, very beasts, but without their instinct or intelligence—overturned temples designed for reason to dwell in, but within which devils had raised their altars and enshrined their divinities.

The morning arose, with that freshness in the air which imparts animation and hope even to the wearied invalid, and its bright influences brought forth at an early hour the casual guests who had come to the fair of Mulla for the purpose of carrying on their respective avocations. The village in

question consisted of one main street, with lanes or passages diverging from it, and the mass of people gathered into it at seven o'clock was something marvellous. In front of the shops, and on the flagway, sheep and lambs were penned up, so that the passers-by were compelled to wend their uncertain course in the centre of the road, butted by terrified or ill-tempered cattle, assailed by droves of grunting swine, and flung against 'creels' filled with *bonives* and younger members and cadets of the same porcine family, whose shrieks were analogous to a sound then, however, happily unknown—namely, that of a railway whistle, when some doubting, cautious, intending purchaser took them up in his arms in order to ascertain whether there existed any traces of that dreadful distemper the 'red soldier,' or to discover their weight and good or bad points. Entrenched up against the channel-ways were primitive structures, hybrids between a wagon and a boat, over the top of which was suspended on ozier branches a canopy—salvage from the wreck of some dilapidated bedstead—and upon the dais beneath such grandeur were spread cuts of sawlow cheese, piles of gingerbread so stale and musty that they might very fairly have been assumed to have been found in one of the pyramids—the relic of some juvenile Cheops—toys whose machinery would not work; and in the immediate vicinity of these tolerated nuisances stood ranged piles of boxes, and chairs painted red and blue—the colours so glaring that some rustic pre-Raphaelite must have been the aspiring artist.

What a trade was carried on in the various houses where spirits constituted the staple commodity! Not a bargain could be completed, but it must be moistened with liquor; not a pretty or tidy young girl was accosted by an acquaintance of the other sex, but she must put her lips to the presented glass, and the wondrous solvent whisky caused all formalities to melt away under its magical influence, and unsealed the fountains of speech. The wealthy farmers, having sold their four-footed beasts to good account, met together in the various dingy drinking establishments to drive other bargains for the sale of their daughters or sons in marriage—for the truth must be spoken, and despite the dreams and the illusions as to rural singleness of affection, there are as many mercenary alliances patched up in primitive districts of Ireland as in the most aristocratic quarters of Belgravia.

Brien Spelassy had no cattle to dispose of at the fair of Mullin. He was neither a buyer nor a seller, but as if the animated aspect of all around him had in some degree softened his sullen nature, he was to be found in every part of the fair-green and village that day, assisting the farmers he knew in their various business operations—offering advice as to the expediency of giving an additional luck-penny to turn the scale in a bargain trembling in the balance—becoming an obliging ready-reckoner for those whose powers of arithmetic were of a limited character, and exchanging, for the guineas which were current in those days, the notes of the county bank then in favour. He happened to have a considerable supply of the latter, possibly because he did not find himself tempted to become a purchaser of cattle for himself or his principal, Stephen Meagher, and therefore prudently reserved his money for a more eligible occasion. From whatever cause arising, he made himself unusually

accommodating; and the only solution arrived at in reference to his proceedings was, that he must be looking out for a wife, and sought as a preliminary and inductive process to ascertain who were the most opulent of the fathers that day who had eligible daughters.

But there was another who also came to the village that day for no ostensible purpose, and he passed along, hustled by those of whose presence he seemed unconscious. His thoughts were afar off in the lonely mountain glen—at the door of the secluded and moss-covered cottage—by the side of the rippling rivulet that whispered its chidings and complaints against the rocky channels, which broke and impeded its waters in their way to the smiling valley in the distance; and Maurice Power, pale and haggard, and with the light of vengeance in his sunken eyes, paced moodily up and down through the thronged thoroughfare, more fierce and thirsting for blood than the leopard in the cage of the caravan, whose movements are watched with curious wonder and alarm by rustic spectators. But the fun and merriment, intensifying as the shades of evening came on, were too much for him any longer to endure; and turning away, he left the village, and walked on until he had reached close to the house of Mrs Dwyer, when his attention was attracted by the voice of Brien Spelassy, as the latter was passing out from its threshold. There was assuredly nothing in what was said to excite a stranger's curiosity or interest. 'I came back, Mary Dwyer, this blessed evening, to be made sure of what you told me. Think better of it, and change your mind, for you might find far worse husbands than I would make you.'

'Never, never!' was the response, uttered with passionate energy.

Surely the casual listener had heard the man's voice before, but when, and where, and under what circumstances he could not say. He leant against the adjoining wall, buried in thought, as if under the influence of some fearful dream, and then muttered with vindictive abruptness: 'He must have been one of them!'

The unconscious object of his notice passed on towards the fair-green, and Maurice Power's first impulse was to follow him, but restraining himself, he entered the house which the other had just left.

'Can you give me a lodging for the night, my good woman!' was his inquiry directed to the widow.

'If you are not hard to be pleased, there is a small barn where you can have a shake-down, and a bit of straw. To that you have my hearty welcome, and if I am not too bold in speaking, are you far from home, my good man?'

That word 'home' was like the poison-fang of a serpent—as agonising as the revelation which wakes a man from the illusions of a first love, and tells him that she who has become his world, and through whose sake every incentive to ambition and action has had its origin, cares not for him, and perhaps even worse, has given her affection to another. The pent-up waters burst forth, and the lonely wanderer, tears streaming down his manly face, replied: 'God help me, I have no home.'

It is hard to resist a woman's tears, even though they may disfigure the prettiest features, and many a silk gown which a husband's prudent economy would forbid, many a trip to the sea-side, is secured by such an influence. But a man's tears

are something as it were appalling, for never closes the eyelid of the effeminate or the selfish upon the great griefs that will reveal themselves through such a channel. Such tears are like the signs which indicate some revolution in nature, the heavy weight in the air before the sirocco, the silence which mutely heralds the rushing storm, the uneasy fear evidenced by the dull beasts and the birds before the upheaving of the earth. - 'And he went out, and wept bitterly,' are the pathetic words which express the agony and the shame of the ardent disciple of a Divine Master, when he denied Him thrice in an hour of weakness and of imagined worldly prudence.

The compassion of Nance Dwyer was at once excited, because she had herself passed through many a sore trial in the battle of life, of which the mysterious absence of her nephew was one of the latest; and it is ever found that in days of sorrow, distress, or danger, woman goes forth on her mission of mercy.

With the intuitive good taste which even the humblest Irish peasant generally displays, the widow did not inquire of the stranger the reason of his being homeless, but pressed his hand warmly, and merely observed she would make him as comfortable as possible. She was soon busied in preparing his humble supper, and when he turned to the hastily prepared crib which was to be his sleeping apartment for the nonce, the mother and daughter followed him to the entrance, and bid him good-night with the pious ejaculation: 'May the saints in heaven give you strength to put up with the crosses sent to you, and a happy ending.'

The next morning, when Maurice Power was about to leave the house, he drew Mary Dwyer aside, and with an earnestness that crushed the words between his lips, said: 'As you hope to see a better world than this, tell me all you know of this man they call Spelassy. Was he a friend of your cousin's, of whom I heard tell, and has he been much in his company?'

'I know but little of him indeed, but to my bitter sorrow he has been a good deal in his company for the last year or more, and until John knew him, a better boy there wasn't in the parish; always attending to his duty, and regular at confession; but the longer they were together, the greater was the change I saw coming, and myself can't account for his liking for such a dark fellow.'

'Do you remember when exactly your cousin last left this house?'

'I do indeed, as well as if it was yesterday. It was two days before Hallowe'en.'

'Do not think me too bold or inquisitive in what I am about to ask you, and that it is an idle curiosity makes me put these questions, but I want to know something about the conduct and the plans of this Spelassy. Has he since the time you mention been often talking to you of marriage?'

The question was one which in ordinary circumstances, and especially from a stranger, would have been an offence, but there was an earnestness about the interrogator which shewed he was not thinking of any conventional rules, and the quick answer therefore was: 'Indeed he has'—the warm blush of indignation flushing the face of the girl as she spoke—and when I turned away from him with the bitter hate in my heart and tongue, he looked as black as a December night, trying to keep in his

passion, and then almost threatened me as to what he might not do.'

'Had you any falling out or quarrel with your cousin before he left, to account for his staying away ever since?'

'None,' was the answer, 'for on the contrary he was as kind and as tender as would be a mother to her first-born; and he said, as we parted (for a dread came over me that same hour), "Mary, I have been of late what I ought not to have been, and I may be even worse; but let me only come back a richer man than I am going, and then we can buy the little farm on the hillside yonder, and for the rest of my life I will only think of you and my aunt, and strive to make you happy." But Brien Spelassy is waiting for me, and has come a good distance, and whatever is the business he has on hands, he says, must be done without delay.'

Further anxious questions were asked by Maurice, and as frankly answered, even though he was such a stranger, but none tending to cast light upon the cause of the absence of her relative; and with a promise to see her again, they parted with a kindly good-by from Mary. Through the dim obscurity of events, the homeless widow appeared to think that he saw a dim light breaking upon the mystery it was his life's object to solve. He gathered up the unravelled thread; coupled the intimacy of John Dwyer with Spelassy; their rather sudden and unexplained intimacy; their leaving the village together so shortly before the murder at the Glen farm; the subsequent disappearance of Dwyer; the dark suggestions of Spelassy to the young girl. But above all, came the conviction to his mind that Spelassy's was the voice he heard on the fatal night, uttering the words, 'I could swear I heard something strike against the wall.' Then there was the circumstance that one of the assassins must have been killed by the stroke of the staff, when he himself rushed in the fury of despair into the bedroom, and nobody was found the next day, nor any known person missing from the neighbourhood, or the town of Clonmel. These and other links, when woven together, formed a chain which almost converted suspicion into certainty; but a little reflection told the inquirer that he had no proofs with which to confront the object of his distrust. Like most of his class, he was intelligent and shrewd, and knew enough of the law to be aware that no magistrate would think for a moment of causing the arrest of any individual on surmises, vague, unsatisfactory, and shadowy; and he felt that here was he baffled at the very threshold of his inquiries. No red-skin tracking his enemy day by day over the boundless prairie, and forgetful of all sense of hunger or thirst in the excitement of the pursuit of his intended victim; no gambler within one throw of becoming a beggar, or the owner of broad lands and goodly possessions—a forthcoming Lazarus or Dives, but without the blessed assurance of the former in every aspect of his poverty; no youthful eyes trembling with the ecstasy of their first disclosure of love, could rival the intensity of purpose with which the solitary, broken-hearted man carried on his search after what was yet unrevealed, hoping to bring to justice the felon mercenaries who had robbed him of all in this world. And now flashed across him a fact not thought of before, but of obvious connection with the crime. Spelassy was, as he had ascertained, an inmate and assistant in the house of

Meagher the money-lender—the lad Clover, he also learned, was much under his influence and control, and why had he been so urgent with him to drink on that fatal night? It was in the private parlour of the inn that Maurice had fallen into the unaccountable and protracted sleep which enabled the foul work to be done without resistance. Why was he allowed to remain in the house without being awakened, when all the other visitors had gone away, and the doors were locked for the night? These and other questions required to be answered.

THE POEMS OF MRS G. G. RICHARDSON.

AMONG the class of forgotten or little known poets, we reckon Mrs G. G. Richardson, who lived and wrote half a century ago. Caroline Eliza Scott—such being her maiden name—was the daughter of a gentleman of considerable property, and was born on 24th November 1777, at his family residence, Forge, in the parish of Canobie, in Dumfriesshire, on the banks of the Esk. She enjoyed every advantage of education, and grew up to become an ornament of the most refined society of her native country, as she afterwards was of the highest circle of Anglo-Indian society. She is described as having been beautiful, affectionate, amiable, and of a cheerful temperament. She early displayed poetic talent, although it does not appear that any of her productions were published till she was more than fifty years of age. Whilst she was still young, she went to India to live with her uncle, General Harris, afterwards Lord Harris; and in 1799, was married at Madras to her cousin, Gilbert Geddes Richardson, the captain of an Indiaman. The marriage seems to have been one of affection, and congeniality of tastes contributed to a happiness which, however, was not of very long duration. Left a widow, with five young children, Mrs Richardson returned to Scotland, and found solace for her affliction in the company of her nearest remaining friends, and in the rural scenes which had been dear to her from her childhood. She devoted herself to the education of her children, and after some years took up her abode on their account in London, where she entered more into society than she had previously done since her husband's death. But when her object in so doing was accomplished, she gladly sought retirement, and fixed her residence in Dumfries. She died at her birthplace, Forge, on 9th October 1853, having nearly completed her seventy-sixth year. All her children survived her. Her life, unlike the lives of too many of the sons and daughters of genius, was tranquil and peaceful, a life of virtue and piety, of happiness not unclouded, indeed—for like others who live to old age she had to mourn the loss of many whom she loved, and one great bereavement threw a shade over more than half her days—but yet as constant as almost ever falls to the lot of mortals. Her poetry exhibits the depth and purity of her affections, her delight in the beauties of nature, and her keen appreciation of all their varying charms, along with no ordinary refinement of taste and culture of mind. It is not characterised by striking originality of thought, never soars to sublimity, and contains no outbursts of passion; but is clear and pure, sometimes sparkling, more frequently soft and gentle, like a stream that winds through a peaceful vale. The

versification is almost always smooth and pleasant, and often very sweet and melodious.

Mrs Richardson's first volume of poems was published in 1828, and soon reached a second edition. A second volume was published in 1834, and in so far as we are aware has never been reprinted, although it is perhaps, as a whole, superior to the first. Both volumes, we believe, are completely out of print, but may now and then be seen on book-stalls, where they are very apt to lie long unregarded.

It remains only that we should lay before our readers some specimens of their contents.

The sentiment of a soul in sympathy with nature, and ready to be powerfully affected by all its sights and sounds, is well expressed in the following lines of the first poem in the first volume:

Are there whose grovelling souls so ill explain
This lavish garniture of grove and field,
That nature's cunning work seems but to yield
Food for the flock, or shelter for the swain?

The inextinguishable love of rural scenes, loved all the more because connected with memories of the past, so that a feeling of sadness mingles with the enjoyment of their sweetness and beauty, appears in the following verses from a little poem, 'On Revisiting the Banks of the Esk, after an absence of some years'; that is, as the reader may easily infer from the brief notice above given of the author's life, on returning in widowhood from India:

Ocean has been between us, and the throngs
Of other shores—and some, alas! how dear!
Yet still to thee one crowning spell belongs;
Life's morning records were collected here.
Yes! fresh again the sunny scenes of youth—
The sights, the sounds, that vernal fancy fed,
Appear before me in their native truth,
But Hope, that promised more, th' eucharist's
Fled.

A poem called 'The Hushgill Burn,' the first in the second volume, is full of the same tender feeling, the same blending of sadness with delight, and also manifests not a little of that descriptive power, that power of presenting a whole scene by a few touches, which gives much of its charm to Smollett's 'Ode to Leven Water.' It is too long to be quoted in full, but we extract a few verses:

Thoughts like young rose-leaves on the gale
Are mingling with thy babbling tale;
The freshness of life's morning air,
The purity, the balm, are there.

A silver thread of memory—
A lute of sweet and tones—to me
An emblem of the past thou art;
O not of the care-haunted heart!

The past! the past! and still are here
The alders with their berries sere,
The willows dipping, and the beam
Of heaven on thy transparent stream;

The fair gray sands beneath desecrated,
Like bosoms that have nought to hide;
The minnow shoal, the lithe, the fleet,
That startled at our urchin feet;

The primrose tufts—but where, O where
(Gems of a cluster once how fair!)
The dear companions—withered—dead—
Thy willows once o'ercanopied?

'Tis strange to see thee flowing on—
They, like thy early waters, gone,

Changed, vanished, gathered with the past !
Thou smiling as I saw thee last.

A few brief years, and they shall be
Even swept away from memory,
Recalled no more by sight or sound—
Thou still as now exulting found.

Similar in character to these verses, and full of charming pathos, is the following poem :

STANZAS WRITTEN IN OCTOBER.

The leaves are falling all around—
Reluctant, waveringly they fall ;
The river has a moaning sound,
The redbreast's notes are low and small.

With boiling croak and flagging wing,
The rook sails slowly o'er the sea ;
Time's annual shades are gathering,
And winter's coming step I see.

Each falling leaf 's a moral page ;
Time's myriads thus are trodden low ;
Each season of our pilgrimage
Has voices warning as we go.

We hear, but heed not, nature's knell ;
We see, but mark not, time's decay ;
We cling to pleasure's flowery spell,
Till every leaf has dropped away.

In a very different vein, but very beautiful and touching, is the following :

THE FALLEN CHAPLET.

She sat apart ; the circling throng
Were waiting for her thrilling song ;
Long did she prelude, long and low,
Before her sweet voice utterance found ;
And then, the very soul of woe
Was in the sound.

Her lips were pale, but either cheek
Flushed ever with too bright a streak ;
Fair was her brow, which roses crowned ;
And, as she trembled with the swell
Of that sad song, upon the ground
Her chaplet fell.

He caught it up, whose ear and eye
Seemed worshipping her melody ;
He pressed it fondly to his breast ;
She saw the action : 'twas too late !
One earlier word had made her blest ;
It was her fate.

Too long deceived, too sorely tried :
Oh ! was it love, or grief, or pride ?
But the fall'n chaplet ne'er again
Shall wreath her brows : for wildly gashed
From heart and harp one farewell strain,
And both were hushed.

We conclude our extracts with a poem founded on the mention made of Antipas in Rev. ii. 13, in the epistle 'to the Angel of the Church in Pergamos'—'And thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you.'

ANTIPAS.

And who was Antipas ? and where dwelt he,
The martyred 'faithful,' honoured of his Lord ?
Had he, as men count honour, high degree ?
Or was he nurtured at a peasant board ?

Vain questions these : the inspired words afford
His crown and claim ; he perished gloriously.

And many a deed shall wither with Time's scroll,
That shook the earth—and many a name, whose
sound

Went forth triumphantly from pole to pole,
Shall drop into oblivion, unrenowned,
When he, thus briefly chronicled, is found
In heaven's high registry, a victor soul.

Needs not for entrance there the laurelled crest,
The distant battle-field, and trumpet's din,
Nor history's sounding page ; the sealed breast
Hides man's true history, whose worst foe's within !
In daily conflict with the legion Sin,
Souls may the martyr's crown and triumph win,
Unknown on earth, unhonoured, and unblest.

Besides the two volumes already mentioned, and from which these extracts have been taken, Mrs Richardson published no other poems, but she continued during the latter years of her life to write verses, which, we are told, still remain in manuscript in the possession of her friends. She also wrote tales, some of which appeared in journals and magazines.

ODDS AND ENDS.

TENACITY OF MEMORY IN A PONY.

I ONCE had a handsome little chestnut pony, whom I called Dick, and of whom I was very fond. Whenever I visited my stables for the purpose of looking at my horses, which was seldom less than three times in the twenty-four hours, I invariably spent a few minutes more with Dick than with any of the others, and rarely went near him without a piece of bread as a treat. He was as much attached to me as I was to him, and he always hailed my approach to the stables by a stretch, a neigh, and a paw. He would throw his head over my shoulder, and nibble at the pucker of my hat, lick my ear, and show his affection in every possible way. After having had him for several years he began to knock his hind feet against his fetlock joints, and finding it unsafe to ride him, I sold him to a friend equally fond of horses as I was myself, but of lighter weight. We thus parted company. My friend left India some time afterwards, and I quite lost sight of Dick. It was about *six years afterwards*, when on a visit to a friend in a distant part of the country, I was asked to come and look at a nice little pony he had just bought. The stable being somewhat dark, I had the pony brought out into the yard, and after taking a general look at him, proceeded, as is usual on such occasions, to examine the back sinews of his fore-legs, and age him by looking at his teeth. While engaged in the former operation, the animal gave a snort, and shewed some impatience at the groom, who was holding him tightly by the head. On attempting to look at his teeth, he forcibly raised his head, placed it on my shoulder, and began to manifest his old signs of regard. Never for a moment thinking that it was my old pony, I at first imagined some mischief was intended, and started back ; but a second look at him, and a reference to the spots where he used to knock himself, left no doubt in my mind as to his identity. It was, in short, my old companion Dick. When he saw that I had recognised him, he neighed as of yore, pawed, and looked happy. He had several pieces of bread that day and for several days after, when we parted for the last time.

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ON THE CHERWELL.

MANY a summer visitor to Oxford has pleasant memories of the little stream winding with its many branches amid Magdalen Walks, and then on to Christ Church Meadow, and so to the Isis. On sunny afternoons, especially during the time the Eights are practising for the world-renowned boat-race, you may see boatload after boatload of fair visitors, decked in all the colours of the rainbow, pulled by no less bright-hued collegians, proceeding up the Cherwell to Magdalen, there to hear the afternoon service chanted by the famous choir; and then returning in the cool evening in time to see the second and higher division of the Eights. The 'Varsity pronounces it *Charwell*; the town, I believe, *Cherwell*, as it is spelt. I don't know whence the distinction arose, nor what was the origin of the name.

Oxford weather, even in the summer term, is fickle, and this summer was more than usually cold; so it was quite late in the term that I conceived the idea of passing the afternoon in my favourite manner, by taking a punt, and proceeding at my leisure up the Cherwell until I found a shady spot where I could moor my roomy craft and doze away the sultry hours with a book. This is a very favourite way of spending a hot afternoon at Oxford, and on such days every nook of the Cherwell has its occupants, who stare lazily at the passing boats. Now every one knows, I presume, that a punt is a flat-bottomed boat of heavy structure, propelled, even when the performer is skilful, but slowly, by means of a long pole. A long pole I say advisedly, for narrow as is the Cherwell, its depth in some parts is considerably over twelve feet. These punts, common enough on every ornamental water, and used for fishing, are at Oxford provided with sundry large and small cushions, the former of which are termed beds, and are exceedingly comfortable.

We are very gregarious at Oxford, and do everything by pairs if possible, though we do not carry the thing so far as we did at my old school, where we thought little of the status of any one who went

alone even a yard beyond the school-gates. This was very trying for new boys, unless they at once chummed together. I remember now what an unpleasant ordeal it was to go to football alone, conscious of the sneers and scrutinising glances of the fifty or so pairs of boys whom I met or passed. So, to return to the 'city of bells,' as we, annoyed by the constant clanging, used to call it, I lounge off to a clump of mine, generally nicknamed *Tiny*, whom I find commencing lunch with no very clear ideas as to the afternoon. Him little loath I press into the service; and after joining him at his meal, we get into flannels, and set off a little before two for *Salter's Raft*. This is earlier than we usually begin the afternoon's amusement in Oxford; but since the day is very hot, there will be a corresponding demand for punts, of which the supply, as they are only wanted in summer, is rather limited. As it is, there is only one left, and that has but one bed; so I make a raid on the interior of the barge, and after some altercation with *Salter's* men, by judicious outlay, carry off in triumph a brand-new bed and a couple of rather frowzy cushions. Thus equipped, *Tiny*, who is an accomplished puntsman, takes the pole, and we slowly glide down the river with the current.

The Cherwell runs into the Isis only about a hundred yards below *Salter's Raft*, and just at the bottom of the line of college barges which every visitor to Oxford must remember so well. They look gay enough to-day in the sunshine. The 'Varsity barge has its line of flags hoisted; and *Oriel*, the low barge with the oval windows, has hauled up its flag, so I suppose its regatta is on to-day. College regattas are not very amusing except to those engaged in them; so we shall not be tempted to stop. Now we are turning out of the Isis by *Queen's* barge, and entering the Cherwell. *Tiny* will have to mind what he is about here, for the hole is hardly fathomable by the twelve-foot pole. I know no greater luxury than lying on your back on the cushions in the forepart of a punt, while a friend lazily shoves you along, and the water at each stroke plashes gently beneath your head. On our left now we are passing the walks round Christ

Church Meadow; and if you stand up you can see Merton Tower, tall and massive, and just underneath it the walk called, I believe, the Dead Man's Walk.

It is rather early, and we have the river pretty well to ourselves. By three o'clock there will be bustle enough upon it. The only boat in sight is a punt ahead, which disappears round each corner, and then appears again before us in the straight reaches, the white jersey of its propeller glimmering through the overhanging branches as he stands upright in the stern.

There on his usual seat is the good-humoured old Humane Society's man, with his punt moored against the wall, and the life-buoy hanging on its post. They have some work now and then on the Isis, but most men can manage to swim out of the narrow Cherwell. To the right up there across one field is the Christ Church cricket-ground, whither half-a-dozen men are crossing the ferry to pitch the wickets for 'practice.' And so, leaving the cricket-ground behind, we glide past the Botanical Gardens on our left, and as we turn the corner see the superb tower of Magdalen and the fine bridge beneath it. On the top of Magdalen Tower, as I daresay you know, the choir sing a carol on the first of May at daybreak; while, according to the same immemorial custom, the town's-people, or rather the boys, at the foot of the tower, try to drown the sound by blowing peculiar horns, which make night hideous, a week before. They beat the bounds too in Oxford on some day in May; and mightily was I astounded when I first saw our usually quiet quadrangle invaded by a troop of small boys with willow-wands, and headed by some parish dignitary who led them in a lusty cheer, while generously disposed men threw gifts out of window for them, chiefly consisting of oranges, but including also a well-worn box-hat and a remnant of a coal-scuttle.

But to return to the Cherwell and Magdalen Bridge, under whose cool shade we glide to the music of the pole rattling among the pebbles in the shallows. Now we have the shady walks of Magdalen on our left, whose overhanging trees darken the quiet water. We are pretty well at our voyage's end now, for here is a convenient place to anchor, where we can fasten our painter to an old tree, whose trunk reaches nearly across the stream. There, now we stick our pole firmly in the mud, to prevent the stern swinging across the stream, and with a bed and cushion apiece, settle ourselves at either end of our spacious vessel. My friend lights up, and we proceed to lazily dip into our books. Mine is 'Stretton,' a great favourite, which I have already once got through. Tiny, who is in for 'Mods' (as we call the 'First Public Examination' of the Dons) this term, is beginning to doze over a Demosthenes. But we are both aroused from our day-dreams by the increased bustle and hum, and I turn on my side to watch the passing boats, which are so close upon one another that they form a regular procession. Here

is something really gorgeous coming up; a couple of men in canoes, their coats a bright magenta, their caps black and white; that is the uniform of Magdalen, and they are probably going up to their tennis-ground, which is near the river higher up. If you were to climb up the bank on our left you would see the new buildings of Magdalen; but as they are very ugly I don't think that they would repay the trouble. Now the stream has become a regular highway; fleets of canoes with noisy occupants, running one another down both literally and metaphorically; punts move along slowly, sometimes with two puntsmen, now with one, while his companion lies in the forepart reading, whose attention—which is not even distracted by the bumps with which ever and anon the punt is run aground—is pretty clear proof that his book is not a Demosthenes. It is amusing to watch the various fashions of punting which men adopt. Some shove from the bows, standing still, and pushing first on one side and then on the other; but this is an inferior plan, and declares the novice at once. The professional punter, standing about the middle, pushes on one side only, and walks up and down, as the ancient galley-slaves did with their oars. But most undergraduates stand in the stern and push on the right side only; and this plan, by which, with a little practice, a fair rate of speed can be attained, is the one most commonly observed. And here come whiffs and pairs, and even an adventurous four-oar, which seems determined to bark all the trees and knock down all the imbedded punt poles, thus earning the deep anathemas of my friend Tiny, who objects to having a volume of water dashed over his Demosthenes, dry, albeit, though he finds the arguments of the *De Chorod*. Here too is a double canoe, to hold two men, driven along at a good rate with paddles made like those of the Indians, with a blade only at one end. It is, I believe, the only one of this description at Oxford. Dinghies too are here in crowds, sculling-boats made to hold a coxswain; in fact, only one description of craft with which I am acquainted is not here, and that is the wicker coracle so well known on the Severn, but which I have never seen on Isis. Some come on with shout and laughter, echoing beneath the trees; some glide noiselessly up to us; but when I hear a little extra uproar, I know that a squadron of canoes is coming round the corner.

But see, here is indeed a stout craft, and stout it ought to be, for precious, at Oxford of all places, is the freight it contains. By their blue coats worked with the cardinal's hat we may know the rowers for Christ Church men; but those in the stern, for there are two of them, to what college do they belong? Their colours are pink and blue. To none but Mr Tennyson's:

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

I am sure that if the softer sex know how they were appreciated at Oxford, they would flock

thither at once. You cannot conceive with what envious glances we look on the men in attendance on them; with what eagerness we listen, feeling ourselves for the moment such outsiders, for the silvery voice and merry laugh, as the bulky old pair-oar comes, under their guidance, into collision with the stump of a tree, or the punt of a man who has done everything except upset it in his frantic attempts to get out of the way of their sinuous charge, and who, when they have passed, feels like the clumsy adorer who has torn his angel's dress in the waltz. There are several boatloads of the said angels passing up, for it is the heart of the summer term, and wherever they come the shouting is stilled, and men lying apparently asleep in the bottoms of boats, rise up and gaze after their retreating figures as the bright colours gleam in patches on the dark over-arched water.

It is very pleasant here. The sun glints here and there through the trees, and falls in fantastic spots of light on the stream; and the laughter and voices come through the sultry air, mingled with the distant notes of the band playing in St John's Gardens. The water is quieter now, and free from boats, the upward stream of which has ceased, and will soon begin to dribble down again more slowly, as the receding men hasten home to get there before dinner-hour. Close to us in a canoe is a man, by his black coat bound with yellow, of Brasenose, deeply immersed in a yellow-backed novel, with his knees higher than his head as he reclines in his frail vessel. Once when I was doing just the same thing on the Severn in my school-days, the canoe floated sideways on to a post, capsized, and turned me into six feet of water. I soon got out again, and was very proud afterwards of the presence of mind which enabled me to hold on to the book and thus preserve it. I paddled a little more swiftly down to the old schools, to get a change and a drop of something hot at the tuck shop, which drop was more comforting because contraband.

But Tiny is getting tired of his work, and unmooring us, shoves me, reclining at my ease, up the now quiet stream. Nothing passes us, but we meet many boats returning, for the tide has turned homeward. We reach the light wooden bridge where the stream divides, the left-hand branch leading to the Magdalen private water and to sundry mills; the other to the renowned Parson's bathing-place, nearly a mile farther up. Across the low fields on our right we can see the queer little church called generally the 'Rabbit,' because of a comical resemblance in shape to that animal, the squat tower at one end representing the head, while a sort of chimney at the other does duty for the cocked-up tail. I jump up as a sudden splashing, followed by a roar of laughter, arises just in front. An unfortunate man in a punt, apparently trying his hand for the first time, has first lost the pole, by leaving it sticking in the mud, and then his balance; and is now, amid much concealed and unconcealed amusement, wading, a miserable sight indeed, to shore. Pleasant as the Cherwell is in other respects, its waters are not over-clean; and the thick, ill-smelling mud which caused his misfortune now makes his companions refuse to receive him again into their craft; and it is only after much supplication and a little cursory conversation also that they are prevailed upon to put him across on to the Magdalen side, that he may

run home; a favour rendered ungracious by the loud demonstrations of disgust and signs of affected faintness in which they indulge in the funny manner of undergraduates on such occasions. But we must be returning ourselves; for now the bells of several colleges are heard faintly in the distance ringing for chapel, and announce the near approach of five o'clock. Just in front of us is another punt whose occupant seems to wish to share the bath we have just witnessed. All his efforts only have the effect of causing his boat to describe a circle on its own axis every four or five yards. How in the world he got up so far puzzles me; while as to his prospects of speedy return, Tiny benevolently observes: 'Ah, I should think he'll get back in time for the Long.' Still he appears to be of a sporting temperament, for when a large water-rat appears he shies his pole at it; and then, having thrown away his last hope, appears inclined to plunge in after it. We, however, gain his gratitude by punting back and restoring it to him. No doubt by the time he reaches Salter's, practice will have brought him nearer perfection. When we reach Magdalen Bridge, we are assailed by offers from very small boys to take our punts home for us: it strikes us that they will find an easy prey in our friend behind. As we pass under the bridge, a college drag, with its three horses abreast and freight of flannelled cricketers, passes over it, returning from the Cowley grounds. We are too early for the London coach which started this summer, and whose arrival to the moment every other evening, has become a feature and excitement of Oxford life. So we pass on till we come to Christ Church ferry, where we get into water too deep for our pole, and have to wait till we drift in to the shallower water under the meadow wall. The Isis is gay with boats when we emerge on it; the New Eight paddle by in their purplish coats bound with orange, the water tossing from their oar-blades as they feather, looking in the sunset like silver in a sea of gold. But stay a moment; let us hold on to the Christ Church barge, for I see a canoe race is just going to start, and that is always fun. There, half at least have upset in getting their boats into the water, and some of them are swimming and pushing their craft before them; some are striving to get in again; futilely, as a rule, since the canoes turn over like floating barrels and duck them again and again. One I see, mounting at the end, has got astride of his, and is paddling along with both legs in the water. But while he and his swimming companions are struggling, the more fortunate ones who have not been upset have arrived at the mid-goal, a tree on the shore, have pulled their canoes round it, got them in again, not all with the same luck as before, and have raced back; two alone, the first and second, coming in unducked. But since the prize is small and the day very hot, I don't think that the others have had much the worst of it.

Come along now, or we shall be late for hall. This last bit against the current is hard work; and men lying under the awnings of the various barges glance with amusement at our struggles. But Tiny's skill is too much for the current, and his way of handling the pole gains approval from the bargemen. So we get to Salter's safely, and disembarking, thread our way swiftly through the crowds that are hastening up the Long Walk. Tiny is grumbling that he has done no reading hardly,

and most unjustly blames me. Still, as I think that he will get through, I don't overburden him with commiseration, but make off to my rooms to change, well content with my lazy afternoon.

THE FOLK-LORE OF ROME.

It is now beginning to be well understood that fairy tales and other thrilling narratives which entrance and serve to cultivate the imagination of children, are for the most part of no particular country, but prevail nearly everywhere. Stories, for instance, such as Cinderella, the Seven League Boots, Beauty and the Beast, and Jack and the Beanstalk, are told to children in almost all the languages of Europe. Who invented these stories, or how long they have existed, no one can explain. They may be thousands of years old, and yet to every new generation they are as fresh as in the days of yore. What Grimm did for the history of old legends in Germany has just been effected by Miss Busk for Italy by her work on *The Folk-lore of Rome*.

In the process of collecting the materials for this amusing work, the author had many difficulties to encounter, not a few of which arose from the pride and independence of the Roman peasantry. In spite of all obstructions, however, she persevered in her task, and finally accomplished it, dividing the stories which she collected into four categories: first Favole, fairy tales proper; then Esemplj, stories in which some moral is conveyed; then ghost and treasure stories and traditions of old families; and finally Clappe, a word for which we have no exact equivalent in our language, but which means gossiping stories, tales of simple folks, and of the mistakes which their simplicity leads them into.

In the class of Favole, the first story, 'Filigranata,' with its ever-recurring refrain of,

'Filigranata, so fair, so fair,
Unloose thy tresses of golden hair,
I, thy old grandmother, am here,'

has, as Miss Busk points out, items which are to be found in the fairy tales of almost every language. It opens in the same manner as many of the Norse tales do: the orange and pomegranate, the trowel, comb, and jar of oil which figure in it are frequent concomitants in the West Highland tales, as are also the birds; and the kiss which was so nearly fatal to poor Filigranata's prospects, occurs with the same result of forgetfulness in the traditionary tales of every country in Europe.

Then we have our old acquaintance Cinderella and hosts of others, among which the favourite fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast recurs in many forms.

These stories, of which the Dark King is one, have little or none of the heroic element which is found so plentifully in the Norse, German, and Breton fairy tales; neither do they deal much in horrors; and the wild men so often to be met with in the Teutonic legends are almost unknown.

Next in order to the fairy tales proper come the Esemplj, of which the first seven legends relate to our Saviour and to what He did and said when He wandered about among men upon the earth. These produce, from the homely familiarity of their details, a curious impression upon the mind, as when we are told in one that St Peter was a great eater, and in another have Death familiarly, even jauntily personified as Mrs Death; the good lady, still more to set us at our ease, being represented at such pleasant gambols as climbing up a fig-tree and sticking fast there.

Then follow tales in which St Anthony, St Theodora, St Vincent, St Philip, and a whole host of other canonised individuals figure. Padre Filippo, we are told, went one evening to the house where a certain Cardinal Gastaldi, who was very fond of society, was enjoying himself. Going into an empty room, he asked that the cardinal might be sent to him, and when he entered, addressed him thus: 'Your Eminence; come to this window; I have something to shew you.'

The cardinal came to the window as he was desired, and looked out, but instead of the houses, he saw pandemonium opened and all the souls in the flames; a great serpent was wriggling in and out among them, biting them, and in the midst was a gilt cardinal's chair.

'Who is that chair for?' quoth His Eminence, who for once felt no ambition for the chief seat in the synagogue.

'For you,' responded Father Filippo.

'What must I do to escape it?' exclaimed the conscience-stricken man. Upon which Padre Filippo read him a lecture upon penitence and amendment of life; by which it is comforting to read that he profited, and turning over a new leaf, became as devout as he had been heretofore profane.

One day the same Padre Filippo, who is a very favourite saint with the Roman people, was walking through the streets, when he saw a crowd much excited standing round the door of a house; and inquiring the reason, was told that a man was beating his wife because she was so ugly. After a time the husband became tired of this exercise and went off; and then Father Philip went to the poor woman's house, and knocked at the door, which she immediately opened to him; but prepared as he was for a total absence of all attractiveness in her appearance, she was so very ugly, that when he saw her he could not help starting. He, however, said nothing, but made the sign of the cross over her and prayed fervently; and presently she became so extremely beautiful that no one could see her without remarking her. 'Your husband will beat you no more,' said Father Philip as he took his leave, overwhelmed with her thanks.

Now this woman had a neighbour, who was as beautiful as she was ugly, and as bad as she was good; and it occurred to her, that as Padre Filippo had apparently acquired the art of making beautiful, perhaps for ever, she had better go at once and

take advantage of his skill; so she presented herself before the door of his cell, and asked him to make her handsomer than she was; but Padre Filippo, like a good and discerning saint, knew almost without looking at her that she was a woman of quite a different stamp from the other; so he prayed and made the sign of the cross over her also; but with a very different result. From being handsome she became ugly, even uglier than the other woman had been. Of course she was furious when she consulted a mirror she had brought with her, and saw the fatal change the short prayer had made in her appearance.

'Why have you treated me differently from the other woman?' she exclaimed indignantly.

'Because,' answered the saint, 'beauty was of use to her; but you have used the beauty God gave you only as an occasion of sin; therefore I have removed a stumbling-block out of your way.'

The next category includes ghost stories and local and family traditions. The ghost stories are not numerous, and are held in such general contempt and scorn that it is almost an insult to ask for one. With local and family traditions it is quite different. The Roman peasantry treasure up everything that relates to their great families, and recount the legends connected with them with all the gusto of a Scottish Highlander. The sad story of Beatrice Cenci is often told, with many variations, as are also stories of the Colonna family, and of a certain Donna Olimpia Pamfili, a lady of boundless pride and ambition, whose husband was a brother of Innocent X.

Treasure stories abound, and although as a rule the people do not believe in ghosts, they have a firm faith in the existence of vast hoards of buried treasure. All this wealth they fancy was committed to the keeping of the earth under a spell, and can only be discovered and removed by some person who is fortunate enough to invent a counter-spell, or who has stumbled accidentally upon the words of the original incantation.

A countryman who saw Miss Busk sketching the old ruin of Monte Rufiano, on a height not far from the banks of Lake Thrasimene, told her that under it there were vast hoards of buried treasure, which was guarded by twelve spectres, who regularly as Good-Friday came round, formed themselves into a ghastly procession, and torch in hand, perambulated the ruins.

Ciarpe, the last class of stories with which Miss Busk deals, contains one or two, such as 'The Little Bird,' 'The Value of Salt,' and 'The Simple Wife,' which, in a slightly different form, are not unknown in our nurseries; the others are peculiarly Italian, and as such have the advantage of novelty, as, for instance, the following:

A countryman was one day driving a pig before him to market when he fell in with two monks, the Superior of a Franciscan convent, and the porter. 'Let us have some fun with this fellow,' said the porter to the Superior. 'I will call his pig an ass; and when he gets angry, I will say: "Well,

let us refer the matter to the Father Superior, and if he says that I am right, I will keep the beast for myself." Then you will join in the conversation, and say it is an ass, and we will keep it of course.'

'Agreed,' said the Superior; and when the countryman came up, the whole farce was gone through; and the pig changed masters, greatly to its owner's disgust.

Meditating revenge, he dressed himself at nightfall like a poor country girl, and presented himself at the gate of the monastery just as a storm was coming on, and ringing the bell, demanded shelter for the night.

'Impossible,' groaned the porter, looking through the wicket; 'we cannot have a woman in here.'

'But the storm,' clamoured the pretended girl, 'and the dark; you cannot leave me out here to perish from the inclemency of the weather.'

'But we can, and we will,' said the porter, who was a very St Anthony in his pious resolution. 'What you ask is impossible.'

At this juncture the Superior, who was a tender-hearted man, put his head out of his window, and desired to know what all the talking was about; and when he heard the case stated, he decided that the girl should be admitted. 'And as,' said the good man, 'I cannot send her into any of your cells, my brothers, she is welcome to pass the night in mine, sitting in this arm-chair, wrapped up as she is, in that thick cloak.' This was the very thing the countryman wished; so he agreed with alacrity; and the Superior took him into his cell, and shewed him the chair in which he was to sit. And there to be sure he sat the long night through, as quiet as a mouse, while the Superior slept the sleep of the just, undisturbed by dreams of the pig so fraudulently obtained; when all of a sudden as morning began to dawn, out came a thick stick, and up got the countryman from the chair, and whack! whack! went the stick on the Superior's back to the tune of 'So I don't know a pig from an ass, don't I!'

The monks were sound sleepers, and by the time the fraternity were roused, the Superior had got a very sound drubbing indeed; and the countryman was off and away without any one having so much as seen him.

Next day he dressed himself up as a doctor, and came round to the monastery, asking if there was any one ailing, to the great joy of the monks, who compassionated the Father Superior's hard case, but did not like to send for the doctor of the neighbourhood, lest it should occasion a scandal. This itinerant physician was accordingly received with open arms, and conducted to the Superior's cell, where, shaking his head gravely, he declared that a certain herb was necessary to his cure. The herb was a rare one, and the whole community to a man turned out to seek it, and dispersed themselves over the Campagna in quest of it, leaving the pretended doctor and the Father Superior alone, when, sad to tell, out came the stick again, and whack! whack! it went to the same tune as before, till the poor Superior, beaten within an inch of his life, yelled so horribly that his piteous cries reached his brethren far out on the Campagna. In hot haste they returned, but too late to catch the doctor; he was gone. The chastisement, however, which he had bestowed had not been without its effects. 'We have sinned, my brethren,' groaned the Superior, as they clustered round his

bed ; and he forthwith decreed that the man's pig should be restored to him, and an ass added to it.

This is a fair sample of many of these stories, which deal with subjects ecclesiastical, and have priests or monks for their heroes. Another and equally numerous class deals in jokes about domestic disputes. One of these, 'The Bad-tempered Queen,' smacks of Shakspeare's play, *The Taming of the Shrew*. There was once a queen, perhaps there have been many, whose temper made her vicinity anything but a heaven upon earth. She was young and beautiful and rich, but for obvious reasons was very unwilling to marry. She did not wish a master—not she ; but her subjects made such a fuss about the matter that she was forced to give way to them at last, when she chose for her husband, not a king, but a certain duke, who never opened his lips, and whom she therefore concluded to be an easy-going, manageable sort of man. The marriage fairly over, Her Majesty set about making her arrangements just as before, and issued invitations for a great ball, without even so much as consulting His Majesty, whom she quite intended to be, as the ancient Franks would have put it, *Le roi fainéant*.

To all this the husband as usual said not a word ; but a few hours before the banquet he called out to her : 'Put on your travelling dress as quickly as possible ; the carriage will be round immediately.'

Whereupon Her Majesty with much scorn declared she would do no such thing ; she had to choose her evening dress for the banquet.

'If you are not ready in five minutes, when the carriage comes round, it will be the worse for you,' said Monsieur the husband.

'How can I go to the country,' complained the wife, 'when I have invited half the world to a ball ?'

'I have invited no one,' said the quiet man, as quietly as ever. 'And now, don't stand hesitating when I give an order ; go and get ready immediately.'

Her Majesty was in half-a-dozen of minds about it ; but she ended at last by obeying ; and five minutes after the carriage came round, she appeared also, in travelling costume.

'You have kept me waiting,' he said ; 'but I will say nothing about it this time. If it occurs again you will be sorry for it.'

As may be supposed, they did not set off on the best of terms with each other ; and to shew how much she was offended with him, the queen took no notice of him all the way, but fondled a little dog which she held on her knee, and talked to it, all the time.

'Jump on my lap,' said the husband, watching an opportunity when she was silent.

'He will not obey you,' said the wife, contemptuously ; 'he is mine.'

'I keep no one about me,' said the husband, as quietly as ever, 'who does not obey me.' And he took out his pistol and shot the dog dead, which produced such an effect upon the queen that she did not even venture to complain. Very soon after, they arrived at their journey's end ; and as the queen was proceeding to her apartment, her husband called her to him, and bade her take off his boots. She was about to refuse, but thought better of it, and complied. 'Now,' he said, 'sit down in this arm-chair, and I will take off yours ; for my theory of the marriage state is that husband

and wife should be mutually helpful to each other.' And with this sound moral, we take our leave of Miss Busk's very interesting collection of Roman folk-lore.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XLVI.—IN BRAZIL.

'To come on deck and look at it,' is not quite the professional phrase for sighting land and deciding upon its bearings. But the fact was, that *except* Dalton, there had probably not been a man on board the *Flamborough Ideal* who knew less about nautical matters than Philip Astor. These two men were in fact the very last that a ship's captain would have selected to help him to navigate a vessel ; and almost the last whom any one would have chosen as coadjutors in such an adventure as lay before them. Dalton was a product of the highest civilisation, if not of culture. His natural place was in drawing-rooms and club-houses : he had never done anything of a menial, or indeed a useful kind since he had been a fug at Eton, and was 'blown up' (and worse), like another King Alfred, for burning his master's toast. The idea of his being shipwrecked on a desolate island was preposterous, and would have placed the stern Fate that brought him there among the first class of humorists.

Philip Astor had, it is true, been more knocked about in the world ; but the shifts and contrivances to which he had been pushed had been those of town-life ; he knew scarcely more of what may be called the rudiments of life—how to build, to cook, to clothe himself, even to guess the time by the position of the sun—than his more highly placed half-brother. At present, however, he had much the advantage over him in health and vigour ; and he now put forth his strength to the uttermost to carry his companion through the slush of the saloon and to assist him up the now sidelong staircase to the deck.

Dalton was better, however ; he got along with much less difficulty than he had expected, and the fresh air revived him wonderfully. The prospect itself was not exhilarating ; the storm had ceased, but left the sea of a dull leaden colour, as though its liver (as must certainly have been the case if it had one) had been much 'upset.' The ship it was a compliment to call a ship at all. The masts were gone, though the stumps were left, and one of the steam-funnels ; some broken rigging was trailing in the water, which was level with the bulwarks on one side, while the other was lifted up, and to a landsman's eye threatened an overturn every moment. To stand upon the sloping deck without holding on to some fixed object, was impossible. Still the vessel moved, though very slowly, and fortunately in the direction favourable to the voyagers' hopes.

In front of them lay a low, scantily wooded island, with sandy shore, and to this they were tending, though not in a straight course. The wind was

slight, and from the north-east, and bore them towards a rocky promontory to the south of the island, which formed one side of a little bay. If the ship should drive ashore inside this promontory, matters might go well; but if outside, there was the open sea again, where the question of her remaining afloat could be only one of a few hours at furthest. The helm, even if she had a rudder—which was more than doubtful—was gone, and the two men watched the course of the vessel in utter helplessness.

Suddenly the wind shifted a little, and turned the ship's head more to the south-east; that is, to seaward. It was now obvious that she was about to miss the promontory. The two men looked at one another in silent despair.

Then suddenly Dalton cried: 'Can you find a hatchet, Philip?'

Fortunately, in a corner of the deck there was one—the last left of many that had been used to cut away the ship's gear on that terrible day.

'If we can get rid of that rigging, perhaps she will wear a bit.'

A few powerful strokes from Philip's arm freed the ship from this encumbrance, and at once she rose a little in the water, and altered her course as was desired.

It was not just then a time for compliments, but afterwards Philip told John that from that moment he was reconciled to the idea of his (John's) having succeeded to the Dalton property; for that a man with such intelligence deserved to be the head of the family. Thus the dismayed ship, though rolling and swaying, yet floated into what, by comparison with where she had been, might be called port; that is to say, under the sheltered side of the promontory, close to which, and in almost shallow water, she grounded upon the sand, as safe (while the weather continued fine) as though she were in the London Docks.

Of this much in respect of their common adventures both John and Philip often spoke; but with regard to their subsequent life upon the spot they had thus had the good fortune to reach, these twin Crusoes were very reticent. The fact was that from their excessive ignorance, they got on worse than almost any persons in such a situation could have been expected to do. The island, a small one, lying to the south of the West India group, and little else than barren rock, could certainly not have sustained them had they been dependent upon the development or even the realisation of its resources. But fortunately for them, the sea had not robbed the *Flamborough Head* of its contents, although it had damaged much of them excessively. They lost no time in removing all the stores they could lay their hands on to land, and took up their abode in a cave upon the promontory, on which they erected a flag, to call the attention of any passing ship. They had to thank the island for nothing save indeed for a limpid spring, without which it might have gone hard with them, neither of them possessing that kind of genius that hits upon scientific plans of extracting fresh water from plants, precious stones, or even from salt water.

Before they got to the end of their preserved meats and vegetables, their 'extracts' of this and that, and their ship-biscuits, a Spanish vessel, bound for Rio, passed by, and seeing their signal, sent a

boat, and brought them off. They came away in very good case, and almost fit to be Fellows of All Souls, *bene nati* (though one of them it is true the law held to be illegitimate), *bene vestiti* (for they had had all their fellow-passengers' clothes to choose from, beside their own), *et mediocriter docti*; that is to say, they were almost as ignorant of how to provide for themselves as when they landed. Yet they had learned something: to respect one another very heartily, and also—this was especially the case with John—to look upon life otherwise than through the tinted spectacles of society. He had had cause to recognise very literally 'a man and a brother' in his unacknowledged kinsman, to whom he owed his life twice and thrice over. If Philip had not remained with him on board ship, he would have perished in his narrow cabin, or certainly have never reached land; and if he had reached land, he would have perished there, but for Philip's companionship, cheerfulness, and sympathy. Even as it was, he had been consumed with apprehensions about those dear ones he had left at Sanbeck, and only too truly, as we know, had his heart mis-given him respecting Edith, overwhelmed as she must needs be by this time with the news of the loss of the *Flamborough Head*. His dead wife, his orphaned children, were spectacles that were rarely absent from his eyes, and he needed all Philip's sanguine arguments and pleasant prophecies to win him from deep despondency. For the rest, his out-of-door life and simple fare had physically bettered him; he had got rid of his lameness, and felt himself strong enough for any hardships that might yet lie before him in his quest. Upon visiting San José, and seeing with his own eyes how matters were with the gold mine, his mind was as fixed as ever: much as he yearned for home, he was resolved not to return thither with the mission unaccomplished for which he had left it; and the opportunity was now—at last—afforded him of effecting his object. The two castaways had a sufficient stock remaining of the good things saved from the *Flamborough Head* to make them very welcome on board the *Cádiz* without the payment of passage-money; so Dalton's slender purse was still intact upon their arrival at Rio.

Here, however, misfortune was awaiting him; a letter that had long been lying for him at the post-office informed him of his wife's death. His forebodings, as we know, had pointed that way with an inexorable finger, but they had not prepared him for it, and for a time the news utterly overwhelmed him. To say that Edith had been his better-half, his *alter ego*, and the good angel of his life, so far as he had permitted her to be so, was feebly indeed to express what she had been to him; and with his anguish there was mingled the most bitter remorse; for had he not killed her with the work of his own hands? Out of the very depths of his wretchedness, however, came a motive for action: all the reparation he could now make to his lost love and lover was to further the interests of her children. Whether they were still left to him, or in what plight, he could not tell, nor had he the means of informing them that they had yet a father, since, unhappily, the mail-boat had left Rio the very day before his arrival.

There was time to reach San José and return before the next steamer left the port for England; so the two brothers at once started for their destination. They had to husband their resources, and

travelled slowly, and with what, six months ago, Dalton would have felt to be great discomfort, much increased by their ignorance of Spanish, or the native tongue. And even when they reached San José, they found they had by no means accomplished their journey. The *Lara* mine, about which people seemed to know little or nothing, was still far away, and since it lay out of the main track, they were compelled to push thither on foot.

The scenery was splendid: they were always in sight of the stupendous Cordilleras, although they scarcely seemed to approach them nearer. The gold district lay between them and these mountains. In the good old times, the precious metal had been exclusively the produce of alluvial washings; but these had long become exhausted, and the gold now yielded was dug deep out of the solid rock, which cropped up on the surface in dome-like masses, often covered with foliage. If Dalton's mind had not been bent so earnestly on a single end, he could not but have been enchanted with these scenes, in which men contend so energetically with Nature, and yet could not mar her beauties. The two friends had passed by three such mines, and on the third morning of their travels came upon a fourth. They asked its name of one they met upon the road who knew a little English, and he had told them it was called the *Quito*. It was situated in the most beautiful spot they had yet reached.

'Forest on forest' hung above it 'like cloud on cloud,' so that, though itself in an elevated region, it looked sunk in a shady vale. A little river ran through it, which turned the stamping-mills and the pumping-machinery, which was in full action. The din was incessant, yet by no means deafening; and the bustle and movement, contrasted with the quietness and sublimity of its natural surroundings, were very striking. The chief engineer—who was one Mr Blake, as usual an Englishman—gave a welcome to his two wandering fellow-countrymen that was more than cordial; there being no inn in the place, he invited them to dine, and after that repast, shewed them over the works, which were of considerable extent. Not content with watching the tram-carriages, bearing each a ton of the mineral, coming steeply up from the shafts, they descended in them to the depth of nearly a thousand feet, to the very home of the gold. Afterwards they had explained to them how the rough rock gives forth its treasure; saw it freed from slate upon the spalling floors, and afterwards, stamped fine, issuing through the copper grates, to pass over the bullock skins, and—lower down the inclined tables—over woollen cloths, the washing of which yields the golden fruitage. Then they once more repaired to Mr Blake's one-storied dwelling, tiled and slated, with its broad veranda hung with flowers and creepers, to be again refreshed before they started on their way. With pardonable pride, he spoke of the *Quito's* prosperity, which he said was but of recent date. He had been its engineer but for a few months, and had taken it when it was in a very depressed condition. There had been even a doubt as to whether it would repay working at all, all its ancient wealth having been supposed to be exhausted.

His wife, also English, listened to the story of his achievement as though she had heard no word of it before.

'Your friend has suffered a recent loss, I fear?' observed the engineer apart to Philip, for Dalton

was in deep mourning; and the spectacle of the domestic happiness of his host and hostess, and of their prosperity, touched his bruised heart with a sense of contrast.

'Yes,' returned Philip; 'losses of all kinds. His wife is dead, and his fortune has been spent in the same sort of adventure that has turned out so differently in your case.'

'Indeed. I am sorry for it. The fact is, only about one in six of these Brazil mines, formerly so profitable, now pay their expenses. There is also a deal of roguery about some of them, very difficult for those who are not upon the spot—I mean for English shareholders—to get to the bottom of. I am afraid some of my own calling—who are my fellow-countrymen, like yourselves—do not always keep their hands clean. The agents, the experts, and the engineers have it all their own way, you see, out here.'

'Just so. Well, we are now bound for my friend's mine; just such a one as you have described, I fear; the *Lara*, and if you can tell us anything about it, he will be greatly indebted to you.'

'The *Lara*?' echoed the engineer. 'Are you really serious? Did you come from England to look after the *Lara*?'

'Yes; though, I am afraid, upon a fool's errand. The people at Rio and those we have met upon the road seemed to know little or nothing about it.'

'Are you talking about the *Lara*?' here put in Dalton earnestly. 'Can our host tell us anything about it, Philip?—Pray, don't fear to tell me the worst, Mr Blake,' added he, addressing his host.

'I don't know what you mean by "the worst," Mr Dalton,' returned the engineer curtly; 'but I have only to say that this mine here is the *Lara*. It has only been called the *Quito* for the last six months.'

CHAPTER XLVII.—MINE AND COUNTER-MINE.

Mr Blake's astounding announcement was of course a revelation to his two guests, but they had the prudence to conceal it as best they could. The engineer was a thoroughly honourable fellow, and consequently loyal to his employers. It would have been difficult to convince him—and on the whole Dalton thought it better not to try—that the mine with the conduct of which he had been intrusted—and here again Holt had shewn his peculiar idiosyncrasy in favour of honesty in other people—was in fact a swindle of the most Machiavelian kind. Instead of existing on paper only, like other fraudulent institutions of a similar class, it did *not* exist on paper—that is, under its real name—at all, but had a very actual and *bond fide* existence in fact. The last local agent of the *Lara*, Brooks, had been in the pay of Holt, and had played into the hands of his creature Tobbit, the expert, in representing the mine to the English shareholders as worked out and valueless. The whole affair had been transacted with consummate skill, but not, as we have seen, without exciting the suspicions of Philip Astor, and even of a certain financial circle in the City with which Sir Richard Beevor and Mr Binks were connected. Up to this time, however, the real state of things was undiscovered, and for the present, Dalton thought it better it should remain so. Of the proofs of it he presently acquired full possession, but in dealing with so astute a scoundrel as Holt it was expedient to be very cautious; while so long

as the latter was kept in ignorance of Philip and himself having been saved from the *Flamborough Head*, they would have a great advantage over him.

Dalton therefore confined the statement of his wrongs to the fact, that endeavours had been made to persuade him to part with certain shares in the *Lara*, as being of no value. His account of the affair was not indeed very intelligible; and Philip had to lend assistance by hinting that his brother's grievance had—as grievances are apt to do—not left him altogether a logical being upon this particular topic; but the pair so far succeeded, that when they quitted Mr Blake's hospitable roof, that gentleman had no suspicion that he had been entertaining an angel unawares in the person of one of his proprietors; while on the other hand it was pretty evident to Dalton that the only individual who held any shares in the *Lara* beside himself was in truth Richard Holt, who held half of them, and had certainly left no stone unturned to secure the other moiety; while in the meantime, as though already possessed of it, he had been receiving the proceeds of the whole, which made up a very substantial income.

'But for your "*Stick to the Lara*," Philip,' said John with grateful frankness, 'I believe I should have let the scoundrel buy my shares of me for a song.'

'Nay, brother, it was not much to do—the writing those four words; but I hope you will stick to me, in recollection of them,' answered Philip. The words were said in jest, but the tone had a serious sadness in it, which stung the other to the quick.

'Do you doubt it, Philip?' said he. 'Do you conceive it possible, that when I have grown rich again—"assumed my former social position," as Mrs Campden called it (I wonder how that woman is behaving to my poor children; however, George will keep her straight), that I shall inherit with it my former follies? that I shall not know my true friends, those who have been tried in the fire—and the water—from the false ones, and above all, shall not cleave to the brother to whom I shall owe all?'

'We shall be quits,' said Astor, pressing his hand, 'and more than quits, when you introduce me to Kitty as "Uncle Philip."'

'Then I hope we shall be quits within the next six weeks,' was John's reply.

They returned to Rio, however, only just in time to catch the steamer *Sancho*, the fore-cabin fare of which almost exhausted their finances. The ship was a slow one compared with the *Flamborough Head*, and Dalton was in such a state of impatience and anxiety throughout the voyage, that Philip feared he would have had a fever. A thousand apprehensions consumed him, and as many hopes: among the former was the dread that some news of their having been rescued by the Spanish vessel should somehow reach England before them, and set Holt upon his guard.

From Liverpool they came straight to town, yet not without some vague tidings of passengers having been picked up from the *Flamborough Head* preceding them, as we have seen, to London. So much, indeed, Holt's Liverpool agent had telegraphed to him as took him thither in hot haste to learn the truth. John and Philip had, however, taken the precaution to enter themselves on board

the *Sancho* under false names; nor was it likely that they two of all that sailed in the ill-fated steamer should have come home to blast his fortunes.

RAILWAY TICKETS.

WITHIN living memory railroads were worked without tickets. In the infancy of steam-traffic, passengers paid their fares to the clerk and walked upon the station platform with their friends until the train arrived, were then conveyed to their destinations, and left the railway without giving any proof to the officials of the station where they disembarked that they had paid their fare at the point of departure. There was therefore no check upon the clerk who received the money, and none also upon the passengers—a state of things, both with regard to society and also with regard to the size of the railway traffic, very different from what it is now.

It is now some forty years since railway tickets were printed and issued. The originator of the idea was a man who was employed at a little wayside station in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, and those he then used were about the same size as the tickets now issued. But his arrangements for printing them were of the most primitive description. In fact, a few types fastened together in a case about the size of a nail-brush formed his sole apparatus. The name of the station to which the passenger was going was written upon the ticket at the time of issue. We can realise to ourselves how this system would work now: say at Clapham Junction or at the Underground stations! But this system, primitive as it was, grew and flourished and became the parent of the present one. The use of tickets on this principle gradually increased, until at last its inventor found that it would be desirable to devote himself entirely to the development of the new industry. From that day to this the printing of railway tickets has remained in the hands of the same family, who have pursued it with an amount of perseverance and ingenuity perfectly marvellous. The railways of nearly the whole world are supplied with tickets from the one manufactory. There may be seen in course of manufacture tickets for English railways, Swedish, South American, Egyptian, &c. We saw there on one occasion Cairo tickets—a special class—for 'pilgrims going to Mecca'; and others for a fourth class, specially printed for a South American line, for 'slaves without shoes and stockings.'

The first great improvement made in the tickets was in numbering them. This was an enormous stride in advance of the old tickets. Every railway passenger has noticed that each ticket is numbered, and many people imagine that that number is printed by the little press in front of the ticket-clerk when he thrusts the ticket in before it is issued. But the duty of that press is in reality to print the date—the numbering being done before the ticket arrives at the station. A large proportion of the accuracy of the accounts of railways depends upon these numbers. For example, take the case of a booking-clerk at Reading. He has before him a box with a large number of pigeon-holes, each holding the tickets for one station. Let us select the pigeon-hole for Salisbury. Before he begins his day's work, he knows that the

first ticket from Reading to Salisbury will be say 5026. When his day's work is over, he finds that the last ticket issued is say 5056. He has therefore issued thirty tickets of this particular class to Salisbury, and is responsible for thirty fares. He has a return to fill up each day of the numbers on the tickets issued; and by seeing that the last number on each day and the first of the next are consecutive, the officials at headquarters are able to have a complete check upon the station-clerks, and to preserve an almost invariable accuracy in their accounts.

Let us see how this ticket-printing is done. First of all, here are boxes filled with coloured pieces of cardboard, which will soon be printed and made into tickets. An order has come from the South-western Railway for so many thousand tickets from say Waterloo to Bishopstoke. The order states colour or colours, the number of the last ticket in stock, and the average consumption, which enables the printer to know when the tickets ordered must be sent in.

The little steam-wrought machine for printing railway tickets is an exceedingly ingenious piece of mechanism. Imagine a table about twice the size of a page of this magazine with a long thin box rising above it at the back, and another box falling below it at the front. The table contains the printing-rollers and type-case; the boxes (the interior horizontal section of which is the size of a ticket) are for holding tickets. The upper box is filled with a pile of pieces of cardboard. One at a time, the lowest card is jerked by a spring under the printing-machinery and falls into the lower box; and in less than a quarter of a second it is printed and numbered and safely stored in the other box. All that the man has to do is to keep the upper box filled with cards, remove the lower box when filled, supply fresh empty boxes, place the printed tickets in rows, and see that the ink reservoir is full. The machine does the rest, including the printing, the inking of the type, and the moving and storing of the tickets.

The numbering is done by means of four wheels, with their centres in a horizontal line—thus forming a cylinder. These wheels have raised numerals on their edges, which imprint themselves on the tickets. The wheel which bears the numeral in the units place, moves so that a fresh type is ready for each successive ticket; that in the tens place, at one tenth that rate, and so on.

The next step of counting the tickets is a curious one. Though the greatest care is taken to insure accuracy, mistakes *will* occur in printing the numbers on the tickets. Sometimes a number is omitted; sometimes two tickets are printed with the same number. To provide against such casualties the tickets when printed are counted; and as it is impossible for human eye and memory and judgment to be infallible, they are counted by machinery. This machinery again consists of a table with the two boxes as before. This time the table is simply a table with a hole in it large enough to allow the number of a ticket to be seen through. At the side of the table is a cylinder wheel similar to that above described. The number on the cylinder is adjusted to be the same as that printed on the first ticket to be counted. The tickets are in consecutive order. As the boy turns a handle, they are

jerked from the upper box to the lower, shewing their numbers under the hole. The cylinder wheel revolves at the same rate, and therefore the number on each ticket and that on the wheel ought to agree. If they do not agree, then it is evident that a number has been omitted or perhaps duplicated. The deficient ticket being supplied or the surplus one removed, the tickets are then pressed together by machinery, tied, packed, and sent to their destinations.

Such is one of the interesting industries of our time; an industry invented, developed, and still in the hands of one family; yet spread in its interests over the whole world. And it is curious to know that in one long low building in a suburban street of a provincial town, the tickets for the whole world, except North America, are made.

FOLLOWING UP THE TRACK.

CHAPTER VII.

SEVERAL months had passed and gone since the fair of Mulla and the interview with Mary Dwyer; and winter was reluctantly giving way to spring, releasing plant and tree, and that tiny herald of opening vegetation the snowdrop, from the torpor of forgetfulness. But to the houseless widower the blessed influence of the season, and the sources of enjoyment it supplied, were strangers, and more rigid grew the lines and furrows in his face, more rapid his uncertain steps, as with scanty means now fast failing (for the fever of his mind would not admit of the quiet monotony of unthinking labour), he still pursued his inquiries as to what had become of the absent John Dwyer; for with the belief in destiny, the fatalism so often found in the Irish race, and more akin to Grecian or Oriental superstition than to the purity of a higher faith, he felt assured that the discovery of the hiding-place of Mary's lover would in some unexplained way unravel a secret which was baffling the course of justice. Some strange attraction still kept him lingering around the cottage and the Glen or its neighbourhood, although another had become the tenant of the farm; and many were the hours spent in the wood that shaded the entrance to the breen, while sometimes he would sum up resolution to open the gate of the bawn itself; but then when one of the little children about the place, or the girl driving home the cows at milking-time, disturbed his dreams of the past, he would mutter a brief answer to their kindly salutation, and speeding away, in solitude give way to the passion of his soul.

It was on one of these occasions, when he had fled from voices which in other days would have come as music to his heart—voices reminding him as they did of the infant prattle of Ellen's first-born, he sped away from the Glen; the sky suddenly became overcast, clouds gathered with the rapidity only known in mountain districts, and amid the roll of thunder and the lightning gleams, the rain, ploughing up each faint track across the heather made the mere rivulet a formidable torrent. Maurice Power turned abruptly from the open track which he had been following for a considerable time, and descending by means of twisted and gnarled branches the face of a steep rock, only

separated from the regular high-road by a swamp or bottom lands which in the height of summer were the favourite feeding-ground of cattle, pushed aside a mass of clustering furze and thorn-bushes, and bending low found himself at the entrance of a cave. No mere chance would have made him discover the recess in the rock so elaborately concealed by nature. It had been formerly used as a secure depository by the members of a family in the locality, for the malt and the still used in the manufacture of poteen, until in a fit of anger at the refusal of her father to allow her to marry a worthless idler, the daughter of Terence Rourke betrayed his illicit operations to the gaugers; saw him sent to a prison, where he died; obtained for herself the reward payable to the informer, and with the proceeds married the man who was everything to her. Truly has it been said that even if our first parents had been permitted after the Fall to continue in the Garden of Eden, the memory of the loss of their innocence would have for them robbed it of all its beauty and attraction; and but a few years had gone past when to the wretched girl the reality of her changed state was made manifest. The ruined father was sleeping in the quiet churchyard, which could be almost seen from the door of her once comfortable homestead; and the dislike of the peasantry and neighbours—whose innate horror of the character of an informer the philosophy of Locke could scarcely controvert—was intensified by the affinity between the betrayer and the betrayed. They shrunk from the tainted recipient of the money of King George; and even in the chapel, should the bending form of Alice Ryan be seen in the most retired part of the edifice, a cordon was sure to be drawn around her, within which no one would venture to pass; and the venerable and kindly priest, although he would reprove his flock for this conduct, and remind them how his Great Master chid those who murmured when He bid the erring woman depart with the gentle admonition, 'Go and sin no more,' could not on such occasions speak with his wonted frankness and sincerity; and the uttered censure to his flock was in antagonism to the affectionate looks with which his words were accompanied.

The miserable girl, now a parent herself, like too many others sought to forget her degradation in drink; but even that source was dried up when the last shilling of the 'reward' was spent; and it was a relief to her husband and the neighbourhood, when at length her staggering steps, tracked from the hovel in which she burrowed like some animal, were found to end at the verge of one of the rushy pools near the cave. There were found some deeper tracks than those a woman's foot could make, but they assumed no defined form, for it was manifest that they must have been carefully confused, perhaps on the next early dawn; but whatever might be the solution of a mystery which the veil of time would not allow to be uplifted, superstition cast its spell around the place, and none of those who were acquainted with the secret position of the cave dared ever afterwards to venture within it, even in the open day.

There was a peculiarity in the atmosphere of the retreat which, while it had been the depot for the malt, corn, and other stores for the manufacture of whisky, was of great advantage by its property of arresting decay to a marvellous extent.

Its present casual visitor, with the restlessness so often the characteristic of the unhappy, paced up and down the rough ground; and after a little time, as he went further away from the opening, his foot struck against some heavy substance, and his eyes fell upon the features of a man whom death must have surprised in some terrible interval of pain. Life must have passed away in the spring-time of youth; and as Maurice Power made closer examination, he shuddered involuntarily at the recollection of past events. The first gleams of pity were succeeded by vengeful looks, and finally by one of satisfaction, as he involuntarily exclaimed: 'This must have been one of them, and here is the proof of the blow I struck that same night. You must have been that John Dwyer who was led away to join with villains far worse than yourself. Did no mother hug you to her breast when a little child, and teach you to stammer out the first plain words of kindness? And when you grew up to be strong like myself, what brought the thirst of money into your heart, that you should break into my little abode by night? Was there no spot to be made desolate but mine—no fire to be quenched but that which was upon my hearth? The river runs as brightly in the valley as when first beside the stepping-stones I told my darling how I loved her, and with trembling hands and tears that could not be hidden, she made answer to my prayer! The trees in the Glen whisper their songs as sweetly as they ever did when I walked and discoursed with her under their shade; and there is no change but in myself, and in you indeed, poor, wicked, weak fool.' As these last words were uttered, Maurice Power appeared as if he would have struck with his foot the prostrate heap before him, but restrained the impulse which suggested the action. 'No,' was the observation; 'I never in fight hit my worst enemy when he was on the ground; and death has made this poor clay as holy as if it was laid upon an altar, great though the wrong was. But as for those who led you on, and were so much worse than yourself, they won't long escape me now. I am certain I have come upon their track at last; and as sure as innocent blood won't sink into the ground, unless to bring up the harvest which the guilty must reap, so sure will right be done.' As he laid this assurance to heart, he carefully removed the body from the open space to which it had been drawn, concealed it with leaves and bushes, and then hurried from the spot, walking in the direction of the village of Mulla, but first carefully putting into his pocket something which even for him seemed to possess considerable attraction.

When the outcast farmer on the next morning entered the dwelling-house of Mrs Dwyer, the accustomed 'God save all here,' addressed to the widow and her daughter, was spoken in an awkward and hesitating manner, and it was manifest that he came upon some unpleasant mission. 'Good-morrow, kindly,' was the genial response. 'But the Lord come betwixt us and harm! what is the matter with you?' interrogated the hostess. 'One would think you had seen a ghost; or might it be that you have some bad news you are afraid to tell, for your face now reminds me of Terence Murray's when he rushed in to say his barn was burned down and all the crops he had on the farm, and that he and his motherless children

must take to the roadside and beg for their bit and sup, instead of being able to honestly induster as before.'

'It is true for you; I am almost sure I have the bad news, and more's the pity.'

'Could it be anything about John?' murmured the girl to her mother, while the mantling colour played for an instant over her countenance, and then left it pallid in hue.

'The fond heart and the young love are never mistaken, and it is indeed of him I come to make mention. I am certain I have found out what happened to him.'

'Oh, what has happened to him? where is he?'—two anxious excited voices exclaimed in the same breath.

'He is beyond the reach of any friend, or the influence of any bad companions. He is dead, and nothing now left to him but the decency of a Christian burial.'

There was an agonising shriek, the falling of a fragile form upon the earthen floor; and after some minutes, suppressed sobs and the more vehement wailing of the widow broke the painful silence.

The bearer of the ill news remained motionless, and let the tide of emotion run its inevitable course without any attempt at consolation, or even the expression of any sympathy, for he knew how idle it was to attempt to check its progress in its first plenitude and power; but when an hour had gone past, taking the daughter by the hand, he said to her gently, but yet firmly: 'I must speak with you, and alone;' and taking her by the hand, he proceeded with her to the haggard.

'Now that no one hears us, I believe, as sure as there is justice in heaven, and One who will bring bad deeds to the light, that it was while in the company of that Brien Spelassy and some strange man, your cousin came by his end.'

'Oh, do you think that they fell out with the poor boy, and afterwards killed him?'

'Not exactly that, but they were in a way his murderers; for had not the villains tempted him, he would still have been to the fore. And you who have met with the first big grief of your young life, will you not promise me—by your father who has gone before you, and by the tenderness you bear to your mother, no matter what you may hear from this time out, ay, even as to myself; and no matter what you may discover as to any person who may, without knowing it, have done you a great wrong, help me to drag to justice those who were the means of bringing shame and disgrace upon a decent name? Refuse what I ask, and give me the cold answer, and then none shall know where he lies unburied, no churchyard be his sleeping-place.'

Mary Dwyer paused a while, as if there was something to be involved in the promise which would hereafter call for some great sacrifice on her part, and she replied: 'Leave them to Him and their consciences, and when their own hour has come, they will feel how great is the wrong they have done you and me. Sorrow one of us is without our own sins to give an account of, and life enough has been taken without the law going to take more.'

'If it wasn't that you are a woman, I might call you a *natural* without courage or heart. Do you think that bloodhounds, once they have torn a lamb to pieces, will stop and destroy no more

lambs? or that the fellow who has done his worst, and betrayed one of your kind, will sit down and pray that he may live a better life for the time to come? No; you will be a sharer in their crimes if you don't help to put a stop to them. It was only yesterday I was passing along a fair green where there was a show going on, and a crowd of children were looking at what they call a tiger in his cage. If I had opened the door and let him out to work his will upon them, which of the two of us would have been the greater brute?'

There are persons who 'will,' and there are individuals who only 'wish;' and to the former no obstacles avail to put a limit to their power. To them 'impossible' is a term not known in their vocabulary, and all intervening obstacles are overleaped with marvellous facility. Maurice Power belonged to the former class, now that the pursuit of vengeance had transformed the mere peasant into the avenger.

'As I loved my cousin in life,' said the girl, let my prayers go with his body to the grave. I do not care to hurt any one he ever knew or cared to have as a companion; but you put things before me in a way I would never have seen; so if ever it comes before a judge or jury, all I know or heard tell of this same Spelassy they shall hear from my lips.'

The man had so far gained his end. He could not but feel he had been disingenuous in concealing as yet the fact that it was his hand which took away the life of John Dwyer, but he knew that this disclosure must come in due time; but if made at once it would for ever silence the girl, whose testimony might become of great value. The interview was closed after the promise had been given, and they parted at the gate of the haggard, for Maurice feared that if he remained longer, some change might come over the hesitating resolve of the girl, or that she might declare she would not act otherwise than as her mother should counsel.

Great was the excitement in the district when the body of John Dwyer was removed to the barrack-yard, in order that an inquest should be held to inquire under what circumstances it had been found in the cave, and how and when the deadly wound had been inflicted. The inquest was a formal but pretentious one, and like too many inquests, came to nothing, although, as if to prepare the way for the doing of something practical, and prior to the examination of witnesses, an eloquent dissertation was delivered by the coroner on the rights conferred on the subject by Magna Charta. The surgeon made his *post-mortem* examination, as otherwise the authorities would not have been satisfied that life was extinct *secundum artem*; but how the wound was inflicted, and by whom, no one of course could tell; but the jurors looked grave, and with a due sense of what was expected from them, and after some anxious hours they recorded under their hands and seals their verdict, from which, however, one of the twelve dissented, 'Found dead.' And just as the excitement consequent on the official proceedings was fading away, a new source of interest was awakened by the discovery, that at the last great fair of Mulla some cunning forger had been at work, and amid the bundles of notes the farmers brought home in lieu of their herds and pigs, the majority turned out to be worthless but clever

imitations of the authorised bank; but how the counterfeit ones could have been so adroitly substituted for the others was an unexplained fact, and 'Found at fault' was the verdict returned by public opinion.

CHAPTER VIII.

'I wonder when this state of things will have an end?' was the querulous ejaculation of Francis Butler, Esq., the great man of the locality, and one of His Majesty George III.'s justices of the peace in and for the county of Tipperary, as Terence Hayes, his gardener, sat with him in a room off the hall of that gentleman's residence, which was dignified with the imposing title of 'study;' a room in which, however, the only books were those containing the flies meant to seduce trout from the river which flowed at the foot of the lawn; ten or twelve volumes of the *Racing Calendar*; an almanac bound up for facility of reference with some sermons, and a mutilated copy of Hale's *Pleas of the Crown*. There was further a prize-essay on the best way to cure the mange in sheep, and the *Fox-hunter's Guide*. In sooth the study was devoted to the less exacting duties of drinking at ease and in quiet with a select few, including the rector of the parish and the parish priest; for notwithstanding the state ostracism of the latter, prime claret in the wood and potteen in its virgin purity were wonderful solvents of any asperities that in the height of argument might spring up between the professors of the rival churches; and there was not then the social barriers which have been raised up in later years.

'Myself does not know, your Honour; but if the magistrates and the army can't find out what is going on, it is a strange thing. Here was an honest boy kilt and hid in a cave almost forewent the people's doors, without any one knowing by whom it was done; and other thieves of the world putting off their bad notes.'

Just at this period a knock was heard at the hall door; and Mr Butler nearly upsetting the decanter at his elbow, turned to the gardener, and after a little hesitation desired him to go and ascertain who it was that wanted him at such an unreasonable magisterial hour. 'And mind,' he added, 'if the fellow, whoever he is, does not give a good account of himself, ring the bell in the yard, and give the alarm, for no one's house is now safe since what befell the poor young woman and her infant in the Glen.'

The gardener went, and soon returned. 'The man is in the hall, and he bid me tell your Honour that he has most pressing business to do with you as a magistrate, and wants to see you alone.'

'See me alone? Why, positively the fellow must be either tipsy or mad to speak in such a high tone; or possibly he may prove to be something worse; but I must take my chance for that. Bid him come in, and do you remain abroad out of hearing;' for though the Justice was indolent, he had the spirit and high courage of his countrymen, and had only affected to be slightly alarmed in the hope that possibly the intruder, whoever he might be, would perchance be discouraged from troubling him with his affairs.

The stranger entered, and refusing the chair which was courteously handed to him, said: 'I am, sir, Maurice Power, whose misfortunes have made

you and the rest of the country about here know who I am.'

'Indeed, my poor fellow, I have heard of your great trouble, and pity you from my heart.'

'I mean no offence to your Honour, but the time for pity is past with me, and I am beyond it. My only end now is to have the law punish as it ought the villains of the world who did me the wrong which has left me what I am.'

'I regret to hear you give expression to such an unchristian feeling,' observed the magistrate, who, despite some of his pride of office, was a worthy and religious man, who did not nod and slumber in his pew on Sunday without some rays of faith and pure doctrine being conveyed to his mind and conscience by the worthy divine, whom literally, as well as ecclesiastically, 'he sat under,' owing to the proximity of his seat to the pulpit.

'You cannot judge fairly. You have this fine house to live in; you have children, the music of whose little feet going up and down the stairs is to you sweeter than that of all the birds that sing out of the clouds when the sunshine is on the ground and darting along the river, and the flowers are shutting up their sleepy eyelids from the heat. I have neither the one blessing nor the other. You can afford to be patient when there is nothing to try or to trouble you. When your barns are full, you cannot fancy what a famine is to the people in the next parish; when your sheep and cattle are wandering over your rich and grand meadows, and a score or two of lambs just born have come home to you betwixt the night and morning to add to your store, you can preach with a bold and courageous heart about what a little thing ought to make a man contented; but it is the beggar, or he who is the next door to one, who can really know what the beggar wants. I am stripped of everything; and shall those who made me what I am go free and unpunished?'

This pleading of the outcast had some colouring of justification in it, and the earnestness with which it was urged increased its significance. Circumstances appear to alter even the physical aspects of a place; and the rich valley with its clustering trees, and murmuring rivulet at its foot, which only yesterday looked so picturesque and attractive, will to-day wear a dull and gloomy aspect to the man who passes through it to the next town, because he has, after opening his letters, found one which tells him that all the savings of his life have been swept away by the failure of the bank in whose solvency he had trusted so implicitly. What inconsistencies are there even in the most esteemed of men! Milton tried to withhold from a relative a portion of the property to which she was entitled; the philosophic Howard treated his son with a harshness that made his existence miserable; and the wife and children of the poet Hayley, the author of the *Triumphs of Temper*, were driven from his house by his irritable disposition.

As Maurice Power addressed the magistrate, his voice grew nearly inaudible from emotion, and tears trembled on the eyelids, discoloured and red from the want of sleep and the burning passion in his soul; but they were repressed by the energy of his will. He leant his head on the table, and was silent for a time, and then said: 'I am sorry to have been so wild in my way and talk in the presence of one like your Honour; but

you will forgive me, for I am not now, and never can be, what I was when *she* was alive. And now, sir, to the business which brings me here at this hour of the night. I have found out one of the persons who were at the Glen and in my poor house on All-Hallow's Eve.'

'Indeed, my good man! How did you do so, and where is he now?'

'The grass in Mulla churchyard is his covering this night; and although he did me the greatest wrong one could cause another on this side of the grave, yet I pray that his spirit may be one day in heaven, after he has passed through cleansing fires; for he was only a silly young lad after all, and easily led by those who were so much worse themselves.'

'Can you in any way be referring to the John Dwyer whose inquest I read of in the newspapers only the other day, but who, as I saw from anything sworn to there, appears himself to have been the victim of a murderer?'

'Not of a murderer!' exclaimed the farmer. 'It is unknown as yet to the world (and from one poor girl would I wish it to be hidden until the last moment it is possible) that it was by this right hand he met his fate.'

It has been asserted of himself by Lord Nelson that he could not even understand the import of the word 'fear,' and there may be a few who share in such a happy state of ignorance; but it was a very natural precautionary impulse that induced the representative of the law to draw away a little from the speaker who had made him the confidant in so perilous a secret.

'If what you state be not a silly jest, and I see nothing in your manner to make me think so, it ought to be my duty to arrest you on your own confession, however reluctant to take advantage of what a man discloses to me in my own house. But no! Even though the people at the Castle should hear of it, and get me into trouble, I would rather remain plain Frank Butler, with no J.P. at the end of my name, and with my father's honour untouched in the person of his son, than avail myself of your indiscretion. Delay here no longer; fly while there is time; but remember I should I be enabled to trace out your guilt by any other lips than your own, no one will more strictly do his duty than I shall.'

The humbler classes of the Irish appreciate keenly sympathy or generous conduct from those above them. They who are in an inferior sphere can alone enter thoroughly into the feelings of individuals who are engaged in the same struggle with themselves for existence—struggles to provide food when days of sickness or want of employment have arrived; when the fond father shrinks from the voice of the wife because its melody is gone, and its once buoyant notes have been toned down by the monotony of suffering; when the lisping words of even his last-born become distasteful, because another mouth has to be fed, and appetite actually *damped* down in order to meet a horrible necessity. Revelations of wondrous humanity incidentally crop up, even in parliamentary blue-books, and the poor cabin occupant, it is recorded, speaks thus: 'Many give but can ill afford it, but God gives it back to them.' 'It is true that the beggar may be more certain of his next meal than one of ourselves, but we would think it a sin to refuse him.' (I know persons who would be

glad to have beggars in their houses every evening, for they conceive they carry a blessing with them.) It is not, however, the absence of kindly feeling, but the want of personal knowledge, which serves to interpose a social Sahara between the two great classes of society. Swift, the mere dependant, would possibly have done all in his power to soothe and comfort Betty the housemaid in the household of his employer, Sir William Temple; but as the Dean of St Patrick's, the confidential adviser of the prime-minister Harley and my Lord Bolingbroke, and setting at defiance the resentment of the Duchess of Somerset the favourite of a queen, he would have felt no more compassion for Betty, if dismissed from her situation, than had she been a mummified menial in the establishment of Cheops.

'I thank you, sir, indeed I do!' said Maurice Power; 'but instead of hiding from the law, I am asking for its help through you; and now let me tell your Honour all I have to say.'

Taking a seat which was pointed out to him, he then proceeded, but often pausing, to detail the various circumstances connected with the attack on the cottage, the departure of the assassins, and the discovery of the body of John Dwyer in the cave. 'And now, your Honour, having told you all I know or have found out, I want to swear my information before you, and to get Brien Spelassy arrested, who is in the employ of Mr Stephen Mengher, the bill-discounter and publican. I can swear beyond all that any counsellor might try to make out to the contrary, that it was Spelassy's voice I heard speaking a word or two outside my door on that terrible night; and it was only two days before that he came to Mulla, and in the evening left the widow Dwyer's house in company with John Dwyer her nephew. Mary, the daughter, can prove their long whispering together, then their going away; and more-betoken, she noticed a pistol under Spelassy's coat as he was lifting the latch; and sure they hid him in the cave, and carried him there, for fear if he was found at the place of his misdeeds, all would come out and be known for certain.'

Mr Butler looked puzzled—saw that there was something to decide upon which would possibly require active exertion on his part, but did not know what that something should be, but eventually arrived at the conclusion as to what steps not to take. 'You deceive yourself,' he said, 'if you think you have anything like a sufficient case against this Spelassy which could justify me in giving any orders for his arrest. As to a man's voice, nothing can be more deceptive, especially as, according to your own story, you only heard a few words uttered; and to arrest him in the house of his employer and relative, who is believed to be a wealthy and respectable, although hard man, would be of very serious consequence to me.'

Maurice restrained himself, as an object was to be attained. 'Sure, your Honour, that minute in which he spoke was hours to me, fearing what there might have been done under my roof. And do you think that the prisoner in his condemned cell could ever be mistaken in the sound of the voice of the jailer telling him to get up and eat his last meal, and look for the last time on the sun shining through the bars? It is the sudden fright and the great sorrow that bring new things to us as if we had known them all our life. Pass

little children at play in the streets, and you would not know the voice of one of them from another; but if the cart-wheel should touch one of them, and it called out for help, would the sound be forgotten, or the scream of the mother too far off to assist the creature? But I have other reasons for thinking him guilty of more than the one bad act. There were a great many forgeries passing at the last big fair of Mulla; Spelassy had the handling of much of the money which was paid away that day, as he was so accommodating in helping those who were not good at counting what they got when they sold; and I have found out that those who brought home unknownst to them the bad notes, were those who were in his company.'

'Only a ground of suspicion still,' observed the J.P.; 'but I shall consult with wiser heads than my own, and let you know the result.'

This was but a Barmecidal judicial feast to set before one thirsting for justice; and slowly and almost sullenly the visitor moved into the hall, and from thence into the congenial darkness so suited to his own feelings.

MICROSCOPIC INGENUITY.

FROM the earliest times down to the present day, many examples of minute mechanism have appeared, interesting from the patient ingenuity displayed in their production. We propose to give our readers an account of one or two of the most curious of these tiny pieces of handicraft. In the year 1578, Mark Scalliot, a blacksmith of London, made 'for exhibition and trial of skill one lock of iron, steel, and brass of eleven several pieces and a pipe key, all clean wrought, which weighed but one grain of gold.' He also made a chain of gold of forty-three links, to which he fastened the above-named articles, and put them round the neck of a flea, the insect thus becoming harnessed. As the chain, lock, and key weighed but one grain and a half, the flea drew them with ease; a proof that if the blacksmith's hands were large and sinewy, they must have had the delicate touch of a watchmaker's.

A beautiful piece of mechanism constructed by M. Cuvius probably stood out prominently in the recollection of Louis the Great's childhood. Described by the inventor: 'It consisted of a small coach drawn by two horses, in which was the figure of a lady with a footman and page behind. This coach being placed at the extremity of a table of a determinate size, the coachman smacked his whip, and the horses immediately set out, moving their legs in a natural manner. When the carriage reached the edge of the table, it turned on a right angle, and proceeded along that edge. When it arrived opposite to the place where the king was seated, it stopped; and the page getting down, opened the door, upon which the lady alighted, having in her hand a petition, which she presented with a courtesy. After waiting some time, she again courtesied and re-entered the carriage; the page then resumed his place; the coachman whipped his horses, which began to move; and the footman, running after the carriage, jumped up behind, and it drove on.'

For the amusement of the same monarch was constructed, by Father Truchet of the Royal Academy of Sciences, 'an automaton consisting of moving pictures, which was considered a masterpiece of mechanics in the seventeenth century.'

The royal lessee and manager called it his *little opera*. One of the pictures represented an opera in five acts, and changed the decorations at the commencement of each. The actors performed their parts in pantomime; and this moving picture was only sixteen and a half inches in breadth, thirteen inches in height, and very little over an inch in thickness for the play of the machinery. The representation could be stopped at pleasure, and made to re-commence at the same place by the operation of a catch; the addition of which to certain marionnettes immortalised by Cervantes, might have prevented the terrific onslaught of the fiery Don on the villains of the play. The year 1711 saw Mr Penckethman's invention, the Parthenon, or the Temple of the Gods; the work of several years and great expense. It is described as a magnificent machine, consisting of several curious pictures and about a hundred figures, which moved their heads and limbs as naturally as living creatures.

The following are from a list of 'miracles of art' exhibited in London in the year 1745: 'The little furniture of a dining-room, consisting of a dining-table, with two figures seated as if at dinner; a footman waiting; a card-table which opens with a drawer in it; frame and casters; looking-glass; two dozen of dishes; twenty dozen of plates; thirty dozen of spoons, and twelve skeleton-back chairs with claw feet. All the above particulars are contained in a cherry-stone. A laudan which opens and shuts by springs, hanging on braces, with four persons sitting therein. A crane-neck carriage, the wheels turning on their axles; a coachman's box, &c. of ivory; together with six horses and their furniture; a coachman on the box, a dog between his legs, the reins in one hand, and whip in the other; the footman behind, and a postillion on the leading horses, in their proper liveries—all so minute as to be drawn by a flea. The curious little four-wheel open chaise, with the figure of a man in it, all made of ivory, drawn by a flea; which performs all the offices of a large chaise, as running of the wheels, locking, &c., weighing but one grain. A flea, chained by a chain of two hundred links, with a padlock and key, curiously wrought; the chain and flea, padlock and key, weighing but one-third of a grain. And a pair of steel scissors so minute that six pair may be wrapped up in the wings of a fly; the said scissors cut a large horse-hair.'

The *Plymouth Gazette* of 1828 contained an account of a miniature cannon, which is thus described. It is complete in all respects, having a bore and touch-hole; the gun is made of steel, the carriage of gold, and the wheels of silver; and the whole weighs only the twenty-ninth part of a grain. The workmanship is very beautiful, but cannot be distinguished except through a powerful magnifying glass; the size of this warlike engine being only that of a common pin's head. That surely was a curiosity that might have made Mr Sam Weller's fortune, had he taken out a patent for his 'double million magnifying gas microscopes of hextra power.'

There have been some curious toys in which fleas have been the performers. In 1829 a man exhibited in London two fleas, one drawing a kind of car, and the other a lock and chain, with the greatest ease. In Nottingham, also in the same year, there were two fleas shewn which had gold

chains placed round their necks, the very Lord Mayors of fleas. One of them drew a carved cherry-stone, and the other a silver cannon. We should also mention the case of a flea at Augsburg that drew a chain of steel made with links so fine that 'though it be nearly a span long the flea will lift it up when he leaps.' A London representative of the sharp fraternity drew a four-wheel carriage on springs, with four persons inside, the coachman on the box, and a footman behind, 'all proper,' as the language of heraldry hath it. Another flea is recorded to have given some evidence of civilisation by working the bucket of a well; thus undergoing a species of hard labour for so often disturbing the peace of many a sleeping martyr. Some of these vampires, furnished with golden saddles and bridles, have carried little effigies of Bonaparte and his aides-de-camp. A still further demand is made on our imaginations when we read of 'a representation of the siege of Antwerp—a suitable name, by the way, for a fort attacked by insects—in which fleas discharged firearms, the explosion of which was audible to the spectators; and General Chassé and Marshal Gerard appeared on fleaback'—encouraging their 'crimson-coated varlets.' This melodrama was followed by a grand ballet. But here the enthusiastic historian surely assumes his readers to possess a much larger bump of credulity than a phrenologist would give them credit for.

In the matter of patience and ingenuity, Englishmen have no doubt often been surpassed by foreigners. The *Carlsruhe Gazette* mentioned a piece of mechanism which perfectly imitated the voice of a child, and produced distinctly every word with its proper modulation. The mechanism was, it is said, very simple, and consisted of sixteen levers answering to the sixteen simple sounds, moved by so many keys, like those of a harpsichord, so that these, properly touched, produced any articulate sounds required—an article, by the way, which certain members of parliament and bashful young suitors might find very useful.

In the cathedral of Augsburg there are to be seen some rare specimens of drinking-glasses, made hollow and well shaped, with a ring made of the piece in turning, which encircles between the bottom and body of the glass, and cannot be taken off. 'I often,' says Misson, in his *Voyage to Italy*, 'examined this little miracle of art with a good microscope, and observed the stripes and traces of the tool with which they are turned, so that they have no secret in it, but that it was the pure work of the eyes and hand.' A celebrated old manuscript waxes enthusiastic on 'The Germaine Master-piece,' to quote verbatim, 'being that famous knife, which hath been for some time in England and highly applauded by the most exquisite artists; containing in the hilt sixty odd several figures, some engraved, others carved, and all to the admiration of those that beheld them. It hath two keys, which open seven locks, including those various Rarities contained therein; it was seven years a-making, and valued by the Authour, that famous artist of Germany, at Fifteen Hundred Pounds, and is now exposed to public view for England's satisfaction. To be seen at Bartholomew Faire, against the King's Head, with other rarities by me, JOHN GIFFORD.' Were it worth while, many other instances could be given of mis-spent ingenuity on microscopic but useless articles.

COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

JOHN LOGAN, who has been described as one of those unfortunate men of genius whose life has been marked by disappointment and misfortune, was born at Soutra in East Lothian, in 1748. He early evinced poetical talent, and throughout the whole of his productions there runs a vein of tenderness, and moral sentiment tinged with melancholy. We give an extract from one of his best pieces, written during a visit to the *Country in Autumn*.

'Tis past! no more the Summer blooms!

Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods;
While Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the sounding woods!

Ah! well-known streams!—ah! wonted groves,
Still pictured in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
The wild-flower strewn on Summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursued;
And wandering o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood.
I mourned the linnets-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murd'ring mate,
Condemned the widowed hours to wail;
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imagined woes,
Nor real life believed a tragic tale!

Alas! Misfortune's cloud unkind
May summer soon o'ercast!
And cruel Fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blast!
The wrath of Nature smiles our bowers,
And promised fruits and cherished flowers,
The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequered leaves the branches shed;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh that Winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethæan streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallowed hill
Aërial music seems to mourn;
I'll listen Autumn's closing strain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er the untimely urn!

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AUTUMN.

SUMMER has departed, and the autumnal winds are blowing chill. The Spirit of the year, who rose, violet-crowned, from the pure snows of Winter's grave, to grow through Spring to Summer from a lovely child to a fair and gracious woman, has stood on the last boundary of Summer's land, and has once more gazed backward over the shade and sun-checkered road she has traversed with such kindly intent, before leaving it behind her for ever. The noonday sunshine streams upon the deepening auburn of her hair, and reveals her beautiful as ever—with a beauty whose curves are more grandly modelled, and a tender smile that is grave with sadder meaning. The roses that bloomed so brightly in her path and all about her, have shed their sweet petals, and the winds have blown them and dried them; but as the spirit survives the body, so the scent of the flowers that owed their living beauty to the warm caress of her hands, still lingers near her, recalling the sweet memory of their lives. The soft warm breezes are loath to leave her, and woo her kisses still; the sun blazes as though there were no coming winter for him, and the air is warm; but on a sudden the winds rustle in the already thinning trees, bringing a wild flight of crackling leaves, whirling, as though in homage, to her feet. She shivers beneath the bleak touch of Autumn, and turns away with a sigh. But soon the sigh relaxes, and gives place to a loving smile, as she finds that though inevitably nearing the goal of decay and death, it is in her power still to gild whatever of that decay lies beneath, and to fling over it all a glorious mantle of beauty and plenty; and with that comfort in her heart she travels onward down the fair slopes of autumn, making them rich with a wealth of gorgeous beauty and luxuriant plenty that neither spring nor summer knew. She waves her wand, and straight the fields grow splendid with the ripening gold of oats and rye and wheat, which hang their richly laden heads, grown too heavy for the slender stems. The winds murmur gently through the rustling corn; the sun darts down his

fiery beams, brightening the wealth of moving yellow brown to a living, glowing sea of gold; and the Spirit laughs with a joy whose generous warmth falls over all the earth, deepening every tint, and making each odour of fruit and flower luscious with heavier fragrance, and filling every nook and corner with precious gifts to man; and as she laughs the sound murmurs rippling through the air:

'Tis the rush of the breeze through the dewy corn
And the garden's perfumed dyes.

The little delicate wild-flowers are dead, but the wastes and marshes and valleys are richly draped with ferns and orchids; the mountains are purple with heather; and in the woods spring thousands of fungi, graceful in a hundred forms, and glowing with scarlet and mauve and gold.

Gardens are redolent with the fragrance of bloomy peach and juicy apricot, green-gages, red-checked nectarines, and purple plums; and the orchards are rich with shining apples and luscious pears. The corn has been reaped, and gathered, and thatched; and the country is filled with the hum of thrashing-machines and the echo of many voices. Harvest-home is still the great rural holiday in England, the completion and crown of the countryman's labours; and the harvest-moon shines bright and clear above the merriment of men and the gleaned and garnered treasures of the earth. The hedges and ditches and wooded dells are wreathed in ivy, and the crimson-berried arum, and green briony garlands; and feathered fringes of the clematis are intertwined with the red-streaked trumpets of the honeysuckle and the freckled caps of the tall foxglove. Clustering nuts hang their hazel heads, and the graceful acorn covers the sturdy oak. And over and above all the tiny spider throws an enchanted web of beauty in the transparent veil of silver tissue that he weaves over all the landscape, shifting and glancing in argent light over stubble-field and leafy copse, twining in beauty round the velvet head of the tall bulrush, and curtaining in the last awaying bluebells on the hill.

Autumn has not the exquisite freshness of spring or the flowery brightness of summer; but it is still rich in a beauty that is draped in robes of gorgeous colouring; for the woods are glorious with the magic of amber and crimson light; and when the early twilight falls, and the sun sets, the brilliance of their dyes seems to be new-born in upper air, as the skies burn and blaze at the dictate of the dying sun, who darts his slanting rays at the painted mantle of the woods, and sets them afire with a heavenly flame, till earth and sky and the reflected world beneath the waters meet in a universal glory; and when it dies, and the earth darkens, a veil of misty light rises from the face of river and lake and marsh, and infolds the gloaming in its dense white folds. But beautiful and weird as it is, the mist strikes damp and chill, and those who are wrapped in its clinging mantle are glad to exchange it for the warmer, brighter atmosphere of the cosy room, which sends its gleams of lamp and flickering fire-light in long broken lines out across the white mist, to lure them in. In the country, and more especially by the river, how beautiful with all its weirdness that filmy mist-veil—Earth's pale night-dress—is. How capriciously it seems to rise in isolated places; how fantastic are the shapes it assumes; how swiftly it gathers height and density; and how suddenly it again shrinks back into insignificance. One minute you are gliding peacefully with the stream, the splash of the oars being the only break in the twilight stillness (and when is Nature more still than in an autumnal evening); you gaze at the crimson glow in which earth and sky are bathed, and you wonder dreamily which is more real, the quiet darkening world above, or the tremulous shadowy world beneath the waters; you look with a vague curiosity at the quiet figure, so strangely like yourself, that gazes up at you from below, and try to imagine the life down there. These thoughts have passed like a flash through your brain, yet when you look up again you find the outline of the familiar scene changed as by magic. Far and near, white draperied forms seem rising and spreading, advancing, retreating—blotting out in their gliding progress a clump of willows, a cottage, a field—a very army of formless shapes, that draw ever closer together, clouding all before them; the banks recede, and the river widens into a sea—fantastic, floating fringes of white vapour rise from beneath, and wreath your boat, effacing that quiet figure below, as they stealthily creep up and over the rowlocks, and round your feet and knees, and up to your very throat, which they seem to grasp with icy fingers. You shiver at the chill, and suddenly realise that the world has disappeared and you with it, and that you (or is it your spirit?) are alone, suspended in the midst of a rolling ocean of vapour, through which you catch no glimpse of earth or sky, moon or stars.

Looked at in some lights, the time about October is the saddest time of the year, for in no other are decay and death so rife; and its great brief beauty only seems to render it more pathetic still; but as truth is many-sided, so is the autumn-time, and viewed in another light, surely it is the most boisterous and jolliest time in all the year. Never is the earth so overflowing with Nature's royal gifts; never is the human heart so full of joyous gratitude, for in autumn is the fulfilment of all the

promise and hope and faith of spring; never is the face of old, grape-crowned Bacchus so broad or so jolly, for in the sunny south the vineyards blush rosy red beneath the sun's burning kiss; in a thousand vats the must foams round the feet of men and girls, and the land runs red with sparkling wine—which is surely one of Nature's kindest gifts, though man in his brutal ignorance but too often abuses it, and turns the blessing into a bitter curse. Beneath England's shady skies the grape does not blush so brightly; but in green and graceful beauty our twining hop-gardens put to shame the foreign vines, whose natural grace is so often destroyed by being confined to the ugly forests of upright sticks, excepting in fair lazy Italy, where, like our own tendriled hops, they are allowed to twine from pole to pole, from tree to tree at their own sweet will, seeming a very troop of laughing Bacchantes dancing and swaying to the rhythm of the winds and breezes, hand clasped in hand.

Then when the sunshine pales, and winds blow bleak and thin the trees and hedges, autumn is still dear to the heart of the sportsman and the hunter, bringing manly and spirit-stirring sports which fill a large place in the life and interests of many, and helping to form some of the sterling qualities that go to the making of the English country-gentleman.

What can be more delightful and healthful than the brisk ride, to the accompaniment of 'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky,' through the fresh dewy lanes, that are bright with hips and haws, and dearly with purple nightshade, to the meet, where horses, hounds, and men are all pervaded with the general excitement; and when the hounds throw off, and the horses follow with winged feet across ploughed fields, up quiet country roads, over green commons that are prismatic in the morning sun with the airy draperies of innumerable dewy gossamer webs; through woodland paths that are beautiful with the glory of dying leaves, and over hills and downs whose shrubs shew crimson in the early light; through quiet farm-yards, and across hedges and ditches and sparkling streams

attended by the excitement of the huntsman's horn, tongue of hounds, shouting of men, and neighing of horses, as the scent is found, and Renard has 'gone away!'

Cruel though it seems to many, this pleasure, attained through the death of an innocent animal, is after all but an emblem of what Nature is constantly teaching. Pain and pleasure, ugliness and beauty, life and death, go ever hand in hand; and in autumn, at the same time that Nature's chief occupation is in dissemination or vegetable birth, its chiefest beauty arises from the vegetable death that is going on everywhere, and filling the earth with glory; so that we see the general mother Earth clothing herself in the lovely decay of her dead children, even while the full seed that shall be the hope and the life of another year sleeps warm within her bosom.

And as the trees turn to gold beneath the Midas touch of nature, and the leaves fall one by one to transfigure the Earth with the loveliness of death (as if to give her a peep beyond the grave), the fierce autumn gales that tell of coming winter begin to blow, and the 'sere and yellow' leaves are torn from the creaking boughs, and the forest world stripped of its pride, shews like a desert.

So, since the beginning of the world, Time has moved on through the ages; great Nature has kept on her way; spring, summer, autumn, and winter have followed on in unvarying succession, and filled the earth with ever-recurring beauty—Time, the Seasons, Nature, have travelled on in obedience to immutable laws, which in their changeless, resistless sequence pass over unheeded the individual pain and sorrow, sin and death, that fill the earth with a bitter cry. Wherever through the ages has existed life, there has been death; beauty, wherever ugliness; where pleasure, pain. Evil and suffering and death play as large a part in Nature's economy as good and life and beauty; they are dependent one on the other, and must go hand in hand; for until Time shall end, life must be evolved from death, as death from life, and the pain and evil of one must be the good and delight of another. The world is full to overflowing of beauty and truth, love and hate, good and evil, and all seems wrong and confusion and disorder. But above and through all, the mighty Spirit that rules the universe through immutable, unchangeable laws, evolves order from chaos, good from seeming evil, light from darkness. As Nature travels on blind and beautiful down the centuries, heedless of the cries and groans that rise from every nook of the earth to heaven, a spirit of infinite beauty and fitness and harmony is breathed through the discordant, contrary elements, though we may not see it here, and the universe pursues its foreordained inevitable way to the solemn immortal music of Love and Power and Justice, which are eternal and divine.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XLVIII. BREAKING IT.

JEFF remained at his post in Abdell Court for the remainder of that eventful day, though with a mind but little disposed for his business duties. As he had expected, however, and to his great relief, his employer did not return. The young fellow would have found it difficult indeed to maintain in his presence that indifferent air and manner which Dalton had enjoined upon him; and however successfully he had played an assumed part with the editor of the *Smellfungus Magazine*, it is doubtful whether he would have been equally fortunate with Richard Holt. When the office closed he betook himself at once to Brown Street, where he found Jenny, for the first time since her illness, sitting in the little up-stairs parlour—to which, even with her ordinary lodgers, Mrs Haywood hesitated to give the title of drawing-room, but modestly termed it her 'first-floor front.' There were flowers in the room, and in the window-sill there was a flower-box full of bud and blossom, that filled the air with fragrance.

'Is it not beautiful?' cried Jenny, drawing her visitor's attention at once to this unwonted ornament. 'Does not our room look a perfect bower?'

'A very proper cage for a sick bird to dwell in, till she is strong enough to fly at large in the sunny south,' answered Jeff gallantly.

'Now, none of that, Jeff. I am not Mr Sanders, remember; so please to stick to what I know is your proper element—prose. I can't think what has come to dear Kitty, that she should suddenly rush into these extravagances: it is not only flowers, but all sorts of delights and delicacies; and

not for my sake only; for she has actually bought Tony a trap, hat, and ball! One would have thought she had had a fortune left her—except for her face, poor darling! Here her voice grew suddenly grave. 'I am afraid there is something—I mean, more than Tony and the baby and myself—upon her mind, Jeff. I can't make her out at all. She is sometimes quite extravagantly gay: a put-on manner, I am sure; and then again, she becomes more depressed than I have ever yet seen her; and that, alas! I can see is natural. Do you know anything, dear Jeff, about my Kitty, that I don't know?'

Jenny looked at him very earnestly as she said these words, but the young man's face only reflected her own quiet sorrow.

'Nothing, I think, Jenny, that you don't know,' he answered. 'She has avoided me—I may almost say shrunk from me—for this long time; ever since you have been ill, indeed.'

'And she has seen Mr Holt,' sighed Jenny. 'O why, O why have I been struck down like this,' added she passionately, 'and rendered a useless burden, while all things have been going wrong! Jeff, you'll lose her; mark my words, we shall all lose her, and she will fling herself away upon that man, for our poor sakes.'

'Don't, Jenny, don't! I beseech you not to give way. There is a God in heaven, who will not permit it.'

'Ah, you think so,' returned Jenny bitterly. 'It is a happy faith.'

'It is a true one.'

'What! that horrible things are not permitted to happen every day? I see there is another mail from Rio: the *Sancho* has arrived. That makes the fifth; and still no news—no gleam of hope.'

'There is hope always, Jenny.' She looked up at him as quickly as the bird to which he had likened her, with swiftly scrutinising glance.

'He has come! Our father is alive!'

Then, but for his arm, she would have fallen: her cheeks were white, her eyes were closed; she lay upon his breast like a thing of stone.

'Great heaven! have I killed her with my stupid folly?' exclaimed Jeff in horror. 'How could I hope to keep such a secret from eyes like hers! Jenny, Jenny, speak to me!'

'I hear you: I shall live to see him yet!' she murmured faintly. 'Lay me down—with my face to the wall, Jeff. Leave me alone with my Maker, whom I have denied. He will send the tears presently.'

'You will not speak of this, Jenny—just yet?' said he, once more alarmed at her long silence.

'To no human ear: no, Jeff. Leave me now, and go to Kitty.'

Jeff left the room, closing the door softly behind him. In the little passage he met Nurse Haywood.

'Well, Miss Jenny is getting on nicely, Master Geoffrey; is she not?'

'Yes, nurse. But she is tired, and wishes to get a little rest; so do not let her be disturbed. Where is Kitty?'

'Lor bless ye, why, where should she be except with the baby! She can scarce ever be got to let him out of her sight. It's my opinion, what with attending to that dear child, and housekeeping, and always being worried about this and that, as she is a-wearing herself out. I daren't tell Miss Jenny, but I have come across Miss Kitty at times when she looks fit to break her heart, though she has

always a smile and a kind word for a body when she speaks to one.'

'I hope she will speak to me, nurse. Please to say I wish to see her on very particular business, and that I will not detain her long.'

As he waited in the sitting-room down-stairs, revolving in his mind, how he should break his great news to Kitty, but failing to hit upon a plan, there re-entered to him Mrs Haywood.

'Miss Kitty is very sorry, sir, but she is much engaged; and if you would kindly write her a line, instead of seeing her.'—

'I must see her,' interrupted Geoffrey impatiently. 'Did you not tell her my business was very particular?'

'Well, yes, Master Jeff, I did; and that was the very thing, to tell you the honest truth, as seemed to scare her. She has got enough and to spare on her poor mind already, you see.'

'Please go and tell her, nurse, that it is absolutely indispensable I should see her, but that what I have to say will not distress her. Be sure you tell her that.'

'For, Master Jeff, you ain't a got any good news for her, have you?' answered the old lady in a trembling voice. 'Nothing about Mr John—him as I remember as young as you be, and as comely?'

'There is no time to lose about what I have to say,' answered Jeff, with as constrained a manner as nature permitted him to assume; 'and I do beg you will give my message.' His heart smote him at having to snub the good old dame, but he was also irritated at her sagacity, or rather at the transparency of his own attempts to conceal his errand. If his heart had been in literature, Mr Sanders would have read him as easily as a proof-sheet: it was only where his feelings were not concerned that Geoffrey Derwent could play the hypocrite. While still conning that unwonted part, Kitty entered the room.

'Well, Jeff, what is it?' cried she, holding out her hand. 'I never knew such a man of mystery. There is baby taking his first beef-tea, and yet Nurse Haywood says I must leave him to attend your Highness.' Her air and manner were too light and gay to be natural to the occasion in any case; but contrasted with her looks, which were wan and worn beyond anything he could have anticipated, they seemed unreal indeed. Her eyelids were heavy and swollen, and on her fair white brow sat unmistakable care and woe.

'I am not come upon my own affairs, dear Kitty,' said Jeff assuringly, 'or I would not have been so importunate.'

'The affairs of no one else can interest me—and all of us—half so much,' she answered smilingly.

'I meant to say I should not have intruded here, without a sufficient motive, Kitty—that is all. The fact is that—that—Mr Holt.'—

At that name a shadow fell on Kitty's face and chased her smile away; she had been standing hitherto, but now at once sat down.

'That Mr Holt has had a summons to Liverpool with respect to the arrival of the *Sancho*.'

'Ah, yes; that is the Rio steamer,' she answered sadly. 'The fifth that has brought no news.'

'Well, it has brought news.'

'Of the *Flamborough Head*? What news?' inquired Kitty eagerly.

'The ship was wrecked; that's certain; but there were some survivors—two.'

'Two,' repeated Kitty mournfully; 'but two!'

'It is not yet known for certain—that is, publicly—who they are; but—now, don't cry, Kitty, darling Kitty—but there's a hope.'

'A hope? What! of papa's being alive, and he not here! I don't believe it. I want no more such hopes, Jeff; I can't bear them. They are killing me, I tell you; they are driving me to— I don't know what I am saying, Jeff, but I can't bear them.' Her head had fallen forward upon her open hands, and she was crying bitterly.

'Do you suppose I could come here to mock you, Kitty? I came to comfort you, to gladden you.'

'To gladden me?' She shook her head; her tone was as though he had suggested the most unlikely thing on earth; and yet she raised her face all wet with tears.

'He is alive, Kitty; your father is alive!' She looked like one awakened from a dream; astounded, dazed: the light of joy was breaking on the night of woe, but very slowly.

'Alive! Papa alive! Where is he?'

'In England. You will see him soon. I have seen him.'

'Thank God, thank God!' she murmured. 'Oh, thank God!'

Still she did not rise, nor shew any passionate excitement, such as he had expected, and had seen in Jenny. 'Is he well, Jeff?' she went on slowly.

'Yes, quite well. Philip Astor is with him, and has been very, very good to him. He is to be called Dalton now, and recognised as his brother.'

'When shall I see him? When is he coming? Why is he not here?'

'Because he feared the shock might be too much for you and Jenny. He is close by. Shall I fetch him in, or will you wait a little?'

'Wait a little—just a minute.' As she spoke, a joyful cry burst forth in the quiet street. Both glanced through the window, and on the other side of the way was Tony clasped in the arms of a thin grizzled man, in wayworn and outlandish garb. Behind them stood another. They were looking towards the house, and Jeff beckoned to them frantically, and ran to the front door. The next moment, Kitty, sobbing as though her heart would break, was strained passionately to her father's breast.

'Don't cry, don't cry,' he whispered, though the tears were falling down his own weather-beaten cheeks like rain; 'and you have not yet kissed dear Philip—your Uncle Philip.'

DRUMMERS AND FIFERS.

And the village 'wakes to the sound of the drum.
Old Song.

Drums and fifes are probably the most ancient, as they are certainly the most familiar, of all our musical paraphernalia; and they have been through many ages associated with scenes of warlike interest and display. Whatever be their origin, there is a charm connected with the fife and drum which is alien to all other instruments, and which makes the music they produce more applicable to military purposes than any other. It would be difficult, if not wholly impossible to describe the cause of this, but it is certain that on the line of march men find it easier to keep step to the lively tones of the fife and the brisk roll of the drum than to follow a brass band, which cannot be

distinctly heard further than about half the length of a battalion. It is a singular thing, however, that it is only the English-speaking peoples who make this kind of music national, for the French and other continental armies generally march to the sound of the drum alone, or to a combination of drum and bugle, when their brass bands are not playing. But this kind of music has never found favour with our British regiments, though many attempts have been made to introduce it. It has a foreign ring about it which makes it unpleasant to English ears, and it is of a very monotonous character, there being no more than five notes on the common bugle; consequently the few tunes that can be played upon it have a sameness about them which is exceedingly wearisome to the ear. But this does not prevent its being used occasionally, as a change to the music of the trombone or the fife.

The chief glory of the drum lies in the crispness of its sound and the beauty of its appointments, though of late years this useful instrument has been sadly used, by being cut down to a mere skeleton, composed principally of bolts and screws, with scarcely any body to it at all. The handsomest specimens of the drum which have been familiar to us from childhood and to preceding generations, are those borne by the drummers of the Guards, which are beautifully emblazoned with the royal coat of arms and the names of the battles in which each regiment has been engaged; and the bearers take a pride in keeping the plain brass brilliant, while the emblazoned portion is always well polished with beeswax.

'Drummer' is the lowest *rank* in the British army, for the private soldiers are included in the term *file*, and the former receives a penny per *diem* more pay than the latter. But though humble, it is a rank which ought not to be despised, seeing, as we shall presently shew, that it has been ennobled by brave deeds, and, like the highest rank in the army, honoured with the presence and patronage of royalty itself. The holders of the rank are generally the sons of soldiers, and have been educated in the regimental school, the attendance at which is still kept up, even after they join the service, until they attain the age of eighteen. Before they are permitted to enter the regiment, however, the consent of their parents is obtained, and the boys themselves must be thoroughly trustworthy and intelligent. As, however, the supply of boys, sons of men still serving, is limited, in consequence of the restrictions with respect to marriage in the army, many of them are obtained from those excellent institutions, the Duke of York, Caledonian, and Hibernian Schools, where they have already received a semi-military education, fitting them for the new career which they have chosen to adopt. The barrack-life of a drummer is not an enviable one, for the youth is exposed to many evil temptations, and is often made the slave or errand-boy of the common soldier. But these evils have of late years been considerably decreased by the wise act of separating the boys from the men and allowing them to have a mess of their own. The duties of the drummer are of a somewhat varied kind, and are not by any means limited to the pleasant task of playing at the head of a famous regiment. He has to mount guard in his turn whenever the guard is under the command of an officer, either carrying his

drum with him, or in the case of a fifer, his bugle; his duty when on guard being to go on official (and often non-official) errands, to sound or beat the salute and tattoo, and to accompany with a lantern the officer's 'rounds' at night. In barracks, the drummer performs orderly or picket duty, which consists in sounding or beating the 'calls' and warnings for the assembling of the troops for the different drills and parades.

When in camp the whole band of drummers and fifers assemble four times a day under the command of the drum-major, and play what is termed *Réveil*, Troop, Retreat, and Tattoo or as some are inclined to call it, the Taptoo. The *Réveil* (from the French verb *réveiller*, to awake) is generally played at five o'clock A.M. to rouse the camp from its slumbers; and a very pretty effect it has when one stands at a distance and listens to the various bands playing it as they march round their camp, each introducing into the regulation music some favourite national air. Troop is played at nine A.M. and is the commencement of an ordinary day's proceedings; Retreat at sunset, or 'gun-fire' as it is sometimes called, being the time when the evening gun is fired and the standard lowered; and Tattoo or Roll-call at ten o'clock P.M.* Twenty minutes is allowed for the duration of the roll-call, the commencement and finish of which are sounded on the bugle, and are called the first and last 'posts.' It is only the infantry regiments which possess a drum and fife band, the members of which number from twenty to thirty for each battalion.

The uniform of our drummers and fifers must be familiar enough to the eyes of every Englishman; yet very few people imagine that there is anything beyond mere ornament in the spotted lace which adorns their scarlet tunics. But there is nothing connected with the British army which is too insignificant to bear a history of its own, and consequently we find that the blue spot which is scattered so thickly on the drummer's tunic is the celebrated *fleur-de-lis*, or French lily, which being worn by the *highest* rank in the royal armies of France was, as a mark of our military superiority, bestowed upon the *lowest* rank in the British army. When in the field, the fife gives place to the bugle, and a bugler is attached to each company, the commanding officer also being accompanied by a bugler of his own. The remainder of the drummers are employed in the delicate and difficult duty of carrying the wounded to the hospital or ambulance, they having previously been taught how to bandage up wounds in the absence of the surgeon. Indeed many a brave fellow has ere now owed his life to the skilful and gentle hands of a little drum-boy, either from a timely bandage, or that 'cup of cold water' which, to a wounded man on the field of battle, is worth all the gems in a monarch's crown.

Instances have occurred in which the youthful soldier-Samaritan has been stricken by cruel death in the midst of his charitable work; and many of our readers may perchance have seen the exquisite little water-colour sketch by the Queen's eldest

*Hitherto, the time for roll-call or tattoo has varied, it having been nine o'clock in summer and half-past eight in winter when in camp, and nine in winter and ten in summer when in barracks; but a general order just issued fixes the time at ten P.M. all the year round—a boon which will be appreciated by the army at large.

daughter, depicting a scene of this kind which happened in the Crimea. The drummers of the British army have at all times acquitted themselves nobly in the field; and had we space at our command, we could give illustrations of individual acts of bravery that ought for ever to cast a halo around the name. It must suffice, however, to mention one or two incidents that have occurred within the memory of many who are still living. In one of the battles of the Peninsular war, a drummer, whose name and corps have both been unfortunately lost to history, having wandered from his regiment, was taken prisoner by the French and brought before Napoleon as a spy. Bonaparte frowned heavily upon his prisoner as he demanded of him his rank in the British army. On being told it was that of a drummer, the Emperor, to test the truth of the reply, caused a drum to be brought, and requested his prisoner to beat 'the charge!'

The drummer's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as he gave the terrific roll and rataplan demanded.

'Now beat a retreat,' said Napoleon.

'I cannot,' replied the drummer proudly; 'no such a thing is known in the English army. We never retreat.'

'Good!' exclaimed the Emperor. 'You are a brave lad, and may rejoin your own army.'

Then turning to those near him, Napoleon gave directions that the drummer should be conducted back in safety to the English lines. Fortune is, however, a fickle jade, for at the battle of Waterloo this humble hero met with a sad death. He had been out with a body of skirmishers, who were suddenly attacked by cavalry and driven back on their supports. The latter formed square, and the earth shook beneath the feet of the advancing cuirassiers as they rode right up to the points of the bayonets. Beneath that rampart of steel lay the drummer, who had been too late to seek the shelter of the square. He was safe, however; and when the horsemen were driven back, he jumped merrily upon his legs and shouted: 'Hollo, comrades! here I am, safe enough!' These were the last words he ever uttered; for at that moment a round-shot carried his head off his shoulders and bespattered his comrades with his brains. Such is the fortune of war.

In the Crimea, on the evening of the day on which an unsuccessful attack had been made upon the Redan, a drummer was observed to leave the shelter of the trenches with his can of tea in his hand, and in the midst of a fearful shower of shot and shell from the Russian batteries, he threaded his way amongst the wounded, giving a drink here and a drink there until his can was emptied. Then flinging the empty can towards the enemy with a gesture of defiance, he walked coolly back to his post. By the means of this timely assistance some of the wounded were able to bear their sufferings until darkness enabled them to be rescued from death. The drummer-boy who did this brave deed received the Victoria Cross from Her Majesty's own hand.

One more incident we may mention of recent occurrence. During the Abyssinian expedition, a bugler whose name we have forgotten, though it is inscribed on England's roll of honour, was appointed field bugler; and as such, his duty was to accompany the general in command. When the army approached Magdala, this gallant lad left

Lord Napier's side unseen, and reaching the gates before the storming-party, he was the first to dash into the stronghold of the tyrant. For this daring service he of course obtained the cross For Valour.

When a boy enters the army at a very early age, which sometimes happens in the case of one who has suddenly become an orphan, he is generally made much of by the officers, and eventually ranks as the 'pet of the regiment.' An instance of this kind occurred in one of the regiments of the Guards shortly after the Crimean war. A bright, intelligent little fellow about nine years of age, whose father had been killed at the battle of Inkerman, and whose mother, having three younger children to attend to, had applied to have her eldest child taken into the regiment, was duly enlisted to 'serve Her Majesty the Queen, her heirs and successors.' The boy was so small in stature, and yet so clean and smart in his appearance, that he soon became the favourite of all, from the colonel downwards. His usual place on returning from a field-day was on the back of the colonel's horse at the head of the battalion; the colonel himself, an Alina hero with one arm, walking beside the animal, and ever and anon making some remark to amuse the little fellow.

It happened at this time that the young Prince Arthur had begun to evince a taste for military life, and, by the Queen's command, the drum-major of this battalion, which was stationed at Windsor, attended regularly at the castle to teach His Royal Highness the drum. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort were often present on these occasions; and one day when the young Prince asked his tutor if there were any drummers in the Guards as small as himself (the Prince), the drum-major informed his royal pupil of the facts relating to the little soldier-boy mentioned above. With her usual kindness of heart, the Queen directed that the little fellow should be brought to the castle on the following day. Accordingly, the morrow saw the worthy non-commissioned officer and his tiny subordinate—the latter being as prim as brushing and pipeclay could make him, with his life under his arm and his forage-cap set jauntily on the side of his head—trudging up the castle-hill towards the royal residence. On reaching the royal nursery, they had not long to wait before Her Majesty and the young Prince made their appearance. The drum-major and his little charge instantly sprang to 'attention,' and brought their hands to the salute; while Prince Arthur, with a cry of delight, hastened forward and began to ask his brother-drummer a thousand and one questions. The 'pet of the regiment' was naturally shy in such august company; but he became reassured when the Queen, taking him kindly by the hand, addressed a few motherly remarks to him.

Then the royal drummer slung his drum, and calling upon the young Guardsman to 'play up,' the latter responded to the invitation with *God save the Queen*, the Prince joining in lustily the while upon his well-battered sheepskin. Her Majesty was greatly pleased with the simple compliment; and on the conclusion of the audience, she not only provided her novel guest with a good luncheon, but gave him a *five-pound note for his mother*. Prince Arthur continued his studies on the drum for several months afterwards; and when they were concluded, the drum-major received from the Queen's hands a handsome gold watch and

chain bearing an inscription, together with a portrait of the Prince dressed as a drummer, with his drum slung round his neck.

It may be well to mention here that the drum-majors of the Guards are also 'drummers in ordinary to the Queen,' their principal duty as such being to attend in their state clothing with the trumpeters of the Life-Guards (who hold a similar rank) whenever Garter King-at-Arms makes public a royal proclamation. This was done when peace was proclaimed in 1856, and the state trumpeters and drummers gave a flourish and a fanfare previous to the reading of the important document. The state clothing of the drum-major is very gorgeous, being embroidered all over with gold, and costs forty-two pounds each suit. It is renewed every seven years; and the old suit, which was formerly the perquisite of the wearer, is sold for the benefit of the public.

Independently of his bravery in the field, the humble drummer or fifer has at times developed extraordinary musical talent. As an instance we may mention a name which has long been popular in this country, especially in musical society, and is likewise well known and esteemed in our colonies in America—namely, that of Godfrey. About the year 1813, when this country was at war with Napoleon, a number of volunteers from the Surrey militia joined the Coldstream Guards, and amongst them was a fifer, who was likewise a good bassoon-player, and who, having joined the rank and file, attracted the attention of the officers by still applying his leisure hours to the study of music. This was Charles Godfrey; and on attaining the rank of sergeant in his new corps, he volunteered, amongst others, to go to the seat of war. But fortune ordained otherwise, for the bandmaster's post having become vacant, it was offered to young Godfrey, and accepted. He set himself hard to work in his new position until he became one of the finest military bands in the world—a reputation which it has ever since retained. The officers of the regiment were very proud of his success; and when in the course of time Mr Godfrey had completed his twenty-one years' service, they would not hear of parting with him, but retained him on handsome terms, until he eventually died in harness in 1863, after an honourable servitude of fifty years. His name and fame have been perpetuated in his talented sons, two of whom were bandmasters in the Guards before their father's death, and another succeeded him in the Coldstream, so that each of the three regiments possessed a Godfrey.* These clever musicians have not only made their bands famous, but have added some celebrated *morceaux* to the musical repertoire of the nation.

And not only music but literature also has bowed before the conquering steps of the drummer, for in the year 1863 we find Her Majesty the Queen acknowledging the receipt of some verses from the pen of a drummer in the Coldstream Guards. When our readers next hear the sound of the drum mingled with the shrill tones of the fife, they will, we trust, remember the examples of famous drummers and fifers which these pages record, and which, if we had the space at our disposal, could be

indefinitely multiplied. We might only mention that the colonel of one of the battalions of H.M. 17th Regiment has risen from the rank of drummer to his present post; and that Colonel M'Bean of the 93d Highlanders now commands the regiment in which he once served as a private soldier. England is served well and faithfully in every clime by all ranks and conditions of men, but by none more so than by those who, in the midst of perils, 'beat the Queen's morning drum round the world.'

FOLLOWING UP THE TRACK.

CHAPTER IX.

THE summer assizes for the county of Tipperary were to be opened at Clonmel on the 10th of July 1808; and how unlike in those days such an eventful episode in rural life, from the prosaic routine which now ordinarily prevails, when, instead of groups of barristers riding into the town, and the judges coming in with great state and parade, the levelling railway puts an end to all display and romance upon the occasion of the arrival of Her Majesty's actors on the tragic stage. But at the period with which our story is conversant, the assizes were the important epoch to which all local matters of interest were referable. The dance of death in the jail by day was to go on side by side with the cotillon or Sir Roger de Coverley gone through with vivacity and animation in the Assembly Rooms by night; and it was very exciting for those who had to lead quiet lives (save in the hunting-field) during the next six or seven months, to take up their position in the grand-jury gallery and look down from thence into the dock, when, for example, some man accused of murder was on his trial. To notice the tell-tale features of the accused; the pallid lips, and the mechanical grasping of the bars before him, and the intent eyes fixed upon the approver, at the table or in the witness-box as the case might be, as the latter, with the reckless assurance of one who thinks he is the chief actor and object of attraction on the occasion, and only telling an amusing story to a crowded audience, discloses with terrible particularity the confidential words which had been whispered to him by the prisoner while they were watching in the grove, or behind the ditch, for the arrival of their unsuspecting victim.

The second day of the assizes arrived, and it was apparent that a trial of more than ordinary importance and moment was about to take place. The country-people, for it was market-day, congregated about the doors which led to the galleries that are set apart for the general public; and the officials, down to the crier, seemed oppressed with the sense of their own consequence. The hum of voices suddenly ceased; the words 'The judge is coming' were repeated from one to another; and soon, in dignified form, the Lord Chief-justice, invested in his scarlet robes and ermined cape, presented himself; and with a quiet courteous

* Charles Godfrey, junior, left the Scots Fusilier Guards some time since, and is now bandmaster of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue). Another son is a distinguished member of the Civil Service.

and gracious manner, he proceeded to take his seat upon the bench, where already were spread out before him a number of venerable-looking and portly volumes, supposed to contain precedents for everything.

'Put forward Brien Spelassy,' said the clerk of the crown in his most serious manner, addressing the jailer; and after a few minutes of suspense, heavy footsteps were heard from below the dock ascending the stairs of a dark passage, and then the man named stood in front of it; every gaze was directed, with what might be designated as the indecorum of curiosity, in the one direction. There he was at bay—an animal to be hunted down like an object of the chase; to be made the subject of speculation and inquiry as to his acts, and the inferences to be deduced from them; his life to be flung about from the battledore of one legal player to another; condemned to have his lips sealed as a witness for himself, and at the time in question, not even permitted to have counsel to speak for him. The prisoner cowered before the many faces that for him bore no traces of sympathy; and he bent down his head until it rested on the cold iron rail before him; but when the formal question was asked, after the indictment was read out, whether he pleaded guilty or not to the charge of the wilful murder of Ellen Power, with something of a defiant air, and drawing himself up to his full height, he firmly answered: 'I am not guilty; I am as innocent of her death as the child unborn. I had neither hand, act, nor part in it.'

It has been said, but certainly in somewhat of an exaggerated tone, that the great aim and end of the constitution is to assemble twelve men in a jury-box—men who are to be exclusively the judges of facts, and upon whose fiat depend the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of their fellow-citizens. There is also the axiom that every person when accused has a right to be tried by his peers; not, indeed, the felon by a brother-felon, or the thief by a thief, but the humble man by one of an equal position in the social scale. But though the theory be a fine one, it is seldom it can really be carried out in practice. The wealthy grazier whose herds and flocks dot his pastures, and bring in a large revenue for himself and his children, can scarcely regard without an insensible bias in his mind the individual who stands before him charged with cattle or sheep stealing. The prosperous landlord will not have much favour for the tenant who is arraigned for shooting a brother-landlord or his agent, because his rent has been raised; and the honest merchant or the county gentleman would crimson with indignation were he to be told that he was the peer, or equal, of the shoeless, shirtless vagabond indicted for mistaking the goods of another for his own, and under the temporary hallucination converting them to his own use. However, on this eventful second day of the assizes, twelve gentlemen were sworn on the jury which was to determine between King George and Brien Spelassy the issue of life or death, and within the little area of a pent-up box to exercise one of the attributes of

supreme power. They could not, indeed, confer life, but their verdict was one which could take it away, and their grave and anxious countenances shewed that they were fully sensible of the responsibility cast upon them.

The leading counsel for the prosecution, Mr Charles Travers, was one of those clear-headed and cool personages not to be diverted from his purpose or thrown off his guard by any surprise, however unexpected. He was one who, if a volcano burst under his feet, would affect to regard it as a playful freak of nature, and scarcely condescend to brush the ashes or the lava off his boots. Opening his brief, after untying the red tape with almost provoking slowness, he proceeded to state the facts proposed to be given by him in evidence; and in his quiet colloquial manner of speaking, without any apparent exaggeration, there was far more of persuasiveness than if he had resorted to vehement appeals to the prejudices of his audience; and the impression he conveyed was that of a minister of justice who had a very painful duty to discharge in attaching guilt to any human being, but who had a paramount duty imposed upon him in the interests of society at large. The case, he observed, was one of which they had all doubtless heard; and the prisoner at the bar was charged as being a participator in the murder of Ellen Power; and on the same occasion her infant child was killed; but with that latter crime the jury had now nothing to do.

As Mr Travers stated the facts with cautious moderation, deprecating any conviction unless guilt should be clearly established, Maurice Power, who had been permitted to place himself in an angle of the court, between the seats reserved for the lawyers and the dock, and who could see and hear everything that was passing, without at the same time occupying any prominent position, could scarcely refrain from interrupting the speaker as he heard such deprecating words. 'Why,' he reasoned, 'should the counsel for the crown admit anything that might influence the jury in favour of a criminal?' and he muttered words: 'Can the pass be sold on me? It is money must have done this,' was fortunately so indistinct that no one collected the import of the words, which were only so far audible as to draw down from the crier the warning: 'Silence in the court!'

The crown counsel proceeded to dilate upon the natural horror which the crime of murder excited among all nations from the earliest period of even sacred history; and that the most polished community of antiquity so execrated the taking away of life, that the judges deliberated under the canopy of heaven and in the silence of night, as they considered the very walls of any edifice would be polluted by the presence within them of an assassin. There might have been also another reason for the adoption of such a mode of trial—namely, lest the appeal made to their feelings by the supplicatory looks of the culprit should sway their judgment. Passing from such general topics, Mr Travers said he would detail in few words the facts which were considered to establish the guilt of the accused. The murderers were three in number at least; but the utmost vigilance of those acting for the prosecution had obtained no clue by which to discover the third member of the party. The object of these ruffians was plunder; for the poor girl who became their victim was one

against whom no motive could be suggested for entertaining hostility; but possibly from being alarmed by some sudden noise while searching the cottage, or owing to her resistance, and a suspicion that she might have recognised one of their body, the robbery was accompanied by a deed which no words could too forcibly denounce. The husband of Ellen on the morning of the night in question had left their home to obtain at Clonmel a loan of money to augment a sum which it was known he kept in the cottage; and the prosecution would produce before the jury the afflicted and bereaved widower, who could shew where he had been during that momentous day and evening; and detail what he saw on his return to the Glen, which was a very secluded spot through which few passed, as it led to no village or hamlet, and to no frequented pathway. On one point the evidence of this witness would be no doubt confused, and that was as to what happened to him while he was in the public-house or tavern of a Mr Meagher, who was a wealthy individual, a money-lender, and if report spoke true, a hard but respectable man; and it was but fair to the prisoner to throw out the suggestion that possibly Power had taken somewhat more drink than was advisable, in that or some other place in the town, and the influence of which might not have entirely passed away when he left Meagher's house for the Glen. But there was no question that a sudden great shock, or an appalling incident, could at once restore the mind to all its original powers of observation and thought; and when the husband proceeded up the borgen or lane leading to the farmyard, and when he heard the steps of the murderers at that unwonted hour of night, he became himself again in all the integrity of an unclouded reason. What then occurred? The accents of one person left an indelible impression upon his ear; and although the words spoken on that occasion were few, they were most significant; and the witness would swear beyond any question or doubt that the voice he then heard was that of Brien Spelassy, the prisoner at the bar; and that he had at once recognised it, after months had passed away, at a place and at a time when there was nothing to suggest inquiry or awaken any suspicion against the accused.

The advocate for Spelassy was Mr Supple, considered to be a very rising junior of twenty years' standing at the bar, quick, sharp, loud-spoken (a great merit in the estimation of the country people), and with a more than due estimate of his own abilities, although not a very profound lawyer; and when he heard what was meant to be relied on as so important a proof in the chain of evidence, he smiled with a contemptuous air, and proceeded with elaborate care to wind his watch and set the minute-hand forward.

This little piece of forensic acting did not escape the observation of his adversary; but he considered it more prudent not to notice it, and therefore went on to observe that even if he were in a position to prove no more in the case, there was quite enough to entitle the crown to ask for a verdict of guilty, unless the man at the bar could prove by trustworthy persons that he was at a distance on the night in question. But it would be further established by the testimony of a young girl of unimpeachable character and great intelligence, that her cousin John Dwyer had formed an

acquaintance with the prisoner; and two evenings before All-Hallow's night the latter had come from Clonmel to Mulla, a considerable distance, apparently on no business; and after much persuasion, Dwyer was induced to leave the village in his company; and was from that time never heard of until his dead body was found under circumstances which would have a very material bearing indeed upon the other facts to be brought forward. 'It might be said,' continued Mr Travers, 'by my learned friend who sits beside me, that the meeting of the two men and their leaving together, although suspicious, went but little way in attaching guilt to the accused. So able a counsel'—

Here Mr Supple, the gentleman in question, nodded assentingly, as if the epithet was his exclusive property, and he felt gratified that it had been restored to him in so public a manner.

'So able a counsel,' repeated the speaker, 'might put forward his views to the extent of urging that it was quite consistent with the truth that the two men soon separated after they left the village of Mulla; but there were persons on the road who recollected seeing them together very near Clonmel, and that Dwyer was afterwards at the place of the outrage, would admit of no controversy. It was at the Glen farm cottage he met his death. While assisting the prisoner and his unknown confederate to plunder and slay, an avenging hand was there raised against him; and the man who grasped the weapon by which he met his death was none other than the bereaved husband of Ellen Power!'

A wail of agony, appalling in its distinctness, as these words were spoken, rang through the court, and for the moment scared every auditor, and then the heavy fall upon the ground of a girl who had been standing on some steps near the dock added to the natural excitement. The crowd, however, gathered round her, and with gentle hands lifting her up, carried Mary Dwyer, bleeding from a wound in the temple, into the open air.

'I was observing, gentlemen of the jury,' resumed Mr Travers, 'when interrupted by what has just passed before your eyes, upon the remarkable fact that the prisoner will be demonstrated to have left Mulla with this Dwyer two evenings before the fearful outrage which we are now investigating; that he was seen in his company a few hours before its occurrence; that Dwyer was killed in the bedroom of the cottage just after Ellen Power was basely assassinated; and it was then, in order to prevent their guilt being traced by the body, which would have been left in the hands of justice, that, no doubt with great labour and difficulty, his associates conveyed it to the cave, in which, through the agency of Providence, it was finally discovered. What further was there in the case? A search-warrant was granted to examine a room in Mr Stephen Meagher's house which it had been previously ascertained was in the exclusive possession of Brien Spelassy, and the door of which he always kept jealously locked, if he only left the house for a few minutes. When the constables came to institute their search, Spelassy, in the first instance, represented to them that he had lost the key; but it was found under the chair in which he had seated himself; and along with it another of a smaller size, which opened an old-fashioned drawer, fitted into a deep recess beside the window. In that drawer a large sum of money was

discovered, far beyond what reasonably might have been expected to be in the possession of a person in his position in life; but in addition, a number of forged bank-notes, which might account for his frequent visits to fairs when having no ostensible business in such places, and his readiness to oblige illiterate farmers, as he did at the fair of Mullin, by counting up the money and notes received by them for their cattle and other stock.'

The legal indignation of the prisoner's counsel could not be restrained as this latter statement was made, and addressing the judge, he said: 'My lord, I am most reluctant to interrupt my learned friend, but he should not make a reference to what he designates as the discovery of supposed forged notes. There is no such charge in the indictment, and, of course, could not be, and the statement in question is not only irrelevant but illegal.'

A long discussion arose in reference to this objection, which certainly did not interest the general audience. On this occasion the discussion ended by the dignified personage appealed to satisfying neither side, 'hoping that Mr Travers would carefully avoid mentioning anything which might afterwards be excluded when tendered in evidence, but at the same time deciding that the finding of the notes, if shewn to be forged ones, was a portion of the whole transaction, and therefore could not be excluded.'

'I think I shall not be interrupted again, unless there be some real necessity for it,' remarked the advocate for the crown, for an instant forgetting his usual calmness; 'and I now proceed to mention a circumstance which, in my humble opinion (but that, gentlemen, is subject to your better judgment) is, when taken in connection with the other proofs, conclusive of the guilt of the man in the dock.'

As he thus spoke, the cheek and the lips of Spelassy blanched; his eyes were rapidly directed to each portion of the court to see what effect this announcement created; a sickly smile of assumed incredulity and indifference played across his mouth, giving way, however, almost instantly to a rigid expression. He muttered something to the turnkey who was standing beside him, and then looked to his counsel, as if there to ascertain whether he had anything more than ordinary to fear; but Mr Supple seemed to be wholly engrossed in the perusal of a letter, acting his part at this juncture, for could a person have then glanced over his shoulder, he would have discovered that the letter was reversed in his hands, literally turned upside down.

'I need scarcely remind jurors of your experience,' proceeded Mr Travers, 'that it is the usage—a usage derived from the remotest periods of antiquity—when country-people pledge their troth to each other, to break a gold or silver coin, each part of which is preserved with the most superstitious care; and now I produce for your inspection one half of a coin which the fond husband of the poor victim whose death we are inquiring into, always kept on his person from the hour when Ellen Morrissey pledged herself to become his wife.'

Here the sensation rose to fever-pitch, and many were the eyes now strained forward in the endeavour to catch a glimpse of the coin, while, with tantalising delay, the numerous folds in which it was wrapped up were removed and carefully

laid aside on the table. The love-token was handed to the judge, and then to the jurors, and examined with almost feminine interest and curiosity. It was a portion of one of those massive Spanish dollars which foreign traders to the port of Waterford were formerly in the habit of exchanging for the butter and eggs of the country-people who came to the market on each Saturday; and the coin having been unequally broken, some jagged edges were apparent where the severance had taken place.

'And now,' resumed the speaker, in his most impressive accents, 'the significance of that record of the affection of these humble people will be at once understood when I mention that on the night when Ellen Power met her untimely death she had the corresponding portion of the dollar secured round her neck in a leathern purse, together with a number of guineas which her husband had given into her charge when leaving the Glen for this town; and that identical purse, but emptied of its contents, was afterwards found on the body of John Dwyer; and here is the part of the broken token which the wife had with her on that fearful night. Where was it found? you will at once ask. It was found locked up in the drawer belonging to the prisoner, and to which depository he alone could have had access. What link in the evidence is now wanting, I may confidently ask? The irresistible inference to be drawn from this discovery, no casuistry, no legal skill, or eloquence can meet or answer.'

That the two pieces of the dollar fitted together, and had originally been part of the same coin, could not, indeed, be questioned when examined by even the most casual observer—the undulating projections of one sank into the opposite cavity, and a flaw in the casting passed like a fine thread from rim to rim.

There is inherent in our natures a love for mysteries and surprises, and too frequently it is found that an undue importance becomes attached to circumstances which have the appearance of romance in them, and lift us out of the ordinary incidents of life; and an uneasy, disquieted look was visible on the countenances of the twelve men in the jury-box, as if they were becoming impressed with the conviction that escape from the discharge of a painful duty was not possible; but the astute advocate of Spelassy turned with a smiling aspect to his forensic adversary, and said: 'Were it not that admissions cannot be made in a criminal case, I would be ready at once to dispense with your proving that the love-token was the one so exchanged and religiously preserved by both husband and wife. Indeed the fact is obvious.'

'What on earth can be his defence?' was the thought which flashed across the mind of Mr Travers; but stimulated by the zeal and desire for success which even prosecuting counsel may feel, although the stake played for be the condemned cell or the free air, he proceeded with masterly skill to link together every slight incident in addition to those which were of such serious and startling import; and when he had closed his address, contrasting what had been the happy home of Maurice Power and what was to be his desert future of existence—an outcast, alone in the world—a subdued thrill of emotion ran through those who were listening to his words; and all seemed to be assured that in a few brief hours the

hardened being in the dock would know more of the great and awful secrets of a future world than all the gifted living poets and philosophers with their lofty intellects and noble aspirations.

(To be concluded next month.)

OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

I AM inclined to think that every man is the best judge of his own character, and that every nation knows its own strong and weak points. And yet we should perhaps get on badly without the candid friend to tell us now and then an unpleasant truth, and the indulgent friend to give us words (also wholesome if judiciously administered) of encouragement and appreciation. Towards the nation, the intelligent foreigner fills these rôles. On the whole, I think England has no cause to complain of the remarks made upon her. There may be a few who, like the learned Snellfungus, 'travel from Dan to Beersheba,' and say 'It is all barren'; but from Froissart to Erasmus, from Erasmus to Bunsen, there have been many who have looked at England with kindness as well as interest, and who have been quick to acknowledge her merits with no grudging praise.

The earlier travellers throw a valuable light upon manners and customs likely to be passed over in silence by native authors to whom they are perfectly familiar. Many, both early and recent, reflect a light upon their own country; thus, from reading the *Shah's Diary* we may form a good idea of the present condition of Persia. To give a few more instances of this. When the Baron de Pöllnitz, who visited England in 1733, remarks with satisfaction that torture is not employed, not even in cases of conspiracy, it reminds us of the barbarities so long practised in other countries. In France, *la question préparatoire* was not abolished till forty-seven years later, and torture was not completely dispensed with till the Revolution. In Russia it was legal till 1801. When Nathaniel Hawthorne remarks in nearly every page of his *English Note-book* upon the green mantle of ivy which here makes beautiful the most unsightly objects, we remember that tumble-down walls and blasted trunks have in North America no such decent covering under which to hide themselves.

It is pleasant to find that our visitors of all nations speak continually of the kind and hospitable treatment they receive. In this respect we have improved since the days of Froissart, when, as he tells us, 'the English were so proud and haughty that they could not behave to the people of other nations with civility.' But a certain coldness of manner is complained of. There are Englishmen, or at least there were in 1733, who seem on particular days not to recognise those with whom they have been living the evening before. The observer was at first inclined to attribute this to English pride, but at last good-naturedly concludes that it is 'the effect of a melancholy humour, which is spread over nearly the whole nation.' Are we really so very melancholy? It is consolatory to hear that Simond, a Frenchman who, in 1810,

visited England after a twenty-two years' residence in the United States, finds us much more cheerful than he expected. He is surprised at the way in which a joke is welcomed in the House of Commons, and finds an animation there that he was not prepared for. Not, indeed, that it is quite as lively as the American Congress, where in his day two members engaged in a regular combat with fists—may, even with the poker and tongs—and the Speaker left the chair to give fair play. But to Frenchmen, our very mirth appears serious. What amuses us does not amuse them. M. Taine makes a frantic attempt to understand and explain English humour, but few will think that he has succeeded. 'Generally,' he says, 'it is the pleasantry of a man who, though joking, maintains his gravity.' He 'who jests here is seldom kindly, and is never happy; he feels and forcibly censures the inequalities of life.' That there is much of this humour among us, a humour that helps us to put into a palatable form that continual abuse of ourselves, which is another great wonder and puzzle to foreigners, I do not deny; but surely we are not without some of a more genial kind, some that does not 'leave an after-taste of vinegar.'

But this and a few other mistakes and much flippancy we may forgive M. Taine in gratitude for what he has done to make English literature known and appreciated in France. Voltaire was the first Frenchman to discover some merits in Shakspeare, indeed he did him the honour to borrow his *Zaïre* from *Othello*, but before his death regretted that he had led the way, when he saw Ducis following with versions of *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and other plays. Acquaintance with our literature did not, however, spread rapidly. Simond, in 1810, says: 'The French have heard no doubt of some of the English writers—they know that Newton was a great mathematician; that Pope wrote an *Essay on Man*; they admire Young, whom nobody reads in England, and being *d'un beau noir*, they think it quite English; Shakspeare they understand has written a number of barbarous tragedies, and Milton a mad poem on *Paradise Lost*: add to these two historians, Robertson and Hume, and you will have the main body of English literature, lost in a crowd of English novels fabricated at Paris.' And Simond himself, whose long stay in America had made him perfectly familiar with our language, and who actually preferred the literature of England to that of France, speaks of Shakspeare in a way that would make a modern critic's hair stand on end. Hamlet is in his opinion 'one of the most ill-conceived and inexplicable of his plays;' but he suggests that things might have been better had the English bard had the good fortune to be born 'a century later, before taste was over-refined, and when it had ceased to be barbarous.' A well-educated Frenchman would now, I think, speak more respectfully, and Victor Hugo no doubt intended a high compliment when he called Shakspeare 'his intellectual twin-brother.'

Let us now come to something that touches us more nearly—what foreigners have thought of Englishwomen. To begin with: they have, it seems, a great talent for silence. 'The other day I was visiting,' says the Baron de Pöllnitz, 'at a house where there were twenty women and not one man. They looked at each other and said not a word. Find me elsewhere if you can,' he exclaims, 'twenty

women thus staying quiet.' Simond says: 'Women do not speak much in numerous and mixed company;' and M. Taine is told of a lady of the highest class, accustomed to important ceremonies, 'and who becomes dumb and blushes when a stranger is introduced to her.' When women meddle in politics they are (or were in 1810) still more violent and extravagant than the men. Their want of taste in dress is a sore trial to foreigners, and M. Taine seems a little doubtful whether the very robust health that they enjoy is consistent with perfect refinement. In him, however, literary ladies have found a champion, though it is evidently rather a surprise to him to discover that authoresses may be pleasing and natural. I do not think he was quite correctly informed by the friend who told him that no 'well-brought up woman reads journals of the fashions.' While European writers wonder at the liberty which young ladies are allowed, Americans make the very opposite remark. In this matter English custom has adopted a medium course; may we say the happy medium? Hawthorne delivers his verdict upon Englishwomen in this oracular sentence: 'It is certain that a woman in England is either decidedly a lady or decidedly not a lady.' He sees a set of school-girls of the lower class, and talks of their 'stubbled sturdy figures, round coarse faces and snub noses;' they are quite wanting 'in the slender elegance of American youngwomanhood.' Possibly, however, they had something to compensate them, for we are told they looked 'wholesome,' which is, if I mistake not, American for 'healthy.'

It is strange that our nearest relations, who so much resemble us—the Americans, are by no means our most favourable critics. Mr Hawthorne is much less pleased with Englishmen than M. Taine. According to the former, 'an Englishman of genius usually lacks the national characteristics, and is great abnormally.' 'Success makes an Englishman intolerable;' 'in adversity,' Mr Hawthorne concedes, 'he is a very respectable character; he does not lose his dignity, but merely comes to a proper conception of himself.' Further on we are told that 'the English are a most intolerant people and that there seems to be very little difference between their educated and their ignorant classes in this respect.' Even our personal appearance comes in for a share of Mr Hawthorne's criticism; he talks of a 'three-cornered English nose.' There is one thing, however, and perhaps one only, of which he takes a more favourable view than M. Taine, and that is our weather. While the Frenchman complains that 'the intercourse is perpetual between the moist sky and the moist earth,' the American thinks that English fine weather is the best weather in the world, or at least that there are only a few days in an American October that can be compared with it.

There is one subject on which all our visitors seem to be agreed—the beauty of English scenery. Let those who are too ready to pass over the quiet loveliness at home, and think there is nothing nearer than Switzerland worthy of their raptures, lay some of these observations to heart. Pollnitz 'cannot understand how people born in England, and possessed of a certain amount of fortune, can make up their minds to leave it for countries less favoured by nature;' and he mentions as one of its greatest charms that you 'see there no miserable peasants; all are well housed, well

clothed, well fed.' One might almost imagine that Mrs Hemans's poem on the *Homes of England* was composed by some enthusiastic foreigner. Our gardens, or more properly pleasure-grounds, 'shew the poetic dream of an English soul.' 'The beauty of English scenery makes me desperate,' exclaims another observer; 'it is so impossible to describe it, or in any way to record its impressions, and such a pity to leave it undescribed.' What might he have said of some of the scenery in the Highlands of Scotland!

M. Taine ends his account of England with the consideration of this question: Which of the two forms of civilisation is the more valuable, that of England or that of France? And he answers that each has the superiority in three things. The three things better in England are: the political constitution, religion, and the greatness of acquired wealth, combined with the increased power of producing and amassing—no trilles certainly. The three things better in France are: the climate, the distribution of wealth, and domestic and social life. The truth of this last assumption of superiority we may not all be willing to concede, and the English side of the question might be well argued from data supplied by M. Taine himself. But this would lead us to a discussion too long and too deep; and it is time for me to conclude this feeble attempt to represent England as she appears reflected in the mirror of foreign opinion. I have not even mentioned the names of many authors who might have assisted me. Madame de Staël; the American minister Rush; Barillon, so often quoted by Macanlay; those Venetian ambassadors who sent to their republic such minute and curious reports from Henry VIII's court—all these and many more would furnish to any one seriously attempting the subject much information both valuable and interesting. I have but skimmed over the surface of a theme that is susceptible of widely different treatment.

NIGHT-FISHING OFF THE STAGS.

CADGWITH is a pretty cove on the south coast of Cornwall, a mere fishing hamlet, but of great importance in its own estimation. It has two separate 'pilchard concerns.' In the crabbing season it sends out twelve or fifteen boats in search of this voracious shell-fish, and it is a coast-guard and lifeboat station. Some few enterprising tourists come here in the summer to enjoy the balmy air and the lovely cliff scenery—those cliffs, with their deep shadows and splendid colouring, towering up some two hundred feet from the dark-blue sea. It is difficult to correctly describe the tints on these rocks. The serpentine which composes them, and is peculiar to this coast, takes deeper and richer hues than even the red sandstone of South Devon, while above the 'spray-line' the dark corners of the stone are bright with patches of golden lichen. After all, perhaps, the Cadgwith people are right to be proud of their village, for approaching it from inland on a bright summer morning, it is hard to imagine a more lovely spot. Two hilly paths drop suddenly down from either side upon the little hamlet, amongst white-thatched cottages and gaily-painted boats,

and the whole place is alive with colour, bustle, and sunshine. But it is not at a time like this that I wish you to think of Cadgwith. Picture to yourself this same cove at the end of December. There is a slight coating of snow on the ground and on the roofs, while on the pools far across the Downs, all day, and even for the last week, the ice has borne for skating; a rare occurrence in South Cornwall. It is eight o'clock in the evening, and the moon has just risen as I come down to the cove arrayed in jersey, thick coat and trousers, and sea-boots, over all of which to draw a suit of 'oilers.' This precaution is indispensable, as it not only keeps the wearer dry, but also protects him from the wind as no cloth clothing can do. 'Where are the three Trepolpens gone?' (they are the three brothers with whom I am to fish to-night), I ask of some coast-guards loitering near the lifeboat station.

'Gone away up to the eastward, sir,' is the reply; 'been gone since four o'clock getting bait; but it is high time they were back if they mean to go out to-night.'

As the man stops speaking, a boat shoots round the point from the shadow of the cliff into the middle of the cove.

'That's the Trepolpens' boat,' I cry; 'let us go down and give them a haul up.'

We run down to the shore, and in a minute or two the boat is high and dry. They have had a very successful afternoon, having secured twenty-two cuttles, than which 'fish' none is in greater repute for night-fishing bait.

It may not be uninteresting to mention here the manner of procuring cuttles. A boat is pulled slowly through the water with a short light line trailing behind, to which is attached a piece of fish. The man in charge of the line can tell by the increased strain the moment the cuttle has taken hold of the bait; he then proceeds to haul in very gently, as the least roughness will shake off the 'fish.' As it comes alongside, he gets ready the gaff, consisting of a rod with several hooks at the end, and if possible gaffs his victim. If this is done carefully, well and good; but if by an unpractised hand, the performer will probably be deluged with a thick inky fluid, which is secreted within the cuttle, and seems to be its natural means of defence.

But I must return to my story. We remove the bait into one of the larger boats, launch her, then getting in silently, take our places each at an oar. The boat is a heavy one, but four oars send her through the water at a very fair pace, and we are soon outside the cove, steering for the Hot Point. What a splendid moon! No fear of a collision to-night, as there was last time I was out, when we were nearly run into by a pilot cutter coming down before the wind, and almost frightened overboard by a big steamer passing within fifteen yards of us. We can see the cliffs plainly, and hear the waves as they lap against their stony face. There is Polbarra, a lovely little bay, where every day in

the season the seine-boats lie at anchor waiting for the pilchard to come by; and there is Church Cove, with the pinnacles on the tower of Landewednack Church just shewing above the hill. And now we spin along, for we have got into the race of the tide; and in a few minutes we are round the Hot, past Penolva, and half-way across Househole Bay. Not a mile off on our starboard bow are the great twin lighthouses known as the Lizard Lights, warning ships off the terrible Stag rocks, over which they keep constant watch and ward. Many are the stories which the fishermen tell of the wrecks that have occurred on these rocks in spite of the lights. I myself have seen several, one ship taking barely half an hour to go to pieces.

We have, however, now reached our fishing-ground, or rather water; the anchor (a heavy stone with a line attached, and termed the 'killick') is let go, and we commence our night's work, it being almost ten o'clock. We are situated close to the easternmost branch of the Stags, and about a mile from the shore. The first thing to be done is to get the lines out, bend on suitable hooks (which are themselves fastened on to strong cord and bound round with fine wire, to prevent the conger biting through them), and choose leads, which, as the tide is not now running very fast, need not be heavy. One-pound leads are fixed on to the lines in the stern, and two-pounders on to those in the bow; and the cuttle are cut into pieces, after having been well beaten, to make them soft and palatable to the cod, who are very dainty feeders. Before throwing the line over the side, do not forget—excuse me, gentle reader—to spit on the bait, for, in the estimation of a Cornish fisherman, you might as well have no line over at all as throw over a bait not so prepared. You must not drop a crab-pot or put out a bait of any sort without first spitting on it, 'for luck.' Now we sit on the look-out for a bite. My companions are old hands at the work, and are as calm while hauling up a fifty-pound conger as most people would be over a two-ounce trout. But I confess that I get very excited when I feel the downward drag, threatening almost to pull you out of the boat, and signifying conger; or the sharper tug which tells of cod or pollack. No. 1 in the bows has a bite; you can see that by the way in which he rises from his seat and takes a couple of turns of the line round his hand, to be in readiness when the time comes to strike. Suddenly he gives a long quick haul, and then begins pulling in rapidly.

'Be smart there with the gaff; it may be a big conger.'

But no; it is a twelve-pound cod; a nice little fellow for a dinner-table, but nothing astonishing. Ah! I have a bite now, and it feels like a conger from the way in which it surges downwards.

'Let him have it,' says one of the men; so I wait patiently for a few seconds, and then, with a mighty haul, I strike my fish and begin to pull him in. Often I have to stop from sheer inability to pull harder than my antagonist, and once or twice a yard or two of the line slips through my wet fingers; but at last he comes to the top, a splendid conger, some six feet long, and weighing thirty pounds, if an ounce. Look at his jaws and his teeth! I should be sorry for any poor fellow who got his hand in there. How he lashes the water with

his tail; but now the gaff is through his neck, and he is hove gurgling and grunting into the boat. The hook is extracted by means of a slit made in his throat with a knife, for no fisherman, however dead the conger may appear, will trust his hand in the brute's mouth.

Now that we have made a good start, the cod and pollack come up very fast. It is getting bitterly cold, for the morning is coming on, and I cannot help thinking if one could catch cod and conger in the summer-time, how delightful it would be. After a look at my flask, and a fresh pipe, I proceed to haul in my line again, at the end of which I feel a fish struggling. It is a fine ling, weighing, as near as we can judge, about twenty-five pounds; what they call down here, a 'nice handy fish!'

We remained in this place till nearly two in the morning, when, as the fish began to bite less freely, we 'up killick' and pulled farther out. Here our good luck returned, and we caught more than a dozen large fish, chiefly cod. It was now six o'clock, the moon but just above the western horizon, and a gray light was beginning to appear in the east. Why disguise the truth that night-fishing is not unalloyed pleasure, and that it was piercingly cold? My feet, ears, and nose, I knew nothing about; but the rest of my body felt the cutting wind, which had sprung up in the night, most acutely. Added to this, I had been up all night, and now that the excitement was nearly over, was almost asleep. My hands were pickled with the salt water, and to touch anything with them was agony. The fishermen's hands become, I suppose, hardened to the salt water, but to me it has always been a source of great discomfort for several days after a night of this work. Half-past six. We shall get no more fish now; so we haul up the lines and the killick, get out oars, and begin our pull home.

Cadgwith looks very gray and dull in the morning. There have been several boats besides ours out to-night, and two of them have returned, and are throwing out their fish on to the beach as we row into the cove; the wives and elder children of the fishermen are down on the shingle helping. We pull our boat ashore, jump out, and commence emptying her of the fish. There are fifteen cod, eleven pollack, five conger, and two ling; in all, thirty-three fish—a very good catch. We haul up the boat; and with a twelve-pound cod—which the Trepolpens have kindly presented to me—in my hand, I make the best of my way home, to get a couple of hours' sleep before turning out to the business of the day, which, considering the frost there had been in the night, can be only skating.

So ended my night's fishing, of which I have attempted to give you, my readers, a rough description. I have tried my hand at a good many different sorts of fishing; from catching minnows with a pin and a bit of thread in a stream I could jump across, to catching bonita and even sharks with a sail hook and small rope in the South Atlantic; but of all the variations of the gentle (?) craft, I still—its discomforts notwithstanding—prefer night-fishing off the coast of Cornwall! As for the place itself, which I have feebly attempted to portray, let me advise any one who has not been there already, to proceed to the Lizard, and spend a week or two

there: the traveller will be fully repaid for a rather tedious journey, by the beauty of the cliff scenery, and the unqualified excellence of the boating, fishing, and bathing.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE *Transactions* of the Scientific and Mechanical Society of Manchester contain an instructive account of the mischief occasioned by locusts in Missouri in 1875. Not only were growing crops of grass, grain, and vegetables devoured, but fruit-trees were stripped of leaves, twigs, and fruit, and from many young trees the whole of the bark was gnawed, and the whole country looked 'dry and verdureless as a well-beaten road.' The insects took their departure on June 20, and it seemed as if nature made haste to repair the havoc, for large breadths of grass sprang up and yielded good pasture, but produced no seed. In place of numerous weeds which had been eaten away, purslane (*Portulacca oleracei*) grew abundantly, 'occupying entire fields, and even yards, and roadsides, and waste ground, where it had not been seen before. *Phytolacca decandra* (poke-weed) was also very abundant; and what seemed curious was, that most plants appeared gregarious, only a single species, but in great numbers, occupying a certain space.' The common nettle, too, grew up everywhere and on every kind of soil; and the sand-burr, *Solanum rostratum*, intruded nearly to the same extent. This last-mentioned plant was unknown in Missouri a few years ago; now it has penetrated seventy-five miles into the state. These facts appear to be deserving of the attention of naturalists.

A Society for the promotion of agriculture in the state of Massachusetts, desiring to encourage tree-planting and the re-foresting of poor or agriculturally worthless lands in that state, have offered prizes for the best plantations of larch, pine, ash, and other trees suited to different localities and soils. The prizes range in amount from four hundred to one thousand dollars; and to facilitate the carrying out of the project, special instructions have been published for the guidance of competitors. And we are informed that 'a citizen of Boston patriotically offers to look after the importation of the seedling trees, which in such quantities and for next year's planting would have to be obtained mostly in Europe—at least the pines and larches.' This will be an interesting experiment, inasmuch as it combines embellishment and economy. If Massachusetts can be beautified with profit, so much the better for all concerned.

Grape-vines in America are infested by a mildew, the commonest form of which, in New England, is the *Percnospora viticola*. It attacks every leaf; but strange to tell, the vines do not suffer. We are informed that the mildew does not touch the grapes; that its effect on the leaves causes them to wither by the beginning of September, and that the sunshine has then room to penetrate and ripen the fruit. This ripening, it is asserted, could not take place if the leaves retained their

original luxuriance; and as the vines live on year after year apparently without injury, we may assume that the mildew is not harmful but beneficial.

As is now generally known, the Eucalyptus, or gum-tree of Australia, is said to prevent fevers and other noxious influences in the districts where it is planted. A chemist has obtained from the leaves a heavy, fragrant, resinous oil, and he finds that the main constituent of this oil is a homologue of camphor.

Professor Thiselton Dyer, of the Royal Gardens, Kew, has examined the plant which produces Latakia tobacco, and finds it to be a different species from that which produces the Turkish tobacco. The Latakia tobacco, as imported into this country, consists of the flowering twigs of the plant tied tightly in bundles. The dark colour and aromatic flavour of these bundles arise from their having been hung up for some months in the smoke of a species of pine-wood which grows in Syria, and is burnt by the tobacco-growers for the purpose of fumigation.

As elementary education continues to be a subject of discussion, we mention that some months ago suggestion was made that the telegraphic alphabet should be one of the subjects taught in elementary schools. The alphabet here in view is the Morse alphabet, a series of dots and dashes, so simple that even children may learn it. Moreover, it is known wherever telegraph wires extend, and in case of necessity can be used independently of electricity. Morse signals may be sent to a distance by the movements of the hands, or of a pole during the day, and by lights at night. Mr J. A. Russell, who brought this subject before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, remarked that 'the necessity for a universal acquaintance with some such simple plan on the part of all seamen is only too frequently shewn around our coast. To recur to one instance: it may be remembered that when the *Northfleet* was run down, some other ships refrained from sending assistance, being misled into supposing there could be nothing amiss because they saw the lights of the *Northfleet* burning steadily; and so, many persons perished for lack of the little knowledge required to make those very lights call for help.' That the question is worth consideration is obvious, and though it was mooted last year, we may without impropriety call attention to it in the present year.

Everybody knows that the noisiness of the world has been enormously increased by railways. It is impossible to travel now without fuss and uproar. Much of the noise is inevitable; but much is avoidable: slamming of carriage-doors, for example. The noise of slamming irritates the nerves and injures the health of passengers, and is a reproach to railway management. Surely it would be possible to contrive a self-acting latch that would allow doors to be shut without a slam, and surely railway managers might be persuaded to adopt them. We hear that a 'self-acting safety-lock' was described to the Scottish Society above mentioned by Mr J. Maxwell of Dundee.

From experiments made by the Great Northern Railway Company of France and by a manufacturing firm at Mülhausen, the electric light seems likely to be available for practical uses; and what is more, we are told that the cost will not be more

than half the cost of oil or gas. The enormous hall comprising the luggage department of the railway was lighted by a single electric lamp, which burned steadily the whole evening. The source of the light was a Gramme machine of three-horse power; and if, as is stated, the Company intend to light up the whole of their station in the same way, it may be a conclusive experiment as regards economy of artificial light. The test experiments were made by Mr Trese, a well-known man of science, and may therefore be regarded with confidence.

The extension of telegraphs in Australia has been so active, that nearly the whole sea-coast of that great country is now furnished with wires, and the several observatories get every day reports and signals from all the observing stations, and thus are made acquainted with the general state of the weather over thousands of miles. The overland line from Adelaide to Port Darwin is especially serviceable in determining the southerly march of the north-west monsoon, which at times makes its influence felt in heavy thunder-storms across the entire country. When news of rain can be sent by telegraph, owners of sheep and cattle will not have so much reason as formerly to dread the droughts. They will drive the animals to the nearest district where rain is falling.

A paper by Mr Barrett, read at a recent meeting of the Odontological Society, advocates the use of carbolic acid in the treatment of decayed teeth. The cavity having been properly cleared out, is plugged with cotton-wool which has been soaked in carbolic acid, and the usual metal filling is then put in, whereby the antiseptic properties of the acid are retained perhaps for years. The same remedy may also be applied to cases in which the fangs of the teeth are inflamed; and among dentists it is acknowledged that in carbolic acid they have a powerful and efficacious means for relieving the distressing pain occasioned by diseases of the teeth.

Mr Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, Kentucky, a well-known experimentalist, has made analyses with a view to determine the true composition of the black substance found in meteorites in a form resembling graphite, the existence of which he regards as 'a grand chemical and physical puzzle.' He has not reached the solution; but he says: 'So far as our present knowledge goes, we know of celestial carbon in three conditions—namely, in the gaseous form as detected by the spectroscope, in the attenuated matter of comets; in meteorites in the solid form, impalpable in its nature and diffused in small quantities through pulverulent masses of mineral matter that come to the earth from celestial regions; also in the solid form, but compact and hard, resembling terrestrial graphite, imbedded in metallic matter that comes from regions in space.'

The Franklin Institute of Philadelphia appointed a committee to consider the question of 'petitioning congress to fix a date after which the metric weights and measures shall be the only legal standards' throughout the United States. There are many advocates of the French system in all civilised countries; but the committee, in their Report, have decided against it, for reasons derived from history and from daily practice. 'The mètre,' they say, 'is really as arbitrary a standard as the foot. About eighty degrees of latitude have been measured, but no two of them have been found of

the same length, and there is good reason to believe that the length is not permanent in the same place. The only real thing about it is the rod in the public archives. The length of the mètre, if lost, is to be recovered by comparison with the length of the seconds pendulum, and so likewise is the length of the foot or yard.' They say further that the 'mètre in any shape is a less convenient instrument for measurement than a two-foot rule'—that 'by changing their unit of lineal measure for the sake of uniformity with France, they should sever their uniformity with Great Britain, a country with which three-fifths of their foreign commerce is transacted'—that the cost of a change would be enormous, and that 'the great mass of English technical literature would become almost useless, and must be translated from a language which we (that is, the Americans) and the nation we have most to do with understand perfectly, into a new tongue which is strange to most of our people.' Some readers will perhaps remember that the late Sir John Herschel and others of our leading men of science declared against the adoption of the mètre, and shewed that the foot or yard was in all respects a more convenient measure.

At a meeting of the Society of Natural Sciences, Neuchâtel, Switzerland, mention was made of Dr Tyndall's experiments on the transmission of sound, on which a member remarked that it had long been known that sounds are better transmitted in cloudy than in clear weather. During autumnal fogs the noise of the town is heard on the adjacent hills at elevations where the same noise cannot be heard in the summer. And as an example of another kind it was mentioned that two persons talking through a bonfire could scarcely hear each other, owing to the deviations produced in the sonorous waves by the heated column of air.

Geologists have been considering certain evidences which seem to prove that about five hundred years ago large tracts of land around the coast of Jersey became submerged. Remains of forests can still be seen at low-water; and an ancient littoral parish is now represented by a reef of rocks. There is a tradition that in the fifth century Jersey was separated from the mainland by a narrow strait only, crossed by a bridge. As regards the disappearance of land, it is known that during the earthquake in New Zealand in 1865, rising and sinking of tracts of land took place within twenty-four hours. The Director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand shewed that forests might be submerged by encroachments of the sea as well as by sinking of the land. The town of Graymouth, he said, was built on a spit of land at the mouth of a river, this spit being chiefly composed of drift-timber. After a while the inhabitants began to dig out the timber for fuel, which weakened the spit: the sea broke in, and the town was washed away.

A small book published by authority of the New Zealand government—*Reports on the Durability of New Zealand Timber*, gives a description of the various kinds of trees that grow throughout the colony, with particulars of their quality. The kauri ranks as the best; the totara stands next, followed by the rimu and other kinds of pines, the tanekaha, the cedar, birch, and the rata, or ironbark. And this information is supplemented by an account of experiments on the several kinds of timber.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

MRS GRANT, the author of the following verses, was born in 1754. Besides verse, she wrote several able and interesting prose works, her *Letters from the Mountains*, and *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders*, displaying a lively and observant fancy, with considerable powers of landscape-painting. Her writings first drew attention to the more striking and romantic features of the Scottish Highlands, afterwards so fertile a theme for the genius of Scott.

Flowers of the waste ! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood—
To thy protecting shade she runs ;
Thy tender buds supply her food ;
Her young forsake her downy plumes,
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art !
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee ;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath ! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor ;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both Valour's crest and Beauty's bow
Of thee hast thou decked, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild ! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart ! thy fragrance mild
Of peace and freedom seems to breathe ;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land !
Alas, when distant far more dear !
When he from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more !

TO THE READERS OF CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

THE conductors have to announce that *'Fallen Fortunes'* will be completed next month. The story entitled *Following up the Track* will also be finished.

In October, November, and December will appear, in addition to the usual miscellaneous matter, certain shorter tales or novelettes of interest ; and in January 1877 will be commenced an ORIGINAL SERIAL NOVEL, to extend over some months.

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MORAL TRAINING.

THE theory that in the growth of every individual may be traced the history of the race—that in early years we all pass through that phase of character exhibited by the uncultured race from which we are descended, is one which seems to be in a great measure verified by experience. Hence, perhaps, the tendencies to cruelty, falsehood, and various other vices which we see in very young children. There are, it is to be hoped, few men who would not blush at acts of cruelty they committed when boys at school. We must not then expect too much from young people. Care should be taken not to force their moral nature; for moral precocity has detrimental results as well as mental precocity. That this is so is already recognised in the saying, 'Children will be children.' When they become men they will put away their childish barbarities with their toys. Maturity turns sour crabs into sweet apples. We must give Nature her time, and expect much from growth.

Be sparing, we would say, of giving commands to children; that is to say, be quite sure that a thing ought to be done or left undone before you give your orders. Let us remember that it is possible to overstrain the undeveloped moral principle; and that when we invent virtues and vices, or make our own crotchets and selfishness the standard of these, right and wrong come to be words without meaning to a child's mind. When too often repeated, the order, 'Thou shalt' is apt to provoke 'I won't.' The vice of over-regulation is, that it produces only hot-house virtue in yielding natures, while it stirs up the independent to rebellion. Before giving orders to a child, we should be sure that these orders are not suggested by our own selfishness, but from regard to the child's profit, and also that the thing required is necessary, rather than some vexatious artificial duty. But when we have decided these points, nothing ought to make us shrink from requiring our commands to be promptly obeyed. We render ourselves contemptible in the eyes of our children when we make rules in

haste and repent at leisure; when we get angry and laugh at the same action as the passing humour dictates; when we encourage them to transgress by the prospect of probable impunity.

That government is the most efficient and most respected by all citizens, dishonest as well as honest, which inflicts the lightest possible punishments consistent with justice and public order, while at the same time it imitates Nature in the regularity and certainty with which it causes its penalties to follow. That it is not severity of punishment so much as certainty and consistency in its infliction which inspires respect, is proved by the fact that the law was never less a terror to evil-doers than some years ago, when jurors would not convict, because their consciences taught them that the punishments to be inflicted were excessive. 'In brief,' says Mr Herbert Spencer, 'the truth is that savageness begets savageness, and gentleness begets gentleness. Children who are unsympathetically treated become unsympathetic; whereas treating them with due fellow-feeling is a means of cultivating their fellow-feeling. With family governments, as with political ones, a harsh despotism itself generates a great part of the crimes it has to repress; while on the other hand, a mild and liberal rule both avoids many causes of dissension, and so ameliorates the tone of feeling as to diminish the tendency to transgression.'

We cannot have a better guide as to the proper method of punishing children than Nature herself. Instead of the artificial punishments too much in vogue, more natural ones should be substituted. As the natural evil consequences of our actions are our best discipline, so children would better understand and respect their parents if they punished them not artificially, but naturally; that is to say, if they let them punish themselves. Jane is always unpunctual when the hour comes for her walk; now, to slap her would be to inflict an artificial punishment, which she will not understand nearly so well as if she were some day left at home, and it were pointed out to her that her brothers and sisters started without her because of her own carelessness. Edward commits assault and battery

on his sister's doll; to send him to bed would not appear so just and natural to him as to stop his pocket-money in order that a new doll may be purchased. These illustrations may explain the difference between natural and artificial punishments. The former are certainly more just and tend to maintain better terms, so to speak, between parent and child. Parents who warn children as to the consequences of their actions, while at the same time they use these consequences as means of punishment, are looked upon as friends and preservers, rather than as 'friend-enemies.' And when the dangerous period of transition from boyhood to manhood approaches, the boy who has been made to experience the natural effects of his deeds, instead of being worked upon like a puppet by some hidden machinery, will go out into life full of independence, and capable of governing himself.

Let parents teach their children the highest conception of God's nature their hearts can conceive. Let them never say that things are more certain than they really are, lest they come in after-years to be thought less certain than they are. Let them teach principles capable of expansion rather than stiff formulas, which after all are not truth itself, but only the shell in which it is contained. Were this method of instruction more frequently adopted, the shock of controversy would not put young intellects off their balance, and fewer men and women would be found living without God in the world.

The problem for parents and teachers to solve seems to be this, how to win the respect of their children without losing their confidence. Many parents are respected by their children as eastern monarchs are respected; but they never hear a word of those secret doubts and troubles which torment youth, only because they are not explained away and set right by the sympathetic experience of older heads. From what a number of scrapes, and even flagrant sins, might not a father save a son whose fullest confidence he had obtained! The fact is, however, few of us sufficiently remember our own early days to be sympathetic friends and confidants to our children. If we could do so better, we might save them from many of youth's pitfalls.

Our mind calls up a few fathers of our acquaintance who are perfectly companionable to their sons, joining them in their pleasures, being consulted by them in every difficulty, and all this without in the smallest degree losing their respect. Isaac Walton, speaking of George Herbert's mother, says: 'She governed her family with judicious care, not rigidly nor sourly, but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline them to spend much of their time in her company, which was to her great content.' Surely the children of such parents must feel in honour bound to do their best to pay that immense debt of gratitude which children owe good parents.

We conclude this paper with an instructive quotation from a book that should be read by every parent and teacher—Mr Herbert Spencer's *Education, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical*. 'Lastly, always recollect that to educate rightly is not a simple and easy thing, but a complex and extremely difficult thing, the hardest task which devolves on adult life. . . . You must be prepared for considerable mental exertion—for some

study, some ingenuity, some patience, some self-control. . . . It will daily be needful to analyse the motives of juvenile conduct—to distinguish between acts that are really good, and those which, though simulating them, proceed from inferior impulses; while you will have to be ever on your guard against the cruel mistake, not unfrequently made, of translating neutral acts into transgressions, or ascribing worse feelings than were entertained. You must more or less modify your method to suit the disposition of each child, and must be prepared to make further modifications as each child's disposition enters on a new phase. . . . Not only will you have constantly to analyse the motives of your children, but you will have to analyse your own motives—to discriminate between those internal suggestions springing from a true parental solicitude, and those which spring from your own selfishness, your love of ease, your lust of dominion. And then, more trying still, you will have not only to detect but to curb these baser impulses. In brief, you will have to carry on your own higher education at the same time that you are educating your children. Intellectually, you must cultivate to good purpose that most complex of subjects—human nature and its laws, as exhibited in your children, in yourself, and in the world. Morally, you must keep in constant exercise your higher feelings, and restrain your lower. It is a truth yet remaining to be recognised, that the last stage in the development of each man and woman is to be reached only through a proper discharge of the parental duties. And when this truth is recognised, it will be seen how admirable is the arrangement through which human beings are led by their strongest affections to subject themselves to a discipline that they would else elude.'

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XLIX.—DOES KITTY KNOW?

IN Brown Street, Islington, was probably a happier reunion that evening than any which took place in more fashionable quarters of the town; yet it was a happiness tinged with deepest sorrow. Dalton's return brought with it to his children a keen sense of the loss of her who would have given him his fittest welcome; and when his eyes rested upon his remaining dear ones, he missed his Edith most.

His first question, after his greetings with Jenny and the rest were over, was, 'Where have they laid her?' and he felt pained and sorrowful when he learned that it was at Sanbeck, hundreds of miles away; whereas, had it been possible, he would have visited her grave, and wept over it, that very night. They told him too, at his own desire, of her illness and death: how she died, as it were, for very love of him, since the shock of his reported death had killed her. He was silent for many moments, sunk, as it seemed, in a stupor of grief, when Kitty stole from the room and brought down the babe—his Edith's precious legacy, and placed it in his arms.

'We four are still left to you, dear papa,' said she. She herself had been supported in her affliction by the sense that others were dependent upon her, and she hoped it might be the same with him. And so it was, though in a less measure. He presently grew himself again, and began to ask them about this and that.

'I hope the folks at Riverside have been kind to you, my darlings, since you have been all alone!'

'They meant to be kind, I think,' said Kate.

'Meant to be kind,' repeated her father, frowning. 'There is no difficulty about expressing kindness. At least Philip here found none, I know, in my case.—Is there anything amiss with the Campdens? What have they done, Jenny?'

'Nothing,' answered Jenny sententiously.

'We did not like the manner in which Mrs Campden behaved to us, after mamma's death,' explained Kitty: 'it was more manner, perhaps, than anything else; but our hearts were sore, and easily hurt.'

'Jenny, tell me,' said Dalton. 'That woman has behaved badly to you. Is it not so?'

'Not only "that woman," but the whole family, in my opinion,' returned Jenny dryly.

'Surely not Uncle George?'

'Uncle George is nobody at Riverside; if he had been anybody, there is no saying what might have happened; but he is not. It is a wretched story from beginning to end, and they are wretched people.'

'If it be so,' said Kitty reprovingly, 'do not let us talk about them, on a night like this.'

'I am sure I never wish to mention their names,' answered Jenny.

'But do you mean to say,' said Philip, 'that these friends of your father's—rolling in wealth, as I understand they are—never held out a helping hand to you, Jenny?'

'My dear uncle, you don't understand the matter; you should get Mrs Campden to explain it to you, as she was good enough to do to us: "Rich people have so many calls!"'

'If this is as you say, I will never set foot in that woman's house again,' exclaimed Dalton angrily.

'That will be one call the less for her,' observed Jeff pleasantly.

'And the Skiptons? Have you seen nothing of them too?' inquired Dalton.

'My dear papa,' said Jenny gravely, 'you can't expect folks who respect themselves—or who wish their coachman to respect them—to bring their carriage to Brown Street. It is no good asking after our old friends, for, except dear Dr Curzon, and those now under this roof, we have none.'

It was a relief to Kitty that not a word was said about Mr Holt, though of him it could certainly not be averred that he had deserted them. To her, terrible as it might seem, and did seem to her own mind, the return of her father was not an unmitigated joy. When Jeff had informed her of it, she had not evinced the delight he had expected, because the thought had flashed upon her, that so far as she was concerned, he had returned too late. She was not indeed pledged to Holt, but she felt compromised as respected him, and in honour bound to accept him as her future husband. For some days past her mind had been made up for the sacrifice, and she had already plunged into little expenses upon Jenny's account, in anticipation of it. The money that was to take her sister to the sea, and bring back the roses to her cheek, and which Holt had offered, she had resolved not to decline. She was already under a pecuniary obligation to him in the matter of the premium, which could only be discharged in one way; for, to judge by the appearance of her father, he had come back even

poorer than he had left England. Well, she would now be able to help him as well as the rest—four of them, instead of three—that was all.

Still it was a relief to her that not a word was spoken about the man the thought of whom was ever present with her, and shadowed her young life with gloom and evil presage. In vain she had called up every argument to strengthen his cause and back the claim she felt to be unanswerable: his solicitude for her and his; his generosity; his patience and forbearance. The very constancy with which he clung to her, and pursued her, ranged itself upon the other side, and increased her sense of repugnance, nay, of loathing.

It was a part of the plan agreed upon between Dalton and Philip that they should say no more for the present about Holt and his transactions than they should be absolutely obliged to say; and it surprised them both to find how easy it was to maintain their reticence. Neither Kitty nor Jenny asked their father one word about the *Lara*, nor put a question respecting his pecuniary affairs. It is true they had taken it for granted that matters were the reverse of prosperous with him, which would have been a sufficient reason for avoiding the subject; but in any case—poor though they were and suffering from the ills of poverty—such material woes were for the moment forgotten in the joy of seeing him back again.

'I think I have reason to be proud of my darlings, Philip,' said Dalton, as the two walked together with Jeff from Brown Street that night to the lodgings which that young gentleman had procured them near his own. 'I had ruined them, and as it must have seemed to them' (he pointed to his shabby coat), 'had failed in saving anything from the wreck of their fortunes, yet not a syllable have they spoken to me upon the subject, lest, doubtless, it should sound as a reproach.'

'I expected nothing less,' answered Philip quietly. 'I feel several inches higher since those two girls have called me Uncle. They have nothing sordid about them, such as I, alas! have seen in my fellow-creatures all my life.'

'And it isn't as if they had not to think of shillings and pence,' put in Jeff eagerly. 'If you could know how Kitty has cut and contrived, and striven to make both ends meet, during the last six months!—Here he stopped, for a look of intense pain came into Dalton's face.'

'Well, well; that will be all over now, I trust, Jeff. To-night, we have still to do some dirty work, and then we shall have clean hands for the future; we will avoid rogues and fair-weather friends, and all worthless folk; and my dear ones shall have no further cause for tears.—I think Jeff should know what we are going to do with respect to Holt, Philip.'

Their plan of attack, unfolded to their young friend, at their lodgings, was simple enough.

A letter was to be posted to Holt that night informing him that his fraud respecting the *Lara* mine was discovered; and that his malpractice respecting other affairs of Dalton, of which he had had the management, was more than suspected. Restitution was imperatively demanded; and in default of it, he was assured that criminal proceedings would at once be instituted. There were no upbraidings; but a more curt, decisive, and stern epistle was never penned.

Philip would have preferred that their opinion

of Holt's treachery should have been stated in Saxon English; but Dalton would not have it. Such a course, he thought, would have taken for granted a certain familiarity to still exist between him and this scoundrel, of whose connection with himself he felt unspeakably ashamed.

'What makes me mad with him,' said Philip, 'is to think he should have dared to lift his eyes towards Kate. Such vermin ought to be poisoned out of hand.—What do you say, Jeff?'

'I am bound to say,' returned the young fellow gravely, 'that Mr Holt whatever may have been his reasons for it—has been considerate, and even kind, to me.'

'But you are not going back to him, surely, after this?' said Philip, in amazement.

'Well, yes; I shall go to-morrow, for the last time: he may have something to urge, I do not say in excuse, but in extenuation of his roguery. Your letter gives him no opportunity for this.'

'Opportunity indeed!' rejoined Philip, with irritation. 'I would send him a rope, to afford him the opportunity of extenuating himself on that. If you get talking with that wily scoundrel, my young friend, you will be wound round his little finger.'

'Our Jeff—being honest—contends at a disadvantage with most people,' observed Dalton, laying his hand on the young fellow's shoulder; 'yet in the end, I should be inclined to back him. Let him take his own way, and we will take ours.'

Accordingly, Jeff went to Abdell Court next morning, as usual. Mr Holt had not arrived; nor, said the office boy, had he yet returned from the country. Upon his table was lying the usual pile of letters, which it was Jeff's business to sort and dispose of. Some he was empowered to open and answer; some he would open only and make an 'abstract' of for his employer; others he would put aside for his private eye. Among these last was one in Dalton's handwriting, with the contents of which, however, Jeff was already acquainted.

Eleven, twelve o'clock passed, and yet Mr Holt came not. It would not have been surprising had his real destination of yesterday been what he had pretended it to be; but Jeff was well convinced that he had not gone to Plymouth, but to Liverpool, and there was now ample time for him to have gone and returned. At one o'clock the office closed for an hour, during which Holt was accustomed to deny himself to everybody, whether he was within doors or not; and a little before one he came. He looked jaded, wan, and pale, like one who has been on a toilsome expedition, and failed in its proposed object—or so it seemed to Jeff, who observed him narrowly—but there was no other change in his appearance, no cowed or defiant looks, such as might have been expected, had he known that Dalton had landed upon English soil. Jeff felt sure he did not know.

'Well, what news, Mr Derwent? Who has been?'

'Mr Dawkins called just after you went away yesterday, and appeared to wish to see you very much.'

'What about?' inquired Holt quickly. 'But it's no matter. It was most likely about that cock-and-bull story about the *Flamborough Head*. I daresay you have heard it yourself, Mr Derwent?'

'I have heard that some one—two persons indeed have been saved from the wreck.'

'Well, it's true, for a wonder: Jones and Norton are their names. I am sorry to say their story destroys the last gleam of—What's this?' He had been sorting the letters with his hand, and presently came upon the one despatched from Islington the previous night. 'What's this?' he reiterated, in a voice grown suddenly hoarse and low. 'How did it come? Where did it come from?'

'It came by the early post, sir.'

'It's strange,' said Holt, with an air of indifference; 'quite curious. Have you ever seen a handwriting like that? It reminds me of one who certainly never could have written it; and yet it gave me quite a turn. You know whom I mean, I daresay?'

He did not attempt to open the letter, and the strong huge hand that held it in its grasp shook like a leaf.

'I know whom you mean,' said Jeff gravely. 'It is Mr Dalton's.'

'Yes; it is like John Dalton's writing.'

'It is his writing, sir.'

'That is impossible; that is ridiculous. The post-mark disproves that. But there is a curious similarity, without doubt.—Has the boy gone to his dinner?'

Jeff answered that he was; and Holt moved to the door and looked it.

'Now tell me, Mr Derwent,' said he, still toying with the letter—'for you are one who tells the truth—what makes you fancy that it was really Dalton who wrote this? As a matter of fact, as I have already stated, there were but two men saved from the wreck of the *Flamborough Head*.'

'I know it, Mr Holt: they were John Dalton and Philip Astor.'

'That's a lie—that's a lie!' exclaimed the other passionately. 'You are a liar, like the rest;' but his pale face belied his words; he staggered rather than sunk into his chair.

'You had better open the letter, and see who is the liar,' said Jeff haughtily.

'You speak of Astor, but you don't know the man as I do,' continued Mr Holt. 'He is an utterly untrustworthy and contemptible fellow. He was here once, in your place; and I trusted him too far, and he repaid me for my confidence by forgery. He is not to be believed upon his oath. If there is anything in this letter founded upon his evidence'—

'You had surely better read it, Mr Holt,' said Jeff curtly. He could not but feel some pity for this miserable wretch, who evidently dreaded the thing he held in his quivering fingers as though it were a very adder.

'What! you know its contents, then?' exclaimed the other sharply. 'You are in the conspiracy with Astor and the rest. You think it honest, do you, to take your wages here, and turn against the hand that pays them?'

'I know what is in that letter, Mr Holt; but yet I am no conspirator,' answered Geoffrey steadily. 'On the contrary, I came here to day—for the last time—to do what good I could for you. As for your wages, they were paid for work, I suppose; or if that was overpaid, you had your reasons for it; but I owe you thanks for civil treatment, and I am here to give them.'

Holt had opened the letter by this time, and ran his eye through its half-dozen pregnant lines.

'It is not Astor's word that Mr Dalton has taken, you see, sir,' continued Jeff, 'but the evidence of his own senses. He has been to Brazil, and seen the *Quito*. As for the other matters, you know best; but'

'Ay, it is all over,' murmured the other. 'It is no use holding on to a falling stock, Mr Derwent, eh? That's one of the great principles of our business.' Holt was looking at Jeff, and speaking to him, yet he seemed almost unconscious of his presence: his eyes had no speculation in them; his tones were mechanical. Presently he cried out, like one who is wrong with a sharp physical pain: 'Does Kitty know of all this, Jeff.'

GOSSIP ABOUT CUTTLE-FISHES.

THROUGH the establishment of salt-water Aquaria, people are beginning to have correct notions of Cuttle-fishes, their habits, and appearance. We call them fishes, but they bear no resemblance to fishes with scales, which propel themselves through the water by the agency of tail and fins. Strictly speaking, they are not fishes at all. They are very nearly related to our familiar oysters, cockles, whelks, and other molluscs. Cuttles, like oysters, are 'shell-fish,' in the true acceptance of the term—only that the cuttle-fish, in the great majority of cases, has its shell inclosed *within* its body, instead of being an external and protective structure—and the bodies of both animals, with those of all other molluscs, are built up on one great plan of structure. The chief characteristics or modifications of this plan in the case of the Cuttle-fishes, consist in the elongation of the skin or 'mantle' in the neighbourhood of the head, to form the arms or tentacles so distinctive of these beings; the extension of this skin to form various kinds of fins; and the presence of a tube or 'funnel,' opening just below the head in front, and through which the water used in breathing is ejected. By this latter means the Cuttle-fishes propel themselves backwards in the water, on the same principle that a cannon recoils after a discharge. And we still remember with delight the summer day when we first witnessed a shoal of Common Squids careering through the calm waters of the Firth of Forth, propelled backwards by the *jets d'eau* from their funnels. The sharp hinder tip of the body just protruded, like the prow of a vessel, above the surface, whilst the head and rest of the body were below.

The best known kinds of Cuttle-fishes, and those which have been kept in our aquaria, are the genera *Sepia*, *Loligo*, *Sepioida*, *Octopus*, and *Eledone*. Of the first genus, the Mediterranean *sepia*, sometimes found on our own coasts, is a very familiar species. The *Loligos* include the well-known Squids, and the *Sepioida* are nearly allied to the *sepia* itself. The *Octopi* are the most famous of aquarium-inhabitants, and differ from the three preceding kinds in possessing eight arms only; the former possessing ten arms, of which two are longer than the others, and are provided with suckers at their extremities only. The *Eledone* is also an eight-armed cuttle-fish, and a very familiar species of this genus is the *Eledone moschata*, so named from the musk-like odour it emits.

The domestic life and economy of the Cuttle-fishes reveal some interesting and anomalous features as exhibited in aquaria. We some time ago received some interesting particulars regarding the pranks of some octopi which lived in Dr Dohrn's famous aquarium at Naples. Three octopi shared a large tank with three lobsters; the six being original proprietors and tenants of the miniature sea. Any new comer, however nearly related he might be to either the Crustacean or Cuttle-fish tenants, was invariably received with demonstrations of the most hostile nature. A lobster and octopus battle is certainly a novelty in the way of animal combats, but such a fight actually occurred in the Naples arena. A lobster-giant, who had previously exhibited his prowess in crushing with his great pincer-claws the skull of a turtle, as easily as if the reptile's head had been a nut, was introduced into the happy family circle in the octopus tank. Immediately, the largest octopus gave battle to the crustacean; the lobster, early in the fight, seizing one of the soft, pliant arms of his opponent in his claws; the octopus managing, however, after a time, to withdraw the captured member. Day by day the combat dragged out its weary length, sometimes one side being temporarily victorious,—as when the lobster lost a large claw—and sometimes the other. At last the combatants were separated, the lobster being placed in a new and unappropriated domain in an adjoining tank.

Now comes the strangest part of the history; for the octopus, as if seized with the passion, which, if exhibited in humanity, we should term one of 'dire revenge,' climbed over the partition separating the tanks, seeking his enemy, and, having found him, proceeded to wage war anew. The result was most disastrous to the crustacean, for the octopus was found, we are told, with the lobster in his clutches, literally torn into halves. Thus, to natural ferocity, we find the octopus unites immense agility and a stolid persistence. This same cuttle-fish extended no sympathy to his own species; for when two others—in addition to the two who had from the first been his companions—were introduced into his tank, he chased them from the water, and forced them to take refuge on the dry rocks above. Another octopus, in a British aquarium, pulled out the plug of his tank, and brought death on himself and all his companions in a single night.

Some interesting observations have been recorded regarding the propagation of these creatures. Like other Molluscan forms, they reproduce their species by means of eggs. Some Cuttle-fishes, such as the Squids and Sepie, do not mount guard over their eggs, which, like those of some molluscs, are inclosed within tough capsules, and are aggregated into masses known to sea-side visitors by the name of 'sea-grapes,' and the like. The octopi, on the contrary, make a nest of large stones, and therein inclose and guard their eggs which, however, are not encased in capsules—with jealous care. The female is thus exceedingly careful of her progeny, and continually pours upon the eggs currents of water from the 'funnel,' the presumed object of this latter procedure being that of keeping the water around them in a duly aerated state. The male octopus appears, unfortunately, to be afflicted with cannibal-like propensities; for we grieve to learn that one of the chief cares of the anxious mother is to ward off

the attacks of her unfeeling spouse in his endeavours to make a repast of their united progeny.

As may be imagined, the Cuttle-fishes are very well provided in the way of organs of sense and perceptions. Their large prominent eyes are well adapted for acute vision amid their dull watery abodes; and no less acute are their hearing powers. For, although destitute of outer ears, they yet possess well-developed internal organs of hearing. The sense of touch may be subserved by the muscular arms and their suckers, which may be made, as we know, to move with great rapidity, and in all conceivable directions. And as to the 'emotions' of our Cuttles, strange as it may be thought, their feelings of anger and of pleasure may be tolerably easily guessed at by watching, as in the human subject, the play of colours on their skin. Not only does our cuttle-fish blush, but he may literally blush almost any hue he pleases; this property of changing colour residing in the little colour-cells that lie beneath the delicate transparent outer skin. By altering the position of these cells, various and rapidly-changing hues of colour are produced; and the famous kaleidoscopic power of the chameleon is, in truth, thrown completely into the shade by the talents, in this respect, of the lower Cuttles.

Besides certain members of the Cuttle-fish group becoming immensely developed in size over their ordinary neighbours, and appearing as veritable giants of their race, these animals present another point of remarkable interest. Stories of gigantic Cuttle-fishes, as every classical scholar knows, are frequently to be met with in the records of the ancient naturalists. Indeed, there are very few maritime countries in which, under some legendary name or other, the histories of giant members of this group may not be met with. The 'Polypus' of the ancients, the 'Kraken' of the Scandinavians, the 'Pieuvre' of the Channel Isles, and the 'Devil-fish' of Victor Hugo, are all so many names expressive of a belief in giant Cuttles, the powers of which, as may be guessed, are never understated in any of the stories or legends referred to. Until very recent times, naturalists were inclined to be sceptical regarding the truth or probability of such stories. Stray examples undoubtedly had occurred now and then, of fragmentary portions of what must have been at any rate exceptionally large Cuttles, being found. But it was often difficult, or even quite impossible, to separate the grains of truth which might be contained in any tale, from the copious husks and chaff with which the fertility of human imagination, together with the natural lapse of time and frequent repetition, invariably tend to surround the original germ or incident.

In Captain Cook's first voyage, however, the remains of a giant cuttle were found; and parts of this specimen, preserved in the Hunterian Collection of the London College of Surgeons, shew that its total length must have exceeded six feet. A very large specimen was met with in 1861 between Teneriffe and Madeira by the French corvette *Alecton*, the length of this specimen being estimated at about fifty feet. But more lately still, the carcasses of several very large Cuttle-fishes have been met with off the coasts of Newfoundland; and a photograph representing the head and tentacles of one of these specimens now lies before us. The tentacles or arms were ten in number in this case. Two were elongated, as in the Squids, these measuring

twenty-four feet in length. The eight shorter arms each measured six feet in length, and ten inches in circumference at their bases, where they joined the head. The ten arms were provided with about eleven hundred suckers; and the eyes measured each four inches across.

The question which at once presents itself to naturalists for consideration on inspecting such a form, is, whether or not it constitutes a new species, or is merely a giant member of an already known one? For ourselves, we should hesitate to construct a new species without satisfactory evidence of more marked deviation from any type than that afforded by mere size—always a delusive test with regard to animal structures. But the mere occurrence of these monsters is in any case of exceeding interest, as opening up a new field for discovery, which may in time tend to throw light even on the great 'sea-serpent' mystery itself. Why, if giant Cuttles really exist, may not giant snakes also exist—largely developed individuals of one or more of the numerous species of sea-snakes known to exist in warm seas? Zoology at least offers no objection to the latter hypothesis. And after all, in Cuttle-fish history, as in most other things, the truth is certainly stranger than the fiction.

FOLLOWING UP THE TRACK.

CHAPTER X.

THE witnesses to prove the statement of the counsel for the crown were then examined, including Maurice Power; and they substantially and in detail established all the facts upon which so much stress had been laid; and all the ingenuity and educated intelligence of Mr Supple failed on cross-examination to discover any weak point. Mary Dwyer, who had but partially recovered from the startling announcement which disclosed by whose hand her cousin had met his doom, wept bitterly as, with touching emotion, she narrated the parting of her kinsman and lover in company with the prisoner; but although she felt most painfully that her testimony was bearing so terribly against the good fame of him for whom she would have sacrificed everything, there was a duty to her conscience, her country, and her God that had to be discharged, even if the result was to gratify the man by whose hand she had that day learned her cousin had been slain.

Even in this year of 1808 was Brien Spelassy's counsel dumb by the cruel policy of the existing law. He could not, like the astute person who opened the case for the prosecution, endeavour to explain away in a speech the facts pressing so heavily against the accused, whom he was bound at any sacrifice, save that of honour, to protect. With every prejudice to encounter which so foul a charge of murder would naturally create, he had been compelled to enter into the judicial combat fettered and restricted in action and in utterance; and although since the time with which our story is conversant, a change in this unjust system of procedure has taken place, the last word is still the privilege of the prosecutor, and not for the man whose life lies trembling in the judicial scales.

The first person produced for the defence was the lad Clover, the assistant in the establishment

of Mr Stephen Meagher, one of those sharp, precocious individuals who have never known what it is to be a child. Cool and collected, after being sworn and taking his position in the chair appropriated to the witnesses, he leisurely surveyed the judge and the other celebrities in the court, especially Mr Travers; and in answer to the questions put to him, proceeded to state how on the evening of the murder Maurice Power came to the inn and asked to see his muster, who was not then at home.

'Can you say,' asked Mr Supple, 'about what hour he came, and how long he remained on that occasion?'

Clover paused for a minute or so, as if to insure the greatest accuracy, and then replied: 'He came about seven o'clock; and about half an hour after the clock struck eight, went away; and the reason I made my remarks as to the time was that he told me he had a long distance to go to the Glen.'

'How did he happen to mention this?'

'Because I said to him it was strange if his business was so pressing with Mr Meagher, as he told me it was when he first came into the house, that he should not wait after stopping so long, and that I expected my master might soon come back. Another thing which made me take particular notice was when he told me he had a long distance to go, I wondered if he would be able to make his way, as he was heavy in drink when starting, and scarcely able to stand.'

'If that person presumes again to interrupt the business of the court, he must be taken into custody,' was the peremptory mandate of the Chief-justice, as Maurice Power, in his excitement, exclaimed: 'Oh, the perjured villain! He has forsworn himself; and he knows it. He has been put up to this.'

The lad, with the most innocent expression his face could assume, in defence of his veracity replied: 'It is the truth indeed, and nothing but the truth I am telling, as the blessed saints know.'

When it came to Mr Travers to cross-examine the witness, there was not to be detected the least variance from his original account; and when his accuracy in reference to the particular night he had been speaking of was sought to be put in issue, there was persuasion in his manner as he answered: 'Why should I be speaking of another and a different night? Sure we all heard the next day of what happened at the poor man's place; and there wasn't a deed done like it for months before or after, the saints be praised!'

At the suggestion of those acting for the prosecution, the judge permitted Clover and Maurice to be confronted; and the latter declared with great solemnity that he did not leave the inn till after midnight—that no one saw him depart, as the house was in silence and darkness, and the outer door locked and bolted—nor was he aware of having had anything to render him drunk; but when he awoke from a sound slumber, he felt as if the liquor he took must have been drugged.

An incredulous smile was the reply of Clover to this explanation, and he muttered to himself, but so loudly that the jurors might be, as it were, unconsciously taken into his confidence: 'Sure the poor fellow must be dreaming, or his troubles have made him flighty.'

Mr Supple seemed much pleased with the impression created by his first witness, and then, as if quite casually, asked: 'Do you recollect at what hour the prisoner came in that night?'

'Well, myself does not very well know, for he had to go at dusk to Mick Gleeson's, a good start off, to have a horse shod, and this delayed him, for Mick was not well at the time, and more-betoken he is since dead. I don't mind exactly when he came back; but the house was shut up at ten o'clock, and I handed the keys to the master, then in the parlour, and the prisoner was at that time discoursing with him.'

'Did you see him afterwards on that night?'

'His bedroom was inside mine, and I went straight to it from the parlour, after giving up the keys, for I was tired out with the hard day's work; and just as I was putting out the rushlight, he came in and took it out of my hand, and brought it with him inside, and he closed the door after him.'

If this testimony of the lad were truthful and accurate, Maurice Power, if able to walk home at any moderate rate, would have reached the Glen Farm and his own cottage about midnight, and have become the witness of a crime at the perpetration of which it was impossible, according to Clover's testimony, for Spelassy to have been present.

As Clover was leaving the chair, the Chief-justice said: 'Stop for a minute. There are one or two questions which, for certain reasons, I consider very material, and which were not asked you at either side. Be very careful how you answer them. Tell me, when the prisoner went out, as you have sworn, to Gleeson's to get the horse shod, was he alone, or did you see any one joining him?'

'He was in his own company only.'

'You said you did not actually see the prisoner coming into the house on his way back from Gleeson's; but did you notice any person near the house at the time?'

'Not a soul was with him or near him.'

'Did you know a young man of the name of John Dwyer?'

'Why, but little indeed, my lord,' answered Clover. 'It was but a little sketch I ever got of him.'

'Did you see Dwyer any part of that day, or of the two previous ones, at your master's, or near the house?'

'If Dwyer was speaking to Spelassy—and I cannot call to mind that he was—it was only as he would speak to any other stranger who might bid him the time of day. But when I heard tell of the murder, I remembered that this same Dwyer, two days or so before it, was at my master's house, and treated two strangers who were in his company (and who looked like foreign sailors) to some spirits; and after they drank it, all three went away; but I made no remark what road they took when they left. More-betoken one of the sailors had a deep cut on his face, and had a bad look indeed.'

Although the counsel for the accused was not permitted the privilege of making a speech to the jury, he could not be prevented from directing a very significant and indeed triumphant look in their direction, which, if it could be interpreted into language, would have said: 'See here; the

hand of Providence is visible; and one or two answers to casual questions put by the court, demonstrate that it must have been these two strangers who were associated with Dwyer in the commission of the murder; and the counsel for the crown are following up a false track against an innocent man.'

The judge had evidently been much struck by the demeanour and frank, instant replies of the attendant at the inn, and paused to make a special memorandum in his note-book, and then said with an impulsiveness not usual to him: 'Call your next witness;' whereupon Mr Stephen Meagher made himself a way through the crowd and ascended the table.

Having been duly sworn, the statement he made in answer to the questions of Mr Supple, was a calm, dispassionate, and collected one; and as it proceeded, Mr Travers, with all his reserve, could not but manifest anxiety and uneasiness, as if he feared that the edifice of guilt which had been built up with such skill and ingenuity was about to totter to its foundations; while Maurice Power, who had edged himself into a seat under counsel, never took his bloodshot eyes from the face of the publican.

What Meagher swore was to the following effect: Brian Spelassy had been in his service for years; and although blunt and rough in his manners, he had always found him faithful and honest. As to the all-important Hallow Eve and its incidents, Meagher deposed that he himself had been away from home during that day, having gone to collect some small balances of money due to him by persons who lived in a secluded mountain district, and to which he had to go on foot; and his object in going on that particular day was to make up the full sum he had previously agreed to lend to Power, the necessity for collecting these balances arising from the witness having paid a large sum shortly before for the purchase of a property in the neighbourhood. He did not come home until between nine and ten o'clock, when he was told by the young man Clover that a person had—

What he was told by that individual it is no fault of the writer that he is wholly unable to communicate to the reader, for Mr Travers at this particular juncture interposed, and appealing to the bench, protested against the witness making any statement as to what another told him, more especially as Clover had not been asked a word in reference to this conversation.

The counsel of the accused, with apparent indignation, questioned whether his learned friend seriously objected, in order to have the truth shut out by a mere formal point of evidence; but the Chief-justice, while yielding to the technical difficulty which had been raised, shewed by his manner that he was not pleased with the course taken; and the jurors were left to wonder why what was told to Meagher at the time should not have been communicated to them as well.

'I shall get out the fact I want, gentlemen, in another way,' was the announcement of Mr Supple. 'When you came back that night, and were speaking to Clover, did you see the man who was examined here, Maurice Power?'

'I did not indeed.'

'Could he have been in the house without your seeing him?'

'He could not, unless he had been one of the good people, the fairies.'

'Did you see the prisoner, and when?'

'I had left him behind me in the morning, and when I returned I met him coming in from the stable, after making up for the night the horse he got shod; and after giving him some orders for the next morning, he left, and soon after I heard the door of the bedroom which opens into his closing, for it is one that creaks loudly every time it shuts or opens.'

Mr Supple having, to his own satisfaction, established his client in occupancy of his bedroom at an hour and at a distance from the Glen Farm which made it practically impossible for him to have been one of the gang, then proceeded to deal with the startling facts connected with the possession of the portion of the love-token by Spelassy—that token which, it could not be controverted, was about the neck of the young wife when the assassins entered the cottage.

'Do you know,' proceeded Mr Supple, 'or can you account how that broken dollar came into the possession of the man in the dock?'

'I can,' replied the usurer, with the utmost deliberation. 'It was myself who gave it to him.'

'There was an involuntary expression of surprise at this avowal, and a dead silence; while the judge took off his spectacles, wiped them deliberately, and having replaced them, directed his keenest glances at the witness, who remained quite unmoved, and as if unable to see why such a simple and unequivocal answer should have elicited such an amount of interest.

'And pray, what was the occasion upon which you gave him the token, and how did it come into your own possession?'

'My business often brings me acquainted with strangers and seamen who come from foreign parts, and when I go to Waterford, as I often do, I go on board these vessels from abroad, and exchange guineas and bank-notes for their doubloons and dollars.'

'At a considerable profit to yourself, no doubt?'

rather irregularly interrupted Mr Travers.

'Certainly. I don't pretend to be better than my neighbours, and like others, I sell my abilities and my time to the best advantage; but I give what many who have much talk do not, and that is, money's worth. It was about two or three months after I had heard of the terrible business in the Glen, when a Spanish sailor—and who, by the way, had an ugly scar across his face—met me on the quay of Waterford, near Reginald's Tower, and asked me could I shew him a place where he might get change of some foreign money. I told him it was a part of my business to do so; and from him I got a number of doubloons and dollars. This broken coin that I hear called a love-token was among them, and he was putting it back into his purse, when, as is the custom among us country-people, I asked it from him as a kind of luck-penny; and he gave it to me at once, smiling, and saying at the same time that though it cost some one very dear, it was of no value to him. Soon after this transaction, I was sending Spelassy to the fair of Cashel to buy three head of cattle, and being suddenly called away by a customer, I had not time to count the gold I was giving him (nor did this trouble me at all, as I always found him so honest in all his dealings), and when he came

back from the fair, he said I had handed him this particular bit of money, which, of course, he did not try to pass. I then said to him that I got it myself for nothing, and he might keep it for what I gave for it. That is exactly how he came by it.'

'Could you,' asked the counsel, 'know the sailor you have spoken of, if you saw him again?'

'Most certainly, for, in addition to the remarkable cut along his face, he had a very bad countenance, and I was the more particular in taking notice of him, because he told me that although his father was a Spaniard, some of his mother's people were from the county Tipperary, and that I need not be surprised if some fine day or other I saw him in Clonmel, on his way through to visit them before he went on one of his long voyages.'

'And after the prisoner Spelassy was arrested, and with all you knew upon the subject, did you think it your duty to try and find out this stranger?'

'Indeed I did, sir; I went to Waterford intent on that same design; but the custom-house officers there told me that the *Bella Vista*--for that, he said, was the ship he belonged to--had sailed for South America two days before I arrived.'

It now became Mr Travers' province to cross-examine this important witness; but although he pressed his questions with the skill and dexterity of a mind trained to defeat fraud and perjury under their most specious disguises, he failed to elicit any contradictions. At times he asked about collateral matters of little or no moment, in order to put the other off his guard, and then rapidly turned round to the real point in issue, sometimes pretending to assume that an expression was used or a fact asserted contrary to the actual deposition of Meagher; but the latter always corrected the supposed misapprehension. Baffled, but yet not at all satisfied that there was not falsehood in the plausible, consistent, and apparently frank testimony of the usurer, Mr Travers suddenly asked, after having paused to reflect for a considerable time: 'You no doubt, from your habit of money-lending, are a person of business habits, and make an entry of all your transactions?'

'Not always,' was the reply; 'but I did make an entry of this particular matter, because it was out of my course; and you can have it, and look at it, if you feel any curiosity upon the point; and as he spoke he pulled out from his breast coat-pocket a slip of paper, and handed it to his interrogator.'

'Is this the original memorandum, or did you copy it from some entry in a book?'

'I copied it out,' was the answer, 'for convenience' sake, from the book at home, for I thought it would answer just as well as a help to my memory; and besides, I did not want to have everybody in court looking into my own book, and finding out all about my own affairs. Some of the "quality" are in my debt also, and I would not on any account have their names mentioned.'

The prosecuting counsel here requested of the Chief-justice to allow the progress of the trial to be postponed for a short period until the original book referred to should be produced; at which suggestion there was quite a forensic scene, Mr Supple protesting against what he characterised as only leading to wanton and vexatious delay, and artfully seeking to enlist the favour of the jury by vehemently protesting that as to his own

time the loss of it was not worth speaking of, but he felt that theirs was valuable indeed, and that they were kept away from their respective occupations at great personal inconvenience. But Mr Travers was firm; and the judge granted the application, as the residence of Stephen Meagher was in the town, and but a short distance from the court-house.

The witness was proceeding in a sulky mood, as if greatly offended at any doubt being cast upon his statement, to leave court in search of the book which he was required to produce; but his frown deepened into a sterner contraction when informed that one of the police-officers in attendance should go with him and take possession of it. About an hour then elapsed, and the Chief-justice had resumed his seat on the bench, and the twelve liegemen their several places in the uncomfortable pen that builders appear delighted in constructing for the torture of their unoffending brethren, when Stephen Meagher was seated anew in the witness-chair, looking, however, less cool and collected than on his original appearance. Taking from the constable who had accompanied him a heavy old outside coat, displaying pockets of unusual amplitude, he drew forth from one of these depositories an account-book and opened its pages.

'Shew me in that book,' said Mr Travers, 'the original entry corresponding with the slip of paper which you handed to me as a correct transcript of it, made for this trial.'

The usurer turned over page after page; the stillness in the court during this process being such that even the rustling of the leaves was nervously exciting to the audience.

'Is the entry there, sir?' asked the judge with considerable asperity of tone, after several minutes had elapsed.

'I cannot find it now, my lord,' was the reply; 'but the pages of the book are not numbered; and since I made the copy, shewing the exact day and date when I got the love-token from the Spanish sailor, some of the leaves may have fallen out, or become torn by accident.'

'Is that the only explanation you can give?' said Mr Travers, his voice rising to an indignant pitch.

'It is mighty odd, no doubt,' muttered Meagher. 'And one might think the "good people" had something to say to this.'

'I very much doubt about the good people having anything to say in the affair,' was the rather sorry attempt at sarcasm of his interrogator.

During the time that this little scene was being enacted, Maurice Power appeared as if under the influence of a spell. He looked at the witness with intense and absorbing interest, and frequently his eyes would wander down even to the outside coat of Meagher, out of one of the pockets of which the account-book had been taken, the coat lying on the table close to where the counsel were placed; and as if unconscious of what he was doing, the excited man drew the garment to where he was standing, and was minutely inspecting it in order possibly to find in it the missing leaf in the account-book. The action was not observed; and he hastily pushed back the old coat to its previous position, and then trembling with emotion, whispered a few words into the ear of Mr Travers, whose usually calm features became overspread with a deep flush. This unusual and irregular interruption did not pass unnoticed; and Mr

Supple, addressing the judge, expressed his hope that the ordinary and regular course of procedure would be adopted in that court of justice, and no one presume to busy himself by offering suggestions to those who were prosecuting on the part of the crown. 'That man,' he added, pointing to the bereaved farmer, 'has already been guilty of gross impropriety by using an insulting exclamation when that decent lad Clover was giving his testimony.'

Pushing back into a seat behind him the object of this censure, Mr Travers proceeded to continue the cross-examination of the usurer, the tendency of which was to lead to the inference that the statement as to any entry of the transaction with the Spanish sailor being recorded in his account-book was a fiction, and invented deliberately for no good purpose, in order to mislead the jury. The man was tied to the legal stake, and no ingenuity seemed capable of releasing him from the false position in which he had placed himself, whether arising from some inscrutable and deliberate intention to mislead, or only from a rash statement innocently made, and wrongfully persisted in, from a false shame.

'Where do you usually keep that account-book, Mr Meagher? I presume you have it carefully locked up, and not, as we saw occur to-day, left in the pocket of that outside coat of yours, where curious or dishonest people might get access to it?'

'Why, then, you are wrong, sir,' was the reply of the party interrogated, 'for the book was often left in that old coat of mine, where it hung up near the bar, and people frequenting the house might, if they wished, have gone into the bar and meddled with the book.'

'A very incredible story indeed. And may I ask, did you recently purchase that coat, the depository for your valuable entries and documents; or, judging from its appearance, is it an old acquaintance of yours?'

'I have had it a long time, but never wore it of late times, as Clover can tell.'

'I think, Mr Travers, with every respect for you,' observed the judge very blandly, but evidently displeased, either with the ostensible levity, or rather the irrelevancy of the question, 'that you are pursuing the inquiry as to this particular article of dress very far indeed; for whether the man had it for a long time or not, he tries (satisfactorily or the reverse is another question) to explain his inability to produce the alleged original entry in the account-book by insinuating that some of the customers at the inn may have had access to the pockets of this coat, and removed some pages; but it will be for the jury to say what possible object any person could have had in so doing, unless, indeed, he himself figured as a debtor in the pages of the book.'

'I agree fully with what your lordship has thrown out for my guidance, and I shall only ask two questions more upon this subject.—Did you ever, Mr Meagher, miss the coat itself from your house?'

'Never.'

'Was it your habit to place the account-book here?' inquired Mr Travers, pointing to the inside of the left breast, in which there was inserted a pocket of unusual dimensions, and the opening of which was secured by two black thongs of leather firmly fastening on very large buttons; so that once deposited there, no document could be abstracted

without considerable trouble, and certainly could not fall out from any mere accident.

'It would fit nowhere else; and when I used to go from home to collect my accounts, or let the people know how they stood with me, I always had it in this identical coat; but latterly, as the country was so much disturbed, I got afraid to go for my money to my debtors, and usually made them come to my place to settle.'

'Had you the coat before you heard of the murder of Ellen Power?' asked Mr Travers, with an earnestness which the question did not seem to warrant.

'No doubt of it I tell you; none, none,' was the sullen reply.

'Then, look here!' exclaimed Mr Travers, in accents startling from their abruptness and sternness of intonation, fixing his eyes on the usurer, taking at the same time a small piece of jagged cloth, with a button of a peculiar shape attached to it, from the trembling hands of Maurice Power, and then holding up the breast of the coat, where there was a portion which had been dragged and torn away, and in the vacant rent a corresponding button wanting. 'Was not this the very dress you wore when you and your associates broke into the house of this poor fellow here in the Glen on the Hallow-Eve night, and busely slew, for greed, his wife and child?'

The individual addressed in this unusual and extraordinary manner turned deadly pale, his jaw became rigid, the hands worked convulsively, drops of agony suffused his face, and his gaze remained riveted on the garment thus held up by his interrogator, while he could only exclaim: 'What a fool I have been!'

'He is one of them; he shall not escape!' shouted the almost frenzied farmer, springing on the table before any one could interpose, and seizing the object of his accusation by the collar. 'Sure I tore this very bit of cloth from him the very night when struggling with him on the floor; and after I came to my senses in the early morning it was in my closed fingers; nor have I ever parted from it since. No wonder the villain shakes and trembles and is afraid, for it is a judgment has come upon him at last!'

LIFE IN THE EAST.

PERHAPS the most striking characteristic which the changeless East presents to us, the restless ever-changing denizens of a busier clime, is its immutability. Thousands of years have elapsed since the herdsmen of Abraham drove forth his flocks to pasture beside the oaks of Mamre; but the Arab sheik still sits, as he sat then, in the doorway of his tent; and the Arab princess behind the camel-hair partition still kneads cakes on the hearth for the passing guest, as Sarah did of old for the wandering messengers of Heaven. It is as if Time had drawn a silent curtain of repose around the ancient cradle of our race, that we might see reproduced there, as in a mirror, the manners, the customs, the very salutations even, which were the fashion thousands of years ago when the world was young.

With wondering eyes, we stand to-day in the streets of Damascus or Bagdad, and see around

us the familiar scenery of the *Arabian Nights*. Through yonder crowd the one-eyed hunchback threads his way; there beside you, a shapeless mass of yellow drapery, glides Fatmé the beautiful, on her way to the bazaar, enveloped in the envious veil, which hides from the curious gaze of the Infidel all except the flash of a pair of lustrous gazelle-like eyes. Behind you, in the gate, sits a venerable old man, who with his flowing white beard and dreamy eyes, sagaciously meditating upon nothing, might be, but is not, the far-famed Haroun Alraschid in one of his many disguises. Around you as you gaze is all that makes the past dear to the antiquary, the scholar, and the saint; and it is this curious sameness amid the universal change of almost the whole world besides, which makes the study of existing manners and customs in the East at once so interesting and so instructive.

To throw light upon biblical life and manners, by tracing a picture of Bible lands as they are to-day, is the task which Dr Van Lennep proposes to himself, and accomplishes in a very thorough and exhaustive manner.*

These lands, the nursery of our race, occupy an isolated and yet central position—central, that the light of a nascent civilisation might diverge from them as from a focus; and isolated, that no rude convulsions might destroy in infancy the germs of science and the arts. Before the dawn of history, on the wooded banks of the Euphrates, or on the wide plains of Mesopotamia, many an unknown Chaldee Herschel studied the stars undisturbed. In the docks of Tyre and Sidon, many a Phœnician Napier toiled in security and peace to frame the merchant navy of these ancient Queens of the Sea; and their discoveries, their wild often unfructuous guesses after truth, were not made in vain; they exercised a restraining and modifying influence upon the ruder races around them.

In all this region, so rich and beautiful in ancient times, so comparatively sterile now, water, Dr Van Lennep tells us, is, as it always has been, scarce. A good spring is so valuable that it often determines the site of a town or city; trees are planted round it; it is surrounded with mason-work more or less costly; and here at least once a day the women of the village come to draw water. The work is hard, but it is perhaps the most pleasant of all their duties; for while their earthenware jars are slowly filling at the spring, they enjoy the luxury of a social chat, and give and receive all the gossip of the neighbourhood. 'Life on the waters;' the boats, the ships, the skiffs that glide swallow-like along the currents, are all made after models which the curious may find on the sculptured slabs of Nineveh or on the ancient monuments of Egypt, and that in spite of the fire-ships of the Infidel—noisy monsters!—which are now to be seen puffing and steaming away in all parts of the Mediterranean.

* *Bible Lands, their Modern Customs and Manners, illustrative of Scripture.* By Henry J. Van Lennep, D.D. 2 vols. (Murray.)

Irrigation, although comparatively neglected, is still much used for the cultivation of gardens, and the water is raised by means of water-wheels, such as were used in the days of King Nebuchadnezzar's glory to raise water for the hanging gardens of Babylon. In these gardens, vegetables, such as beans, turnips, beet, radishes, the egg-plant, and the tomato, are cultivated; and the olive and the vine are now, as in ancient times, universal: no garden is without one or two plants of the latter, which is often trained to shade with its beautiful broad leaves the flat roofs of the houses. Flower-gardens such as we have are unknown; although some flowers, such as the rose, the hyacinth, the carnation, and the tulip, are universal favourites, and are in their season either worn on the forehead, fastened under the edge of the turban, or carried in the hand. On the first of May the Christians hang over the doors of their houses garlands of roses, which remain undisturbed until the following year.

Cattle are as abundant now as in the days of the patriarchs; but they are of small size, and are seldom killed, not from any gastronomical dislike to beef, but because the animal is considered too valuable to be used for food. In the greater part of Asia Minor, however, it is the custom, as it was once in Scotland, for each family to kill in autumn a cow or young bullock, the flesh of which salted, dried, and variously seasoned, forms the frugal provision of meat for the winter months. Mutton is much more extensively used than beef as an article of diet, and is almost invariably very good. The milk of the sheep, which is much richer than that of the goat, is also much used for food. Prior to the introduction of European cottons, almost the entire clothing of the people was made of silk or wool; and among some of the wandering tribes, every girl must weave with her own hands a praying carpet, into the centre of which she works some of her own hair. She then sends it as a present to her betrothed, who has never seen her, and who thus learns in this romantic way the colour of her hair.

All the other animals, wild or tame, which are alluded to in the Scriptures may still be found, Dr Van Lennep tells us, in these Bible lands. The shepherd when he leads out his flock to the pasture must still do battle as David did with the lion and the bear and the ravenous wolf, which last sometimes in winter becomes so horribly tame, from lack of food, that it steals into the large towns and disputes with the dogs the refuse and offal of the streets. Dr Van Lennep gives a well-authenticated story of one which burst into a room where a family were sitting at supper, and amid the shrieks and consternation of the assembled guests, strove to snatch away a portion of food from the table. The dogs themselves, houseless and homeless, apportion out the large towns into districts, each of which belongs to a separate pack; and these curs become so fierce and bold, that a drunken stranger reeling home at night has been known to be overpowered and devoured by them, little more being left of him in the morning than the few ghastly relics which remained of the

celebrated Jezebel, after the dogs of Samaria had finished their horrible feast in the field of Naboth.

Serpents, scorpions, and lizards still abound; and still as of old, the peasant rejoicing over the green beauty of his budding fields, has his hopes blasted in an hour by the appearance on the horizon of a swarm of advancing locusts. These destructive insects when seen at a distance have very much the appearance of a cloud of dust, which constantly advancing, finds before it an Eden, and leaves behind it a desert. Formerly, Dr Van Lennep tells us, no attempt was made by the Mohammedan fatalists to avert or mitigate this plague. It was *kismet* (Fate), and no more could be said about it; but of late more enlightened ideas have crept in from Europe, and now efforts are being made to destroy the eggs of this insect; which have a marked effect in diminishing its inroads.

The home-life of the people of the East, their joys, their sorrows, and their domestic habits are next portrayed; and Dr Van Lennep points out in how many respects they agree, and in what few points they differ from the habits of the people in Bible times. The ethnology of all these regions has necessarily somewhat changed, yet the different races occupying the country in ancient times can still be traced easily enough in their descendants. As many as half-a-dozen different races may sometimes be found occupying the same town or village, and yet they do not mingle. Like streams from different fountains, the current of their separate lives flows on side by side but apart. First, there are the Jews, changed, not improbably deteriorated in personal appearance since the days of David, but still so distinct, so apart from all others, that their nationality clings to them as it has clung to them for more than eighteen hundred years of persecution and exile. Almost as easily identified are the Syrian race, the Chaldee Christians, and the Egyptians, who have amalgamated themselves with their Arab invaders, but still retain something of that ancient type, which, with a beauty of its own, intrals us as we gaze upon the face of the mysterious Sphinx. The different populations which made up the kingdom of Persia, the Armenians, the Koords, the wandering tribes of the desert, have all their representatives still.

Of the languages spoken by all these different races, Hebrew, as most people are aware, is now a dead tongue, but is represented by two modern dialects, the Maltese and the modern Syriac. Arabic is also very much akin to it. This language has an extensive range of harmonious sounds; the vowels are clear and full; and it is so rich and copious, that Dr Van Lennep gives an instance of an old woman who supplied a learned poet and historian of Mecca with thirty-nine different Arabic names for the onion. It is written from the right to the left, as all the dialects of Western Asia are, except the Armenian. The Persians and Turks use the Arabic character, which, like the Hebrew, has the troublesome peculiarity that it cannot be written with a quill or steel pen, but must be traced with a small pointed reed, the ink used being a thick solution of gum, lampblack, and water.

The art of printing was, until a few years ago, quite unknown in the East, and is still very little appreciated except by the Christian populations.

The people are divided into two classes—those who lead a wandering life, and those who dwell in permanent houses. The tents of the former are divided into two apartments, one for the men, and one for the women. The furniture of the tent is simple; it consists of cushions and camel packs, with a few ordinary utensils, such as pots, kettles, frying-pans, and wooden pails. In the centre of the apartment a fire of camels' dung is constantly smouldering, with a coffee-pot simmering upon it. Guests are received in the men's apartment only; but on the other side of the curtain, so near that they can hear every word that is said, are the women, engaged in the preparation of sweet curds, cheese, bread, confections, and a peculiar preparation of sour camels' milk called *leben*, which from the earliest ages has been a very favourite article of food in the East.

The dress of these wanderers of the desert is simple, consisting only of an ample cotton shirt, open to the waist, the bosom of which serves as a capacious pocket; a leathern belt secures it round the waist; and over the shoulders is thrown a striped woollen cloak; while a gay handkerchief bound round the head with a cord of camels' hair forms the turban, and completes the costume.

The first idea of the permanent house seems in the East to have been taken from the tent. Most of the houses in an oriental town consist only of one story, and follow in all their internal arrangements the simple plan of the tent, being divided like it into two apartments—one for the men, and one for the women. Even when a man is rich enough to afford in his mansion many more rooms than these two, his imagination still runs in the groove of the tent, and he fashions for himself what the Arabs call a *dowar* in stone; that is, a cluster of low rooms built side by side, inclosing an oblong court, which is often very beautiful; a cool shady place with a pavement of tessellated marble; a fountain playing in the centre; rows of citron, lemon, and orange trees, and an abundance of flowering shrubs.

The principal room in the house is that where the guests, men alone, are received; it generally fronts the door of entrance, and is furnished with a raised divan and cushions. A rich man has usually two houses built side by side, one for himself, and one for the women of his household; the house of the women being generally the finer of the two. These houses are often lavishly adorned inside with carved marble and alabaster, and have elaborate ceilings of curiously wrought wood, beautifully designed and gorgeously coloured. The roofs of all the houses, whether the owner be rich or poor, are invariably flat, and during the summer months form the usual bedroom of the family.

The furniture of all oriental houses is simple compared with ours: the household goods of the poor consist only of a few bowls and wooden spoons, a saucepan or two, and a coarse carpet, all which Dr Van Lennep tells us are kept scrupulously clean. The rich have no such variety of furniture as is common in Europe, for chairs, though not unknown, are disliked, the people, both men and women, preferring to sit with their legs gathered up under them on the divan—a broad couch which runs round three sides of the room. It is in the richness and ornament bestowed upon the cushions of this couch and in the carving of

the doors, ceilings, and pillars of his house, that the luxury of an oriental Rothschild finds vent.

Charcoal is used for cooking purposes, and as a rule the Orientals like their dishes very much cooked. They are particularly fond of hashes and stews, composed of a great variety of vegetables and fruits, highly spiced, and flavoured with meat cut into small pieces. They use oil largely in their cookery, and do not confine themselves to garden vegetables, but gather, besides, a great variety of wild plants and edible gourds. They make still, Dr Van Leunep tells us, a very savoury soup of lentils flavoured with onions; the veritable mess of red pottage which cost the eldest son of Jacob his birthright and his father's blessing. Of pastry they are extremely fond; and the women still, as in the days when Bedreddin sold bread in the streets of Bagdad, pride themselves, as the wife of the grand vizier did, upon their skill in compounding cream-tarts, sweet cakes, and confections of every kind. The food when cooked is placed upon a small table about two feet high, round which a certain number of guests sit, so many to each table; they invariably eat with the hand, wooden spoons only being used when soup, rice, or leben form part of the entertainment. The Orientals have only two meals in the day; one early in the morning before the duties of the day begin, and the other about sunset when they are finished. At noon, however, they supplement this somewhat moderate allowance of food by a light meal composed of dried fruits, cheese, and bread *ad libitum*.

Whenever it is dark the poor retire to rest; but the rich are fond of artificial light, and often keep a candle burning all night.

No oriental house is complete without a bath, which is of the kind known to us as the Turkish bath. Besides these private baths, public ones are common, to which all the women go at least once a week. They set out for the bath early in the morning, taking with them their children and slaves and an abundant supply of provisions. There they meet with their friends and acquaintances, and spend the whole day in chat and gossip, in dressing, in dyeing their palms, finger-tips, and feet with henna, and in plaiting their long hair into numerous fine braids. With these braids silk is intermingled, upon which gold coins are strung, and they (the braids) may be of any number from nine to twenty-five. Sometimes the hair is very long, reaching below the knee, and forming a glittering fleece, the gold coins intermingled with it flashing and glancing with every movement of the wearer. Across the forehead it is clipped straight, within an inch of the eyebrows, leaving two longer locks hanging on either side of the face, by which the women swear, as the men do by their beards. On their heads they wear as a substitute for the turban a small red cap with a blue tassel, round which a light muslin handkerchief of tasteful and becoming colours is bound, and gracefully tied in a knot at one side. Bands of gold coins or of small gold plates linked together are often worn across the forehead; and in Lebanon, a monstrous ornament shaped like a horn or hollow tube of silver is worn upon the top of the forehead, secured in its place with cushions, and a strong strap which passes under the chin. It is an ornament reserved exclusively for matrons, and once assumed is never laid aside; the hapless victim of fashion wears it

even at night, a hole being made in the wall beside her bed, for the purpose of accommodating this most uncomfortable appendage.

From the constant use of the veil, the bath, and open-air life, the oriental women have often very clear beautiful complexions, and fine eyes, whose apparent size they increase by the use of kohl, a preparation of antimony, which they apply with an instrument of wood or silver to the edge of the eyelids. As a class, the women of the East are very industrious and economical; and even in households where there are several slaves, the wives and daughters generally wait upon their husbands and fathers.

From the almost complete separation of the sexes, it naturally follows that love is not recognised as the basis of marriage, which is to a great degree a matter of pecuniary arrangement, and is managed by the mother, aunts, or sisters of the bridegroom. These select for him a suitable wife, and settle the preliminary points, especially the all-important one of dowry, which is in reality the price paid for the wife. The marriage ceremonies then follow, differing according to the nationality of the contracting parties. In all, however, the bride is arrayed in her richest apparel, and covered from head to foot with a veil, generally of bright scarlet silk or crape, upon raising which the bridegroom beholds her face for the first time! 'This is an anxious moment, for upon it depends the happiness or misery of a lifetime; happy is she if, like Isaac with Rebekah, it can be said, 'he loved her,' for not unfrequently her lot is that of the hated Leah, and life is made up of many slights and much suffering and a vain struggle with many rivals. Polygamy is common among the Mohammedans, and so is divorce for the most trivial causes; and the Muslims of the Shiite sect have a strange habit of contracting marriage for a limited period, varying from a few days to ninety-nine years! All over the East the birth of a son is hailed with intense delight, and the mother of many sons still feels all the exultation of Jacob's unloved wife, when she exclaimed at the birth of her sixth son: 'God hath endued me with a good dowry.' At present, as in ancient times, a babe is wrapped in a long bandage of swaddling-cloth, so tightly that it can move neither hand nor foot. In this comfortless condition it lies day and night in its cradle, its cries being stilled by constant rocking. When beyond the domain of the cradle, anklets with bells attached are fastened round its tiny limbs, and toys are given to it to play with, not unlike those our own children use. When a little older, the child goes to school with the little boys and girls of the neighbourhood, who all squat on the floor and study aloud, he who makes the most noise being accounted the best scholar.

The Orientals are fond of society, and the more wealthy delight in giving great entertainments, at which a fatted calf or two or several sheep roasted whole, crown the board. The guests sit round the tables, and each does his own carving, tearing off such portions as he fancies from the centre dish with his hands. After their own fashion the Orientals are fond of music, and the art of the improvisatore is held in great esteem among them; but their melodies sound to us as rude and inharmonious as our classical music is unpalatable to them.

The systems of government and of religion, and the state of commerce and the mechanical arts, in the East, are all now, Dr Van Lennep tells us, in the process of being every year more and more influenced by the enlightenment and civilisation of Europe; and in this lies the best hope for these wasted but beautiful lands, around whose desolation the traditions of the past still linger, investing them with a melancholy and imperishable charm.

AMUSEMENTS AT SEA.

THROWN on their own resources, and finding themselves the denizens of a little world of wood and iron, tossing on a measureless waste of briny waters, the passengers on board a ship seldom fail to club their wits for the common good. Of course, when social pastimes are in question, a great deal depends upon the weather and the latitude, as also the size and style of the vessel. But one condition is essential, and that is a long voyage. The swift-steaming New York packets are in too violent a hurry to pass Cape Race or enter the Mersey, for more than a cursory intercourse between the human units who jostle one another at meals in the grand saloon. The most agreeable of the floating hotels that ever put to sea were certainly the old-fashioned first-class Indiamen, the original teak-built 'tea-wagons' that in leisurely fashion conveyed our fathers and grandfathers to and from Calcutta and Bombay. Well provided and well officered, with an excellent table and ample elbow-room, these fine slow ships gave those on board valuable consideration for their passage-money. Nothing could be more pleasant than the dances, the music, the amateur theatricals that went on beneath the broad bright light of the tropic moon, while in the cabins below quieter spirits found solace in endless games of whist, chess, or backgammon.

The passengers on board an Indiaman had every inducement to see the best side of those with whom they were thrown into contact, since all were committed to a voyage which might last for five months, and the monotony of which was only relieved by a call at St Helena and a brief scamper at the Cape. The same in a less degree may be said of the temporary residents on board those huge clippers that plough the vast mileage of ocean between our shores and those of Australia. Once well away from head-winds and chopping seas, to lounge beneath the deck-awning of one of these well-ordered packets, listening to the strains of a capital band, or to waltz on planks as steady as those of a ball-room, is to reduce the privations of sea-travel to a minimum.

Perhaps the most distinctly maritime amusements are to be looked for on board vessels of a moderate tonnage, bound on a voyage of sufficient length to make the unemployed hours hang heavily on a passenger's hands. Then is the time when fire-arms are at a premium, and murderous volleys are discharged, now at the pretty Cape pigeons that flutter, ignorant of the wanton hostility of mankind, about the rigging; now at some albatross, soaring on tireless wing; or perhaps a long shot at the penguins, that sit motion-

less on the weed-draped reef of rocks that borders some uninhabited island.

A less cruel test for the accuracy of the marksman's aim was often afforded, especially in vessels of the royal navy, before the use of rifled firearms grew habitual, by the simple expedient of shooting at an empty bottle dangling from the yard-arm. It was astonishing, in the days of smooth-bored and spherical bullets, to note the profusion of misses in proportion to the paucity of hits; and it was creditable to the marines in particular, that with so indifferent a weapon as brown-bess they should have made as good practice as they piqued themselves on doing.

But shooting, which implies the presence of something to be shot at, is obviously a pastime less well adapted to nautical sportsmen than is the gentle piscatorial art. Theoretically, the ocean may be compared to a titanic fishpond, a huge watery wheel-of-fortune, whence might be drawn prizes of any dimensions from the kraken to the sardine. In actual fact, the best sea-fishing is always near the mouths of those mighty rivers which, in Africa and America, daily sweep down tons of alluvial soil, rich in organic matter, to dye the green waves chocolate colour. The enormous beds of weed, such as those of the Sargasso or so-called Sea of Grass, the dread of early Spanish navigators, are the haunts of innumerable fish, brilliant with every hue of the rainbow, and flashing like a shower of living opals amid the green tangles of the densely matted vegetation that supplies them with a home and a maintenance.

The spearing, or technically 'striking,' of dolphins, porpoises, and so forth, with a barbed trident or a small harpoon, is of course an amusement in which sailors only can take an active part; but all can participate in the strategy that is to lure to his ruin the common enemy, the greedy tenacious shark, that has perhaps followed in the ship's wake for several days, ever stealthily on the watch for the accident that may put man or beast into his power. It is almost necessary to have been becalmed in the tropics to appreciate the sort of personal animosity which crew and passengers learn to feel towards the great fish that lies beneath the ship's counter, looking up with hungry eyes—his horrid shape discernible through the slight ripple caused by the waving of his lofty back-fin. There is little fear of his fighting shy of the bait. A shark will sometimes almost leap out of the water to seize the concealed hook that is descending to him; and one has been known to take the same hook twice, although his mouth and cheek were bleeding profusely from the first ineffectual seizure of the barb. The wide jaws close upon the tempting bit of pork, and then comes the hauling in of the line and the triumph over the trapped monster; no unresisting prey, however, for he fights fiercely even on deck, snapping and dealing dangerous blows with his broad tail, until disabled and despatched with axe and handspike.

Izaak Walton would have been amazed to see the rough-and-ready fashion in which his favourite pastime is practised at sea; in the Gulf Stream, for instance, where the warm current of water harbours fish of brighter colours and greater delicacy of flavour than those of colder oceanic tracts. Here are no niceties of rod and line, and

flies artfully tied to counterfeit genuine insects, or silvery minnows spinning to cajole the spotted trout. Anything that is long and strong does duty for a line; anything, from a morsel of salt junk or a paring of bacon to a shred of scarlet cloth or a scrap of shining metal, makes a bait. The great essential is that there should be a hook at the end of the cord, and that the latter should be tough enough to drag the struggling captive from his native element. But the line must be in cool, steady hands, and there must be no hurry or impatience in getting the prize out of the water; for sea-fish are terribly strong and active, and do their very best to resist their intended transfer from the water to the planks of the poop. Loud are the exclamations of admiring wonder, as rays and bonitos, flying-fish and parrot-fish, king-fish and Jew-fish, begin to be piled in successive heaps, littering the deck with their blue and green and silver and amber and vermilion; and vociferous the applause as a mighty sun-fish, the central trophy of all, is hauled flapping over the taffrail.

A few hints on fishing from a ship at sea may be welcome to some of our readers. The best sport is trolling astern for albacore in the Pacific, and its near relation the bonito in the Atlantic. Both these fishes destroy millions of the unfortunate little flying-fish; and in nine cases out of ten, its long fluttering leaps through the air are not made in sportive pastime, but are desperate struggles to get away from the wide open jaws of one of its larger brethren of the deep. To lure the albacore from its watery haunts, all that is needed is to make a bait which shall roughly resemble a flying-fish; and the resemblance may be a *very rough* one, for, as we have said, sea-fish are not particular. For many kinds of large fish a teaspoon makes a very good bait. It is fitted for the purpose by cutting off the handle, and boring two holes in the bowl, one at each end. To each hole a few inches of gut, served with wire, are fastened, and one of these lengths of gut is attached by a swivel to the fishing-line, while one or two hooks are mounted on the other. Towed after a ship or boat, this bait looks like a small fish swimming near the surface, for the spoon keeps twirling, the swivel preventing the line from twisting with it, and a fish soon makes a dash at the bright glancing metal. In fishing for albacore, remember that very little will be done in a calm, when the fish generally keep away from the ship; and the same may be said of any attempts at fishing when the ship is going at a high rate of speed. A moderate speed is best for sport of all kinds. To make a good bait, take a piece of hard wood—teak, oak, or ash—four or five inches long; cut it roughly into the shape of a rather slender fish without the tail; make a notch at both ends, and connect these by two longitudinal grooves cut on opposite sides; then lay a piece of strong wire in the grooves, making a loop in the notch at each end. Get some bristles out of a brush, and fix a bunch of them, about three inches long, in a hole on either side an inch from the head. These will represent the wings: a few more shorter ones may be fastened on at the other end, so as to look something like the tail; but the bait will do just as well without it. Then the whole must be sheathed with a narrow strip of thin sheet-tin or bright sheet-lead wound spirally round it from head to tail. Then mount two hooks back to back on a piece of strong gut

five inches long, and to prevent the gut being cut by the fish's teeth, twist round it fine brass or copper wire. (Gut served in this way with wire can be bought of ship-store dealers in seaport towns.) The gut thus armed and protected is attached to the wire loop at the tail-end of your flying-fish. A shorter piece of gut similarly made up, and bearing two more hooks, is fastened to the head loop. Then attach a couple of feet of deep-sea fishing-line to the head loop, taking care that this too is served with wire along the greater part of its length; and then by a swivel, attach it to your fishing-line. Drop it over the stern, paying out a sufficient length of line to keep it well in command, and make it bound occasionally from wave to wave after the ship, and you will not have to wait long for a bite and a hard tug. Then haul in quietly and steadily, and try again with the same bait. It is very easy to make it; but sailors often fish successfully with a much rougher apparatus. They take a hard piece of wood about five or six inches long, and broader at one end than the other. The fishing-line is secured to the narrow end, and a piece of white rag is tied round it, hanging loose to represent the wings. A nail is then driven through the broad end, its sharp projecting point forming the hook; and the rude but deadly bait is completed by twisting strong twine round both nail and wood, to prevent shifting or splitting.

For those who have some knowledge of marine zoology, and above all for those who know how to work with the microscope, there is much solid pleasure in store if they can improvise a towing-net and send it out astern when the ship is sailing before a light wind in the tropics. Readers of the accounts of the *Challenger* expedition will remember that two methods are employed for collecting the smaller inhabitants of the deep. There is the deep-sea dredge, which goes down to the bottom and searches the depths; but this is a formidable affair to manage, and complex tackle and a steam-winch must be used to bring it up. But while the dredge is at work far below, the light towing-net is skimming the surface; and for those who know how to examine a crowd of waifs and strays gathered from the sea, it would be well to make a trial of a small improvised towing-net. A bag of any stout gauzy stuff, with a small hoop to keep its mouth open, will do very well. The stuff of which butter-cloths are made is often used for the purpose in working with a boat; and probably it would do at sea if it were strengthened by a light net being sewn on outside of it. The towing-line is attached by three short lengths of strong cord, which diverge from it to three equidistant points on the hoop at the mouth of the net. Night is perhaps the best time for towing, for it is then that the phosphorescence shows the surface to be teeming with minute life. The net is best used when the ship is at a low rate of speed. The prizes captured can be bottled in spirits; or if mounting apparatus is at hand, many welcome additions may be made to the cabinet of slides for the microscope.

Deck-quoits, deck-bowls, and in later times, deck-croquet, have been introduced at sea on various occasions; while draughts, backgammon, and other games of the same class, have whiled away many a weary hour below. On board some ships a bout of fencing or single-stick among the crew

or petty officers is often watched with an interest keen in proportion to the rarity of external events; and in some vessels where Lascars are employed, very fair juggling, shawl-dances, and sword-dances may sometimes be witnessed. The fun of the oddly named sport known as 'cock-fighting' depends wholly on the grotesque helplessness of the two human combatants, who, deftly pinioned with sticks and handkerchiefs, and seated on the deck like Turks or tailors, try to overthrow one another, while each does his best to preserve his unsteady balance. Bathing, with a sail spread to prevent drowning or danger from sharks, boat-races, and learning to go up the rigging, are diversions now less in vogue than they used to be.

Pet animals, from the monkey to the mongoose, and from the tame lamb to the armadillo, never get so much petting on shore as on the waste of waters. The very roughest of the seamen appear to have a soft touch and a cheery word for these dumb comrades of the voyage. A ship will sometimes have a small crew of monkeys or parrots on board; and indeed sailors will make pets of anything and everything. A naval surgeon once related in the columns of this *Journal* how he had seen a sailor on board a gunboat in the tropics make a pet of a huge cockroach. Jack has not always leisure for amusements properly so called, but there are times when the ship howls along under steady canvas before the friendly monsoon or trade-winds, and when a considerate captain knows that he can allow the bulk of his crew to enjoy the halcyon interval of repose as best they may. There is often a black cook or some negro sailor who can play the fiddle, and has a turn for buffo acting and comic vocalism, and who is on such occasions the life and soul of the fore-castle, for sailors are as easy to amuse as so many school-boys.

One objectionable maritime recreation is happily a thing of the past, at least in well-commanded vessels. The saturnalia that formerly took place on crossing the Line may have originally had some humour in them, but the fiction that the ship had been boarded by Neptune and Amphitrite, who came to greet novices who had never yet been on the southern side of the equator, soon degenerated into a mere pretext for extortion from those who could afford to pay, and ruffianly ill-usage of those who could not. It is evident that the rough practical jokes, the lathering, the tarring, the ducking and drenching, which were thought fair on these occasions, might readily be turned into an excuse for brutal treatment of an unpopular victim; and the black-mail levied on the more well-to-do voyagers had a demoralising effect on the crew. A better device was that which the commanders of ships of exploration, on their arctic and antarctic cruises, have sometimes sanctioned, namely, the publishing on board of a weekly newspaper, to the contents of which the word 'news' was not indeed strictly applicable, but which detailed and commented upon the petty events occurring in that secluded community, and which gave to officers and men an opportunity of seeing their lucubrations promoted to the dignity of print.

When ships are roomy, much enjoyment is frequently afforded by the acting of charades and light comedies; and where there is a decent amount of histrionic talent in passengers or crew, this kind of entertainment is invariably a success. When the

captain is fortunate enough to rank ladies—especially young ones—amongst his passengers, and a piano is on board, then the voyage is robbed of much of its usual tedium, and a Committee of Entertainment, if judiciously appointed, will vary the monotony of the way by occasional concerts and balls; finishing off with a Benefit for Jack in the fore-castle.

THE THAMES AND WINDSOR FOREST.

(From the poem *Cooper's Hill*.)

SIR JOHN DENHAM, the writer of the lines below, was born at Dublin in the year 1615. Educated at Oxford, then the chief resort of all the poetical and high-spirited cavaliers of the day, he was made governor of Farnham Castle by Charles I.; and after that monarch had been delivered into the hands of the army, his secret correspondence was partly carried on by Denham. *Cooper's Hill*, the poem by which Denham is now best known, was first published in 1642. The descriptions are interspersed with sentimental digressions suggested by the objects around—the Thames, a ruined abbey, Windsor Forest, and the field of Runnymede.

The four lines printed in italics have been praised by every critic from Dryden to the present day.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common, as the sea or wind.
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
*O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.*

But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shaggy mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.

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CONJURERS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART I.

DOWN to a comparatively recent period the science of spiritualism has contented itself with vagaries in the shape of rappings and various other manifestations which, while revealing the supposed presence of spirits, have presented nothing very tangible. The science has served its purpose by attracting and mystifying an audience, who, paying handsomely for an exhibition of tambourine-beating, horn-blowing, and bell-ringing in a darkened chamber, have retired more mystified than ever. The spirit, ubiquitous in its movements, has refused to be fixed. A step, however, has at length been taken in another direction; 'spirits,' though still refusing to be captured like ordinary mortals, have consented to allow themselves to be photographed! They now obediently follow those over whom they watch, to the studios of photographers, and there falling into a graceful attitude, allow those who believe themselves to be accompanied through life by a 'guardian angel' to satisfy their vanity (and credulity) by having a *carte-de-visite* taken of themselves and their 'attendant spirit.' The resulting *carte* gives such an air of reality to the affair, that it is considered rank folly to doubt any longer, when the spirits can be actually photographed, and thus brought within the ken of the most hardened sceptic.

Such piteous folly on one side and arrant deception on the other are more prevalent than ordinary folks generally suppose. A case brought to our notice from Paris will illustrate the way in which this class of photographers impose on the public. The police, hearing that a certain photographer of that city was pocketing large profits by taking these photographs for credulous people, despatched an emissary to discover the fraud. On making known his wish to be photographed with his guardian spirit, he was requested to leave the studio for a short time for the purpose of the spirit being invoked. During his absence, a plate, prepared in the ordinary way, was exposed to light

for a few seconds opposite a screen whereon a vague ghostly image was figured. The man's photograph superposed—gave, it is needless to say, the required effect. The photographer, on a hint from the police, ceased to take spirit photographs.

These photographs may also be produced by the photographer's common process of printing from two negatives; one negative takes the sitter, the other the 'spirit' as before; on printing from both, the effects are combined. Another method depends upon a curious electrical fact. If a tinfoil device be laid between two sheets of glass, and tinfoil be laid on the outer surfaces of the glass, and then electric sparks passed between the tinfoil coatings, it is found that an image of the device is formed upon the two glass plates, caused by a molecular change in the glass. This image is at first invisible, but on breathing on the glass it becomes visible, and a photograph can then be taken of it in the ordinary way.

But the cleverest plan of all is that which utilises the lately discovered optical principle known as *fluorescence*. Paint on a white screen with sulphate of quinine (which is colourless) something shadowy to represent the 'ethereal being.' Expose this to bright sunlight for a short time, and then place your unsuspecting believer in 'guardian angels' before this screen; photograph him in the ordinary way, and at the same time you obtain a picture of your painting, about which he is ignorant. Finish the photograph in the ordinary way. The quinine drawing will 'come out' hazy and indistinct as part of the picture; and then your believer in spirits, who has longed to have his 'attendant spirit' manifested to him, receives it tremblingly with gratitude. Alas for the credulity of mankind!

Without discussing in detail any more 'spiritualistic manifestations,' let us proceed to illustrate the following proposition—that conjurers, apart from any nonsense about spirits, black or white, visible or invisible, can perform, have performed, and are now performing, achievements more surprising than any *well-authenticated* cases of so-called spiritualism.

Although full of the vanity so often displayed by thorough Frenchmen, Robert-Houdin, in his *Memoirs*, gives us a reliable account of the long course of practice and study which enabled him to become the prince of conjurers, and which (we may infer) similarly fitted Frikell, Robin, Jacobs, Bosco, Hermann, Anderson, Stodare, Heller, Lynn, Maskelyne, &c. to bewilder their audiences with feats which fully equal those of the 'spirit mediums' in inexplicability, without being disfigured by the rogueries and sillinesses chargeable to too many of those who pretend that disembodied beings, supramundane or submundane, participate in the manifestations. Sir David Brewster's *Natural Magic* is full of instructive information on the possible—and in most cases verified—means of developing phenomena of a startling character in a simple way; and Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft* is worth studying in a similar spirit. Dr Paris, Professor Faraday, Dr Tyndall—all have contributed to the available stock of information on these points.

As a knowledge of the physical sciences plays an important part in matters of this kind, the exhibitor, when he possesses more of this knowledge than the majority of his audience, and is withal an ingenious contriver of mechanism, has immense powers of cajoling. When Robert-Houdin went to Algeria, part of his work (at the suggestion of the French government) was to detect and expose certain Arab sorcerers, who had obtained a pernicious hold over the minds of the ignorant natives. He experienced no great difficulty in ferreting out their secrets—clever achievements, but with no more sorcery in them than in Houdin himself. What he particularly aimed at, however, was to outdo the Arabs in their own craft; to achieve, in the presence of spectators, phenomena which would plunge the sorcerers themselves into blank amazement. His famous feat in this line was, at the word of command, to reduce a strong stalwart Algerian to the weakness of a child, and then as instantly to restore his strength again. The man could or could not lift an iron box from the floor, just as Houdin willed that he should or should not. The surprise of the Arabs at this feat amounted to scare and consternation. Houdin (previously preparing his room for the purpose) had availed himself of the beautiful discovery in electro-magnetism, whereby a bar of soft iron can instantly be made a magnet by sending an electric current in coils around it, and then de-magnetised by suspending the current. How such a piece of iron below the floor of the room could be made, at the pleasure of the conjurer, to tighten and loosen the iron box resting on the floor, the reader will be able to understand by a little consideration. That most elegant of public exhibitions in England, the 'Invisible Girl,'* was the product of an inventor familiar with acoustical science; it was a skillful

application of the principle that sound will retain its power for long distances when conveyed through a tube or pipe. The tiny lady-like voice, speaking and singing in a metal globe a few inches in diameter, was one of the most inexplicable things ever brought before an audience; yet was it perfectly consistent with known physical laws. We cannot repress a belief that the Invisible Girl would have vanquished many a 'spirit-voice,' just as Robert-Houdin vanquished the Arab sorcerers.

Connected with the same acoustic principles are many public performances which never fail to excite astonishment in the minds of persons unprepared or only half-prepared to trace them to their scientific foundation. Ventriloquism ('voice issuing from the stomach') is a striking case in point. The pitch, loudness, and *timbre* or quality of a sound greatly influence our judgment in determining its direction and distance; the ventriloquist has a peculiar power of varying these conditions; and thus he can make his audience believe that sounds, really issuing from his mouth (albeit the lips may be quite motionless), come from a distance—down the chimney, up from a cellar, out of a small box, in from the street, or what not. He would be a bold man who would deny that some at least of the 'spirit-voices' of recent times are the product of successful ventriloquism. That we must not always 'believe our own ears' was amply proved by the late Mr Love, whose ventriloquistic wonders still cling to the memory of those who heard them: if ever a man's voice issued from a box that did not contain a man, it could not have deceived the audience more completely than did Mr Love's box-voice performance.

The phrase just used, 'believe our own ears,' leads us to a far more important matter connected alike with conjuring and with spiritualistic performances. It is now quite certain that we must not always 'believe our own eyes.' The retina is susceptible of being set into vibratory action by organic causes within the eye or the head itself; and a luminous sensation is experienced without, or wholly independent of, any rays of light entering the pupil of the eye. The superstitious fears entertained in the darkness of night by weak persons, especially if badness of health be superadded to ignorance and timidity, are largely dependent on luminous impressions in the eye not caused by any optical rays received from without. The optico-chemical phenomenon of phosphorescence has had much to do with the production of 'mysterious lights,' accidentally or designedly as the case may be; and many a thrilling story of 'spectral' appearances stands sadly in need of scrutiny on this ground. Let us take an incident mentioned in a recent number of the *Journal* (p. 415), and draw an inference from it. A scientific man describing some experiments he had made with phosphuretted hydrogen (the gas which produces Will-o'-the-wisp), remarks: 'On retiring to bed, I found my body quite luminous, with a glow like that of phosphorus when exposed to the air. Either

* See *Chambers's Journal*, March 18, 1876, 'Mysterious Sounds.'

some of the gas having escaped combustion, or the product of its burning, must have been absorbed into the system, and the phosphorus afterwards separated at the surface have then undergone slow combustion.' We have here italicised a few words which are well worth the reader's attention. Neither as a conjurer nor as a spiritualist, neither intending nor expecting any such phenomenon, a chemical experimenter found his body, in the darkness of night, enveloped in a weird-like spectral luminosity, well calculated to give origin to a narrative of 'spirit-lights' to those who believe in such things.

Personal peculiarities are largely concerned in some conjuring tricks. Robert-Houdin, when a youth, saw an exhibitor spitted through the body with a sword; and when himself an experienced conjurer, shewed how this might be done. If the man were spare of body, tightly compressed round the middle, and provided with a false abdomen, a sword might be passed right through his apparent body without lacerating or even touching his skin. A seeming stabbing through the nose with a penknife, and the sword-swallowing trick, he similarly unmasked by careful observation. The 'rope trick,' in which the conjurers fully equal the spiritualists, illustrates the remarkable way in which the muscles can, in some persons, be distended and contracted at pleasure. By a strong indraught of breath, and an exercise of will, a man can really expand his circumference, or that of his arms, during the tying of a rope, and collapse again when the time for self-untying has arrived. Some individuals are so strangely jointed that they can perform apparent miracles upon themselves in an instant. A celebrated exemplar of this class was Joseph Clark, a posturer in the time of Charles II. He was so exceptionally formed, and had such absolute command of muscles and joints, that he could become as it were *some one else* in a moment: now a hunchback; now an obese man, as if 'with good capon lined'; now a skin-and-grief; and anon with one foot heel foremost and the other toe foremost. He thoroughly deceived a distinguished surgeon once, who dismissed him as a hopeless cripple; and on another occasion bewildered a tailor by an inexplicable change of bulk and shape when new garments were taken home.

Digital, ocular, and bodily expertness acquired by long practice in particular ways, help many a conjurer to achieve results which (in other circles) would be attributed to 'spirits.' Robert-Houdin trained himself and his little son, during many walks through the streets of Paris, to a wonderful quickness of eye in discriminating dozens of different objects seen merely at a glance. Passing a toy-shop, father and son would try which could remember and name the greatest number of trinkets displayed in the window; or at a book-seller's, the greatest number of titles of books and names of authors—merely by a glance while walking slowly along. He humorously, but probably with some truth, declared that the gentler sex especially can do this in their own particular way; let one lady pass another in the street, and, with surprising quickness, each will have scanned the dress of the other from top to toe, from hat-feather to boots, so as to be able to describe and criticise it with wondrous minuteness in regard to colour, shape, material, quality, and

condition. Success in this rapid discrimination has much to do with the *clairvoyant* exhibitions of the superior grade of conjurers. Numerous small articles, held up by the visitors in the room, are discriminated and mentally catalogued in an instant; and the experimenter, in questioning the blindfolded confederate, uses such words (previously agreed upon) as will suggest the proper answer to the question itself. Robert-Houdin was, we believe, the inventor of this capital trick, in which he has been followed with more or less success by imitators of both sexes; he never professed for an instant to be guided by 'spirits,' yet his clairvoyance was quite as surprising as that of the so-called 'mediums.' Expertness of fingers is another of the items in the training of a successful conjurer. The tricks with cards, which so thoroughly baffle ordinary spectators, depend mostly on a delicacy of touch which few of us can appreciate. The plate-spinning of circus and acrobatic performers, surprising in its appearance, is due simply to the effect of centrifugal motion (produced by slight movements of the performer's hands) in preventing the plate from falling on one side rather than another. A trained eye and trained hand act in conjunction in the feat of keeping up four balls in the air while the performer is reading a book; while trained eye, muscles, and powers of equilibrium are all brought into requisition by the circus rider, who spins several plates and tosses several balls while galloping round the arena.

In another paper we shall notice the inexplicable nature of some kinds of *automatic* exhibitions, such as those performed by Messrs Maskeyne and Cooke.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER I.—MR HOLT MAKES JEFF HIS CONFIDANT.

UNDER ordinary circumstances, Mr Holt could scarcely have made an observation so displeasing, and calculated to set his companion at odds with him, as that most unexpected one with respect to Kitty; but the tone in which it was uttered, and the look that accompanied it, disarmed the young fellow altogether; nay, more, it filled his soul with compassion for this beaten wretch. For if ever a man looked beaten in the battle of life, not at one point, but at all, and not only beaten, but broken and utterly despairing, it was the once prosperous, and demonstratively prosperous, Richard Holt.

'Does Kitty know of all this, Jeff?'

The use of the two familiar names was most significant, since they comprised not only a confession of hopeless love, but an appeal to the generosity of his rival. 'Tell me,' it seemed to say, 'for mercy's sake, if I am lost in the eyes of her I love, as well as in those of the rest of the world; or whether, so far as she is concerned, I can still hold up my head? I appeal to you, because your heart is kind and sound, and you are one neither to lie to me, nor, though I am helpless and fallen, to tread me under foot.'

'Kitty does not know, Mr Holt—as yet,' answered Jeff hesitatingly.

'And yet you knew, and did not tell her!' put in the other quickly. 'There are few men in your case who would have waited so long. Her

father, however, has perhaps informed her this morning?"

"No, Mr Holt; it was arranged that she is to be told nothing till he has had your reply to his letter."

"Then I will give him his reply," answered the other calmly. He opened a little box that lay on his office desk, and took from it a sheet of figures. "Here is my account with John Dalton," said he, "which you can presently examine at your leisure. He will find that I was a more honest man than he took me for—up to yonder date," pointing it out with his finger. "The *Lara* itself was a *haut-fide* investment in the first instance. He and I both made money out of it, and would have continued to do so legitimately, but for my passion for the girl you love. That was what drove me to my ruin. Ah, you do not comprehend that! If you loved her, as I did—and as I do—it would be easier for you to understand it.—Nay, forgive me. I was wrong there. An honest love doubtless takes honest ways, and only those, to win its object. Call mine dishonest, then, if you will; yet it was genuine of its sort, believe me. Its nature was devoting, and I denied it nothing—honour, reputation, self-respect, were all thrown into that fatal flame. From the first moment that I beheld her, I swore to make that girl my wife; and now I shall die perjured." He smiled a wretched smile, and sighed, then wearily went on: "Her father would have none of me. He had opened the doors of his house to me with reluctance, and I found no favour there. In vain I worked for him and enriched him. When I ventured upon ever so slight an approach to familiarity with those belonging to him, he took no pains to conceal his annoyance—his astonishment at my presumption. I had some pride of my own also, and this wounded me to the quick. Since I had no chance to attain my object while he was prosperous, I resolved to ruin him."

Jeff uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"I am sorry to offend you, Mr Derwent; but this is a relation of facts. The last dying speech and confession of a man under the gallows, you know" (here he smiled again, if possible more ghastly than before), "does not concern itself with sentiment. I had tried fair means to no purpose; and I was not to be balked. I could not bend John Dalton, so I resolved to break him. Hitherto he had been, practically speaking, my partner in all the business we transacted with one another; now I made him unconsciously my confederate. I set rumours afloat about the *Lara*, which brought down the shares, and then I bought them up. In the end, Dalton and I possessed the mine between us, though I told him afterwards that I had parted with all my interest in it. Whatever we had now to do in concert, I secured the lion's share of profit for myself—it is all there" (he pointed to the schedule) "in black and white—not because I was grasping, but because I wished to dock his gains. When there was loss, it was he who chiefly suffered. I fed his ambition, and encouraged him to make a figure in politics as well as commerce; knowing that politics would cost him money and not fill his pocket, as they do with some men. When funds began to fail him, I matured my scheme concerning the mine. I sent a creature of my own (the "expert" Tobbit) to Brazil, to report upon the *Lara*—to the English shareholders (in reality to Dalton and myself), with instructions to

declare it valueless; with what success you know. Still I could not get Dalton to dispose of his shares: some influence was at work—I now feel certain it must have been that of Astor—to induce him to hold them. His resolve to go to Brazil to look into matters for himself, filled me with dismay, yet I strove in vain to hinder him. When he had once embarked, it was, I knew, but a question of a few months, and then my fraud would be exposed. But if I could only have secured Kitty in the meantime, that would not have disturbed me. To that end I applied every means in my power; but though I had a keen ally in Mrs Campden, I made no progress. You will learn all that from other sources. You know, even though the *Elmborough Head* went down, and Fortune seemed to favour me to the uttermost, and to turn her back upon those weak ones with whom I warred, that I was never Kitty's accepted suitor."

Jeff was not quick at figures, but he could calculate better than any man what it cost his defeated rival to say those words. And yet even he knew not their full meaning. This unhappy wretch was not all evil (as some of us are, I fear, in spite of some philosophic observers who have reported to the contrary); since he could not marry Kitty himself, he was willing that the man who might, and who certainly deserved to, do so, should be quite clear in his own mind that his wife had never plighted troth—no matter under what circumstances—to another; he was willing that this should be, and he was above measure desirous that Kitty in accepting Jeff should on her part feel uncompromised as respected himself. It was not all generosity—though people can afford to be generous when making their wills; he was solicitous that his memory at least should not be odious to Kitty.

"Do I speak plainly, Mr Derwent?" said Holt, after a short pause.

"You are giving yourself unnecessary pain, sir," answered the young fellow kindly; "as for me, I am but a messenger to carry back to those who sent me your acceptance of certain terms."

"That is true; but confession, they say, is good for the soul, and I prefer you to any priest, Jeff." He was right there, so far as all events as making his peace in this world was concerned. He knew that in that young and generous nature he should find such an apologist as he would have looked for in vain elsewhere; and that apologist would have the ear of her whose censure or contempt alone had terrors for him. "As for the terms you speak of," he went on, "I have no choice but to accept them. The figures I have given you will shew my indebtedness to Mr Dalton, to which the interest shall be added. The calculation will take a little time perhaps a few hours; may I ask, until they have expired, that this"—here his face shewed a tinge of colour—"this matter of business may not be spoken of, save among those to whom it is already known?"

"So far as I have any influence, Mr Holt, you may depend"—

"I ask no more, save one thing," interrupted the other with a wave of his hand; the first recurrence he had made to his favourite continental manner. "Though easily granted, it is a great favour, but it is the last I shall ever seek from you.—You hesitate to pledge yourself beforehand," added he with

a faint smile: 'that is only natural under the circumstances. However, this little matter can be performed "without prejudice," as the lawyers say: there is no dishonesty in it, I assure you; no harm to any one, but some good, or at least some pleasure to me, whose pleasures are mostly come to an end.'

'I will do it, sir,' said the young fellow simply.

'Then good-bye, Jeff; and may your life be a brighter and a better one than mine has been.'

'But the favour, sir?' said the young fellow, greatly moved.

'Oh, it was merely that—that you would shake hands with me.' He did so. 'After all that has come and gone, I was more than doubtful whether you would. It cost you something, Jeff, I saw; but in the end you will not repent it.'

Then resuming his usual business manner, he added: 'John Dalton shall receive all his dues by to-morrow morning at latest; and your salary will be sent to you, up to this date, by the same post. I am sorry that circumstances have caused us to part company, Mr Derwent; but needs must when the evil one drives, and he was certainly the coachman in this case. As for to-day, I have much business of a private nature to arrange, and have no further occasion for your services.'

As he said those words, he sat down, and took up his pen; Geoffrey bowed and left the room, and in a few minutes the office. His leave-taking had been altogether different from anything he could have imagined, and puzzled him, now that it was over, even more than during its occurrence. The tone and manner of the speaker had seemed to explain much at the time, but now they were absent, his memory failed to supply them; the lights of the picture were wanting, and the impression it produced upon him was one of unmitigated gloom.

Its tints would have been darker yet if he could have looked—but a few hours—into the future.

CHAPTER II.—HOW MR HOLT HASTENED MATTERS.

In spite of all that had happened to the family in whom Geoffrey Derwent had so large an interest—the return of Dalton, his recovered wealth, which would once more reinstate those belonging to him in their former position; and his own prospects, which had altered so materially for the worse (for the 'opening' which he had looked for in business was now closed, and the gulf between him and Kitty yawned as wide as ever)—in spite of all these important considerations, Jeff's mind, as he turned his steps towards Islington, was mainly occupied with his late employer. Notwithstanding all the villainy to which he had confessed, the young fellow's heart was pitiful towards him; not a word of sorrow for his delinquencies against Dalton had passed his lips, though he had promised material reparation; but on the other hand his sensitiveness as respected Kitty had been extreme. It was for her—though selfishly—that he had sinned—had gone through the fire of shame and the foul water of fraud; and Jeff's own great love for her—though it would never have thus led him astray—made excuses for his rival. He pictured him during those weeks when Dalton had first sailed from England, and he must have been expecting day by day the tidings of the exposure of his crime,

and pitied him. It was perhaps pity misplaced, for Holt was a man with nerves of iron; a man, too, of means and subtle device, whom the Law could not have thrown on his luck like a turtle (as it throws the poor and dull who transgress it) to await trial and sentence; but judging his case by what his own would have been in the like conditions, and also taking into consideration the fact that the man was down, and harmless, Jeff on the whole was glad that he had given him the hand, not indeed of friendship, but forgiveness.

Jeff's day was all his own—as many days to come were, alas! likely to be—yet he hesitated to visit Brown Street, where of late he had been so unwelcome. Moreover, he feared that he should be subject to questioning there upon the events of the day, which recent experience warned him that he was not fitted to undergo; he entertained the just conviction that Jenny would have 'turned him inside out' (as they say at the Old Bailey) in five minutes of cross-examination. He resolved to go, therefore, to Dalton's lodgings, and there leave a line to state the result of his interview with Holt, with that proviso added as to 'the date of publication' of it, and then pass the time as he could till evening. He found, however, a note at the house awaiting him, asking him to come on to Brown Street to dinner; an invitation which he had not the courage—or the cowardice—to refuse.

He found the family all in high spirits, with one exception. Dalton indeed was not so debonair and joyous as he had been wont to be; his manner had something of sardonic exultation, in place of its old *abandon*, and it became him less. He had been hard hit, and he was a man not used to blows; such men return them with interest, and feel a pleasure in the repayment. A rapid glance had passed between him and Jeff, which assured him that his enemy was vanquished. Jenny, bright, gay, and frail as a bird, was full of fun, with every now and then a dash of spleen among her sprightliness, like a sparrow turned sparrow-hawk; she had been hit too (for was not each slight a blow to one so fragile), and was not one to forget it. The sudden change for the better in the sick girl shewed how much mental trouble and material privations had had to do with her malady. Tony was in tearing spirits, now dancing about his father, now romping with Uncle Philip, whom he had taken to as naturally as though he had been a member of the family from the first. Only Kitty was not merry: when her face was turned towards her father or Jenny, it beamed indeed with smiles; a sense of gratitude seemed to environ her like an atmosphere; but she was strangely silent, and when not addressed, had a grave and quiet look, that reminded one more of resignation than contentment. Perhaps, Jeff dared to hope, she had been reflecting, like himself, that the course of true love was not likely to run smoother than of yore with them; that this new-found prosperity, while it made self-sacrifice unnecessary, would still be a fatal obstacle to her heart's desire. For that she knew that she was once more prosperous, was certain. The air of the whole party convinced him that such was the case, and especially the air of good Nurse Haywood, who waited upon them at dinner in person, and treated 'Master John,' as she still persisted in calling Dalton, like a prince who has not only returned to his native land, but come back to enjoy his own again. He would have had

of her best as long as it lasted—had he been a beggar, but her behaviour would in that case have been less unlike a prolonged flourish of trumpets. Indeed it might be said that there were cymbals also, for in her excitement and exultation she clashed the plates together and broke a couple.

'It doesn't matter, if there are enough left to go round,' said Dalton.

'Thank goodness, it doesn't,' Master John, answered the old lady; 'for there are plenty *now* where those came from.'

She had got some bottles of champagne from the public-house, the whole of which she would have dispensed to the company, and thereby have poisoned them, for the Brown Street vintage was execrable.

'I am afraid you don't like it, sir,' said she, aggrieved; 'but it was the best I could get at such a short notice.'

'The wine is excellent, nurse,' said Dalton gravely; 'but one bottle is quite sufficient to drink the health of all our friends in.'

The list of toasts indeed was short enough. They drank Dr Curzon's health; and, in spite of her remonstrances, they drank to Nurse Haywood herself, the men shaking hands with her, and the two girls overwhelming her with caresses. It would certainly have been no exaggeration had she observed in acknowledgment, that it was the proudest moment of her life; her only reply, however, and the only one that came natural to her, was—a flood of tears.

When the ladies had retired, taking Tony the reluctant (who, so far from finding fault with the Brown Street champagne, had done ample justice to it) with them, Dalton laid his hand on Geoffrey's shoulder.

'And now, lad, for your news from Abdell Court. I need not ask if it be good news, for I have read so much as that already in your face.'

'Yes, sir; it is good news. Mr Holt admits all that is urged against him, and promises to make the completest reparation; only for a few hours—the time he named, indeed, must have elapsed by now—he begged to be spared exposure.'

'What did the fellow mean?' inquired Dalton angrily. 'Did he want to shut my mouth, if a man had asked me any time to-day, is Richard Holt a villain?'

'I think he merely meant that until you had heard from him this evening, he hoped you would not make his shame known to your own family.'

'My family!' echoed Dalton scornfully. 'The scoundrel has small claim to forbearance as respects them, I reckon. Do you know, man,' added he with stern solemnity, 'that it is thanks to him that my dear wife is lying in her grave at Sanbeck?'

It was certainly true that through Holt's fraud, Dalton had been forced to leave the country, and that out of his absence had arisen the catastrophe at the Nook.

Jeff hung his head; the argument had gone home to him; he felt he had nothing more to say for the unhappy wretch, whose hand he had taken that day for the last time.

'Come,' said Dalton; 'let us not think of villains to-night. There was one toast, Jeff, I didn't propose while the girls were here, because I wished to save your blushes; but I mean to drink it now.

—Philip, fill your glass; the sherry, I think, is a little less deadly than that champagne. As good wine needs no bush—if the converse be true, by-the-by, this wine should require a thicket—so a toast that we drink with all our hearts needs no speech. My toast is Geoffrey Derwent. You don't know him, Philip, as I know him (nor did I know him, for that matter, as I ought to have known him, till within the last two days). But you may take my word for it, that young as he is, a truer heart, or one more to be relied upon, in times that try men's hearts and shew what stuff they are made of, does not beat than his—I need not repeat the story; but Jenny has told me all about you, Jeff; and if Kitty has told me nothing, there has been, I daresay, some very good reasons for her silence. I have no secrets from Philip here, not even that one; and I have a particular object in saying what I have to say before Philip. His notion is, that with returning prosperity, I shall fall into the old track; that "the deceitfulness of riches" —

'I never said so, John,' interrupted Philip; 'I only thought'—

'Well, you see, he *thought* it,' put in Dalton quickly, 'and that is quite as bad. To put the matter beyond question, however, so far as you are concerned, Jeff, I wish, in Philip's presence, to remind you of a certain confession you made to me with respect to Kitty, when you and I parted company at Riverside. Do you remember what it was, Jeff?'

'Yes, indeed; I remember very well, sir.'

'And do you recollect what I said to you in reply?'

'You said you would talk to me about that when you came back again.'

'Very good; and now, you see, I am keeping my promise. Well, if you still love Kitty, and she loves you, she is yours, Jeff!'

'O sir, you are too good!' cried Jeff, his heart bounding with joy and gratitude, though conscious of a doubt. 'But, alas! I have nothing; and Kitty will be rich; and people will say'—

'Let them say what they like, and be hanged!' cried Dalton violently. 'If "people"—by which I suppose you mean one's friends—would say a little less, and do a little more, when occasion demands it, their opinion would be of more consequence.' He pushed his chair back from the table, and began walking up and down the little room as he went volubly on: 'It has always of course been acknowledged of Society, even by the prosperous, that she was "frivolous" and "hollow," and all that sort of thing; but I could not have imagined, unless I had experienced it myself, how worthless and rotten at the core the creature is. The women are worse than the men, because they protest so much. To think of the scores of them that have smirked and smiled, and asked me after my "dear girls" with such tender sympathy; and then, when one's back was turned—as they thought for good—and these same "dear" ones were left helpless and penniless, how not one—not *one* of these fine folks would hold a finger out, or even say a word of comfort! No, Jeff; don't talk to me of what "people" may "say," or I shall be tempted to think that those who are not knives in the world must needs be the other thing.'

Philip sat back in his chair, jingling some half-pence in his pocket—probably all the money he

had—and very much applauding these remarks; but a keener observer would perhaps have had a suspicion that Dalton was working himself up to this display of vehemence, or, at all events, found it necessary to nurse his wrath in order to keep it warm. The fact was, not only was his nature eminently genial, and inapt for receiving deep impressions, especially of an unpleasant sort, but second nature—*nse*—had made him regard the very class of persons he was now anathematising, as his own world, beyond which he had few sympathies. His feelings, however, with respect to Geoffrey Derwent were genuinely what he described them to be, and he was perfectly honest in the offer he had just made him of his daughter's hand.

'Perhaps you would like to go up-stairs, my lad, and have a few words with Kitty,' added he kindly, 'while we old fellows smoke a cigar;' as he spoke he threw open the window, admitting a little air, a good deal of dust, and the growing chorus of some street-hawkers, who at that period of the evening were wont to 'work' Brown Street, and supply it with the latest sensational intelligence.

Jeff smiled his thanks, and left the room; but his step on the narrow staircase was not that of a lover who has 'asked papa' with success; and on the landing he paused for full a minute, weighing this and that, in most unlover-like fashion; for, with all his good qualities—among which a loving heart was not certainly wanting—Jeff was intensely proud. His darling hope had been, if only circumstances had permitted it, that he might have made for himself some position in the world—humble but not despicable, and such as he could have lifted Kitty out of her difficulties to share.

In wedding her as things were, he would not indeed be marrying her for money; but the inequality in their fortunes jarred upon his sensitive feelings. Among such natures—for low ones find no difficulty in the matter—it requires a strong mind and an exceptionally wholesome one to accept a pecuniary obligation without repugnance. The worship of money is so universal, that even those who ought to know it is a mere idol are apt to treat it as a sacred thing.

In the drawing-room he found Kitty seated close to her sister, with the latter's arm about her waist. It was generally Jenny who 'did the talking' when they were alone together, and she had evidently been doing it on this occasion. Kitty had the downcast looks of a listener who has been preached at.

'Talk of Jeff, and he makes his appearance!' said Jenny sancily.

'I hope I am not intruding?' observed he humbly.

'You are intruding on *me*, sir,' said Jenny, rising from her chair. 'I have had quite enough of you below-stairs for the present;' and off she tripped, leaving the two young people alone. The window was open here, as in the room below, but the dust was less, and the wind that passed over the flower-box on the sill brought charming odours with it.

'Kitty, dear, your father has been speaking to me most kindly,' said Jeff hesitatingly.

'He is always kind, and in your case can never, I am sure, be otherwise, Jeff,' answered she steadily. 'He knows that he owes you very much.'

'I don't feel that, Kitty; but I feel that whatever he owes me, or can owe me, it can never be

so much by a hundred times as what he says he is prepared to give me. Can you guess, Kitty, darling, what that is?'

'Jeff—Geoffrey,' said she, in distressed tones, 'did you not promise at the Nook?'

'Yes, dear,' interrupted he; 'but that was different. The circumstances are altogether changed. They are not indeed as I could wish them to be, even yet. I am poor, I may say penniless, when compared with you.'

'O Jeff, how dare you!' exclaimed Kitty, rising angrily from her seat. 'Do you suppose I am thinking of money? Of course, I have had to think about it of late—for others; but in a matter that concerns myself alone, can you think that your being poor or rich can draw me, by a hair's-breadth, one way or another!'

'It draws me, Kate,' cried Jeff simply. 'It is the only thing that draws me—just a hair's-breadth—away from you. I thought, when I spoke to you at the Nook, that it was the reflection how ill off we both were as respected means; and that, in your unselfishness and generosity, you felt it right to be the prop and stay of your own household, and not to look outside of it, even for such love as mine.'

'It was partly that, Jeff; but also, even then, there was another contingency, and that, alas!—the other obstacle, I mean—has grown and grown; indeed, I don't know how I stand respecting it. I—I—you must please to give me time, Jeff; and I can't promise; indeed, I can't.'

'But you have promised no one else, Kitty?'

'No; at least not exactly; but'

The shouting of the hawkers in the street was growing nearer and nearer: as one on one side, and one on the other, they bawled together, like singers in a glee who are out of tune, it needed a practical ear to catch a word.

'This man is dreadful,' muttered Jeff; and moving quickly to the window, he pulled up the sash and shut out the sound.

'You need time, Kitty, to think it over,' said Jeff softly; 'well, let it be so; I was not impatient, you know, before.'

It was not impatience, nor yet disappointment, nor distress, that agitated the speaker; yet his face had blanched, and wore an expression anxious and *distract*. But Kitty's eyes were fixed upon the floor, and saw him not.

'No; you were patient, and good, and kind, as you ever were, Jeff,' answered she tenderly. 'Whatever happens, I shall always think of you as—all that. But indeed I must have time.'

'I am going now,' said Jeff, and indeed his hand was already on the door. Never surely were two fond lovers so willing that time and space should separate them, as these two seemed to be.

Throughout the day, from the moment her father had told her better times had come to them—he could no longer deny himself that pleasure, though he had forborne to speak of how his fortune was about to be restored to him—Kitty had been revolving in her mind her position as respected *Holt*. The money that he had advanced for the life-insurance premium would now be repaid to him of course, but could that acquit her of her obligation? and if it did, would it release her from the implied though unexpressed consent she had given to accept of his attentions? It was easy to break with him indeed, but could it be done with a good conscience?

In her heart of hearts, Kitty knew she had made up her mind to marry this man, and she feared that he knew she had done so. To marry him now—all the forces that had driven her towards him having suddenly ceased to exert their influence, while the dead-weight of dislike still drew her in the opposite direction—she felt to be impossible; but she also felt, notwithstanding the arguments which Jenny had just been pouring into her ear, and the still stronger claims which love itself, in the person of Jeff, was urging, that much, very much was owed to Richard Holt; indeed that all was owed by rights, only that the debt was too excessive for payment. At all events it was for him to impose what terms he pleased in default of its discharge. Until she had confessed to him that notwithstanding all that had come and gone she could never be his wife, she felt at least that it was unbecoming to speak of marriage with another. Hence it was she had said: 'I must have time.'

And Jeff needed 'time' too, though for a very different purpose. He could not understand her scruples, for had not Mr Holt himself said: 'I have wooed her without success'; yet he felt confident that the obstacle to which she had alluded was Holt, and no other. He was not at liberty—or did not feel himself to be so—to say that this man had already renounced his claim, if claim he had upon her; but something had suddenly taken place which might set her at liberty another way. And yet, to do Jeff justice, it was not that thought which was paramount in his mind, as, having quitted the presence of his beloved Kitty, he flew down-stairs, and snatching up his hat, let himself softly out of doors. Through the open window on his left he could hear Dalton and his half-brother talking earnestly over their cigars; he even caught the name of 'Holt' coupled with some adjective, expressive of contempt and loathing: it was strange, considering what he knew of the man, that he should feel pained to hear it; but so it was.

Then turning to the right hand, he sped away after the two street-hawkers, who, having cried themselves hoarse, were just about to enter the public-house at the corner, to refresh themselves with purl—a liquor as popular with gentlemen of their calling as Dublin stout is said to be with our fashionable sopranos.

'I want a copy of your paper; quick!' he said, as he came up with them.

'Well, you see, sir, it's the last we have,' grumbled the man addressed; 'and I don't think as sixpence is too much'—

Jeff threw him a shilling and snatched the newspaper out of his hands, unconscious of the muttered remark of the vendor's partner: 'Why didn't you ask the chap a sufferin' for it?' He was a political economist of the soundest type, and had seen the necessity, which the other had omitted to see and take advantage of.

Jeff's practised eye lighted at once upon the big letters—'Suicide Extraordinary in Abdell Court.'

He had caught the name as he had sat at the open window, though it had escaped the ears of those who were less familiar with it, and at once associated the catastrophe with his late employer. His air and manner during their late interview were quite in consonance with such a deed, and even (as he now thought) his shameless candour.

Had not the wretched man himself likened it to a confession at the gallows foot!

Within five hours or so of Jeff's parting with him at the office, Richard Holt had destroyed himself.

LOSSES OF JEWELS.

SOME strange stories could be told of the losses of jewels and other valuable articles that have been recovered in a remarkable manner, or have altogether disappeared. We may relate a few incidents of this kind, for the entertainment of our readers.

During the Indian Mutiny, and after the destruction of some of the rich palaces and temples, the soldiers picked up many valuable articles, useless to themselves, and which they frequently threw away again, as troublesome to carry; or gladly sold to any one who would give them a few rupees in exchange. Among these acquisitions was a large, very roughly cut diamond, which had been one of the eyes of a gorgeously painted idol, enshrined in one of the temples that had been destroyed. A soldier picked it out of its socket, and as it was a rough, dull-looking stone, he thought very little of it, and was just going to throw it away, when an officer who stood by offered him two or three rupees for it. He also put but small store by his purchase of the lustreless stone; and it was only from its position as the eye of an idol that he judged it might possibly be of greater value than seemed likely from its outward appearance. Some time afterwards he shewed it to a native jeweller, who offered to buy it from him at a considerable increase on the price he had given for it; but he was going to England, and thought it wiser to take the stone with him, and have it properly cut by a first-class lapidary. This was done, and a very fine stone resulted; which the jeweller, at the most moderate calculation, valued at five hundred pounds. The officer had it set in a ring, and wore it for several years quite safely; but one day, chancing to be in London, he went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves, and looking at the ring on his little finger, he observed that the setting was empty, the diamond gone. He examined his glove, his pockets, the floor of the shop; no trace of the stone was to be seen, and so he gave it up as lost. However, he mentioned the matter at his club; and told the club-masquer to post up a notice offering ten pounds reward to any one who should find the diamond. A day or two afterwards the stone was brought to him. It had been found by one of the housemaids in a darkish passage that led to the billiard-room. The reward was gladly paid, and the diamond taken to the jeweller's, to be once more firmly replaced in the ring.

Again some years passed. The officer had been back to India, and was on furlough in this country, and had gone to Scotland to shoot with friends who had taken a moor in the Highlands. One hot August day he had been out for several hours tramping over miles and miles of close heather, grouse-shooting. He was still walking, when a covey of birds rose a little way off. He raised his gun to take aim, when his eye chanced to fall on his ring, and he saw that the setting was once more empty. Stopping to look at it, the

birds got away; and he laid down the gun on the heather beside him, and carefully examined the place where he stood with a very feeble hope of finding the glittering stone. Nothing was to be seen of it; and when he recollected the many miles he had traversed that day, and the nature of the ground he had been on, he abandoned all idea of ever again recovering his diamond. He stooped for his gun, and the thought flashed into his mind: 'I'll turn out the charge—the thing is just possible!' He did so; drew the wad, and then shook out the contents of the barrel, shot, powder, and—the diamond! It had slipped unnoticed into the muzzle when he was loading; and but for the lucky chance that had caused him to remark its absence from the ring, it would have been fired away the next moment. Possibly it might have hit a bird, gone back in the same bag, and caused as much amazement to the cook, or to the individual who found it between his teeth, as did the diamond in the eastern tale to the fisherman and his family who discovered it in the entrails of the fish. Another visit to the jeweller, and the ring resumed its place on the finger of its owner, and three or four years passed away. The officer had again returned to India, and was with his regiment, which was encamped near a large station, portions of some other regiments being close to them. He was acting as adjutant to the general in command, and was writing at a small table placed close to the door of his tent. As his hand passed rapidly over the paper, the troublesome diamond once more dropped from its setting, and fell on the table beside him. Being in a hurry, he merely uttered an angry exclamation, pushed the stone close to the inkstand, and went on with his writing. Presently a messenger came to say that the general wished to see him immediately. He forgot all about the stone, threw on his uniform, buckled on his sword, and started at once for the quarters of the commanding officer. He was detained some little time; and when he returned to his own tent, he looked directly for the diamond, which he had meanwhile recollected; but it was gone! A thief had been there during his absence, had seen and appropriated the stone; and he never saw or heard of it again, though he offered a liberal reward for its restoration.

Our next story relates to a young married lady who came with her husband to pay a visit to friends who lived in the country, very close to a small rural village. There were little children at home; and on the day preceding her return, the lady went to the village shop to purchase some trifling gifts for the juveniles. She took off her glove to get the silver from her purse; and as the day was warm, and the distance she had to return very short, she did not put the glove on again, but carried it back in her hand. When she reached the house she sat down and exhibited her purchases to her husband and friends. Suddenly she started and exclaimed: 'O my ring! I've lost my diamond ring!' On the third finger of her right hand she had worn a valuable diamond ring. It was too wide for her, and she had frequently intended to have its size reduced; but this precaution had hitherto been neglected, and she did not ordinarily wear it, from a dread of the misfortune that had now occurred.

Every one was immediately on the alert. The

village was small; perfect honesty prevalent among its inhabitants, and there had been no one in the shop when the lady was there, and only one or two of the villagers since, who had not been observed to pick up anything. The floor of the shop was thoroughly searched in every corner; the room where the lady had been sitting and also her bedroom were closely examined; but nothing could be seen of the ring. As she was positive that it had been on her hand just before she went out, for she distinctly remembered twirling it round and round with her fingers, a band of the village children was collected, arranged in a row, and desired to search the ground of the short avenue and the road to the shop as minutely as possible; proper remuneration being promised, and a tempting reward held out to the finder of the ring. They did their work very diligently; but it was all in vain. No trace of the ring was to be seen; and the lady reluctantly admitted that she had brought the mischance entirely on herself, by neglecting the trifling alteration that would have prevented it.

Many months passed away. The friends whom the lady had been visiting had gone from home for a time; and in their absence the servants gave the house a thorough cleaning from top to bottom. They came to the library, the room usually occupied in the morning, and which was almost entirely surrounded by book-shelves, filled with the works of ancient and modern authors. Shelf after shelf was cleared of its contents; and in the course of operations they came to one containing a collection of antique volumes, rare from their choice binding and from the nature of their contents, subjects eschewed by the ordinary class of novel-readers or students of light literature. As one of those heavy volumes was gently removed from its resting-place, something fell from it and rolled to the back of the shelf. One of the servants stooped down to see what it was, and the next moment triumphantly displayed in her hand the long-lost diamond ring!

It transpired afterwards that just before she went to the village shop the lady had been examining some of the shelves in the library, and had taken out several of the massive volumes we have mentioned, to make a nearer inspection of them. When finished, she replaced them in the shelves; and at that time the too wide ring must have fallen unperceived from her finger, and rested on the top of the book, which had not been touched from that day till the one on which it was so unexpectedly discovered.

Another curious loss and recovery of a ring was as follows. A young lady, engaged to be married, had received many beautiful gifts from her betrothed, one of them being a valuable sapphire ring. She had been out walking with him one afternoon, and on her return home she observed a parcel of new music that had just arrived for her. Sitting down to the piano, she played over several of the pieces, chatting occasionally as she did so with her mother and sisters, who were at work in the drawing-room. Soon afterwards they all went up-stairs to dress for dinner, and owing to the time that had been spent over the new music, were rather hurried in their movements, as it was close on the dinner-hour. The bell sounded almost before the young lady was ready, and hastily finishing her toilet, she ran down to join the circle in the drawing-room.

Proceeding to the dining-room, she found that she had neglected to put on her rings, and calling one of the servants, she desired him to tell her maid that she would find them lying on the wash-hand stand, as she had laid them there before washing her hands. The man quitted the room, and returned in a few minutes, carrying the rings on a small salver. The young lady took them up, glanced at them, and said: 'There ought to be one more—my sapphire ring. Please to go back to Smith, and ask her to look for it.'

He went, was absent rather longer this time, and on his return informed his young mistress that no other ring was to be seen.

'Oh, it must be there,' said the young lady. 'I laid them all down together. However, I'll go and look myself after dinner.'

She did so, and her sisters with her; but no sapphire ring rewarded their search; and the young lady became very much distressed, not only on account of the value of the ring, but because it was a present from her lover, and a family jewel very much prized by him. 'The ring *was* there, and *must* be found,' she said very decidedly; and once more they all prosecuted a totally unavailing search.

Matters began to look serious. The young lady's mother appeared on the scene, and looked and spoke very gravely upon the subject. The lady's-maid's character was unimpeachable; she had been more than ten years in the family, and was a thoroughly trusted servant. She declared solemnly that on receiving the message she went at once to the wash-hand stand and found four rings lying on it: the sapphire ring was not there, for she knew its appearance perfectly. She did not think of looking more particularly for it, as the rings were all close together; and she handed the four she saw to the man-servant.

Then came a very unpleasant surmise: had any one else been in the room? Inquiry elicited the fact that a young girl who had recently come as under-housemaid had entered the room very soon after the young lady had gone down to dinner. Suspicion pointed disagreeably towards her as the only person who could possibly have taken the ring; and yet the whole family felt very much averse to charge her with the theft. She was a pretty and very respectable-looking girl; but she had only been a week or two in the house, and nothing was known as to her antecedents beyond the circumstance of her having been well recommended by her previous mistress. The mother of the family took the girl aside privately, and told her that they feared she had been tempted to steal the jewel; urging her, if she had done so, to confess her fault and restore the ring immediately, and her fault would be overlooked. In an agony of grief and indignation the girl warmly protested her innocence; begging that a detective might be sent for directly to examine her boxes, a request in which all the other domestics concurred.

An officer was fetched, and a narrow inspection made; but nothing could be seen of the missing ring. Suspicion still remained attached to the unfortunate young housemaid, who, it was concluded, might have found means skilfully to conceal the ring; there was no proof against her, but the cold looks of the other servants were more than she could endure; so she threw up her situation

and went home with a tarnished name and a breaking heart.

Several days passed away, and the young lady was sadly distressed for the loss of her ring, and vowed over and over again that she would never again leave her jewels exposed in such a careless manner; she was now also much vexed about the poor young housemaid, and blamed herself for having thrown temptation in her way. It so happened that she had not been out of doors since the day of the unfortunate occurrence, the weather having been cold and wet, and her occupations detaining her a good deal at home; but a bright pleasant morning appeared, and she arranged to go out after breakfast with one of her sisters. The maid looked out her walking-things; and the fair *fiancée* donned her bonnet and sealskin jacket, and then took up her muff, which had been laid on the toilet-table beside her. She drew out her hand again directly, and with it a pair of kid gloves, and as she put them down one of them fell rather heavily on the table.

'What is that?' she exclaimed. Taking up the glove, she felt a small, hard object inside one of the fingers. A deep burning flush dyed cheek and brow, to be instantly succeeded by a deathly paleness. Sinking down on a chair, she covered her face with her hands, and gasped faintly: 'Oh, Smith, Smith! I shall never forgive myself! That poor innocent girl—she never took my ring. It is there!' And so it was; caught in the finger of the kid glove, which the young lady had carelessly drawn off on her return from her walk, and placed in her muff when she went to the piano, where it had remained untouched ever since.

Pleased as she was at the recovery of her valuable trinket, her satisfaction was much alloyed by remembering all the painful circumstances connected with it, especially the mental suffering of the poor young maid-servant who had been so unjustly suspected of having stolen the ring. She and her mother started directly for the home of the girl's widowed mother, and were grieved beyond measure to learn from her that the poor creature had been so overcome by distress of mind that very serious illness had resulted, and the doctor considered her symptoms very unfavourable. The good news brought by her late mistress had fortunately a beneficial effect, in combination with the greatest kindness and attention that could possibly be bestowed on her; and ere many weeks had passed she was perfectly restored to health. The young lady's marriage took place, and in her new home a comfortable situation was found for the girl, whose happiness was still further increased by the appointment of her mother as gatekeeper at the pretty lodge belonging to Hartfield Hall. And so the matter ended to the satisfaction of every one concerned; but it might have been far otherwise, and people should be exceedingly cautious how they make an accusation which they have no means of proving, lest they bring life-long misery upon the accused, and perhaps repentance when too late, upon themselves.

A gentleman was one day working in his garden. A ring was on his finger, set with a single diamond of great price. Suddenly he missed the stone from its place, and began to examine the ground very carefully, in hopes of seeing it sparkling at his feet. He had been pruning and grafting

fruit-trees, and had never left the spot where he was working, so he knew that somewhere within a radius of a few yards the stone must be lying; but though a minute search was made and continued for several days, and the earth carefully sifted, no diamond could be found.

The gentleman had almost forgotten the circumstance of his loss, when one morning, a long time afterwards, he was strolling, cigar in mouth, through the walks of his garden. As he passed a particular spot, he observed that something glittered brightly among the leaves of a pear-tree on the wall. As this occurred each time that he passed, his curiosity was aroused, and he stepped across the border to examine into the cause of the glitter. It was on the clay that had encircled a graft; and picking at the spot with his finger, he extricated a small shining object. It was his lost diamond! In a moment the whole circumstances flashed into his mind, and he remembered that he had grafted several cuttings that day; into one of which the stone had fallen, and had been held there by the tenacious clay, until this morning, when heavy rain having dislodged some particles of its covering, the sun's rays had glanced upon the diamond, and betrayed its hiding-place very luckily to its rightful owner.

At the time of the robbery of the Countess of Dudley's jewel-box at a railway station, a good deal of disapproval was expressed, and we think not without cause, at a reward being offered for their restoration with the promise 'No questions asked' appended to it. It is undoubtedly wrong to come to any compromise of that kind with thieves, as it is only offering an additional inducement to dishonesty, by rendering its commission comparatively safe. We remember, however, an occurrence that took place many years ago, when a similar inducement was held out to the thieves, unsuccessfully as it fell out, but without producing any disapproving comments.

The circumstance to which we allude happened in Edinburgh, to the wife of a physician of eminence at that time. She and her husband went out to dinner at a house situated in one of the 'Terraces,' a rather remote part of the city, where at all hours the traffic was small, and at the hour of a fashionable dinner-party very few persons indeed were likely to be passing. Moreover, it was broad daylight, or very nearly so; and they were driven to the house in their own carriage by a coachman who had been in the doctor's service for twenty years. The lady wore a handsome white lace-shawl; it had been her wedding veil, and she prized it for that circumstance as well as for its intrinsic value. To preserve it from being crushed, it was her habit to put it on the top of her warmer wraps; and on reaching the house where she was going to dine, it was properly adjusted by the waiting-maid. On this particular occasion she quitted the carriage, and walked along the passage to a bedroom on the same floor, where a maid was in waiting to assist her in removing her outer covering.

'Please take the lace-shawl off very carefully,' said the lady.

'Lace-shawl, ma'am?' replied the maid doubtfully. 'I don't see it, ma'am.'

'Yes, the white lace-shawl,' said the lady; then as she stood in front of the mirror she saw no

shawl was there. 'Oh, how stupid! I must have dropped it in the lobby. Look there, if you please.'

The maid did so instantly. No shawl was to be seen. She ran to the front door and looked out. No shawl on the pavement, no person in sight; only the carriage at a considerable distance, too far off for the coachman to hear had they even called after him.

'Oh, never mind,' said the lady; 'it can't be helped now. It must have slipped down on the floor of the carriage, and the coachman will find it when he gets home.' And she and her husband joined the party in the drawing-room, and gave themselves no further concern for the time about the shawl.

Now comes the strange part of the story. The coachman never found the shawl; it had not been left in the carriage, so far as he was aware; but not knowing of any special necessity for examining the interior of the vehicle, he had not done so before again bringing it at night to take home his master and mistress. Nothing, therefore, was heard of the shawl; and a notice of the loss was inserted in the newspapers, with a reward of ten pounds to whomsoever should restore it.

Some weeks passed, but no finder appeared. It seemed certain that the shawl had been stolen, and as the lady was very anxious to regain possession of it, a fresh notice was put into the papers: 'Fifteen pounds reward, and no questions asked.' A tolerably strong inducement to the thief, if such there were, to give back what must have been a very useless acquisition to him; and yet this advertisement met with no greater success than the other.

Weeks rolled on, and changed into months, and eventually years; the lady never more set eyes on her wedding veil, and finally abandoned all expectation of ever again recovering it; and she never has. Now, what became of that shawl!

FOLLOWING UP THE TRACK.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the surprise and confusion incident to such an unwonted and irregular episode had partially subsided, the judge, in indignant language, denounced the scandal which had been enacted in a court of justice as more fitting for a theatre, and which no anguish of mind could excuse or even palliate. With some difficulty Stephen Meagher was released from the gripe of Ellen's husband, who was removed in custody for what was regarded as gross contempt; but in the passion of his vengeance, he was unconscious of all other thoughts or feelings than its indulgence.

'Your own proceeding, sir, was, I must say, very extraordinary, assuming the character of a witness rather than that of a counsel,' was the observation from the bench, addressed to Mr Travers. 'It was not justified by anything which was legally in evidence; and from your great experience and judgment, I should have expected no such dramatic exhibition.'

The skilled advocate bit his lips, but repressed the emotions which were agitating him, and then said with fervour, pointing to the money-lender

and publican, who was staring wildly around him, and supporting himself against the ledge of the desk behind which the clerk of the crown was seated: 'It remains for another day to shew whether his hands are not stained with innocent blood. Providence in its own good time will reveal the truth, and either vindicate his innocence of such a crime, or establish his guilt, if he be guilty. But before this tribunal and before the jury, after the exhibition he has made, I arraign the perjured testimony he has given in the face of the country—the attempt he has made to shield the prisoner in the dock by the story as to the possession of the love-token as false as it is incredible, and his attempt also to establish an alibi. And not he alone has been a lying witness; youth itself has been corrupted to serve a purpose.'

Clover, who had been standing in the immediate vicinity of the dock, a very attentive observer of all that had been passing, cast one quick, furtive glance around him, as he heard these latter words, and was then stealthily making his way through the crowd to the door leading into the general passage for the public.

'That had must not go out for the present,' announced the authority in ermine, detecting the movement; 'he may be required during, or possibly after the present trial;' and Clover, seized by two constables, and leaving the court under their unpleasant guardianship, exclaimed in most appealing accents: 'Don't send me to jail, and I'll tell the truth and nothing but the truth. I was put up to swear what I did by my master and the man there;' but his declarations were either not heard or were disregarded.

No further questions were asked, as might be supposed, of Mr Stephen Meagher. He seemed like one in a cataleptic state; he crept along with uncertain steps, and was conducted to a room which opened into a pleasant garden; and in about an hour afterwards the sheriff, accompanied by a magistrate, was seen with him and Clover passing underneath the gloomy gateway of the jail, the latter two kept carefully apart by those who formed their escort.

The trial of the prisoner Brien Spelassy was now resumed, after the eventful incidents that had occurred, and which seemed to impress him with a fear similar to that of his employer. A visible anxiety succeeded to the firm bearing he had previously assumed; and darker and deeper fell the shadows around his path of life, as with a clearness almost amounting to demonstration, Mr Travers dwelt upon and wrought into a chain of continuous strength all the facts which led to but the one result. He professed not to introduce any topics except those strictly relevant; and the jury were therefore, he added, not to prejudice the case of the accused by what had taken place with Meagher, save so far as the alibi sworn to by that man had been incidentally elicited to be a concocted one. It was not now the time or the place to say whether he was one of the

three who had come to the Glen. There was no formal charge against him at present of which they could take cognisance, but it would be afflictation to suppose that what had so recently occurred could be wholly erased from their minds. The marvellous coincidence between the torn portion of the coat and the piece which the bereaved husband retained possession of after his deadly struggle in the bedroom, was a startling fact, but it ought not to press against the prisoner; but on the other hand they would have to consider, was the evidence of the publican and Clover the result of an artful conspiracy, in order that by little specious and, as it were, incidental circumstances, and therefore the more plausible, the crime in which John Dwyer had unquestionably been a participator, should be fixed upon two imaginary strangers, one of them a pretended Spanish sailor, with a peculiar mark upon his face which could leave no doubt as to his supposed identity? This attempt to defeat justice would most likely have proved successful had it not been for the providential incident connected with the false and fabricated copy of an entry that never existed—an entry professing to fix the time, and to record a sale which had never taken place.

When the Chief-justice proceeded to charge the jury, swayed by no feelings but those of right and of truth, it could scarcely be even conjectured what opinion he himself had formed in reference to the guilt or innocence of the accused. After referring to the remarkable testimony as to the possession of the love-token, and its being found in a depository over which the prisoner had exclusive dominion, he warned those on whose fiat depended the issues of life or death, not in any way to be influenced by suspicions arising from the startling charge so irregularly made by the man frenzied with excitement against the employer of Spelassy. It should have no adverse influence as regarded the latter; and the gentlemen he was addressing ought to blot it out of their minds. It was rather a scene to be witnessed on the French stage than one suited for the arena of an unimpassioned tribunal of justice. They should carefully weigh all the evidence at either side, especially that which was given by Meagher, and which if credible, went to shew that the possession of this token by the man at the bar was not a guilty one.

The twelve jurors who had now to fulfil their functions at the close of the trial slowly retired to their room for deliberation; and groups in the crowded court-house proceeded to discuss with lively interest what would be the probable result; and without assuming too much against poor human nature, the same feeling was manifested as by sportsmen who consider a day as lost if the object of their pursuit is not hunted down, be it the timid inoffensive hare, or the crafty and felonious fox.

After an interval of four weary hours, the door of the jury-room opened, and a murmur of 'Hush, hush!' spread like a wavelet to the extremest end of the gallery; but when the members of that body had seated themselves, the foreman, in answer to the question from the clerk of the crown: 'Have you agreed to your verdict?' replied: 'No! Some of the jury wish to have read over to them again the evidence of Maurice Power as to what occurred when he left the public-house in Clonmel, and also

the particulars of his struggle with the men when he rushed into the bedroom of the cottage.'

The requisition was at once of course complied with by the judge, and then they retired; and again, after an interval of about an hour, made their appearance, the issue-paper held in the hand of the foreman. There was profound silence. The prisoner, who in their absence had been taken to a cell removed from the view and gaze of the public, was now placed in front of the dock, and with fearful earnestness fixed his eyes upon the portentous document which had been at this juncture handed down to the proper official. Portentous indeed! One little word included—only three letters—and the freshness of the mountain air through the perfumed heather may blow upon the face of the free man. But no! The three letters are *not* there, and a deep low voice reads the verdict, 'Guilty.' 'Neither the sun nor death can be looked at steadily,' was the saying of a profound thinker, 'even when the last messenger comes to one worn out with long sickness, and with nerves dulled with pain, or inert from the want of vital energy. But what is it when the man is to be stricken down in the full vigour of his physical strength, and with shame and execration as his attendants through the dark valley.' 'Look to him, jailer!' was uttered by the official; and then there came a heavy 'thud,' and within the barred inclosure lay the prostrate and grovelling form of one of Cain's lineal descendants. It was, after all, a cruel kindness of the surgeon who was present to awaken the miserable wretch to consciousness—to bring back the flow of blood from the oppressed brain to the palpitating heart for the forty-eight hours only then allowed from the pronouncement of doom to its execution—to restore consciousness, when forgetfulness and utter oblivion of the present would have been the only boon. But the criminal, after an interval, was rendered sensible of what was passing around, yet only to hear the impressive and now broken voice of authority speaking; a solemn voice, exhorting to repentance of the past, and reminding of the mercy not akin to this world. The time was short, indeed, within which a change was to come over that stolid, degraded being, and then away to a far-distant land through the desert; but amid the gloom and the darkness, the gentle breathings of charity whisper that angels have visited condemned cells, and have brought words of hope and assurance to the worst of criminals.

CHAPTER XII.

In the early year of the present century with which our narrative is conversant, the assizes at Clonmel usually occupied more than a fortnight—the execution of Brien Spelassy was a wonder of the day, and its interest had passed away; but that interest was awakened anew when within the fortnight the money-lender, even changed in aspect within such a short period, and with words his looks belied, pleaded 'Not guilty' to the indictment which charged him with having with others bereft of life, Ellen Power. Public opinion was adverse to the prisoner, public opinion, which is seldom mistaken in the end. It dispenses its praise, but more frequently its censure, with impartiality, whether to the blue-veined aristocrat, or to the drunken coster-monger who kicks

his wife when she asks for a shilling to buy bread for her starving children. Witness after witness came forward when once the clue had been discovered; and Clover, now that there was no object to be attained but his safety, made a 'clean breast of it,' as country-people colloquially express it. His revelation was to the following effect. On the night of the tragedy, Spelassy, his master Stephen Meagher, and John Dwyer—who had been secreted in a loft over the stable of the public-house, to avoid being seen by strangers—left Clonmel at an early hour after dark, taking a circuitous bridle-road, carrying with them firearms, which had been carefully loaded before they started on their journey, and were wrapped round with long 'suggans,' or twisted hay-ropes. He was directed to detain, under any pretext which his ingenuity could suggest, the farmer, when he should call, pursuant to his previous arrangement; and the usurer handed his servant a little phial containing a dark-coloured liquor, which he was to put into the drink of the expected visitor. Clover deposed that he did accordingly administer the draught, which threw its recipient into a profound sleep, and in which state he remained until the house was locked up for the night. He added that at daybreak, or shortly afterwards, the prisoner and Spelassy returned, and shut themselves up in the private room of the former; and the witness being stimulated by curiosity, after a little time crept to the door of the apartment in question, against which he placed a chair, and through a little opening eagerly watched their proceedings. A pile of money was carefully divided on the table into three portions; and after that business had been completed, an animated and angry discussion arose, but carried on in whispered accents, as to what should be done with the third part, for which there was no ostensible representative or owner; but the lad, fearful of being discovered, removed the chair, and quickly withdrew to the bar of the public-house, the glasses in which he was ostensibly busy in cleaning when the two men came out from the room. From that day forth he noticed that no very friendly relations seemed to subsist between Spelassy and his employer. Half-muttered threats were at intervals uttered by the former when drunk made him forget his usual cunning, to the effect that he could reveal something if provoked which would leave the establishment without an owner; but with returning sobriety he always anxiously declared that this was all silly talk, and that the liquor had left him no sense.

The revelations of this witness were of course denounced by the prisoner's counsel as false, and an after-thought; and it was urged very plausibly that no reliance could be placed on the testimony of one who admitted on his cross-examination having so recently, on the previous trial of Spelassy, committed a series of cunningly devised perjuries. But to no such impeachment was the person amenable who next came forward. The honest countenance of Daniel Gleeson was in itself more accrediting than fifty letters-testimonial of character; and in the most natural and quiet but persuasive manner he stated, that after the conviction of Spelassy he by mere chance took up a newspaper containing a report of his trial; for literature did not in any shape, except in ballads sung and sold at fairs, find its way into rural

districts; and farmers busy about their own affairs, were then better pleased to be in happy ignorance of the wrongs they were supposed to be undergoing at the hands of their landlords. The reading of the trial at once brought to his memory what he had seen on All-Hallow Eve. His farm was situated about a mile from the secluded gorge leading from Clonmel to Maurice Power's cottage; he had only very recently become the tenant, and on the night in question he was in his haggard, which abutted on the high-road, armed with a gun, to protect his corn, as he had incurred hostility in that neighbourhood from the mere fact of taking the land from which the former occupier had been dispossessed seven years before. But what are seven years to an Irishman who passes by the place which once was his? His memory remains as green as when first he was driven from its threshold, and his vengeance as fresh as when the door of his cabin was locked by the sheriff and his humble furniture put out on the road-side. While on the watch, Gleeson heard the steps of men approaching from the direction of Clonmel, and he drew himself up quite close to the outer gate; but the strangers passed on, and in the obscurity he could scarcely discover more than that they were three in number. But they had only proceeded a few yards past the gate when a sharp cry of alarm was heard from the party; for a fierce mastiff that the farmer had brought with him into the haggard, dashing through one of the broken bars, was seemingly about to spring upon them. Gleeson quickly followed, in order to draw off the infuriated animal; and in order to effect this, he was obliged to come up quite close to the nearest of the men, and he was about proceeding to offer some words of explanation and regret, when the other ejaculated: 'What do you mean, you scoundrel, by letting the brute loose? I have a great mind to give him the contents of this;' at the same time drawing out a pistol from his pocket as he spoke.

'Did you ever,' asked the counsel, 'see that man since the night you are speaking of?'

'I did, in the jail-yard four days ago, where he was standing with about fifteen more persons; and I knew him at once; and there he is,' accompanying the words by walking up to the front of the dock, and laying his hand upon the head of the usurer, who cowered beneath his touch.

Finally those who were acting for the crown produced the widowed husband; and after his graphic detail of his encounter with the assassin, the coat of the prisoner, with the rent so visible in it near the breast, and the corresponding piece with the button attached, fitting into the vacancy, were subjected to the curious and anxious examination of the jury. The village tailor was scarcely needed to prove, as he did clearly and distinctly, that the coat had been made by him for Meagher, and that the torn bit found in the grasp of Power after his deadly struggle, formed an integral and constituent portion of the dress. The poisoned garment of the athlete of antiquity did not cling to its possessor with more fatal folds than did that of the money-lender to its guilty owner.

The trial concluded, the doom had been pronounced; and fearfully brief indeed was the interval between the sentence and the gathering together of a vast crowd outside the walls of the county jail to witness the last earthly struggle of the condemned. Little time allowed for preparation for the drear

journey to another world; and on this especial morning what a contrast between the face of nature and the judicial tragedy to be enacted! The short but wide street where the last penalty of the law was to be paid was terminated by a passage opening out on the gently flowing waters of the Suir. Banks of the deepest hues of green; trees of every graceful variety of form, through which glancing shadows flitted in erratic play; an islet in the middle distance, half concealing, but only to interest the more, the vision of two silvery sinuous lines, over which hung foliage of almost tropical wealth of verdure; and then far away in the background, the mountains lifting their guardian forms above the sheltered, sunny valleys at their feet, added sublimity to the more gentle attractions of the winding river. There was no sympathy for the condemned man; an unusual circumstance. Had it been a wretched tenant, however improvident or careless, driven from his humble home by greed, caprice, or even in the just exercise of legitimate rights, to find shelter in the ditch by the way-side; had it been one who killed a tithe-proctor when enforcing the rigid decrees of the law; had it been one who, in the heat of blood, avenged a personal wrong or a party feud; or even one who with deliberation and treachery lured an informer to a secret place, and then struck him down—there would have been compassion felt and prayers uttered; the tears of women, and the less developed grief of those of a sterner sex. But for the cold, harsh extortioner, trading on the miseries of others, and who had added a double homicide to the crime of mean plunder—for him there was nothing but the exultation of hatred, or the less active emotion of contempt. Still, when the tolling bell announced the hour of eight o'clock, the whole assemblage, at the instance of the priest, dropped upon their knees, and joined in sincere and reverent supplication to Heaven. Not quite the whole assemblage, for there was one who bent no knee and uttered no prayer—one who, privileged by his wrongs and his misery, had been admitted within the cordon guarded by the soldiery. He stood erect, with riveted eyes watching the moment when he should murmur as he passed on his lonely way: 'Ellen, my darling, and you my poor child, I have had satisfaction for your fate, and hope soon to meet you again.'

It was but a few months after the events last recorded, when, in the hospital of the County Tipperary, the resident physician whispered to the nurse who had volunteered her services, and whose youthful, expressive face appeared prematurely aged by attendance on scenes of affliction and of suffering: 'He cannot, poor fellow, last beyond the night.' These few significant words made more rigid the countenance of her to whom they were addressed. The approach of death often quickens the faculties, as if to shew the supremacy of the immortal spirit over its frail depository, and either the sick man overheard the words, or guessed their import from the manner of the speaker, and a gleam of pleasure crossed his haggard and wasted features. 'I am glad of it,' he gasped out with difficulty; 'there is no one I would live for, and I feel that I am going home.' 'You must not speak so sadly,' observed the attendant; 'it is sinful to wish to depart before

the time which God has given you, and life ought to be dear to all of us.'

'It should indeed,' was the response. 'And what curse ought to fall on those who took away what they could not give? I thought so once; but better notions now come into my mind; and I could forgive even those who made me what I am, if they were still living!'

As if agitated by some fearful emotion at the recollection of the past, the patient sought to raise himself from the pillow, but fell back helplessly, and one or two suppressed sobs evidenced the consciousness of his physical weakness. A long interval, and not a word was spoken, while the clock in the corridor ticked and recorded the minutes with what seemed a callous persistency of purpose, indifferent to the events which a few revolutions of the index-hand might record. But then came disjointed utterances in the pauses between physical suffering and weakness: 'I did not, I could not know he was there. I broke her heart, no doubt; but was I to blame for it? Why did he mix himself up with the villains in their unholy work?' The speaker closed his eyes, ostensibly to remove away from him some terrible presence, and it seemed as if the last breath was passing away into the silence of the grave. Hot, scalding tears fell upon his face -- the bending form of the faithful attendant was over the fever-stricken man. One final effort, and half lifting up his emaciated form, Maurice Power exclaimed: 'I know now I am not dreaming! It can be no one else than Mary! Oh! Mary Dwyer, forgive me the wrong which I did you, but it was unknown to myself at the time!' After these few words were uttered, there was an ominous silence for a minute or more, while the last throes of life were breaking in broken sounds upon the shore of time, and then came the impassioned response: 'I do indeed, from my heart of hearts!' Death and its 'counterfeit presentment' were at that awful instant associated. The physician closed the eyelids of the dead; and Mary Dwyer lay insensible upon the body as the pledge of her Christian faith and forgiveness was still quivering upon her lips.

'The old, old fashion,' says a great one, who himself has passed away; 'the fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has lost its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion! Death!'

Here our story is ended.

USEFUL ITEMS FROM FRANCE.

MUCH as we dread the pinching frosts and biting winds that check the sprouting wheat and nip the tender blossoms of our fruit-trees in their first flush of promise, our neighbours on the sunnier side of the Channel have still more reason to dislike a chilly and backward spring. French agriculture in many provinces partakes of the character of gardening, and vines and olives and madder and white mulberry, to say nothing about almond and orange trees, are of delicate constitution. One sharp night, one bitter dawn, when the hoar-frost glitters on the grass, may convert the competence of the husbandman into comparative poverty. The

drier atmosphere and hotter sun of France, as of most continental countries, tend to produce such nightly frosts, from which the natural moisture of our own climate preserves us, with destructive frequency. M. Pinard, a wine-grower of inventive disposition, last year applied himself successfully to remedy this evil, and to guard his vineyard against the periodical raids of Jack Frost. He conceived the bold idea that artificial clouds, capable of moderating the excessive radiation of heat from the earth skywards, might be formed. Two crucial conditions had to be faced. M. Pinard's clouds must be cheap, and they must be at hand when wanted. Mixing coal-tar with wetted chaff and sawdust, so as to form huge balls, ready, when ignited, to darken the sky, he placed these on the ground at selected spots. Each lump contained two gallons of tar, calculated to burn, in calm weather, for three hours and a half. By an ingenious device, the thermometer, in sinking to within two degrees of the centigrade zero, communicates the tidings by electric telegraph to the sleeping vine-dresser, so that the advancing enemy Frost is actually made to ring the alarm-bell that gives warning of his approach. The labourers sally out to kindle the tar-beacons, and the peril is averted.

M. Tellier's fire-extinguisher, for the salvage of burning ships at sea, is of the simplest nature, demanding no outlay save for a couple of large pans of sheet-iron, some raw sulphur, and an auger wherewith to bore holes in the bulk-heads and lower decks, to admit the passage of the heavy sulphurous gas that will result from the combustion of the sulphur, displacing atmospheric air as it rolls its weighty volume through the hold and cabins, absorbing oxygen, and choking the flames. Thirty pounds-weight of sulphur would yield gas enough to stifle a conflagration below decks in the largest ship, and ventilation will presently get rid of the vitiated atmosphere.

A means of applying strong heat on a small scale cheaply and conveniently is welcome in many trades and by many experimentalists. M. Quichenot's Lamp-furnace, which comprises a blow-pipe, and which does its work by the help of petroleum, may be useful to those who do not employ gas for heating purposes. Strictly speaking, it is the vapour of petroleum, mixed with heated air, which yields the source of heat, the intensity of which may be judged of by the fact that this small apparatus can in ten minutes fuse four ounces of pure copper or nickel, and about three ounces of malleable iron. For soldering, this blow-pipe is well adapted.

To press the sun into the direct service of mankind, and to make his rays heat a steam-engine, seem tasks rather worthy of a Laputan philosopher than of a practical man of the hard-headed nineteenth century. Yet M. Mouchot, a schoolmaster at Tours, has after ten years of patient study patented an engine which is driven by steam, the water in the boiler being heated by no fuel, but by solar rays alone. The boiler, which is blackened, receives the concentrated heat flung upon it by a large metallic mirror, a

great bell-glass covering the boiler and preventing the escape of the solar heat otherwise than as 'dark rays,' while separate mechanism keeps the apparatus in its true axis towards the sun. The machine works, slowly indeed, but steadily and economically, acting at the same time as an excellent medium for distilling water, for cooking vegetables, and for similar uses. It is considered as especially suitable for countries where, as in Algeria or India, fuel is dear and the sun hot and generally perceptible.

The well-known phenomenon of the philosophical candle has suggested to M. Kastner a sort of musical instrument to which he gives the name of a pyrophone, and which consists of numerous short jets of hydrogen gas, or even of coal gas, ignited. The vibration of the air, as countless tiny detonations occur, accounts for these sounds, which resemble those of a flute, and can be modulated at pleasure.

A new and powerful light available for photographers, has lately been devised. That sulphuret of carbon will burn brilliantly is a fact that has been known since the first discovery of the compound, but until lately no one ever dreamed of impressing so volatile a liquid into doing duty as lamp-oil. This has been done with success, but the vapour requires to be handled cautiously. It is absorbed by a number of pieces of porous pumice-stone in the centre of the apparatus, and there made to combine with a gas known as the binoxide of nitrogen, and easy to procure when iron is immersed in nitro-sulphuric acid. The dazzling jet of flame, nine inches high, which this lamp yields surpasses the effects produced by all artificial lights hitherto known. It is twice as efficacious as the lime-light, three times as potent as the electric light, and distances, though at a less interval, that of the magnesium wire. It also receives deserved praise as being steady, cheap, and not very fatiguing to the eyes.

The French Aerial Navigation Society does its best, like similar Gallic scientific associations, to stimulate inventors, but as yet it is compelled to admit that practice lags woefully in the wake of theory. M. Penand has indeed within the last few months exhibited a tiny model of a flying-machine, which raised itself by the force of a screw-propeller to the ceiling of the lofty hall in which the Society met, and also an artificial bird which rose on flapping wings above the heads of the spectators. Light models of a similar kind have, however, been made at various times and in more than one country during the last fifty years; and it is plain that aërostation has, we fear, a dreary future, as it awaits the discoverer who shall give us a new source of motive-power, light, safe, and constant, to do for us what wings do for the bird and the insect.

The preserving of perishable articles of food attracts every year more and more attention, since the perpetual rise in prices renders the populous countries of Western Europe increasingly dependent on distant lands for their supply. We have to draw milk from Switzerland, eggs from Ireland and France, grain from Russia, and not merely meat, but fruit, cheese, and other farm-produce from America. Condensed oxygen is the latest French, as washed or filtered air is the latest British, contribution to the existing knowledge on this point. In oxygen strongly compressed, fer-

mentation it appears cannot take place, and vegetable or animal matter may therefore be thus retained in a condition perfectly sweet and wholesome for an indefinite period.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE.

Sir John Suckling, a poet of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, possessed a playful fancy and polished wit. His knowledge of life and society, according to the *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, enabled him to give interest to trifles, and to clothe familiar thoughts in the garb of poetry. Emancipated while yet a youth from all restraint, and possessed of a large fortune, Suckling set off on his travels. He was an adventurous spirit; and when Charles I. took up arms against the Parliament, Suckling presented the king with a hundred horse-men. This troop formed part of the cavalry commanded by Lord Holland; but no sooner had they come in sight of the Scots army at Dunse than they retired and fled—Suckling amongst the routed. A rival wit and poet, Sir JOHN MEXNIS, indited a ballad on the retreat at Dunse, which has been considered to be one of the liveliest and most successful of political ballads.

Sir JOHN he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse-mo', all his own also,
To guard him on every side-a.

No errant-knight ever went to fight
With halfo so gay a bravado,
Had you seen but his look, you'd have said on a look
He'd have conquered a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as he passed by, they began to cry:
'Sir John, why will you go fight-a.'

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why should he repent-a.

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a:
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did holla and whoop-a.

None liked him so well as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Weart-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so port-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all prepared to fight-a,
He ran to his tent; they asked what he meant;
He said he could not go right-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a,
But Sir John did declare he would not come there,
To be killed the very first man-a.

* * * * *
But now there is peace, he's returned to increase
His money, which lately he spent-a;
But his lost honour must lie still in the dust;
At Berwick away it all went-a.

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LOST STARS.

THERE are many otherwise well-informed folks who positively believe, when they see a 'shooting-star,' that one of the real stars has quitted its place, lost its position, and that the heavenly host is left smaller by one than it was before. Of course it is no such thing, the so-called shooting-stars, or meteors, being comparatively mere sparks of matter close to the earth, sometimes flying through its very atmosphere in thousands, and having nothing whatever to do with the stellar orbs, calm in the isolated grandeur of their almost infinite distance from our earth, and moon, and sun, and all the planetary system together.

Similarly placed again in principle, though differently in degree of error, are others who, looking through powerful telescopes to sharpen their gaze, and profiting by the accumulated results of action through many hours, or even days, declare that they have thereby found a 'moving star;' that is, a star with a real motion of its own, independent of the apparent motions given to all the stars by the rotation of the earth on its axis and its revolution round the sun. Such conclusion, the telescopic aid notwithstanding, is still an utter error; for though the object may be ever so star-like, even under high magnifying power, the observed motion, when sensible in the course of a few hours or days, shews that it must appertain to something far nearer to us than any of the stars; and further observations invariably end in shewing the wanderer to be a planet, or planetoid (a little planet), or perhaps the nucleus of a tailless comet of our own solar family; all of them belonging to the same domestic system; within our home-circle as it were, in comparison with the almost immeasurable distance of the *stars* proper.

Before then any one raises the cry that a *star* has been *lost*, let him be sure that it was a star which he saw, before it was lost; and this simple rule of genuine, undeniable common-sense will be found in its application to produce a wonderful clearing off amongst the largest number of such reputed cases.

But how is one to judge if an apparent star is a real star? Something in this way: you may be sure that a stellar-looking object is a star if it is at the distance of the stars; for nothing else than a star, or distant sun, can be seen at such an enormous interval of space; and that any object is at such a distance, is testified by its preserving a fixity in its apparent position among the other stars, day after day and month after month. Not an absolute fixity indeed, but something so microscopically near it, that the true stars are well, as a first approximation, called 'fixed stars;' for so they remain apparently in spite of tremendous natural agencies always at work, and which would find out any deception immediately. Thus the annual motion of our earth round the sun gives us, at six months' intervals, two observing points a hundred and eighty-four millions of miles apart; and an object must be removed far indeed if its apparent direction is not sensibly changed by being viewed from either end of such a base-line as that! And yet the directions of the true stars are not sensibly altered by it. Of a few of them indeed, the nearest of them, astronomers may make out an infinitesimally small change of place from that cause, amounting to about a fine hair-breadth in a large telescope; but with all the greater multitude of the heavenly host, the change is entirely and absolutely inappreciable to man.

Again, our sun is in motion through space carrying all the planets with him at the rate of about a hundred and seventy millions of miles a year; and yet beyond a hair-breadth effect on a very few of them, all the other stars are seen year after year in exactly the same directions. And still again some of the stars have been proved by the new spectrum analysis to be advancing towards or receding from the earth at the rate of ten, twenty, or thirty miles per second of time; and if the object was at any moderate distance, would not such a rate of motion as that very soon alter its apparent brightness or size to us? Most certainly it would; but yet the whole distances of the stars from our sun are such, that though the motion at that number of

miles per every second of time has been going on more or less, ever since the earliest epochs of astronomical observation, no appreciable effect from that cause on the brightness to us of any of the stars concerned, has yet been made out.

Such then is the overwhelming distance of our sun from any star, and generally of any true star from every other true star. Each of them so distant from its nearest neighbour as to appear from thence an almost vanishing speck of light, and yet existing in majestic grandeur and brilliancy surpassing imagination in its own locality; one of them, Sirius, having been proved to give out as much light as sixty-three of our suns; and we know what Sol can do at our terrestrial distance of ninety-two millions of miles. Some too, if not all of the stars are further accompanied by their own systems of planets, many of them far larger than our earth; and if we may judge by what is burning, or rather rendered incandescent in the photospheres of their suns, furnished with untold wealth of gold, silver, iron, calcium, magnesium, and almost every other known metal. One of these mighty though distant orbs then is a true star, and no one can be found fault with for calling it a star; but has such a stupendous amount of mass, matter, light, energy, and glory ever been really lost; and does its former place consequently know it now no more?

'Yes,' answers with the utmost confidence a young scientist of the day; 'often, often! Many of them have been lost, and are lost to this very hour.'

Here is rather a startling assertion to be met with. But on proof being quietly asked for, it is stated by the asserter and his friends that divers and sundry stars observed by former astronomers, and entered by them very accurately in their long since published *Catalogues of Stars*, are no longer to be found in the heavens; for when the places assigned in such a Catalogue are now recovered by instrumental measurement, they are found to be absolutely and perfectly vacant.

This last part of the tale is true enough; but what is the testimony that the Catalogue places ever were occupied? Never is it a case of a star so large and bright and permanent in our heavens as to have been seen generation after generation by lord and peasant alike; seldom a case where even two or three telescopic observers agree to having noted its actual and separate existence among the crowds of similar small stars amenable only to telescopic vision; but in place of such witness there is merely a simple *numerical* entry of the measured place of an alleged small star in the Catalogue, containing the similar places of several thousand stars, by some astronomer of repute in his own day, but now no more. To what extent then are we to rely upon that?

Even granting that such astronomer has not -- though most of them have, when observing in a wholesale, manufacturing sort of way large numbers of small telescopic stars -- catalogued inadvertently as a star some faint planet, or planetoid then unknown (such as either Uranus or Neptune, or some one or other of the hundred and sixty-seven planetoids between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, now known to be circling for ever through the heavens, and any one of whose then places is of course vacant now); have his observations been always computed correctly to obtain their final results,

and have these been printed also without typographical error?

When Sir William Herschel in the last century examined the heavens, with the celestial atlas and stellar Catalogue of Flamsteed, the first British Astronomer-royal, in his hand, he found so many of the stars marked there to be missing in the sky, that a laborious reference was made to the manuscripts of Flamsteed's original observations; and no fewer than a hundred and eleven cases were thereby discovered of imaginary stars, caused by errors of transcribing, calculating, or printing; while from five hundred to six hundred real stars accurately observed, had been omitted! Flamsteed himself, we should say in justice to him, did not live to calculate and print his own observations; but other astronomers, and careful literary compilers, and even societies of the best scientific men of the day, can seldom produce anything extensive without error somewhere or other. Hence, when the late Captain W. S. Jacob of the Madras Observatory sent a paper to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1851 describing his examination of one thousand four hundred and forty star-places selected from the supposed accurate Catalogue of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, published only fifteen years before, he shewed that he had discovered discrepancies between the position of many of the catalogued stars and their exact positions in the heavens; and that there were no less than forty-three of the objects numbered in the Catalogue of which he could find no trace whatever, even in the clear and transparent air of India.

Were those then really lost stars? The newspaper reporters present at the meeting seemed to think so; and their abstracts next morning evidently spread the idea. And the author of this paper was asked by some -- in furtherance of prophetic studies concerning the last days -- whether it was really true that forty-three stars had actually disappeared from the firmament of heaven in the course of the last fifteen years only!

'I did not say *stars*,' replied Captain Jacob; 'I took very good care to say *numbers*; such and such numbers in the list of the British Association's Catalogue. Those numbers ought, no doubt, each of them to represent or designate a star; but there is no positive security that they do, gathered as they have been from all sorts of sources, until they have been examined, re-examined, and certified by subsequent and most thoroughly independent observers; and if the British Association for the Advancement of Science desires to maintain its ancient unexceptionable fame, rather than its present specious popularity, the sooner it curtails its dinners, and spends the proceeds on preparing a new edition of its Catalogue of Stars, the better.'

Well! but for all that, urges one of the new school, there are cases of real stars certainly known to have existed once, and as certainly known not to be visible now, such as the following example, extracted from Arago's *Astronomy*: 'The fifty-fifth star of Hercules, placed in the neck of the figure, has been inserted in the Catalogue of Flamsteed as a star of the fifth magnitude. On the 10th of October 1781, Sir William Herschel saw it distinctly, and noted that it was red. On the 11th of April 1782, he perceived it again, and inscribed it in his journal as an ordinary star. On the 24th of March 1791, there no longer remained any trace of it. Repeated attempts on the 25th and on

subsequent occasions led to no other result. Thus the fifty-fifth of Hercules has disappeared.' All this account may be accepted freely as describing correctly what was seen at the dates of observation concerned; and as there are probably not a few more so-called lost stars, yet no more necessarily or actually lost than this one, let us explain what its position is now generally considered to be.

Fitsful changes of colour and specially red scintillations have been long remarked as highly characteristic of an extensive and well-known class of stars termed 'variable stars,' or stars variable in their brightness and consequent visibility through periods of time, extending in the different cases from a few days to many years, and occasionally it is believed to several centuries. Thus the star termed by astronomers Algol or β Persei, varies in brightness from the second to the fourth magnitude, and back again, in the short period of two days twenty hours and forty-eight minutes. β Lyra varies from the third to the fifth magnitude and comes back to the third again in six days nine hours. Omicron, or Mira Ceti, varies from the second magnitude to complete invisibility and reappears and comes up to the second magnitude again in three hundred and thirty-four days. α Argus varies from one of the very brightest of the stars of the first magnitude in the whole heavens down to a most inconsiderable one of the fourth magnitude, and blazes out again up to the first magnitude in about forty-six years; while R Cephei varies from the fifth magnitude down to the eleventh magnitude, or visible only in a very powerful telescope, and returns to the fifth (which is visible to the naked eye) in about seventy-three years.

Now these stars, no matter how much they may vary in brightness, are no more lost and perished in space when they fade away and disappear to us, than our sun is when hid from our view at night by the intercepting body of the earth. Neither are they moved out of their fixity of place, nor deprived of any of their mass and gravitation governing power over their attendant planets, any more than our sun is, when at times, now known to be periodic and subject to law, his bright surface is dimmed by many dark spots. Hence the simplest supposition to explain the observed phenomena of the star fifty-fifth of Hercules is, that it is one of those 'variable stars.' In which case it still undoubtedly exists in its own place, and will again appear to view there at some future time.

But mere telescopic details can affect only the few; while the general public is rather thirsting for a case of some good big star, which all can see. 'Was there not such a star' they ask, 'brighter than any of the orbs we have before us now, to be seen once in the constellation of *Cassiopeia*; and did it not burn and blaze through several years in varied colour, just like a world on fire, and then disappear and leave its place absolutely vacant?' Such a star was certainly seen by all the northern world in 1572, 1573, and 1574, but not previously to that; until, at least, you ascend the stream of time to 1264, when a temporary apparition of the same sort appeared in the same part of the sky; and again the same thing is reported in history to have occurred about the year 945 A.D. So that here again we have merely an extreme case of a 'variable' star, with an intense though short-lived *maximum* of light and a long-continued

minimum. But so far from being now—because its *minimum* is below human visibility—a lost, lapsed, or destroyed star, it may be and probably is, going on in its own place according to laws which it has followed in the past, and will continue to follow for countless millions of years, without a moment's cessation at any time. And in fact the sequence of the numbers 945, 1264, 1572 lead astronomers to expect its reappearance at some time previous to 1890. And if it does shine forth again at that time, and prove itself in the scientific age of the world to be 'a variable' with a period of more than three hundred years, it will not only get the physical nature of its light well examined by spectroscopic analysis, but will strengthen that 'variable-star explanation' for the benefit of many other temporary stars with still longer periods of time; and longer, we say advisedly, because only one of their maxima of brightness is known to have been witnessed yet through all the human period.

Such were the intensely bright star in Serpentarius in 1604 A.D.; the bright star in Scorpio in 900 A.D.; another in Aquila in 388 A.D.; and another still in 130 A.D.; not to say anything of the still more celebrated and classic case of the 'Lost Pleiad,' which the poets affirmed to have disappeared in grief after the siege and taking of Troy about 1200 B.C., leaving thereby the primeval group of 'the seven stars' to be six only, ever since; but with the asserted destiny of the seventh one shining forth at some future time brighter than ever. A sort of early poetical prophecy, which the recent progress of practical astronomy on one side and archaeological research on the other, especially at the Great Pyramid, have been lending remarkable confirmation to within the last very few years.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THEY LIVED EVER AFTERWARDS.

JEFF crumpled the newspaper into his pocket, and walked back in haste to the house he had just quitted. He would tell the news at once to Mr Dalton, and then Kate would receive it, as it should be told, from her father's lips. He knew Dalton's nature too well to fear that he would feel or express any cruel exultation at the death of his enemy; but he was not prepared for the grave solemnity with which he received the intelligence.

'I have news, which I am sure you will both deem sad news,' said Jeff as he closed the parlour door behind him: 'Mr Holt is dead. He shot himself this afternoon in his office in Abdlle Court.'

'I am not surprised,' said Philip coolly; 'he was not a man to live disgraced.'

Dalton said nothing for a minute or so. It was not mere pity that made him speechless; it was something more—a certain sympathy. His memory was recalling that scene on Bleabarrow crags when he himself had been about to appear unsummoned in the presence of his Maker. 'Heaven have mercy on him, and forgive him, as I do!' were his first words.

'Poor fellow!' said Philip, by way of epitaph, and as though the subject in its sentimental aspect were thereby dismissed and done with. 'I hope we

shall have no trouble in consequence of this, about the shares and things.'

'He said he "had much business of a private nature to arrange,"' said Jeff, 'when I parted from him; and he had few hours of life before him then: I feel confident that they were spent in reparation.'

'Let us hope for the best,' said Philip; which, let us imagine, was a pious wish with regard to the dead man's future.

Then the two men began to talk, in quite a different manner than that they would have used half an hour before, of Holt's character. They both agreed that he was an excellent man of business: keen, diligent, and firm as a rock in a storm.

'If he had cared for anybody but himself, he might have been a happy man,' said Dalton's verdict.

'You are wrong there, Mr Dalton,' said Jeff confidently. 'He cared for Kitty.'

'Hang his impudence!' said Philip. 'Mind, I didn't say *hang him*.'

Dalton frowned a little, but made no observation on the subject.

'Come,' said he presently; 'let us go up-stairs, and break it to the girls.'

'If you will excuse me,' said Jeff; 'I would rather not see them again to-night.'

'As you please, my lad,' returned Dalton. 'You had better look in at our place the first thing to-morrow morning. Come and breakfast with us, and then we can talk matters over.'

Jeff accordingly went home at once, feeling that he had quite enough to think about, but only to find there more material for thought. At his lodgings he found a visitor who, his landlady informed him, had been awaiting his arrival there for hours: a certain Mr Strelham, with whom, as Mr Holt's confidential legal adviser, he had some slight acquaintance.

'You are surprised to see *me* here, no doubt, Mr Derwent?' said this gentleman, in a tone which Jeff could not but consider was under the circumstances somewhat jaunty and indifferent.

'No, sir; I am not surprised,' returned he stiffly, 'since I already know what has happened.'

'Indeed! Why, Mr Holt led me to understand that his intentions had not been disclosed to anybody. He sent me here with a most express injunction to see you to-night and communicate them.'

'His intentions, sir? You cannot surely be referring to his design of committing suicide? Are you aware that he has blown his brains out?'

'Bless my soul!' cried the attorney, startled into devoutness. 'You don't say so! Blown his brains out! and such clever brains too! Well, that explains the whole affair, then, which up to this moment has been so inexplicable to me. He has made over all his property by a deed of gift. If he had left it by will, and then put an end to his life, don't you see there would have been a difficulty about the matter? As it is, everything is quite simple. Even a verdict of *felo de se*—if a jury could be got to find it—would not affect the disposition of his money.'

'I hope it has been so disposed, however, Mr Strelham, independently of this deed of gift, that he has made restitution?'

'Yes, yes; we need not talk about that now. I guessed, of course, that there was something wrong—it was about that *Lara mine*, was it not? That

money—every shilling of it—has all been paid, or is in course of payment.'

'I am most sincerely pleased to hear it,' said Jeff, with a sigh of relief. 'It must be owned that he did what he could at last to put himself right with his fellow-men.'

'Yes; and also to reward his friends,' remarked Mr Strelham with significance.

'Indeed,' answered Jeff indifferently. 'I was quite unacquainted with them; I knew nothing of his social relations.'

'I don't know that he ever had any, except with Mr Dalton, with whom it appears he has had disagreements. He has made over the whole of his property—something over fifty thousand pounds, I should say at a rough guess—to one Geoffrey Derwent.'

'Left it to me!' exclaimed Jeff, astounded.

'O yes; there is no mistake about that. I was to remind you that he said you would have no reason to repent having shaken hands with him. I don't shake hands myself in a general way—I don't think it professional; but if I had thought my late client was so gratified by the ceremony, I would never have omitted it.'

Jeff did not hear the pleasantry; his mind was occupied, not with his own accession to wealth, but with the difference of position in which it would place him as respected Kitty. Gratitude to the dead man, and gratitude also to Dalton, who had accepted him as his son-in-law without a penny, were contending in his heart. The former he could never repay; yet, strange to say, it affected him less of the two. It is the bane of the base that even their very gifts lack the savour of giving; moreover, it must be remembered that Holt, having no further use for his money, must needs have given it to somebody. Afterwards, when Jeff came to think upon the matter, he felt the dead man's generosity more keenly, and acknowledged it in heartier fashion; for the conviction was borne in upon him—and it was no doubt a just one—that this vast fortune, given to himself, was, in fact, only given to him in trust to Kitty, who, as Holt had reflected, might have refused to accept it more directly.

On calling at Dalton's lodgings the next morning he found that Mr Strelham had not exaggerated the completeness of his late client's settlement of all claims on his estate.

It appeared afterwards that throughout the progress of his funds as respected Dalton, he had kept the most accurate debtor and creditor account of matters, and was thus enabled to repay every shilling—both principal and interest—in which he was indebted to him.

'If he could cook accounts, it must be owned,' as Dalton observed afterwards, when the matter had grown familiar, 'he could also keep them.' He was indeed, in spite of a few grains of honest sentiment, a great financier, and admirably fitted to control the destinies of a joint-stock company or a foreign loan.

Kitty, I think, held another view of him, which—since he was dead and gone—almost took the form of tenderness. She understood the man, as regarded his affections, as only a woman could have done. She knew that when he had persecuted her most he had loved her as few men can love; and now that he had become a mere memory, and she could, as it were, afford to do so, she in a manner respected him.

Even Jenny in days to come had a certain qualified praise for Mr Holt, with whom she would frankly confess she 'had had no patience until he left dear Jeff all that money.' She thought there was more real good in him—if 'grit' be good—than in such fair-weather friends as the Skiptons had proved themselves to be. She deemed him 'worth a dozen' of such as Mrs Campden; but then, in Jenny's estimation, a dozen Mrs Campdens were, to use a phrase of the auction-room, a very 'cheap lot' indeed. He was a rogue, but at least he did not mingle his roguery with cant and 'gush' and protestations of 'eternal friendship.' These remarks, of course, are, however, like a Reuter's telegram, 'in anticipation of our usual advices.'

It may be easily imagined that as even Kitty's tender conscience had had little to urge against her union with Jeff as matters had stood, she saw no obstacle to her own happiness, now that the other claimant for her hand had removed himself from the field; while whatever 'people' might have 'said' had the wedding taken place under other circumstances, they had now nothing but congratulations to offer upon the union between two young persons, not only so obviously fitted for one another, but whose means were so proportionate. It was every way a most 'desirable' match; and was ever anything so 'funny' as that father-in-law and son-in-law should possess the same diamond mine (or something) in Golconda (or somewhere) together! The whole thing seemed so 'providential,' and as though it had been 'preordained,' as it were, you know.

Dalton went about saying the bitterest things against Society—and yet mixing in it almost as much as he had been wont to do. His smile was less genial, but his wit was even keener than of old. He was quite as much sought after as before, but not so well liked. It was complained of him by a great lady of fashion that Mr Dalton would say 'quite horrid things' at times; by which it may be presumed her ladyship meant the naked truth. The fact was Dalton was like a fish out of water among plain honest people, such as have no turn for epigram, who are content to keep their claret till the second day, and who use ready-made 'dressing' for their salads. He knew that there were other atmospheres purer and more wholesome, and was angry with himself because he could not live in them; or at least that they did not suit him. It is the fashion to say that adversity does us all good; but if it be so, John Dalton was an exception. His wife's death was a terrible loss to him. Doubtless such pure souls are well employed to whatever scenes of bliss they wing their flight; but to the post of guardian angel to her husband, which she had filled in this world to such perfection, there was no successor, and he missed her gracious influence sorely.

It must be said, however, to his credit, that notwithstanding her vacant chair at his fireside remained unoccupied, the sweet influences of home never lost their power over John Dalton.

After a sojourn at the seaside, which placed poor Jenny at as good a stand-point in regard to health as she had ever been, he took the family to the old home in London which their mother's memory had made so dear, and where a charming surprise awaited them. Every article of furniture that could be recovered from the purchasers at the sale was found there in its old place; and the same

welcome and familiar faces greeted them, from whom their father's Fallen Fortunes had at one time compelled him to part.

The mistress of all indeed was absent; but another member of the family was installed there *en permanence* in the person of Uncle Philip.

Society, with her fine perception of what is right, expressed herself as astonished and even 'pained' to perceive the landmarks of legitimacy thus ignored; but she was not absolutely 'outraged,' as she would have been had the *Quito* proved less remunerative. She contented herself with hinting that Mr Dalton had doubtless his reasons for so singular a proceeding; and that if everybody had their rights, perhaps it would be found that the case of Astor *versus* Dalton had been decided wrongfully. The report was, that Philip had his home and his income upon the understanding that he did not marry, whereby complications might arise to give employment to gentlemen of the long robe in the second generation. The rumour received this much corroboration, that Philip remained a bachelor.

Jeff carried away his bride from her new old home at midsummer, but settled so near it, that Jenny and she were scarcely more apart than when they lived under the same roof. Her baby brother continued to be her especial charge and idol long after she had children of her own; and when many years after he followed his brother Tony's example and became an Eton boy, he received every 'half' such hampers from Sister Kitty as put to shame even the liberal contributions from his own home.

On the other hand, Tony and Jenny are as fast friends as ever; and though the former took a creditable degree at Cambridge, he has been heard to say in the Society of Lincoln's Inn that all that now remains to him in the way of learning which is worth a shilling was taught him by his second sister.

The chief guest at Kitty's wedding was Dr Curzon; and I am afraid that the names of the company did not occupy a very long paragraph in the *Morning Post*. There were plenty of fine people who would have been glad to come, and I think Dalton would by that time have so far forgiven his fellow-creatures as to invite them; but Kitty said: 'No; if you please, papa; I would rather have only real friends at my wedding.'

It was very seldom she expressed herself with such decision, yet somehow her husband was guided by her in most things. 'She has a very light hand,' Dalton used to say, 'and Jeff has a tender mouth.' Above all things, Kitty had a horror of 'the City' and speculation of all kinds; and since it would never have done for Jeff to be idle, she sent him into parliament, where he was greatly liked. Though not distinguished for oratory, he spoke now and then sensibly enough; his opinion upon commercial matters had some weight—at all events in the smoking-room. It was generally supposed there that he had been in early life 'largely connected' with the City. Very few people know more of other people's early lives. Curiously enough, it was never whispered that he had been connected with literature. 'His good manners,' Dalton said, 'forbade the suspicion.'

Jenny made quite a success as an authoress; only her views were 'dreadfully advanced,' folks said, and her observations 'really, you know, so very severe.' However, she put her principles, whatever

they were, into practice, and aided with purse as well as pen every genuine scheme of philanthropy if it only kept itself clear of patrons. She did not like patronage even for other people, and as for herself it was dangerous to offer it. A benevolent duchess who met Jenny on a Board once attempted it with her, and is said to have been greatly discomfited. Dalton's version of his daughter's retort was that, shaking her curls and shewing her teeth at Her Grace like a Blenheim spaniel, she had said: 'Ma'am, don't patronise me, or I'll bite.'

I am afraid Jenny has never forgiven Society for its behaviour to her and hers, when they 'went under'; but on the other hand she does her best to help and comfort those who are in the same sad plight: for as to turning *her* back upon a friend—she would as soon think of enlisting in the Horse Guards. She was steadfast in all things, and from one resolution nothing moved her—namely, that she would never speak to Mrs Campden. But for her perhaps, some sort of reconciliation would have been patched up; as it was, the two families never renewed their former intimacy. Mrs Campden died in a few years of a cold, said the county paper, caught in distributing tracts to 'her poor people, by whom she was greatly revered'; but strange to say her loss brought Uncle George no nearer to his old friends the Daltons. He knew that they harboured a bad opinion of his Julia, and a certain chivalry of disposition forbade him to make advances to them.

In after-years indeed, Jeff and Kitty, with a whole tribe of pretty children, passed a summer month at Riverside; but the old geniality was wanting; Mr Campden felt there was a subject, sealed, between them, yet one to which it was difficult not to make allusion.

He knew his wife had behaved ill, of course; but he made excuses for her—such as we know nothing about. Women, as everybody knows, will cling to their husbands, be they ever such scoundrels; and men will cling—though not so often—to wives who are mean and base, and make allowances for them such as astound the looker-on.

Upon Jenny Dalton, it was generally imagined that the plough of Adversity had made deep furrows; while her sister had remained unscathed, or that the marks of that rude discipline had soon worn away. But I venture to think that judgment was a superficial one. Kitty, like her mother, was a favourite in society, but—like her—the roots of all her happiness lay deep down in the garden-ground of Home. She forgave the world; but in her heart she never forgot its sorry treatment: she was gracious in return for its civilities; but she knew their value, and was not to be (twice) deceived.

Strange to say, her father, as I have hinted, was much more easily reconciled to his fair-weather friends, though he would sometimes gird at them.

'My darling,' he once said to Kitty after a great reception at her house, and while he stood upon the hearth-rug, the last guest, previous to departure for the smoking-room of his club, 'you have had a charming evening, and all these people have made themselves agreeable—or tried to do it; but don't be deceived by appearances: you had three or four hundred "dear friends" here, but not half-a-dozen of them are really worth a button. You know we have tried it.'

'Well, papa, I think we should make allowances. People neglected us when we were poor,

no doubt; but no one—as a rule—acknowledges a claim which is founded only on sentiment; or if they do, they soon get weary of satisfying it. Then, again, it is easy to say: "If we had been in their place we should have acted very differently." Perhaps we should, indeed I know we should; but *they* didn't know it. I have no doubt excuses—such as appeared justifications—occurred to them very readily.'

'Nor I neither, my dear,' laughed Dalton. 'What I fear is, that, like your dear mother, you are so unsuspicious and so tender-hearted, that you take *au sérieux* (as poor Holt would have said) all these fine folk's professions. Now I believe that all the really good honest friends who would stand by one at a pinch can be counted upon the fingers of my two hands.'

'Then, my dear papa, you are still very credulous,' was Kitty's unexpected reply: 'it has long been my conviction that the fingers of *one* hand would be amply sufficient for the computation.'

THE END.

FLOWER-MISSION WORK.

FEW of the numerous kinds of charities so widely practised in this country can possess a greater charm or more pleasing an aspect for the mind of the philanthropist than does the newly imported idea of distributing beautiful and sweet-smelling flowers among the sick and infirm poor. Materially, this charity may not convey so favourable or substantial an impression as do other forms of properly directed benevolence; but there is, nevertheless, attaching to it a power of mental good not possessed by many other charities, and whose value is to be rated at a very high standard. In times of sickness, the mind just as much as the body is in need of a more refined and delicate kind of diet, its ordinary food requiring for the time being to be abandoned. And nothing could be more exactly suited for this particular species of mental food than flowers, which will help to soothe, cheer, or brighten the weary hours of the invalid. Good food and clothing, many will say, are the best forms of charity to shew to the poor when ill or infirm. This is, of course, very true so far; but then, may our benevolence not extend further than this? We think it may: by the aid of flowers.

How joyously and thankfully the products of garden or field are received by the sick poor is only known to those who have been much amongst them, and few have been more so than Miss Florence Nightingale. Let us therefore extract one of her *Notes on Nursing* bearing on the subject, and which merits much attention in connection with flower missions generally. She says: 'The effect in sickness of beautiful objects, of variety of objects, and especially of brilliancy of colour, is hardly at all appreciated by the general public. . . . I shall never forget the rapture of fever patients over a bunch of bright-coloured flowers. I remember (in my own case) a nosegay of wild-flowers being sent me, and from that moment recovery becoming more rapid. . . . I have mentioned the cruelty of letting a patient stare at a dead-wall. In many diseases, especially in convalescence from fever, that wall will appear to make all sorts of faces at him; now flowers never do this. Form, colour, will free

your patient from his painful ideas better than any argument. . . . People say the effect is only on the mind. It is no such thing. The effect is on the body too. Little as we know about the way in which we are affected by form, by colour, and by light, we do know this, that they have an actual physical effect.'

Not only, then, does this experienced authority corroborate our own views about the mental good derivable from flowers, but she also tells us and proves that they have a corporeal influence as well. With this in mind, then, we cannot too greatly laud the recently imported idea of establishing special institutions for distributing flowers among the sick and infirm poor; nor can we too strongly recommend their further development and extension. The restriction of the distribution to the 'sick and infirm' is only natural, as the healthy pauper is seldom in need of such gifts, since he has often far more opportunity of seeing and enjoying nature itself in all her original beauty and grandeur than many above him in the social scale. It is by the indoor or the bedridden pauper that any reminiscence or memorial of the country must be the most gratefully hailed.

To America is due the idea of Flower Missions; and its importation into this country is only of comparatively recent date. Although the idea has taken deeper root in the provinces, as is after all but natural, yet attempts to organise institutions of the kind in the metropolis have by no means been wanting, and it is to be regretted that those efforts have failed in the success they so much deserve. Of these attempts, the most successful and abiding, perhaps, is the 'Bible Flower Mission,' which has performed a very fair amount of good work in the East end of London, where its influence has been brought to bear upon many of the hardened and depraved characters of that rather rough and demoralised population. That the institution is the result of female enterprise says much for the courage, zeal, and perseverance of its lady-agents, who so readily penetrate one of the most uncouth and uncivilised parts of London in the interests of Christianity and of charity; and that their indefatigability evokes now and then some gleam of a better nature existing under a rugged exterior, is a reward the full value of which can only by them alone be measured.

But it is to the provinces that we must turn to get any reliable and useful information regarding the Flower-mission movement and its results. Missions for the propagation of this form of charity have been established with more or less success at Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Leeds; but to Hull belongs the honour, we believe, of first making the experiment, where the greatest fruits have occurred from the work; and it may be well here to remark, that in pursuing our observations on the subject in point, we think we cannot have a better system for our model of this good work than that carried on at Hull, although, of course, there can be little or no difference between any organisations of this kind.

One of the most important points in all Flower Missions is the necessity of making frequent appeals to the generosity of those richly or at all endowed with flower-gardens; and this is done through letters addressed to the newspapers of the locality, setting forth the object of the Mission. At Hull,

the first letter of this sort was published on the 5th April 1873, being a simple request for 'primroses and violets' and other spring flowers, made up into small posies for distribution among the sick, infirm, and aged poor; and the same day, we are told, a number of dainty little bouquets of spring flowers, arranged by the Principal and scholars of a ladies' school at Partington, arrived as the result. From that day the work grew with such rapidity as not even its most sanguine promoters had ventured to hope for, and is now in so thriving a condition as to enable a most satisfactory and pleasing record of the fruits thereof to be made in a recently issued Report of the 'Hull Flower Mission,' now before us, and for which, by the way, we may here acknowledge our indebtedness and thanks to Mr Walliker, the moving power and most indefatigable of the supporters of the institution.

The Report in question tells us that during the year 1875 were distributed 17,515 bunches of flowers; of lavender, 918; of wild grasses, 113; of wheat ears, &c. 1080; bags of grapes, 30; parcels of apples, pears, gooseberries, currants, &c. 51; plants in pots, 54; pots of crocuses in flower, 61; poppet-shows, &c. 70; leaf pictures, 29; two-ounce packets of tea or tobacco, 67; packets of hulk, 600: making the several distributions amount to a total of 20,594. In 1874 the distributions amounted to 14,322; and in 1873 to 8654: making the total during the whole period of the existence of the Hull Flower Mission, 43,570. These figures speak most favourably for the amount of work done by the Mission since its formation. Nor do they represent all that has been done for the sick and infirm poor in that town and its surrounding districts, for amongst a large number of special contributions that have been made, we notice such pleasing and useful articles as hanipers and sacks of fruits and vegetables, pots of musk, almanacs, text-cards, and many other pretty and suggestive gifts. In many hundreds of cases the flowers are accompanied by prettily illuminated cards, the work of ladies' deft fingers. In Edinburgh the blind poor received with their flowers text-cards, on which the letters were pricked out, so that they could read them by the sense of touch.

In Hull, supplies of flowers of all kinds arrive daily at the chief depot from the surrounding districts, being generally sent in baskets, which, when empty, are returned or called for; but some of the flowers arrive in specially constructed baskets, which are placed near railway stations for the convenience of those who cannot undertake the direct forwarding of them to the depot. The baskets are made of strong wicker-work, with wire trays inside, each bearing an enamelled plate lettered, 'Flowers for the Sick and Infirm Poor of Hull, from —;' the name of the place varying, of course, on each basket. The services of some one to co-operate in the work is secured at each station, who sees that the baskets are duly forwarded by rail on certain stated days. The system of collecting the 'village baskets' is worked in this manner: A resident in a village undertakes the charge of a 'basket,' which is supplied with two permanent labels attached—one addressed to the chief depot in Hull, the other bearing the address of the resident in the village. Printed cards, kept for the purpose, are then filled

up and addressed to all those who are likely to contribute to the 'basket,' and they are told where it is, and the day and hour it will be despatched. Flowers are received, and the basket forwarded, either by carrier, rail, or boat to the chief depot; and is returned again the same day, in order to be ready for the next despatch.

Arrived at the central depot, all the baskets are immediately unpacked, and those flowers which are quite fresh are sent out as soon as possible to the district visitors, about fifty in number, and others who undertake their final distribution; while those that are drooping are placed in the water-trays of the flower-stand (each tray having wire-net work over it) until their brightness and freshness have been restored. All flowers contributed to these baskets are acknowledged to the donors by post-card as well as being recorded in a book, the pages of which are ruled into columns for the entry of the date, name, address, and remarks. The object of this record is to shew how the flowers are disposed of, so that the number of distributions made in any one day, week, month, or year may with ease be ascertained, and thus a proper control and check be kept over the supplies.

The busiest part of the year for flower missions must naturally be between the months of April and October; and during this period the Hull society employs at weekly wages a boy, clad in uniform, to receive and unpack the flowers as they arrive, to place them in baskets provided for the purpose, and to deliver them at their respective addresses. It may also be worth mentioning that even out of the flower-season much good work may yet be done by the use of various kinds of leaves, hips, hawthorn berries, and the like. By any one of an ingenious and original turn of mind a variety of pretty and delightful devices can be executed with such material. Says Mr Walliker: 'Pots or pans with moist sand, over which grains of wheat are scattered, and in the centre of which one or more carrot tops (slices from the tops of carrots), covered by pretty moss, are placed—or, in the case of pots, in the centre of which moss-grown, lichened-covered branches of trees and sprays of arbor vitæ or other evergreens are placed, make lasting and pretty objects. Ivy twisted round the moss-covered branches, fastened thereon with wire, and planted in the damp sand, lasts long and is very effective.'

The question of money in connection with Flower Missions cannot be left out of consideration; but after all, the amount necessary to carry on an institution of the kind is not very great—it need not exceed twenty pounds annually. The Hull expenses are kept below this sum, and yet the work done by the Mission there, we have seen, is of no small measure or mean value; the chief items of expenditure are on account of carriage and collection of baskets, wages of boy-messenger, and correspondence.

In conclusion, without desiring further to enter into any argument in favour of Flower Missions, we may perhaps remark that the delight with which it is found donations of flowers are received by the poor is in itself a sufficiently cogent reason for urging the greater extension of the work throughout the country, while the moral influence gained by this means over the recipients adds more weight still to the recommendation. Many a 'God bless the people who sent them' is extracted by the distributions of flowers; and one poor old widow at

Hull was so gratified with a sweet posy given to her that she placed it in her window and refused the offer of sixpence for it by a gentleman whose notice and admiration it had attracted while passing, although it is known as a fact that she hardly knew what it was to taste a piece of meat; thus shewing in what measure flowers are valued by some poor people. If in this paper we have entered somewhat into detail as to the method of conducting Flower Missions generally, and of the Hull system in particular, we may be permitted to advance as a plea for so doing that we have been actuated by but one motive, namely, the desire to do all in our power to extend the flower-work as much as possible, and to awaken some spirit of emulation in those districts where the experiment has not yet been tried. With this object, and it alone in view, have we ventured to take up the pen in the cause of the sick and infirm and aged poor, that thereby some of those sad and weary hours which come to the most of us now and then during life's term, may to them in some degree be softened and modified by the sight of a garden, a field, or even a wayside flower. It would be especially pleasing if a Flower Institution of an extensive nature could be established in the metropolis of London on a permanent basis. We can only hope, however, that some day soon this may be really the case.

INDISCRIMINATE ACQUAINTANCES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'WHERE shall we go to, girls, this year? Most votes ought to decide it; and as your papa can't come with us for the whole time, he won't mind where we are.'

'To Scarborough!' we three girls exclaimed almost simultaneously in response to our mother's question.

'Why to Scarborough?' she asked, surprised at the unanimous desire; for though a very friendly trio, still sometimes we were not so united in our wishes.

'Because it's a delightful place,' replied Nora.

'And loads of people, and a band plays constantly,' added Emmy, the musical one of the family.

'And the bathing is delicious,' I chimed in.

'I thought of Aldborough,' said mamma musingly: 'it is a nice quiet place, I hear, and not half so expensive as Scarborough.'

'Aldborough!' echoed Emmy; 'of all places under the sun it is the dullest. Madge Pierrepont told us quite enough about Aldborough. O don't let us go there, mamma.'

Perhaps it was not unnatural that we should have united in making a stand for Scarborough, for we were all young. Nora, the eldest, was two-and-twenty; Emmy, a year younger; whilst I had only just arrived at the mature age of eighteen. We had two younger brothers at school, Jack and Edward, and one small sister of seven years old—the pet, plaything, and baby of the family—Rose by name. We had always lived in the country, and as yet, even Nora had been satisfied with the very limited gaieties our neighbourhood afforded. However, we had lately had our imaginations

considerably dazzled by the very vivid descriptions, drawn for our benefit, of the charms of the queen of watering-places, by a gay cousin who had favoured us with her society for a few weeks. She had found King's Court very endurable for the first few days, and been most charmed with what she called our Arcadian simplicity. The cows and the poultry-yard came in for a large share of admiration; and she almost envied us, she said, of our free country-life. We had each our own riding-horse, and a roomy basket-carriage with a couple of ponies of our own, in which we drove about most independently; in fact, no reasonable indulgence was denied us; and until the advent of Florence Ferrars, it had never occurred to us to dream of associating dullness with our dear old home.

'How you girls can stand it,' she said, when her own *ennui* had grown insupportable, 'I do not know. I should die of dullness if I lived here; and if my father was as rich as yours, I should be very sorry to put up with it.'

'But we aren't dull,' I ventured to say; 'we have always lots to do. Besides, when the boys come back, we have enough stir in the house.—Haven't we, Emmy?'

'Yes,' replied Emmy falteringly.

'The boys!' echoed Florence disdainfully. 'Really, Esme, you are a greater baby than I thought you were. Who cares about the boys?'

'Everybody in this house,' I answered somewhat viciously.

But Florence, taking no further notice of me, ignored their importance, and explained more glowingly than ever to Nora and Emmy the delight of a gay life, advising them, if they possibly could, as a first step, to induce mamma to select Scarborough when we started on our annual trip to the seaside.

I was fascinated myself with her account of it. Accordingly, when the question of where we should go to was mooted, the answer, as I have before said, was unanimous. The question of expense was not likely to be any barrier to the gratification of our wishes, as our father, whom I ought before to have introduced as Mr Haughton of King's Court, had a handsome fortune, and was the very last to deny us anything upon which we had set our hearts. He was the most indulgent of parents, next to our mother, who was equally yielding; but we fancied, perhaps really felt, that of the two in a question of right and wrong, he would be the firmer and most difficult to get round.

'He had sundry prejudices too—old-fashioned notions,' Florence Ferrars said, 'which now we were grown up we would do well to unroot and overcome.'

This last statement of hers surprised us all very much, for we had been accustomed to regard him as a veritable oracle of wisdom and knowledge; and the idea of our having to correct anything in him appeared truly absurd. However, experience has since shewn me how a bad influence can corrupt and undermine the very purest feelings; so now I am not so surprised that Florence's words were not without the weight she intended them to have.

Owing no doubt to Florence's hints, we by common consent refrained from entering into any detailed list of our reasons for so much preferring Scarborough, when the question arose before our father. He made no objection, only telling us that

we must take care of ourselves for a few weeks there, as he could not, owing to some tiresome county business, accompany us.

In due time, arrangements were made for our occupying a very nice house upon the esplanade; and when everything was fairly fixed, Nora wrote to Florence, and told her how joyfully we were anticipating becoming personally acquainted with the gaieties she had described. An answer came back with greater rapidity than Florence's epistles usually appeared; but she could not help writing to say how glad she was that at last we were to be allowed to have some fun (so she termed it); and she only wished she could share it with us, she did so long for a change; for she was staying just then with an elderly aunt, who did not enter very cordially into the general tone of Florence's conversations.

Poor Florence! We all began to pity her. It was very hard for her to have to be shut up with Aunt Emily; and by degrees we came to the conclusion that we could not do better than advise our mother to ask her to join us at the seaside. She would be invaluable at Scarborough, particularly as she knew the place, and would be able to help us in a hundred ways, for we were thorough country girls. Hitherto, we had been perfectly satisfied with our holland dresses and shady wide-brimmed hats; but we should require to be more in the fashion now; and our mother, who had married when very young, and whose life had been a singularly retired one, was nearly as innocent and unsophisticated as we were ourselves. So Florence, in virtue of her experience and cleverness, would be bestowing quite a favour if she would consent to come; and having easily obtained leave to invite her, Nora despatched a pressing invitation; which, as may be imagined, was promptly accepted.

Florence was a very pretty girl. No one ever dreamt of denying her claims to beauty, whilst her manner was one of the most fascinating I ever encountered. She was one of those girls who manage to look well, no matter what they may wear—everything seemed to suit her; and when she appeared, the first morning after our arrival, exquisitely dressed in a combination of brown velvet and silk, with a Gainsborough hat to correspond, we involuntarily gazed at our own simple dresses in absolute dismay.

'Where are you going to, Florence?' asked our mother, scared herself at the grandeur.

'Going?' echoed Florence. 'Why, to the Spa.'

'I should have thought you were going to some *fête*,' rejoined mamma.

'O no,' laughed Florence; 'everybody dresses decently here.'

We three, who were clad in such different style, involuntarily looked at each other; and then Emmy, who felt the most aggrieved, said: 'We can't go out, then, like this, mamma. We must get proper things.'

'You look very nice, Emmy,' answered our mother. 'Don't be dissatisfied. Nora and Esme are not complaining.'

'It's a shame,' said Florence, when, under her escort, we entered the gardens and made our way down to the promenade. 'One would think you were nursery-maids, instead of the rich Misses Haughton of King's Court.'

'Do we look odd?' asked Nora, flushing almost

painfully, but as it died away, looking the personification, in my opinion, of fairy-like prettiness; for Nora was really far beyond Florence in good looks, though she had not her wonderfully bewitching manner.

'Rather like young women from the country,' laughed Florence; 'but never mind, we must coax Aunt Haughton down into the town, and make her open her purse-strings.'

Was it because we were such objects that so many people looked at us when we got down to where the band was playing, and began to mingle with the crowds who were walking about? We concluded that it was, and after some persuasion, got Florence, who did not care to be stationary, to sit down. Rose and her maid presently joined us; so we made quite a large party. We had to find an unoccupied seat, if we were all to sit down; so we wandered along in quest, until we saw one upon which a solitary gentleman was seated.

'That will do,' said Florence: 'we can all sit here;' and she stopped, making a pretty gesture of marshalling us to our places. 'Nora, darling, you sit by me.—Oh, thank you so much.' This latter sentence addressed to the occupant of the seat, who moved towards the end in order to accommodate us.

I never could understand Florence's accessions of sudden affection for us when we were within hearing of other people; but I always noticed that we became very precious to her if there was the slightest chance of her endearments being overheard. On this occasion we were all very high up in her good graces; even Rose, whose existence she had hitherto hardly noticed, was graciously pressed to seat herself on the unappropriated side, which chanced to be next to the gentleman. The latter remained for some time apparently wrapped up in the perusal of his newspaper, which he had been reading when we came up to the seat; but at last he got up and moved slowly away.

'What a handsome man!' exclaimed Florence. 'I wonder who he is? But we can easily find out, as he is sure to be staying at one of the hotels. We shall very likely get to know him.'

'How?' asked Emmy, with innocent wonder.

'Oh, if we go to any of the balls,' answered Florence. 'He has probably come here to recruit, and will stay for some time. He's an officer; you can see that at a glance.'

'Are officers so different from other men?' I asked, rather interested in Florence's certainty with regard to the stranger.

'Yes; of course they are. There's a look—oh! something I can't exactly explain, but unmistakable,' pronounced Florence.

'You had better not propose our going to any dances until papa comes,' put in Nora gently. 'Mamma would not like it; and you know we could not go without him.'

'Nonsense, Nora. If there's going to be a good ball, I'm going—so are you. If Mrs Devereux is here, she will take us; and I am sure she must be the very Mrs Devereux whose name I saw in the list of people at the *Crown*. She will take us everywhere, if Aunt Haughton doesn't like to go.'

'Mamma would never let us go without her,' I said in a very positive tone; 'not if we asked a thousand times over; I know she wouldn't.'

'Well, perhaps she is right to keep you babies as long as possible,' returned Florence airily. 'You

certainly are sweet babes, so obedient!—Rose, my darling child, do try to sit still.' The stranger was passing by as she spoke, and cast as he did so what I thought was a very cool stare at us.

I did not like him even then, though I could not deny that he was a very good-looking man: it was only the *tout ensemble* that struck me as being very gentlemanlike; but the large dark eyes had an expression in them, whether it was boldness or what I could not have defined: it was one I shrank from, though they rested but a second upon me; the longer look fell upon Nora, our pretty sister, and, to my surprise, I noticed that she was blushing.

He walked slowly past us several times; and it was only when she saw him ascending the steps leading upwards towards the esplanade that Florence would hear of our moving homewards.

I suppose it was some instinct that prevented us from giving our mother any suspicion of Florence's true character, for we by common consent refrained from the slightest hint that her conversation was upon topics which we felt sure would not be approved of. Little did we know what her companionship was to end in, or else we would have paused before we were so reticent. Paused, did I say? I think I would almost have died sooner than what did happen should ever have come to pass, for she was the cause of it.

Days flew by, bright lovely sunny days, and at last the name of the stranger, who still lingered, was discovered, by Florence of course, to be Gerald Gore; a Colonel, an Honourable, and what was still more satisfactory to her, a most eligible *parti*. Mrs Devereux, who, as Florence had hoped, was staying at one of the hotels, had made his acquaintance at the *table-d'hôte*. He had satisfactorily explained who he was. His regiment was in India; and he was sojourning—as Florence had so quickly guessed—at Scarborough solely for the benefit of his health, which his residence abroad had somewhat impaired. Through Mrs Devereux's good offices, an introduction to Florence and, as a natural sequence, to ourselves followed.

Mrs Devereux was a pretty but rather *passée* widow, who made up for her 'lone lorn' condition by going wherever she thought the most amusement was to be found. She was well off, so could afford to gratify her gay inclinations; and she flitted about here, there, and everywhere, as brainless and heartless a little butterfly as could well be imagined. She was charmed to meet her dearest Florence, still more apparently enchanted to make our acquaintance; and she greeted our mother in such a gushing, bewilderingly effusive manner that one would have supposed they had formerly been old friends, instead of total strangers up to that time. She was most lavish in her offers to chaperone and take care of us: it would be such a pleasure to her; she would be so proud of the charge of the Misses Haughton; and I could distinguish most audible encomiums on our good looks, which, of course, we were supposed not to hear. Nora was lovely, a regular *Croix*, a picture, a study; her every movement was so graceful, so elegant. Emmy and I had to be satisfied with less rapturous praise: we were *distinguées*; and a likeness was found between myself and a celebrated Magdalen by Guido which she had almost worshipped at Venice.

'She is a humbug, Emmy,' I said, as we two

stood on the balcony of the drawing-room windows catching words here and there of her discourse.

'I think so too,' said Emmy.

But mamma and Nora were greatly delighted with her; both were so innocent and unsuspecting themselves, that it never occurred to them to doubt the sincerity of Florence's friend. So it came to pass that Mrs Devereux, Nora, and Florence were constantly together; and never were the trio to be seen except under the escort of Colonel the Honourable Gerald Gore. I fancy now, when I look back calmly, that Florence must have appropriated his attentions as intended for herself; she was so highly pleased and pleasant all the time, and so anxious to learn everything with regard to the connections and prospects of that individual. All she found out was in his favour, as by the Peerage—which, of course, was immediately consulted—he was described as the Honourable Gerald Gore, eldest son of Lord Raymond, and heir to Raymond Castle, Gore Place, with a town residence in Portman Square, &c. He must be enormously rich—he could load her with diamonds, no doubt; and she might have her opera-box and countless other delightful indulgences which she had hitherto been denied.

Florence doubtless wove many a rosy romance; but the dark eyes of the Honourable Gerald had fallen not upon her, but upon our pretty sister Nora; and alas! before poor innocent unsophisticated Nora knew it herself, she had bestowed upon him the first affections of her young and innocent heart. I am sure I knew she loved him before she knew it herself; for I had nothing to do but to look on, and being of an observant nature, I noticed many trifling circumstances which probably the most of people would have overlooked altogether. I think mamma was becoming rather uneasy at the growing intimacy; for it was with evident trepidation she announced to us one morning that our father intended joining us the next day. Perhaps she felt she had been rather imprudent even as regarded Mrs Devereux, but more particularly the colonel. Perhaps it was because she knew that our father would object to our being on such friendly terms with a man who was a stranger to him. Whatever it was, a silence fell upon us when his letter was read—ominously prophetic of the dark cloud that was coming.

There was a grand gala in the gardens that evening, and we were all going; even Rose was to be allowed to sit up to see the illuminations and to witness all sorts of wonderful floating balloons, which as yet she had only heard of but never seen. Mrs Devereux appeared attired in a most bewitching toilette, Florence in another, whilst we were wonderfully smart in white piqué dresses trimmed with red braid, and pretty white hats to correspond. As usual, Colonel Gore loomed in the distance, and presently joined us, falling behind after a time, as if accidentally, with Nora; however, Rose kept closely by the side of the latter, and as the crowd stopped our progress, I heard the child say: 'Papa is to be here to-morrow.'

'Is he?' inquired Colonel Gore, evidently addressing Nora. 'Is he really coming?'

Nora's reply was lost to me in the rapid rush of an ascending rocket, for darkness was just beginning to come on, and the fireworks began in earnest. We got separated in the end, and I kept looking vainly for them. At last, when I

least expected it, I was suddenly arrested by hearing a low but distinct voice close by me saying in most impassioned accents: 'My own darling, you will!'

Turning rapidly round, I beheld Nora, flushed and I thought tearful; whilst over her was bending the handsome head of Gerald Gore! I was speechless and thunderstruck. It seemed to me to be the greatest audacity on his part to dare to address such words to my sister; but she did not apparently resent them, nor did she, strange to say, appear to suspect that I had overheard them.

The rosy transformations, the blazing representations, the myriad showers of softly falling golden many-coloured changing stars were lost upon me; through the whirling wheels and the whizzing rockets I seemed only to hear one voice whispering: 'My own darling, you will!'

What would Nora tell me when we got home? What were we all to hear? for that there was a confession to be made to us was as certain in my mind as it was that Colonel Gore had confessed his affection to Nora's self.

I waited when we did get home, so sure, so certain she would speak; but not a word came. She was silent, and paler than usual; whilst Florence's fair face was darkened with a very palpable frown; she was evidently aware that Raymond Castle, Gore Place, and Portman Square were dying into distance as far as her interest in them went, to say nothing of the diamonds and the opera-box.

After a time, Nora slipped quietly out of the room, and I lost no time in following her.

'Nora,' I said, 'Nora, dearest, I know!'

'Know what?' asked Nora, as she turned her face away from me, and pretended to be busily engaged in undoing her fair tresses.

'I heard—O Nora, you know what I heard this evening in the gardens!'

'I don't,' she answered slowly.

'O Nora!' was all I could say, very reproachfully, waiting in silence afterwards, hoping she might tell me of her own accord what it was evident I had not been intended to hear; but I waited in vain; she would not tell me; and the next day papa arrived.

'Who is he? Where does he come from? What is he doing here? How did you make his acquaintance?' were a few of the questions he asked when he first heard of our friend Colonel Gore.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

HIS FUNCTIONS AND DIGNITIES.

THE Lord Mayor is, so to speak, king of the City, a king who sorely puzzles foreigners. They see him and his queen or lady driving about in equipages far more sumptuous than those of royal Victoria; they hear him called 'My Lord;' they know that the greatest potentates of the earth dine at his table; and yet they find that, after a brief reign of twelve months, he quietly and cheerfully resumes his occupation of cattle-salesman, grease-manufacturer, typefounder, or drysalter.

The chief magistrate of the City of London was at one time called the *portgrave*, *portgreve*, or *portreeve*; afterwards *justiciar*. Then he became *mayor*, appointed by the crown, and removable at

pleasure; then mayor elected annually by the citizens; and at last *Lord Mayor*. Some notable men figure in the list of Mayors during six or seven centuries—Sir William Walworth, who so resolutely grappled with the rebel Wat Tyler; Sir Richard Whittington, every schoolboy's Dick Whittington; William Beckford, better known as father of the Beckford who wrote *Vathek* and built Fonthill Abbey; John Wilkes, the famous Radical who troubled the government of George III. so sorely; Francis Child and Richard Hoare, the great Fleet Street bankers; and many others. Most of them have been commercial men; but the first, Henry Fitz-Elwyne, was possibly a courtier, for he held the office twenty-four years. According to the system afterwards introduced and still maintained, an annual election must take place; but the same person may be re-elected. A few, like Whittington, have thrice filled the mayoralty; and a very few (more than five centuries ago) have filled it four, five, or even six times. Some provincial corporations have much exceeded these limits, having re-elected one mayor as many as eleven times; while one particular Irish corporation has gone so far as twenty-three re-elections. Noblemen have not, so far as the list shews, been mayors or Lord Mayors of London; whereas two Cecils have been Mayors of Stamford, a Stanley Mayor of 'proud Preston,' a son of one peer Lord Mayor of Dublin, and a son of another peer Mayor of Drogheda. Londonderry in bygone times thought fit to make one particular clergyman its Mayor five years in succession.

A knotty point it has been to determine whether these civic dignitaries are 'Worshipful,' 'Most Worshipful,' 'Honourable,' or 'Right Honourable'; and we are not certain that the problem is solved even yet. The Lord Mayor of London is summoned to the royal palace to sign his name to the proclamation of the accession of a new sovereign; and this has been deemed a justification for awarding to him the Privy Councillor's title of 'Right Honourable.' Mr Mayor is jealous of his dignity in all provincial corporations; he claims precedence over the sheriff of the town, and over the high-sheriff of the county in all matters relating to the town. But the Lord Mayor of London is a very big man indeed; not only does he take precedence of all the subjects of the crown within the City, but even of the princes of the blood-royal. A notable instance of this took place in 1806, when, at the funeral of Lord Nelson, three of the king's sons—Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Duke of Clarence—went in the procession; the Lord Mayor claimed and established his right to take precedence of them as soon as they had entered the City through Temple Bar. Two other cities share with London the honour of having a 'Lord' Mayor, namely York and Dublin. In one particular York is more distinguished than the other two cities; for its Lady Mayoress is entitled, if she likes to claim it, to call herself 'Lady' So-and-so for the rest of her life, whether her husband

has been knighted or not. Many, it is said, have exercised this right, which York has embodied in an old rhyme:

The Mayor is a Lord for a year and a day;
But his wife is a Lady for ever and aye.

The Mayoress in some towns has a silver cradle presented to her if she adds a new arrow to the family quiver during her husband's year of office. This ceremony has taken place at York, Liverpool, Accrington, and possibly some other provincial towns. The lady of Mr Alderman Copeland had one of these delicate testimonials presented to her in 1855, when her husband was Lord Mayor of London.

Of course the chief magistrate of our great City is a well-known City-man before he becomes Lord Mayor; and this leads us to say a little concerning his selection and election. The basis of the population of the City of London, so far as concerns corporate influence, is the *freemen*. This body consisted formerly only of the members of the great Companies or guilds; but other modes of obtaining the freedom are now available. The *livery* or *liverymen*, a select body of the freemen, are the principal members of the several Companies. Starting from the mediæval times, when court officials wore the livery or uniform of their sovereign, the baron's retainers the livery of their chief, the cavalier the livery of his lady-love, the confessors and penitents the livery of the Church—starting from this origin, a livery, badge, or distinctive garment of outer clothing was adopted by the City Companies, at one time nearly a hundred in number; and in the early days of the Lord Mayor's show the livery of these Companies made a very gay appearance. As at present arranged, the City is divided into twenty-six wards, each of which is subdivided into precincts. The liverymen collectively form the *Common Hall*. The *Common Council* consists of somewhat over two hundred members, elected by freemen-householders out of their own body, so many for each ward. It constitutes virtually the House of Commons of the City, and has a very influential voice in all corporation affairs. The *Aldermen* are elected for life, in all except a single instance one for each ward, and exercise both corporate and judicial functions. The Lord Mayor and the two sheriffs are elected for one year only. The Lord Mayor must necessarily have been, and be at the time of election, an alderman. We need not go into any detail here concerning the duties of aldermen and sheriffs; suffice it to say that they are mostly of a magisterial character, dealing with offences and offenders against the law.

Let us state a little more precisely the mode in which the Lord Mayor is selected for honour. On the 29th of September every year, Michaelmas or St Michael's Day, the liverymen of the several companies meet in Common Hall. The Crier reads out a list of aldermen, omitting those who have not been sheriffs, and those who have in some former year filled the office of Lord Mayor

or have 'passed the chair.' Generally speaking, there are about eight or ten aldermen eligible. Usually the first two in seniority of aldermanship are selected; for it is seldom that a really contested election takes place. In case the decision is not unanimous by show of hands, a poll is demanded, and the result of the polling is announced seven days afterwards. The two approved names are then officially announced by the Common Sergeant to the Court of Aldermen; and this court decides which of the two to select. Here again seniority is so much the rule that the citizens know pretty well beforehand who will be Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. For example, on Michaelmas Day last year, the liverymen in Common Hall selected the two senior aldermen who had not 'passed the chair,' and then the Court of Aldermen decided on the senior of these two, Alderman Cotton. On subsequent dates, ending with the eventful 9th of November, the new Lord Mayor takes certain oaths in presence of the outgoing Mayor and the aldermen, attends the Lord Chancellor to obtain the gracious approval of the Crown for the choice which the citizens have made, and attends in the Court of Exchequer to be sworn in by the barons of that court. To go to Westminster for this swearing-in is the real purport of what is known to all Londoners as the Lord Mayor's Show, a ceremonious formality still kept up, although its real meaning has departed. After the Norman Conquest, the chief municipal officers were persons appointed by the king to collect from the citizens whatever taxes he chose to impose; and even when the citizens obtained the right of electing those officers, the latter were still bound to render account to the king of moneys due to or claimed by him from the corporation. The Lord Mayor has still, centuries afterwards, to satisfy the King's (or Queen's) Barons of the Exchequer that he is 'a fit and proper man' to undertake this financial responsibility.

The Lord Mayor, though never before so hard worked as he is now (a point we shall notice presently), was in the turbulent days of the Plantagenets and the Roses a much more daring public character. Again and again he confronted the sovereign for the time being, demanding and generally obtaining a restitution of civic privileges which had been imperilled. At one time he joined the feudal barons against the king, at another the king against the barons, according to the varying exigencies of troubled politics. Often the City Companies and he had a struggle as to which should exercise control over disobedient members of the several crafts. As the Lord Mayor's City of London was topographically situated between the king's Tower of London and the king's palace at Westminster, the civic dignitary had sometimes to be consulted before a state criminal could be conveyed to the Tower; and once now and then the citizens saw the Mayor himself escorted by armed men to that stronghold. All things considered, it may be stated that the Lord Mayor of London has for five centuries been an upholder of civil and religious liberty.

Is there any living man in the City of London who works harder than the Lord Mayor? We may almost venture to answer this question in the negative, after learning something of the daily routine. Not of course muscular labour, nor the

plodding brain-work of the counting-house; but an almost unceasing train of duties in which his official good name is concerned.

First come the strictly corporate functions, distinct from those connected with the administration of justice. The Lord Mayor presides at the sittings of the Court of Aldermen both in that court and in the Lord Mayor's court. He presides similarly over the Court of Common Council and the Common Hall, though with an occasional deputy or substitute. He is chief conservator of the Thames. He attends the Commission of Sewers, and various committees for municipal purposes. He is in repeated communication with the government on matters relating to the special rights and privileges of the City, which are greater than those of any other municipality in the kingdom. He has to sign affidavits to certain notarial documents, and to attend to a number of minor duties gradually learned after the showy pageant which inaugurates his year of office.

Next we have a list of his duties in a judicial and magisterial capacity—much more exacting of time and attention than the municipal functions just mentioned. He is a judge of the Central Criminal Court; a judge of the London Sessions held in Guildhall; a justice of the peace for Southwark; a judge of the Court of Hustings. He is escheator in London and Southwark (an occasionally exercised function bearing relation to the fee-simple of estates). And he is a police magistrate at the Mansion-house; an office that occupies more of his time, perhaps, than any other one of his duties.

Even all this is far from exhausting the list. The Lord Mayor is expected to lead off the establishment of subscriptions for the relief of all kinds of extensive sufferings in all parts of the world—floods, earthquakes, shipwrecks, conflagrations, colliery disasters, famines, war-miseries, &c., and to be the custodian of 'Mansion-house Funds' for such purposes. He is expected to preside at public meetings of the citizens in Guildhall. He is one among a select body of dignitaries who attend (as we have already mentioned) the first meeting of the Privy Council after the accession of a new sovereign. He is Chief Butler at the coronation (not a very arduous office, however, and amply remunerated in the form of a golden cup as a fee). He is a governor of Christ's Hospital, a governor of King's College, a trustee of St Paul's School, and governor or trustee of a larger number of other public institutions than we can count. If an Emperor, a Czar, a Shah, or a Sultan visits England, the Lord Mayor is expected to enact the part of host when the illustrious foreigner condescends (if it is a condescension) to enter within the City precincts.

It has been said that the excessive feasting going on in the City, as if eating were the chief employment of corporations and guilds, 'have turned aside public attention, not only from the business capacities of the chief officers, but also from the real nature of the institutions themselves.' And in relation to the almost continuous labours of the Lord Mayor, 'we are not aware how the mere enumeration of such an overwhelming amount of business may affect the fancy of the sportive wits who amuse themselves at the expense of the office and the officer; but we do know that the latter need desire no better revenge than to be

allowed to catch one of these said gentlemen, and place him in the civic chair for a single week.

The Lord Mayor's working day begins earlier than that of most merchants or City men. He has to read a vast number of letters on a great variety of subjects—soliciting office, asking for advice, appealing for his patronage of charities, begging him to open bazaars and exhibitions, soliciting his services in laying the first stones of public buildings or unveiling public statues, &c. His secretary sifts all the letters first, to separate the chaff from the wheat; but still the replies to be sent are very numerous. Then, in the regular business of the day, he signs receipts for City dues, hears applications, grants warrants, &c. About noon he enters the justice-room, robed and headed by his mace-bearer; and there he is generally engaged three or four hours. At various hours on various days his Lordship attends to other duties which we have enumerated above; and altogether he is said to sign his name about a thousand times every week.

The Lord Mayor, in reward for these labours, has—if not

The divinity that doth hedge a king—

at least a certain heaven of regal dignity. He has his sword-bearer, his sergeant-at-arms, his sergeant-carver, his sergeants of the chamber, his esquires, his crier—altogether about twenty members of the household (shall we say 'courtiers'?), who are entitled to be called 'Esquire.' He has a splendid retinue of domestics, and 'maintains three tables daily' at the Mansion-house. The kitchen of that structure has the accessories for cooking the banquets given in the superb Egyptian Hall. The plate chamber, guarded day and night, contains gold and silver plate of great value; this belongs to the corporation, and is only lent to the Lord Mayor, who signs a bond recognising his responsibility for its due preservation. The more rare and expensive banquets at Guildhall are given by the corporation collectively; but the more frequent hospitalities at the Mansion-house are at the option of the Lord Mayor. Option, however, is scarcely the word to employ; he is expected to keep almost 'open house;' and if he does not, he leaves behind him a reputation for shabbiness. Wards, companies, cabinet ministers, judges, bishops, members of the liberal professions, all are invited in turn; and a Mansion-house dinner is a dinner even in the estimation of gastronomic *dilettanti*. The Lady Mayoress, too, gives many balls and assemblies in the course of the year, at which the wives and daughters of wealthy citizens blaze in their jewels like court ladies at the west end. The Lord Mayor has robes for different occasions—black silk, violet silk, scarlet cloth, and crimson velvet. He has also swords for different ceremonies—the common sword, the Sunday sword, the black sword, and the pearl sword. His gorgeous mace, more than five feet high, was a present from royalty.

Of course all this costs a great deal of money; and occasionally an alderman is said to shun the mayoralty on this ground. Although the regular salary is ten thousand a year, with something more in fees, the total outlay generally reaches twenty or twenty-five thousand pounds—the surplus coming out of his Lordship's private purse. The expenses of Lord Mayor's Day (generally over three thousand pounds) are borne half by his Lordship and half by the sheriffs; but the banquetings at

the Mansion-house are paid for out of his purse. He provides the horses for the state coach, the sumptuous liveries, and the state carriage and horses for the Lady Mayoress.

About the grand doings on the 9th of November, we shall see in another article.

CONJURERS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE disappearance of persons from a closed cabinet, and their immediate reappearance in some wholly unexpected quarter; the tying up of men with ropes in a very stringent and complicated way, and the speedy loosening by some agency neither visible nor easily comprehensible; the raising of a table in the air on the tips of the fingers; the causing of a walking-stick to strut about the stage as if a human hand held it; the floating of a human figure in mid-air; the disappearance of a man from a strongly corded box only just large enough to contain him; the entrance of a man into a box covered with canvas and well corded—all these and many other feats performed by the best of our conjurers either imitate and equal the achievements of spiritualists, or excel them without any imitation at all. How the things are done, it is not here to surmise; any one may guess at pleasure; of course it is not the province of the exhibitor, who lives honestly by an exercise of his practice, patience, and skill, to tell us which of our guesses are right and which wrong. Messrs Maskelyne and Cooke's performances at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, the chief of the kind that have been witnessed in England in recent years, are especially rich in these puzzlements; one guess upsets another, and the real clue can rarely be detected. But all is honestly represented as being what it really is—conjuring, or more majestically expressed, experiments based on the known properties of matter and the known principles of science, without any appeal to spiritual or supernatural influences. It is a great blot upon spiritualistic performances, even if all else were trustworthy, that so many of them are carried on in the dark, or in a light so dim that a spectator cannot rely on the accuracy of his vision. Why cannot the 'spirits' honestly come out into broad daylight? Why use a dark closet for the rope-trick (originally an invention by the spiritualists) instead of a lighted stage? If flowers can be made to grow at the command of a 'spirit,' why not by full daylight and on an open table? If guitars are played by invisible fingers under a table, or people's legs pinched by a tricky spirit under the shield of an overhanging table-cover, why not openly with full daylight pouring in at the windows? Let the honest spiritualists separate themselves from the crafty and fraudulent by doing in open day (if they can) what the latter only do in darkness or semi-darkness.

We have spoken above of 'the floating of a human figure in mid-air.' This, we may here add, forms a part of Mr Maskelyne's display of wonders. The exhibitors speak positively of 'Mr Maskelyne's undoubted ascent into the tropical heat of the dome [presumably the arched ceiling of the exhibition-room], and descent therefrom.' The room is so much darkened, admitting only a narrow belt of very bright light, that spectators are not certain of

much more than that *something* floats above their heads; whether that something is substantial or optical, a reflected image of Mr Maskelyne, or the veritable man himself; and, if the latter, how he gets there—are knotty questions. Mr Pepper's (ghost) ingenuities have shewn what extraordinary results may be obtained by a combination of reflected and transmitted light.

In the exhibitions of celebrated automata, such as M. Camus's miniature coach, Vaucanson's flute-player, and Maelzel's trumpeter, there was no pretence; even Vaucanson's duck which dabbled in the water, swam, drank, quacked, made the peculiar movements of a duck, raised and moved its wings, dressed its feathers with its bill, extended its neck, took barley from the hand, swallowed it, made the proper movements of the muscles of the neck while so doing, and (apparently) digested the food, was, like most other automata, honestly put forward as a specimen of exquisite mechanism capable of imitating the movements of an organised being. No nonsense about unseen intelligences or spirit mediums; no necessity for doing in semi-darkness that which was well accomplished in full light. The same may be said of *speaking-machines*, a few examples of which have been witnessed and heard in England. The elaboration of pipes, vibrating tongues, valves, keys, &c. was considerable; but there was no concealment of the fact that a human performer was concerned the whole of the time, pressing down finger-keys or studs which put the sound-producing mechanism into action. The thing was admired for its real merits, without a halo of falsity to enhance its attractions. As to the *Automaton Chess-player*, once so famous, and still occasionally imitated, it was something of a cheat; for a man was concealed within the apparatus, the wheel-work being a mere blind. See *Journal*, No. 632.

And now we come to Messrs Maskelyne and Cooke's Automaton Whist-player, rejoicing in the name of *Psycho*; which for a year or two has been an insoluble puzzle to Londoners and visitors to London. If thinking be necessary in any game, it is assuredly necessary in whist; and *Psycho* meets fairly good players on equal terms. If mechanism does not think, and if no 'spirits' guide the movements of *Psycho*, there must be a human confederate; and this question of confederacy is as great a mystery as anything else. What we are told of the origin of *Psycho* is as follows. Mr John Algernon Clarke had long meditated on a scheme for the construction of a machine for playing at cards; he communicated his idea in 1873 to Mr Maskelyne, whose practical acquaintance with watch and clock mechanism had made him well familiar with the action of wheel-work, &c. Two years were spent in elaborating the details; and early in 1875 *Psycho* was added to the list of amusing wonders exhibited by Messrs Maskelyne and Cooke in the metropolis.

The *Psycho* arrangement is as follows: A figure, considerably less than adult size, and dressed in oriental garb, sits cross-legged on an oblong box about two feet long, eighteen inches wide, and fifteen high. The crown of the head reaches about two feet and a half above the box on which the figure is seated. The box and figure together, are quite portable, detached from everything else, and carried about with ease. On the stage or floor of the

room is placed (not as a fixture) a low broad stool; on this is placed, upright, a hollow glass cylinder about eighteen inches high by ten in diameter; and on the cylinder is placed the box supporting *Psycho*. The stool, cylinder, and bottom of the box are turned up and about, and shewn separately to the audience before the performance begins; while small windows in the side of the box and figure give a peep into the inside. There is no doubt that the smallest of Tom Thumbs would fail to find sitting or crouching room within; and on all sides the idea is given up that there is any living person within the machine; a repetition of the trick of Kempelen's 'automaton' chess-player—in the interior of which, as we have said, was concealed a human being—certainly does not occur here, whatever may be the nature of the real mystery. The box and figure are free from contact with anything behind, such as a scene or a screen, as any of the spectators may approach and walk round them. They are free from overhead connection, as a stick is passed horizontally over the head of *Psycho*. They are free from side connections, as the audience can see clearly past the right and left sides of them. Lastly, they are free from connection with the floor underneath, except through the medium of the transparent glass cylinder on which the box rests, and which is open at both ends. Rarely has an exhibited figure made so near an approach to complete isolation as this. *Psycho*'s right arm, in a sleeve of oriental cut, has a power both of vertical and horizontal motion.

Next for the stage arrangements connected with the playing of a game at whist. A table is placed somewhat in front, but on one side of *Psycho*, with chairs for three persons. Three visitors are invited to come upon the stage. There is every reason to believe that collusion has no place here; whether the persons are known one to another, or to Mr Maskelyne, or are strangers who happen to be present on that occasion, the proceedings are just the same, the only condition being that all three shall have a fair knowledge of whist. An open space of five or six feet is left between *Psycho* and the table, and Mr Maskelyne is generally somewhere within this space. A pack of cards is placed on the table, and the players cut for partners, Mr Maskelyne cutting as deputy for *Psycho*. The three players sit down, *Psycho*'s partner opposite to him, and two of them cut for deal. The cards are then shuffled, finally cut, and dealt, just as in ordinary whist-play. Mr Maskelyne takes (backs uppermost) *Psycho*'s thirteen cards, and inserts them one by one in a quadrantal rack or frame in front of the figure; the bottom edge of each card being held in a groove, the rest of the card standing up freely, with its face towards *Psycho*. The play begins. Mr Maskelyne announces audibly the name of the card put down by each player. When it is *Psycho*'s turn to play, the figure raises its right arm, and passes the hand gently along the tops of the cards; the hand stops over some one particular card, the finger and thumb clasp it, pull it out of the rack, and *Psycho* holds up the face of the card towards the audience. During this time Mr Maskelyne is at least a yard distant, and does not touch any part of the figure, the box, the glass cylinder, or the supporting stool. The length of the sweep of *Psycho*'s arm depends on the position

of the cards in the rack ; for the best card to play at any particular moment may be the first in the rack, or the thirteenth, or any intermediate position. Psycho *appears* to look at his several cards each time, and to pick out that which may be most advantageously played ; real mental deliberation is as nearly imitated as it can well be. Mr Maskelyne approaches, takes the selected card from Psycho's hand, and throws it down on the table as part of a trick—won by Psycho and his partner, or against them, as the case may be. Thus the game proceeds, trick after trick. Mr Maskelyne announces audibly the names of all the fifty-two cards played ; but he never *tells* Psycho (so far as we know) what card to play. Psycho's partner arranges the tricks which these two have won. Only one deal is played at each exhibition ; it sometimes scores most for Psycho and his partner, sometimes for their antagonists, according as the cards happen to lie, or as the players are equal or unequal in skill.

Now, how is all this accomplished ? A search at the Patent Office tells us that the preliminary steps for a patent were taken by Mr Maskelyne and Mr Clarke last year. The patent is for 'Improved Means for Actuating Automatic Mechanism.' The specification speaks of condensed air, rarefied air, a pedestal reservoir, valves, a piston, a coiled spring or weight, a fly-wheel, a fan-blast, and bellows within an automaton figure. But the description, unaccompanied by any diagram, is difficult to make out ; and no hint is given as to whether it applies at all to Psycho. We are not to forget that there have been such things known as patents taken out as a mere blind, to throw an inquisitive public on the wrong scent.

Spectators are left to guess as they may. If Mr Maskelyne presses his foot on a lever or spring, it certainly cannot be detected. If an assistant can see Psycho's cards, where he is placed is a puzzle. Whether the words uttered audibly by Mr Maskelyne contain instructions or advice as to what card shall be played by Psycho, we do not know ; it is possible, but probabilities go against it.

Professor William Pole, F.R.S., who is known to be skilled both in mechanism and in card-play, has gone at some length into speculations concerning the philosophy of Psycho. He states that the figure can play piquet, écarté, cribbage, and other card-games just as well as whist. He has given all the details of a game—or at least one hand of a game—which he witnessed, and which was well contested on both sides ; Psycho and his partner scored two by cards and two by honours. Professor Pole passes in review, one by one, various speculations as to the mode in which the automaton is actuated. He gives up all idea of a living being concealed within the mechanism. He equally dismisses any belief in connecting-wires proceeding from the figure to a confederate ; the isolation seems too complete for this. He discusses the agency of magnetism and the agency of heat, but without giving a verdict in favour of either of them ; and takes refuge at last in pneumatics. He conceives that an air-passage may exist in one of the legs of the stool, placed over a small invisible hole in the stage ; the air-passage extending up through the glass cylinder, the box, and the figure. An air-pump, under or behind the stage, could either condense or rarefy the air in the apparatus. If the bottom of the box, resting on the open end of the cylinder, consists of an elastic

diaphragm, this would bulge slightly up or down according as the air beneath it were condensed or rarefied. It is within the grasp of delicate mechanism to make this bulging act as a moving force, which, through the medium of valves, levers, &c., might set in action the arm, hand, and fingers of the figure. Possibly compressed air may produce the horizontal movements of the arm, and rarefied air the vertical. All this is or may be scientific and mechanical ; but Professor Pole frankly confesses his inability to see in what way human intelligence is concerned. If Mr Maskelyne knows all the cards in Psycho's hand, and signals which to play on each occasion, he is virtually the player of that hand ; but if he does not possess this knowledge, nor give those signals, then a confederate is the real player, relying on a knowledge of Psycho's cards obtained we know not how.

The great authority on whist, 'Cavendish' (an assumed name), has played with the figure as partner, and bears witness to the skill with which Psycho's hand is played. Professor Pole, while witnessing a game in which he himself did not play, says : 'I confess that to me, standing beside this little wooden doll, apparently isolated from any human agency, and seeing it not only imitate human motions, but exert human intelligence and skill, the effect seemed weird and uncanny ; and I could hardly wonder at the spiritualists, who seriously conjectured that Psycho may be one of the manifestations comprised in their own psychological creed.' Those who have gone most fully into the subject believe that, if they knew the real method of operation, they would admire the scientific skill quite as much as they now admire the well-concealed mystery.

The other feats of Psycho need not be described. Once admit that human agency can make him play a hand at whist, and we may well believe that he can perform sums in arithmetic, spell words in 'spelling-bee' fashion, guess the cards chosen by persons among the audience, imitate handwriting, &c. Ordinary conjuring, *plus* the Psycho mechanism, will produce these results.

We are, we think, justified in saying emphatically, that scientific men and mechanical constructors, by the exercise of well-trained intelligence, can produce results fully as marvellous as any recorded of spiritualism, and more marvellous than any that can be regarded as really well authenticated. There is skill shewn in (so-called) spirit photography, but it is skill applied to an improper purpose ; and the same may be said of many other money-making exhibitions in which 'mediums' are concerned.

One word more. It is no heresy against science to suppose that there may be physical forces or natural laws which are not yet sufficiently known, to occupy a place in definite treatises ; nay, scientific men are the very persons most likely to admit such probability. But it is a very different affair when knavish exhibitors hoodwink and defraud the public by concocted 'manifestations.' It is also a very different affair when honest but credulous persons, witnessing something that really is worthy of investigation, allow themselves to be led into 'spiritualistic' theories of such a nature as to depart from science altogether.

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'STORM WARRIORS.'

OUR rock-bound coasts and the narrow seas that wash our shores are, and always have been, proverbially fatal to the sailor. From whatever direction our islands are approached, dangers more real than the fabled Scylla and Charybdis of old yawn before the hardy mariner. On the east coast of Kent stretch the treacherous Goodwin Sands; while the Irish Channel, the cliffs of the Isle of Wight, the iron-bound shores of Wales, and the bleak coasts of Scotland, have all in turn brought death instead of welcome to many a stately ship, which has ridden out in safety the tropic hurricane, and weathered full many a mid-ocean gale, only to rush upon sudden destruction at the very threshold of home.

Many disastrous shipwrecks have occurred within a few yards of the shore; but these few yards have been such a chasm of boiling scething surf that no ordinary boat could be launched upon it and live; and the greedy breakers have engulfed their prey, with the familiar headlands, the green fields, and the pleasant homesteads of the dear old country mocking the longing gaze of those who have returned to her only to die.

To snatch if possible some victims from the angry sea, and so abate the agony of these terrible scenes of disaster and death, was originated the life-boat movement, the history of which Mr Gilmore has sketched for us with considerable ability and graphic power in his *Storm Warriors* (London: Macmillan).

The first idea of a boat which should be so constructed as to live and swim amid the stormy breakers, and in the tremendous seas which surge and boil in rough weather along our tempest-driven shores, did not, curiously enough, originate with a sailor, but with Lionel Lukin, a coach-builder of London, an obscure but none the less a true hero, who, in the seclusion of his workshop, conceived and wrought out the idea of a boat which should float upon the troubled waters of a stormy sea. In 1785 he took out a patent for his life-boat, and like most inventors, had many

difficulties to encounter and many disappointments to endure, with little to console him except a brave heart and a good conscience, and the blessedness of knowing that by means of his life-boats a few lives had been gleaned from the terrible harvest of wrecks which annually bestrew our shores.

In 1789, a short time after his death, a shipwreck occurred, which did more than all his clamorous appeals to help on the life-boat movement in which he was so deeply interested. During a violent storm at Newcastle in the September of that year, a ship called the *Adventurer* missed the entrance to the harbour, and was driven right upon a ridge of rocks outside the pier. The pier was crowded with people of every rank, and many of them, even the hardy fishermen, shed tears in the anguish of their unavailing sympathy; but they could do nothing else, and there they stood during the long hours of that fearful afternoon, watching, on the faces of the doomed men opposite to them, the ruddy hues of health blanching into the ashy whiteness of death, and listening to their agonising cries as one by one they dropped despairing into the black abyss of waters. When night closed in, all were gone; and the spectators of the pitiful tragedy went home, not to sentimentalise over what they had seen, but to endeavour as far as they could to make such an occurrence impossible in the future. A Life-boat Committee was formed, and a prize was offered for the best life-boat. The successful competitor for this prize was Henry Greathcal, a boat-builder of South Shields; and his boat, with some slight variations, remained until about 1851 the favourite model for life-boats. In 1851 the Duke of Northumberland, who was President of the National Life-boat Society, offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best model of a life-boat. This prize was gained by James Beeching of Great Yarmouth; and his boat, after it had been still further improved by the assistant master-shipwright at the royal dockyard at Woolwich, was adopted, by the Royal National Life-boat Institution, as the model for boats of this description.

Beeching's prize-boat, which he named the

Northumberland, had meanwhile been purchased for the use of the harbour at Ramsgate, and was sent to cruise on the Goodwin Sands.

These dreaded sands, which stretch about ten miles along the east coast of Kent, owe their origin, according to an ancient tradition, to the cupidity and folly of the Abbot of St Augustine's in Canterbury, who obtained possession of them when they were taken from Earl Godwin about the year 1050. At that period they were fertile low-lying lands, protected from the sea by a wall which, like all sea-walls, required to be kept in thorough repair. The abbot was neglectful of this important point; perhaps he did not understand until too late the extreme insecurity of his new possessions; at all events he applied the funds which should have gone to the maintenance of the sea-wall, to the erection of Tenterden Steeple: it was built, and Earl Godwin's lands were lost for ever. While he was still busy about his architectural projects, the sea rushed in through a gap in the dilapidated wall, and has run riot there ever since, after a very imperious and masterful fashion.

As they partake of the nature of quicksands, it is very difficult to lay down any correct chart of the treacherous shoals and banks into which they are driven by every winter's gales, and it is almost impossible for a vessel once stranded upon any portion of them to get free. The rush of the sea is so great even in calm weather, that the wreck, instead of being floated off, works deeper with every tide into the soft oozy mass of treacherous sand, which in an incredibly short time swallows up every vestige of it. As may be expected, our wreck-chart has a fatally sad story to tell of these sands. In a frightful storm which occurred in November 1703, they engulfed a whole navy. Three line-of-battle ships of seventy guns each, with ten smaller men-of-war, were driven from their moorings and swallowed up with their crews in this abyss of sand and breakers.

It is on this dreary scene, amid a howling waste of waters whose desolation it is difficult for a landsman to conceive, that Mr Gilmore's Storm Warriors, the noble life-boat men, dare and do deeds whose high enterprise exceeds a thousandfold that of the much-vaunted knights-errant of old.

Let us imagine ourselves at midnight on the storm-tossed Goodwin; the tempest is rushing in tones of thunder along the dark bosom of the heaving sea; from time to time the fitful flash of a rocket makes the darkness more visible, and slowly feeling her way along the edge of the sands, searching for the whereabouts of the endangered ship, toils the life-boat and her crew. The struggle of wind and sea, the strife of waters, are so appalling, that it is difficult to conceive how human courage can rise to the strain; but not one heart sinks, not one strong frame quivers with even a passing thrill of fear, although here there is none of the sympathy that sustains, no admiring crowds to note the heroism that must do or die. Having once got the clue, the life-boat makes straight as an arrow to the point of the shoal where a large emigrant ship has run aground. 'How many can you carry?' the captain and pilot shout as they approach, 'for we have more than a hundred souls on board, the half of them women and children.'

'All right,' is the cheery response. 'We have a steamer behind us, and will take you off in

detachments.' With that the poor, exhausted, terror-worn passengers raise a faint cheer, and there is a sudden revulsion from despair to hope; and some who have nerved themselves to face death firmly, give way altogether at the prospect of renewed life, and shriek aloud in their strange gladness, which is almost pain; and one warm-hearted Irishwoman rushing forward, seizes the hand of the cockswain of the life-boat and wrings it, as she sobs out: 'I'll pray the Holy Father for you—I will, honey, the longest day of my life.'

Amid such fierce waves as often sweep in wild succession over the Goodwin Sands, even a life-boat is sometimes in circumstances of considerable danger. When driving in before the gale on the foaming rollers, much attention is necessary to prevent the boat broaching to, for if she did, she would in all probability be rolled over with the curl of the advancing wave, and her crew and passengers washed out of her. Again, in violent storms, although the boat may be comparatively safe while floating with the waves, there is often great danger in breasting them. One moment she is on the crest of a tremendous roller; the next she sinks into the trough of the sea, enveloped in a blinding shower of spray, and requiring the utmost vigilance and skill on the part of her crew to prevent her from turning bottom upwards. Then, when close to a wreck, many special dangers are to be met and guarded against: the boat may be carried by the force of the waves right over the wreck, or dashed against it, or get entangled in the wreckage, a contingency not unlikely to arise, particularly at night.

'Were you not frightened in the dreadful storm last night?' was the question asked of one of the Ramsgate life-boat men.

'No,' said the boatman; 'I was not. I had my inward feelings, as a man naturally must have when he is face to face with danger. I saw well enough that there was hard work before me; but by God's help, I determined to do it.'

In this spirit these men often perform deeds of individual heroism, which have been equalled but never surpassed in the annals of self-sacrifice.

One stormy evening a Dutch ship, fearfully crippled by the gale, was driven ashore on the Goodwin, where she soon became a total wreck. A very heavy sea was washing over her, and as the life-boat came up, the planks of the deck began to break and float away. The second-mate, one of the few survivors of the crew, never doubting that the last moment had come, threw himself into the sea in a paroxysm of terror, and seizing the rope by which the life-boat had just been made fast to the wreck, he tried to work himself along it; but he was weak, dispirited, and half frozen, and the breakers, as if in cruel sport, tossed and swayed him about, as they rushed over him in their mad career. Exhausted, breathless, half-dead, he was just about to drop the rope, when he was grasped by one of the life-boat men; and a long and exciting struggle began with the angry sea, which, like a ferocious wild beast, seemed loath to relinquish its prey. The fierce gale howled around them with a noise like thunder; wave after wave washed over them, each one leaping higher than its predecessor had done; and still the two men, the living and the half-dead, clung to each other with the convulsive clutch of despair. It seemed impossible to save either; and in the dark squally winter

morning a cry of horror suddenly rose from the crew of the life-boat; a new danger threatened them: between them and the storm-swept sky there suddenly hove in sight a gigantic black mass, a pile of broken timber from the wreck, which, borne along on the swift tide, was rushing full upon them. 'Sheer the boat!' they shouted simultaneously; 'port the helm!' and suiting the action to the word, she did give way a little, scarcely a hand-breadth; but it saved her; the pile of wreckage went crashing past. And these two men, where were they? Alive still! and after a few minutes more of painful suspense, both were saved.

Not infrequently the privations and hardships which they endure in the life-boat affect these strong brave men very painfully. Mr Gilmore gives us the experience of one cockswain of the *Northumberland* prize life-boat, James Hogben, a daring and hardy sailor who, prior to being appointed to the *Northumberland*, had spent the greater part of his life in cruising about the Goodwin Sands. This man was out in a fearful storm on New Year's eve some years ago, when a large ship, the *Gottenburgh*, was lost, and her crew washed from the wreck and drowned before the very eyes of the life-boat men, who, owing to some mistake, arrived upon the scene of the disaster too late to be of any use. This disappointment and the fierce inclemency of the weather were too much for Hogben: he fell seriously ill; and his nerves became so shattered, and his once brave spirit so sunk and broken, that from being as bold as a lion he became so timid that he dared not walk down Ramsgate pier lest he should tumble off into the sea.

Sometimes a life-boat will make a great many attempts to reach a wreck, and will be as often beaten back, and yet succeed in the end; so that persistency and the power of endurance are as necessary to these Storm Warriors as courage. One stormy January evening not many years ago, about half-past ten at night, the boom of a signal-gun was heard on the pier at Ramsgate, and this signal of distress was immediately succeeded by a series of rockets thrown up from the *Gull* light-ship. With all possible haste the life-boat was manned, and was towed out by a steamer in the direction of the light-ship. A careful look-out was of course kept; but the snow-showers were so blinding and incessant, that little could be seen except the broken crests of the rushing waves as they raced past them, to break in clouds of foam and spray upon the sands. The sea was very heavy, and the water from time to time came dashing over them in icy cold floods, chilling them to the very marrow of their bones. For some time they kept cruising about, but they were unable to see a yard ahead of them, and at last even their endurance gave way, and they returned to Ramsgate, which they reached about five in the morning. So great, however, was their anxiety about the wreck that they could not rest, and as soon as it was daylight they were again towed out by the steamer *Aid* in the direction of the North Sands Head light-ship. The morning was gloomy in the extreme, with a moaning wind, which gradually freshened into a gale; and at last, amid the sleet and foam, they saw in the distance a large ship aground on the south-east point of the sands. As they approached, the wind, which had been more than sufficiently high before, suddenly

swelled into a tempest, and the very spirit of the hurricane seemed about to descend on their devoted heads; a snow-squall came sweeping by, and the waves, foaming along, dashed over the boat great floods of surf and spray, till she quivered and staggered with the weight of water. It was up to the men's necks; but staunch, indomitable as bloodhounds, they clung convulsively to her for a breathless moment; the next she had cleared herself of water, and mounting elastic on a huge wave, was carried within sixty yards of the wreck, which, battered and broken, and with the crew crouching under the deck-house, presented a pitiable appearance. Full of eager excitement and hope, the life-boat men cheered loudly as they let go their anchor. 'Hold on! hold on!' shouted the cockswain in a warning voice; and a wave more tremendous than any they had yet encountered rushed forward, a huge mass of glistening green water; curling over, it broke, fell, overwhelmed, and for the moment almost stunned them. The boat plunged and tossed like some wild creature instinct with tortured life. They scarcely knew if she was still afloat, or was fast sinking; but she was their sole hope, and they clung to her with the resolute energy of despair. The next moment she righted herself, shook the water from her ruffled plumage, and buoyant as a swallow, skimmed elastic through these grim jaws of death. She was safe; but she had missed her mark; the force of the wave had carried her far past the wreck; and the crew, as they prepared for another attempt, again cheered the poor half-drowned wretches, who but a moment before accounted their last hope gone.

Hoisting the sail, they tried to run the boat right forward upon the wreck; but she reared and plunged like a fractious horse, and was tossed now in one direction now in another, until, utterly baffled and beaten, they retreated to the steamer, and were by her again towed into position. A third and fourth time they made the trial with the same result; and as they prepared for a fifth attempt, they glanced anxiously at the rigging of the wreck, where the crew had taken shelter, for it was manifest to their experienced eyes that she was breaking up fast. With almost feverish impatience the boat was got ready for what every one felt must be a last effort. Very little was said by the crew; it was a time not for words, but deeds. 'We were thoroughly warm at our work,' said one of the men afterwards; 'we felt like lions; nothing could stop us.' And with a lion-like courage they headed the boat again for the wreck, driving her sheer forward, till, with a sudden leap, she sprang upon the half-submerged vessel, and drifting over her, cast her anchor fast and firm on the deck!

Then by degrees, not without difficulty and with some hair-breadth escapes, the shipwrecked men were got on board; and the life-boat with her precious freight returned to Ramsgate, where she herself had been almost given up as lost.

Thus from year to year these Storm Warriors battle on with the howling winds and angry seas. In the dark tempestuous winter evenings, when we, who live at home at ease, draw our chairs nearer to the warm hearth, and feel our luxurious sense of comfort enhanced by the angry storm which is raging at our doors, these gallant men, scorning hardship and danger, brace themselves for deeds of heroism such as our old viking ancestors would

not have disclaimed. More enlightened than these ancient rovers of the sea, who, brave as they were, lived only to destroy, the mission of our Storm Warriors is to save, and that amid circumstances which call for the sympathy and support of all who can appreciate courage and perseverance, or feel how true and noble a thing is noble work simply and manfully done.

It only remains for us to add that those who may be wishful to aid in the good cause can do so by forwarding their subscription to the Royal National Life-boat Institution.*

Speed the life-boat!

INDISCRIMINATE ACQUAINTANCES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

WHEN we came to explain matters, though the Peerage was a great help to us, still we could not but admit that, except from his own account, we knew very little; certainly not enough to satisfy our father, who expressed in no measured terms his disapproval of picked-up acquaintances.

'He may be very nice, and I daresay he is,' said my father; 'but I am not going to let you girls make friends that I don't know something of myself.'

'I think you are quite right, Edward,' put in mamma. 'It was through Mrs Devereux that we really got to know him, and I have not quite cared myself for the intimacy; though I must say Colonel Gore is a most agreeable man and quite a gentleman.'

'Perhaps so,' answered our father with ominous brevity.

I stole a glance at Nora during the conversation, and noticed that she grew very pale as it proceeded; paler still when shortly afterwards it was settled that we had had enough of sea-breezes, and were to return to King's Court on the following week.

Colonel Gore still lingered; but, to our surprise—mine at least—he ceased his marked attentions to our party from the time of our father's arrival. He was introduced to him, and failed to impress him as favourably as he had done the rest of the family; in fact, the latter made no secret of his aversion to him, to which we all listened with very mingled feelings.

'He can't look you in the face,' said my father; 'there's a shifty look about him.'

Florence indulged in a quiet sneer at this remark, unobserved as she imagined; but my mother caught sight of it, and said—very sharply for her: 'I don't know what you are laughing at, Florence.'

'Oh, at the idea,' responded Florence—'at the very idea of Uncle Edward's thinking Colonel Gore couldn't look him in the face—a man in his position. Why, he might marry a duke's daughter.'

'No one was talking of marrying,' interrupted my father.

'O no!' assented Florence; 'but I thought you didn't think him good enough to associate with. A baron's son, the colonel of a hussar regiment—such a thorough gentleman.'

'I don't care what he is,' replied my father; 'but I don't choose my daughters to make acquaintances indiscriminately.'

Then the subject dropped, and that night we passed Colonel Gore on the Spa—a distant inclination from my father being all the acknowledgment bestowed upon him. It was evident from the very first that our father regarded him with dislike and mistrust; we all felt that, and I wondered what Nora in particular thought about it; I could not forget the gala night, though she apparently had done so. I never questioned her again, partly because just then a slight shade seemed to have come between us. She and Florence were constantly closeted together; whilst Emmy and I were most palpably *de trop* if we ever attempted the faintest interruption of their conferences. However, the evening preceding our departure from Scarborough, Nora was nicer and kinder than she had been to me for some time. She was not usually very demonstrative, so it surprised me when, as we were dressing to go out, she suddenly threw her arms round my neck, and began to sob almost hysterically.

'What is it, Nora? Dear Nora, what is the matter?' I asked in great anxiety.

'Nothing—nothing,' she answered, calming herself with evident difficulty, and drying her streaming eyes; 'I'm only very silly—don't tell, Esme; but promise me one thing, always to love me.'

'To love you, Nora!' I echoed, mystified at the request; 'I always loved you. Aren't you my own sister?'

'Yes, O yes; but you won't forget, Esme. You'll always remember I am—your—own—sister.'

'Always,' I answered emphatically, snatching up my gloves and hurrying down-stairs to join the others, slowly followed by Nora.

It was a very sultry evening; it would have been oppressive, but for the cool delicious air off the tranquil sea. We all sat listening—a happy family party—to the monotone of the waves as they washed gently up in endless succession—long after the band had ceased playing, and the fashionable loungers had repaired to their respective hotels.

'How delightful it is!' said Emmy; 'I should like to stay out all night.'

'I'm sure I shouldn't,' responded Florence; 'I infinitely prefer a comfortable bed to sitting staring at the sea.'

Her unappreciative remark reminded my mother of the lateness of the hour, for she said immediately: 'It is late, but it is your last look, girls; we shall be at King's Court to-morrow.'

'Dear old King's Court!' cried Emmy; 'I'm never sorry to be there.'

'Nor am I,' I agreed.

But Nora never spoke.

We moved homewards slowly—Nora and Florence rather lingering behind, whilst mamma, Emmy, and I preceded them.

Our father had returned to King's Court before us, so these last few days at Scarborough we had been without him; but Colonel Gore had not apparently taken any advantage of his departure. He was offended, no doubt, at the reception he had met with at the first introduction. So it was probable that after all his intimacy with us, he would leave without saying good-by.

I have often wondered at the sort of intuitive presentiment I had that night of coming evil; I could not shake it off, try as I might. It was

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almost a relief to me when Emmy, who shared a bedroom with me, tried to account for the depression and restlessness that oppressed me, by attributing it to the thunder, which, from the extreme heat and stillness of the atmosphere, we felt certain could not be far off. At midnight it came—the low, rolling peals, preceded by vivid flashes illuminating our room in quick succession, that frightened us all, and caused the very house to shake. But ere the storm ended I fell asleep, and the sun was shining brightly when I awoke. Some one was standing by our bed, in whom it required no second glance to recognise our mother.

'Children,' she was saying, 'O children, wake up and find her! I don't remember how she gasped out her dreadful discovery—but Nora was gone.'

All was confusion, dismay, and horror. Florence only retained her calmness, and was just then a wonderful assistance and comfort—for we never guessed the part she had taken in the affair. She it was who telegraphed to my father—she, who reasoned mamma into almost tranquillity, by representing in most glowing terms, the very worst side, as she phrased it, of Nora's elopement.

Lord Raymond probably had very high views for his son, and Colonel Gore doubtless had made certain that Nora's parents would be averse to her entering a family where just at first she might not be quite welcome; but once married, the only son and heir must of necessity be forgiven; and if the future Lady Raymond had been slightly imprudent, why, her wealth and position precluded the possibility of unpleasant remarks being made. Her next letter would be from Portman Square—for poor Nora had written a few blotted lines to implore forgiveness, and to tell us that by the time we received it she would be Gerald's wife.

Never shall I forget my father's face when he arrived—he looked ten years older; his voice was harsh, changed, and terrible when he walked in—taking no notice of any of us, but addressing our mother, demanded to be told all and everything with regard to this overwhelming disgrace.

'Leave the room—all of you,' he said, waving his hand towards us, and we trooped out—Emmy and I weeping, while Florence retired to pack up her multitudinous dresses, preparatory to bidding us all good-by.

We left Scarborough that afternoon, and returned to King's Court with our mother, whilst our father hurried to London in quest of the fugitives—his errand not being made less anxious by having discovered that the Honourable Gerald had left a gawdy bill behind him to which there was not much chance of a receipt stamp being affixed. Such conduct had aroused a terrible doubt in his mind, for it seemed incredible that, so notoriously wealthy as Lord Raymond was, he should have kept his son so short of funds; and as usual, when once the ball of inquiry was set rolling, as is always the case it gathered as it went. He had borrowed right and left—even Mrs Devereux bawled a ten-pound note, which, however, was but a trifle in comparison to the other sums she had from time to time willingly 'lent' to this 'unmistakable gentleman' and scion of an ancient house.

We never heard where our father found them; in fact, when he returned, crushed and grieved-looking, none of us ventured to ask, and what passed between him and mamma was in the privacy of his study. We were only to be told

that Nora was married. She had disgraced her family, and we were sternly desired never to mention her name in his presence again. More than that, she was to cease to be regarded as our sister—we were to forget that we ever had a sister Nora.

What a change fell upon King's Court after that terrible sojourn at Scarborough! How we mourned for the absent one, and how Emmy and I used to sit for hours together whispering our wonderments—our woe at the sudden and total loss of our bright pretty sister.

'Papa will forgive her some day, Emmy,' I said, 'when she is Lady Raymond, and then she will come back to us dearer and sweeter than ever. How she must long to see us all again!'

'I was dreaming about her last night,' answered Emmy; 'such a dreadful dream. I dreamt I saw her standing on a bridge, Esné; it was only a narrow wooden one, and it was over a rapid rushing river; she was beckoning to me, and I tried to reach her, for I saw the bridge was bending; when suddenly it gave way, and the next thing I saw was Nora struggling, oh! so pitifully; but she was swept away,' concluded Emmy with a sob.

At last we heard the story why our father's grief and anguish had been so great, and why Nora's name had been forbidden to be uttered before him—for she had been deceived. Poor Nora. She had married not the Honourable Gerald Gore, but a needy adventurer, a base unscrupulous scoundrel who, under cover of another man's name, had foisted himself upon a credulous coterie, who had, strange as it now appears to us, accepted him upon his own representations and believed in him to the last.

To marry the eldest daughter of so rich a man as Mr Haughton of King's Court had suggested itself to him as an easy way of getting out of difficulties with which not even his astuteness could contend; and favoured by Florence's belief in his nobility, riches, and desirableness altogether, he had succeeded not only in winning Nora's heart, but in persuading her to take the fatal step of running away—urging upon both her and Florence the arguments advanced by the latter to us when the first discovery was made—namely, that his father had such exalted views for him, it would be utterly useless to ask his consent until the knot was tied which no man could unloose.

Nora had wavered—had faltered—half drawn back; then tremblingly promised; for the innocent unsophisticated girl was no match for the ruthless spider into whose web she had walked. She loved him, trusted him, and deserted her happy home for him.

Terrible had been the reckoning with my father that the impostor, Vincent Knowles, had to pay; and what Nora must have felt on the discovery of his falsehood no one ever knew. She was his wife, whether as Gerald Gore or Vincent Knowles; and being his wife, ceased to be her father's daughter. Not that she should want, for an allowance far beyond what Mr Knowles had dared to hope for was to be regularly paid her; but there it ended, and for her sisters' sake she was to be an alien. And when first the fiat had gone forth, she heard it with something like calmness—having him, it was not such a death-blow.

We must hope he was kind to her at first, that at least a brief season of happiness followed. We

fancied she must be happy—reconciled to being estranged from us all—for she never wrote; not a line reached King's Court in the well-remembered characters. She was satisfied, and by degrees—for time is a wonderful healer—we became used to her absence.

So two years passed away. It was a stormy night in December; the elements seemed to be waging war with themselves in a struggle between snow and rain, and the wind was howling in dreary mournfulness through the leafless lime-trees. Nothing could have been more desolate than the prospect from the library window, where I had been standing looking out until the servant came to close the shutters, draw the curtains, and shut out the wretched scene. We had no cause to remember it, sitting down to a comfortable dinner with every appliance of luxury and refinement; yet we almost shuddered as those splashing torrents came dashing up against the windows. It was not a night for any human being to be out, and yet, toiling up the avenue, thinly clad, and with weak uncertain footsteps, there was a slight girlish figure. Drenched and trembling, she reached the porch; with all the little strength she had she rang the bell; a sharp short peal it was, which sounded clearly through the tempest. 'Who could it be at this time of night?' thought we, as Davis our old butler opened the door cautiously. He only saw that it was a woman, who neither pausing, nor parleying, slipped past him; on—on—nor stopped until she had gained the dining-room, thrown herself at my father's feet, and with a wild cry of 'Save me! O save me!' fainted in his arms.

Was that pale, inanimate, lifeless object Nora? Was that strangely clad, soaked, poverty-stricken being our once bright pretty pet?

Yes, it was Nora. Nora, who had a terrible tale to tell, which, but for a brain-fever that followed, would probably never have been revealed to us—of neglect, violence and cruelty, of coldness and indifference, followed by still worse. He had never cared for her, and she had written to us times without number; but knowing the result of his behaviour coming to my father's knowledge, he had taken care that none of her letters ever found their way to a post-office. He had tired of her, and tired of paying his hirelings to keep watch and ward; so when Nora, goaded to desperation, had threatened to return home, he took measures to place her where she had languished for twelve terrible months in a private lunatic asylum. Aided by the humanity of one of the nurses, Nora at last effected her escape, and succeeded in reaching her old home just when life itself seemed leaving her.

Vincent Knowles had been duly informed of her escape, and dreading the vengeance he well knew would overtake him, he embarked on board an outward-bound vessel, intending, no doubt, when the right time came, to return, and again torture his unhappy victim. But the day of reckoning had arrived. In sight of land, a few hours after leaving the shores of England, the vessel sank, and amidst the numbers that sank with her, to rise no more until the morning of the resurrection, was Vincent Knowles. Happy release for poor Nora, whom we nursed by day and night with all the tenderness that could be lavished; but all in vain. When the primroses and the snowdrops were blooming, Nora faded, and we laid her to rest with them blossoming above her.

Three things, we think, may be learned from her sad history; and to lay them to heart may save sorrow in families as happy as ours was when darkened by the shadow of a bad man. Firstly, that nothing can ever justify a parent in forsaking a child. Secondly, that a girl may always know, when tempted to deceive her parents, that the tempter is a villain. Thirdly, that never under any circumstances is it wise to admit into friendly intimacy indiscriminate acquaintances, no matter how agreeable; for though all may not be like Vincent Knowles, the wisdom of the rule cannot be doubted. Beware of Indiscriminate Acquaintances.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

HIS PAGEANT AND BANQUET.

OF the pageants through the City of London other than that which takes place when the great dignitary enters formally on his year of office, we do not propose to treat.

In accordance with the early royal stipulation, the new Mayor must be presented for approval to the king or his chief judge; and as the successive sovereigns have held their court and the judges sat in Westminster, a journey thither had to be annually made from the City of London. These journeys were called *ridings*, as most of the personages went on horseback; and splendid affairs they usually were, quite eclipsing the 'show' with which we are now familiar. Sometimes a water procession was substituted for, or added to, a riding by land. The great City Companies hired barges for the occasion, and continued to do so until 1636, when the Grocers ordered 'a fair and large barge for the use of this Company' to be built, with 'a house and place for the safe keeping of said barge.' The other chief Companies were not slow in following the example; and thus was gradually formed a splendid array of state barges, headed by one of extra magnificence for the great man himself.

Hall's *Chronicle* tells us that, on one Lord Mayor's Day in the early Tudor times, the water procession on the Thames was led off by a barge containing 'a great dragon continually moving and casting wild-fire, and round about stood terrible monsters and wild men casting fire and making hideous noises.' Then came the Mayor's barge, garnished with many goodly banners and streamers, and richly covered; in which barge 'were shalmes, shagbushes (shawms and sackbuts?), and divers other instruments, which continually made goodly harmony.' Next came the gaily adorned barges of the Haberdashers, Mercers, Grocers, and other Companies, 'some garnished with silk, and some with arras and rich carpets.' The land-pageant often introduced practical punning allusions to the surname of the Mayor—such as Wells, Webb, and Lemon. A special example of this was displayed in the year when Alderman Wells was Mayor; three wells running with wine were exhibited at the Conduit in Cheapside, tended by three maidens representing Mercy, Grace, and Pity, who gave wine to all comers; the wells were surrounded by trees laden with oranges, almonds,

lemons, dates, &c., in allusion to the Mayor's trade as a grocer. (In the days when tea and coffee were unknown in England, the Grocers were merchants who dealt principally in foreign fruits and spices.) In 1566, Sir William Draper's show or pageant was such as would strike a modern Londoner with wonderment. The procession was headed by six boys, 'singing and pronouncing speeches'; forty-six bachelors in gowns trimmed with marten fur, and having crimson satin hoods; twenty-eight 'whifflers,' to clear the way; forty-eight men bearing wax torches an ell in length; an equal number armed with javelins; and two fancifully dressed semi-savage 'woodmen,' carrying clubs and letting off squibs to clear the way—after which came the main personages of the procession, on richly caparisoned horses. Men 'apparelled like devils, and wilde men with squibs,' took part in one show in the time of Elizabeth. Standard-bearers, drummers, fifers, bedesmen, pikemen, trumpeters, waits, bachelors, whifflers—all are named among the gay processionists in that century. (Bachelors and Whifflers were two grades among the freemen of the several Companies.) The City giants were set up in Guildhall at least as far back as the Tudor times; for in 1558 we read of 'the two ymages of Gotunagog the Albione and Corineus the Britaine, two gyantes bigge in stature.' The old Gog and Magog were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666; and a new pair carved by Richard Saunders a few years afterwards. On some occasions the grim monsters have been carried in the procession.

The citizens relished these shows too heartily to permit them to die out. At one time we hear of groups of children representing London, Magnanimity, Loyalty, the Soldier, the Sailor; at another, of four Nymphs, each of whom addressed the Mayor in a short speech; at another, of Astræa (supposed to represent Queen Elizabeth) attending with her flock at the Fountain of Truth, defying Superstition and Ignorance. There were, in one year or another, sea-chariots on the Thames, with Neptune to address His Worshipful on his way to Westminster; islands drawn on wheels through the streets, with trees bearing fruit; Jason and Medea bearing the golden fleece in the ship *Argo*; the Chariot of Man's Life, with allegories of the successive periods of man's career; London and her twelve Daughters, representing the twelve Great Companies; the Mayor, Neptune, and Thamesia, attended by eight 'royal virtues'; a fishing-boat, with fishers drawing up their nets laden with real fish, and distributing them to the people; Mermen and Mermaids drawing an Angel of Victory; Bacchus rowed in a galleon by Bacchanals; Satyrs carousing in an Arbour of Delight; a King of the Moors attended by six tributary kings—in short, there was an amount of figurative, emblematical, symbolic imagery which our prosaic age can barely comprehend. The usual arrangement adopted was for each Company to provide the pageant on the mayoralty of one of its members, and to adopt allegorical tableaux associated with its trade. The Grocers were greatly distinguished in this matter; on one occasion they had an Island of Spices, with two mounted orientals distributing sugar, dates, nutmegs, and ginger to the populace.

Royal personages not unfrequently witnessed the civic displays. In six consecutive years Charles II. was provided with a cushioned and

curtained balcony in Cheapside, and afterwards dined with the Lord Mayor in Guildhall. Hogarth's picture of the Lord Mayor's Show, painted about the middle of the last century, depicts the Prince and Princess of Wales seated beneath a canopy at the end of Paternoster Row. The picture in other respects conveys an excellent idea of the show and its incidents—the genteel spectators accommodated on raised and inclosed seats; the general public in the roadway; the raised stands of the Companies along Cheapside; the windows and house-tops filled with gazers; the bedizened coach with its footmen; the liverymen clustered in their several guilds; the City militia, the men in armour, and the flaunting flags and banners. The allegorical pageantry had pretty well worn itself out by the time of Queen Anne; but it was revived for a special occasion in 1761, when George III. and Queen Charlotte dined with the corporation on the first Lord Mayor's Day after the royal marriage and coronation. The Armourers, Braziers, Skinners, and Fishmongers came out in great force on this auspicious day with symbolical archers, men in armour, fur-dressed Indians, dolphins, mermaids, and sea-horses.

The Lord Mayor always rode on horseback in the procession until 1712, Sir Gilbert Heathcoat's year of mayoralty. The equestrianism has since been occasionally exhibited, but not on Lord Mayor's Day. Alderman Sir Claudius Hunter was rather proud of his horsemanship, and liked to ride about the City on a white steed. Hence arose an epigram:

An emperor of Rome, who was famous of whim,
A Consul his horse did declare;
The City of London, to imitate him,
Of a Hunter has made a Lord Mayor.

On Thanksgiving Day 1872, the Lord Mayor and nineteen other civic dignitaries appeared in equestrian array to receive the royal party at Temple Bar—not, it is said, without some indications of 'unstable equilibrium.'

The Lord Mayor's first official coach was a modest affair. The present enormous, heavy, gorgeous vehicle has done duty for nearly a hundred and twenty years, and is certainly the most unique object in the show; its panels were painted by Cipriani, and its total cost exceeded a thousand guineas. With very few exceptions indeed, the state coach on this eventful day has been honoured with the presence of the Lord Mayor decked with his insignia of office, his two chaplains, his sword-bearer, carrying the pearl sword presented to the City by Queen Elizabeth, and his mace-bearer, carrying the gold mace presented by Charles II.

Modern attempts to revive the old allegorical pageants have not had much success. In 1811, Alderman Sir Claudius Hunter as Lord Mayor borrowed two beautiful suits of armour, one brass and the other steel, for which Mr Ellistou had paid five hundred pounds, and which were to be used in a grand spectacle at the Surrey Theatre; and John Kemble undertook to provide nodding plumes for the neighing steeds. The steeds were probably borrowed from the theatre, or were trumpeters' chargers from the Horse-guards. In 1822 there were three knights in armour, attended by three esquires in half-armour, heralds, and banner-bearers. The year 1825 presented the diversity of one knight

in copper armour, one in brass chain-mail, one in brass scale-armour, and two in steel and brass armour. In 1837, when Alderman Cowan was Lord Mayor, two colossal figures walked as Gog and Magog; they were fourteen feet high, and a man walked inside each. In 1841, Alderman Pirie's year of mayoralty, a ship fully rigged, and manned with boys from the Royal Naval School, formed a conspicuous object in the procession. In 1853, Alderman Sidney's year, Astley's Amphitheatre was appealed to for the furnishing of a Chariot of Justice, drawn by six horses; mounted standard-bearers of all nations; gold-diggers figuratively engaged in washing quartz (the Australian gold-fever had just set in); implements of industry in emblematical array; and a car with a throne, a terrestrial globe, and two fair women (from Astley's) personating Peace and Prosperity. In 1865, Alderman Phillips's year, armour was used in the procession; and a singular mixture of the modern with the mediæval was presented in one item of the day's expenses: 'Messrs Pickford, for cartage of armour, forty pounds.' Six men in glittering armour, with lances and pennons, figured in last year's pageant; but somehow the modern uniforms of a dozen or so of military bands, and other modern elements in the procession, clashed with this bit of chivalric revivalism. It may even be surmised that those young wags the boys of London irreverently quizzed the gallant knights, and hinted at the possibility of some of them tumbling off their chargers.

Lord Mayor's Day is a severe one for his Lordship. If he eats whenever viands are set before him, his digestion must be somewhat severely taxed; but he bears in mind that he will have to propose many toasts in the evening, in the presence of many distinguished guests. Whatever quiet family breakfast he partakes of, he joins many of the corporate officers in another breakfast in one of the council-rooms. Some little time afterwards a substantial luncheon is served, at which the new Lord Mayor makes his first appearance in his official robes with his array of officers around him. Meanwhile the procession is being organised out of doors; workmen as thick as bees are finishing the carpentry, upholstery, and decorations within and without Guildhall, and always belie the predictions of lookers-on that the work cannot possibly be finished by the evening. A Guildhall banquet to a specially great personage—Queen Victoria in 1837, the Emperor and Empress of the French in 1855, the Sultan of Turkey in 1867, the Shah of Persia in 1873, the Czar of Russia in 1874, for example—is additionally gorgeous; but the annual display on the 9th of November is admitted on all hands to be a splendid affair.

Of the procession as now usually conducted, we need say little; the newspapers tell their readers all about it on the following morning. The Lord Mayor generally manages that the procession shall traverse some part of the ward of which he is alderman, or pass in front of the hall of the Company to which he belongs, or in front of his own shop or warehouse: one or other of these feats is usually accomplished; but the achievement is not an easy one, owing to the narrowness of all except a few streets in the City of London. The most lumbering thing in the procession is the big over-adorned coach, which is said to cost a considerable sum for repairs every time of using. Some years

ago a Lord Mayor set aside this vehicle and rode in another; but this disregard of tradition was too much; the citizen sight-seers were dissatisfied, and the gilded coach made its reappearance next year. By far the most elegant part of the whole affair is the cortege of the two sheriffs; nothing in Europe can excel the carriages, horses, trappings, and liveries, in real excellence. The corporate officers mostly ride in their own carriages, as do the chief members of the great Companies. The military bands, the flag and banner bearers, the brave knights in armour (if any) are paid for their services; and bell-ringers are paid for ringing out joyous peals from about a dozen church steeples.

Where all the component elements of the procession stow themselves, during the introductions and ceremonial in Westminster Hall, is a mystery which only the metropolitan police can solve; but all being ready for the return to Guildhall, the procession is re-marshalled. And now it is that the Queen of the City first makes her public appearance. The Lady Mayoress joins the procession on its return; her elegant dress-carriage, her maids of honour, and her flashing diamonds give a grace to the display which it before wanted. The drums beat and the trumpets blare; the banners again display their gold and silver on coloured silk, and some of Her Majesty's cavalry help to make up the scene. It is generally dusk, in murky November, when the procession reaches Guildhall; and everybody is pretty well tired.

But the evening is an important one; and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress must be ready to receive their distinguished guests. The Cabinet Ministers are invited, and attend in court dresses; as do ambassadors in the state dress of their own court; military and naval officers are in full uniform; judges in their scarlet gowns, flowing wigs, and square black caps; prelates in more sober garb; and certain gentlemen in dress-suits of black velvet. Grace being said, all sit down; and we may reasonably suppose that nearly a thousand persons cause the disappearance of a formidable quantity of savoury viands. The bill of fare does not differ much from year to year. Let us look at one of them: 250 turkeys of real turtle, 6 dishes of fish, 80 roast turkeys, 60 roast pullets, 60 dishes of fowls, 40 of capons, 80 pheasants, 24 geese, 40 dishes of partridges, 15 dishes of wild-fowl, 2 barons of beef, 3 rounds of beef, 2 stewed rumps of beef, 12 sirloins and ribs of beef, 2 quarters of lamb, 30 entrées, 50 French pies, 60 pigeon-pies, 53 ornamented hams, 43 tongues, 60 dishes of potatoes, 6 of asparagus, 50 dishes of shell-fish, 60 dishes of mince-pies, 50 blanchmanges, 40 dishes of creamed tarts, 400 jellies and ice-creams, 100 pine-apples, 120 dishes of cakes, 200 dishes of hothouse grapes, 350 dishes of other fruits—besides wines in liberal variety. An inequality in some of these items is due to the fact that on the day, where the great personages are seated, the dinner is hot, served with great completeness; whereas the tables in the body of the hall, for the less distinguished guests, are mostly laden with cold viands—except the all-important turtle, which is hot.

It is during dessert that the healths are drunk and the speeches delivered. This is not the least remarkable feature of the proceedings; for the Lord Mayor, whatever may be the political party

(if any) to which he himself belongs, invariably invites Her Majesty's Ministers, and pays them handsome compliments on proposing their healths. The Prime Minister for the time being is nearly always present; and sometimes he avails himself of this opportunity (just midway between the past and the forthcoming sessions of parliament) to give an exposition of government policy. If the several speakers have the gift of humour, so much the better: their speeches accord better with the wine and dessert. Never does a distinguished guest (sometimes a royal prince) neglect to propose the health of the Lady Mayoress, and never does he forget to use the language of graceful gallantry in so doing.

Does the Lord Mayor get up with a headache on the 10th of November, after the luxuries and excitements of the preceding day? He had better not; for the duties of his office press upon him from the outset—commencing, it may be, with the hearing of police cases arising out of the street sight-seeing of the previous day. Now the Lord Mayor attends to his own business as a manufacturer, merchant, or shopkeeper, during his year of office, the public are not told; in all probability, other partners in the firm take the burden off his shoulders. Few of them wish for a second year of office, even if the citizens were willing to confer it; for the honour is costly as well as laborious. Should, however, any special royal reception take place during the year, the Lord Mayor has a fair chance of knighthood; and then he is 'Sir' for the rest of his life. Should the occasion be *very* special, he is made a Baronet, with succession to his descendants—much to the gratification of 'My Lady,' of course. When the Lord Mayor is made a baronet, the sheriffs are generally knighted. Thus it has arisen that among the present aldermen of the City of London who have 'passed the chair,' four are baronets and seven knights.

As London in its widest acceptation is the largest and wealthiest metropolis in the world, so is London in its City limits of about one square mile the most remarkable of all for its corporate privileges, trade guilds, and civic splendour.

SENSATIONAL GYMNASTICS AND ACROBATISM.

A FEW months ago an accident happened in view of a Dublin audience, to a (supposed) female performer on the *trapeze*; she missed her hold, and was dashed against the ground with considerable force. Nor was the matter much mended when, a day or two after, a letter appeared in the papers, written by her or in her name, stating that it was *only* by the failure of a spring-board that the accident occurred, that she was *only* bruised, and that she hoped soon to reappear before her patrons the public!

Apart from considerations as to the propriety of such an exhibition as this, the question is, Who is to blame here? There are multitudes of persons in humble life not brought up to any regular trade, or influenced by unsettled habits, who seek to earn a living as public exhibitors. Tumbling, posturing, vaulting, somersaulting, rope-walking, rope-awigging, pole-balancing, trapeze-flying, lion-taming, all have more or less of danger attending them. And herein lies the evil. The public, or a considerable section of the public,

evinces a relish for witnessing feats which have in them an element of peril. The consequence of this may be easily traced. If people prefer the sensational to the graceful and elegant, they attend in greater number; the speculator or proprietor of the exhibition takes more money at the doors; he offers a higher salary to the performer, and the latter is thus tempted to try more and more dangerous and daring feats. It would be better if these matters could be regulated by the good sense of the public than by legislative or governmental interference; but so long as the taste of sight-seers has a leaning towards hair-breadth escapes, so long will there be a succession of exhibitors and performers ready to make money out of it.

The danger attending trapeze feats can easily be understood. Two ropes are suspended vertically, and two horizontal bars are fastened to them, one above another. The performer usually springs up, catches hold of the lower bar, and achieves various acrobatic twistings and turnings, now on his head, now hanging by one foot, now twisting like an eel between the upper and lower bars, now dropping head foremost from the upper bar to the lower. Any slip of hand or foot, and down he falls. Some years ago in London a man combined this acrobaticism with aërostation. He ascended in a balloon, and when at a height measured by hundreds of feet, went through a series of performances on a trapeze suspended under the car. Whether the height were hundreds or thousands mattered little to him; a fall would dash him to pieces in either case. The proprietor of the gardens received a larger number of shillings or sixpences on this occasion than if an ordinary balloon ascent only had been announced; and thus a trapeze performer was tempted to hazard his life by the receipt of an additional fee. An increase of peril occurs when two trapezes are suspended many feet or even yards apart; the acrobat swings or takes a flying leap from the one to the other, losing hold of the one and afterwards seizing the bar of the other. The slightest miscalculation of distance may be fatal. Léotard, the hero of this kind of achievement, performed the feat on five or six trapezes in succession, turning a somersault between each two. He was amazingly successful in a commercial sense, receiving a high salary. Mark the consequences; imitative Léotards have been numerous, and many a broken limb or life-injury has resulted. (We may here remark, in parenthesis, that a clever 'Antoninon Léotard' was exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution a few years ago; a life-size figure that performed in a neat and complete way many of the tumblings of a trapeze performer—those in which the hands do *not* quit hold of the bar; and latterly we have witnessed the pleasing performance of Heller's antonaton trapezist, which hangs by its feet as well as by the hands.)

Walking head downwards is another of these fool-hardy displays. The ceiling, prepared for this exhibition, is provided with grooves, slides, or springs, barely perceptible to the audience, but sufficient to give a hold for an instant to a peculiarly shaped boot; the performer is suspended from one foot while he thrusts out the other to catch hold of the groove or spring; and thus laboriously wends his way onward, step after step. If he fails to insert one foot before freeing the other, we know the inevitable result. In one exhibition, several

brass rings were suspended in a circle, and the performer made his way from one to another, holding on by hands or by feet as the case might be. A netting, spread out some distance under him, or soft mattresses placed on the ground, lessened the probability of broken bones; but the very provision of such precaution sufficiently shews that peril is known to be involved. (It may here be remarked that there was a netting some distance below the trapezist to whom the accident lately happened; but it failed in its intended service, and she (or he) fell heavily twenty or thirty feet to the ground.)

Tight-rope walking is one of those achievements in which the slightest mishap of footstep, the slightest failure of nerve, brings the gymnast to grief. The famous Blondin eclipses all other exhibitors in this line. The baskets on his feet, the blindfolded eyes, the wheelbarrow trundled before him, the chair, the table set out with refreshments, all balanced on a stretched horizontal rope—these are marvels indeed. It shews what a morbid state of feeling, however, is engendered by this exhibition, when Blondin pretends to miss his foot-hold once now and then, and regains it after quivering movements of the body and limbs, in order to send a thrill of terror through the spectators! One of his achievements is to carry Madame Blondin while he walks his thousand feet or so of rope; but this has been found too much for English taste to bear, and it is not included in his regular programme. The veteran may possibly be so completely void of bodily fear and nervous trepidation as to be nearly as safe on the rope as on the ground, and may die a quiet natural death when his course is run. But his example has not been without evil effect. There have been and still are 'English Blondins,' 'Female Blondins,' and 'Juvenile Blondins,' who imitate some of the perilous exploits as a means of earning a livelihood; many and many a limb has been shattered, or neck broken, in consequence. In the days of our fathers, or perhaps grandfathers, one Madame Saqui obtained great notoriety for her achievements on the tight-rope; if we remember rightly, her career was cut short by a frightful accident; but whether so or not, it is certain that a 'Female Blondin' only a few weeks ago came down with a crash while attempting to cross the auditorium of a theatre on a rope—with what result we need not say.

The slack-rope has its heroes and heroines as well as the tight-rope—and its victims also. Why the performer does not fall off, while sitting on the rope in full swing, with arms folded, and no hold or grasp by the hand, is a mystery and marvel to many of the audience; and the greater the marvel the greater the attractiveness—according to the logic of showmen and exhibitors. The fact is that the performer is familiar with a law of dynamics without knowing or caring about its scientific meaning: a law which tells him that he must incline his body backward during the onward swing of the rope, and forward during its reverse swing. A wonderful exhibitor appeared amongst us many years ago, though not so many as to be beyond the recollection of some of us: an Italian or Spaniard who chose to assume the professional title of 'Il Diavolo Antonio.' His slack-rope swinging was daring beyond precedent, and he had few followers who could equal him. The pendulum movement

of his body during the full swing of the rope was in a curve of very wide sweep. While sitting on the rope in sweeping oscillation, he would tie his right ankle to it with a piece of cord half a yard or so in length; then, when at the utmost extremity of his onward course, he would fling himself from the rope, and hang head downwards, attached to the rope by one ankle only; assuming very nearly the traditional attitude of 'Faune blowing the trumpet,' he played on a horn or bugle, accompanying the orchestra in the 'overture to *Lodoiska*,' with his head farther from the rope than any part of his body and limbs, and consequently swinging in a greater arc than even the rope itself. What applause! What a thrill of excitement! What a fascinating horror at the supposition of the cord breaking or the ankle-fastening becoming loose! But look a little behind the scenes. Many a coroner's inquest has recorded the dismal end of some or other of these rope-swingers; poor mangled creatures who have died in giving 'pleasure' to others. We must 'take the gilt off the gingerbread' before we can rightly estimate these things.

Circus-riding, when kept within moderate limits, is often very elegant. It illustrates two scientific principles that are ever operative in such exhibitions. One is, that the horse and his rider must both incline the body towards the centre of the ring, else the centrifugal force of the circular motion would soon bring them to trouble, pitching one or both at a tangent over among the spectators; and the higher the speed the greater must be the angle of this inclination. The other is, that the rider, standing on the horse, may leap up and down in various ways, and may jump over bars and shawls, or through hoops or casks, and yet alight upon the horse again although in a gallop. This is because the rider partakes of the onward motion of the horse, and is really moving on when he seems to be only jumping up. But oh, the falls, bruises, and disasters that have to be encountered before the smiling, be-rugged, tinselled performers are fitted to make their bow or courtesy to the public! An 'Ella,' or an 'Elise,' or an 'Angelioue' has to pass through a wearisome, long-continued, prosaic discipline before she can appear as a fascinating *equestrienne*, jumping through hoops of fire, or dancing in a *pas de deux* with a male performer on two horses. How many broken limbs occur during the apprenticeship, the public never know; the 'profession' does not talk of those things; but Mr Frost, who has written some singularly curious books about showmen, circus-riders, and other public performers, has much to tell concerning the ordeal which such persons have to undergo—the fractures, the bruises, the heartaches, the poverty, the disappointments, too often ending in untimely death. It is noticeable, he remarks, that they are mostly quiet people in private life—rather serious than 'jolly,' and very little prone to drinking. The necessity for maintaining keen eyesight and steady nerves, in an occupation naturally perilous day after day, makes a man cautious against 'putting an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains.' Perhaps it is an effect of reaction that those who earn a living by making others laugh are often melancholy rather than gay when removed from the glare of stage-lights. Such was Liston, and such was Grimaldi. When the performance is intended to excite wonder at feats of peril, there is an additional reason why

the performer should be anxious, careful, often foreboding.

Lion-tamers, men who dally with the animals in a menagerie in make-believe play, are special examples of sensational heroism. When a man lies down in a den among lions or tigers, opening the mouth of one, leaning upon another, taking the huge paw of a third, and ending by putting his head into the opened mouth of a fourth, he does one of two things—he either shows what a poor spiritless thing a lion becomes when under the discipline of fear, or he exposes himself to danger of a most horrible kind. What those men go through before they have trained themselves and tamed the animals up to the required point, can be known only to themselves; but it is known that moments of agony fall to their lot when spectators are wondering and applauding; some movement on the part of a caged animal, some look of the glaring eye, tells the experienced exhibitor that it is a mere toss-up (to use a homely phrase) whether a fatal catastrophe is imminent. In the days of Van Amburgh, the most famous of all 'lion-kings,' it used to be said that one visitor attended the exhibition night after night, fearing lest he should be absent when the final scene of the 'king' being torn to pieces should occur. The story may have been an exaggeration; but there can be no doubt that the feeling excited by such an exhibition is a morbid one. Of the Spanish bull-fights we will not speak; the exhibitions in our own England are quite sufficient to illustrate the point in hand.

'Strong men' and 'strong women' are among the attractions at country fairs; and when a second Hercules or Samson is really keeping within the limits of his exceptional muscular development, no great harm is done. If a man *can* twist an iron bar into a knot, or hang half a ton weight round his neck without hurting himself, and if he can earn a living more easily in this way than by ordinary work, we will not criticise him too closely. But it is a depraved taste that encourages women to such displays. To bear two weights of fifty or sixty pounds each suspended from the hair, is unfeminine enough; it is much worse to see a woman lying down, shoulders on one chair, feet and ankles on another, an anvil placed on her body, and two men wielding heavy hammers on the anvil! William Hutton's strong woman, Phoebe Bown, who could lift a hundredweight with each hand, carry fourteen stone, or walk forty miles a day, was not an exhibitor; she honestly earned her living at the mannish employments of driving a team, guiding the plough, thatching ricks, and breaking-in horses; disliking the womanish avocations of sewing, knitting, spinning, and cooking.

Legitimate exercises carried to excess lie beyond the range of feats which we have here in view. The training of boys and youths in a gymnasium ground is an excellent thing, strengthening the muscles and expanding the chest; but to stand on your head on the top of a pole is neither useful nor ornamental. Pulling an oar on a pleasant stream is beautiful and invigorating exercise; but it may be doubted whether emulation does not carry the Oxonians and Cantabs too far in the violent struggle of the annual boat-race on the Thames; constitutions have been permanently injured by this. Swimming is so capital a thing, so useful for everybody to learn, that we welcome any encouragement given to it

by striking displays in our rivers and channels; yet here again there is a loophole for strivings much better avoided. Captain Webb has done what no one ever did before, and wisely resolves to rest content without straining for further glorification; but he has had imitators who narrowly escaped drowning while attempting that which they could not accomplish; and he has unintentionally been the means of tempting a new class of exhibitors—girls or young women who, clad in pink fleshings, make a public display of swimming ten or twelve miles down the Thames, nearly hemmed in by steam-boats laden with sight-seeing visitors, mostly of the opposite sex. Even well-to-do folks who climb mountains are a little too prone to the sensational in connection with emulation. To go halfway up the Matterhorn is as useful as to reach the summit; but then the glory—and the danger!

TIGER TALES.

It was guest-night at our regimental mess in A—, and conversation ranged over a vast variety of topics. After dinner a few officers, myself for one, left the table and adjourned for a chat to the smoking-room. I chanced to sit near an elderly gentleman who had been my opposite neighbour during dinner, and with whom I had already exchanged a few observations. His manner was courteous and agreeable; he was the guest of the regimental surgeon, who had been in India for several years; and I inferred from the conversation of Mr Humfrey—for this was the gentleman's name—that he was a Bengal civilian of long standing, only lately returned from India. He spoke with great approbation of the Prince's pluck and endurance in India, where he and his companions had incurred no inconsiderable risk. Allusion was made by an officer to the incident of a tiger having sprung on the elephant on which the Prince was riding; when His Royal Highness, without apparently the least discomposure at the near vicinity of the savage beast, had taken steady aim from the howdah, and shot the tiger as he clung behind.

'A pretty close shave that must have been for the Prince,' observed a young officer who had been listening.

'In such a case the danger is really less than you might suppose,' replied Mr Humfrey. 'The tiger rarely makes a second spring when his first has failed of its object: he appears to be disappointed and cowed, and if permitted, will generally slink back to the jungle without attempting any further attack. Instances to the contrary are of course known; but this is their usual habit, and I have heard of many marvellous escapes made in consequence of it. Two gentlemen, friends of mine, were travelling together up country some years ago, in a carriage belonging to one of them, drawn by a pair of very good horses, with a native coachman and other servants. A little way from the road was a fine point of view, which one of them had not seen. His companion had been there before, and offered to take him to it. Quitting the carriage, and desiring the servants to remain with it under the trees of a jungle-wood by which they were passing, they walked to the place where the prospect was to be obtained. Having seen all they wished, they returned to the spot where the carriage had been left; but not a trace of it or of

any of the servants was to be found. Wondering what could be the cause of their disappearance, they shouted loudly, and strolled in various directions through the wood to look for any signs of them. Presently they were hailed by some one from the branch of a tree high above their heads; and looking up, they perceived one of the native servants cowering close to the trunk, making gestures expressive of extreme terror.

"What are you doing up there? Come down directly," said his master angrily; and with the slavish obedience of the domestic Hindu, the man slid rapidly down, and with pressed palms stood trembling before the two gentlemen.

"What is the meaning of this? Where is the carriage?"

"When you gone, Sahib, tiger came," replied the man, shivering at the very remembrance of his fright—"tiger came; jumped at horses; all gone away in jungle."

"That they were all gone away was sufficiently evident—very unpleasantly so, when they discovered, by further examination of the servant, that as they were quietly resting under the shade of the trees, the horses suddenly became sidgety and pricked their ears; a slight rustling was heard among some bushes on the opposite side of the road, and in a moment more a large tiger had stolen from among them, paused for an instant, and then made a bound with the intention of alighting on one of the horses. The instinct of self-preservation made the terrified animals dash furiously forward, and the tiger missed his aim and fell harmlessly on the ground. Apparently he was disgusted by his failure, for he tried nothing more; but after one sullen glare at the retreating vehicle, he gave a low angry growl, and turning away from the spot, was soon lost to sight in the long grass of the jungle. One or two of the servants had disappeared with the carriage. This man had run a little way, and then climbed a tree, from which he had not ventured to descend until he heard the voice of his master. Of course, the tiger might still be lurking near, and a fresh attack might not have the same result. So the two gentlemen hailed with satisfaction the return of the runaway carriage and horses, which had been secured after a short run; and all felt extremely thankful that their search for the picturesque had not brought them in contact with an object more striking than agreeable, the black and yellow stripes and gleaming eyes of a hungry Bengal tiger, on the outlook for what it might devour."

"Wonderful escape!" "Extraordinary good luck!" "Shockingly unpleasant position!" we variously exclaimed on the conclusion of Mr Humsfrey's anecdote. "The tiger could not have been in a very voracious frame of mind, however," I continued, "or he might surely have retrieved his first error, and had a meal off somebody. Your friends must have rejoiced to find themselves well out of the jungle, and under the shelter of a comfortable roof."

"No doubt of it," said Mr Humsfrey, smiling; "and yet incidents of that kind soon fade from the memory. I could relate dozens of similar hair-breadth escapes; and most probably my friend Dr Laurensen could do the same. Tigers and snakes are always unpleasant possibilities when one travels in India; eh! Laurensen?"

The worthy surgeon thus appealed to gave a few vigorous whiffs at his cigar, and then removing it from his lips and beginning leisurely to knock off the ashes, he observed: "Well, I daresay I could tell you of one or two surprising experiences in that line.—You, sir," he continued, addressing himself to me, "made the remark that those travellers would be glad to find themselves safe and sound beneath the shelter of a roof. I'll tell you of an occasion when your humble servant felt that gratifying sensation in no ordinary degree; not for myself alone, I am bound to say, but for others also, who were in some measure under my protection."

He saw we were all listening attentively; so, resigning himself to the loss of his cigar, he reflected for a moment, and then continued: "Some years ago, while serving with the 300th in Bengal, I had a pretty smart touch of fever; and when able to move, I was invalided for the time, and went to a place on the hills to get up my strength again. 'The scenery all round was remarkably pretty: high hills, many of them wooded to the very top; romantic crags crowned with brushwood jutting out every here and there; and various light bungalows, as the Indian houses are called, peeping from among the foliage, placed there to serve as residences for those who sought the hill-station to try to re-establish their failing health. It suited me very well, and I soon began to pick up: indeed I felt so well that I was on the point of returning to my duty, when I received a letter from a young fellow, son of an old friend in England, saying that he was on his way to join his regiment with his bride, and if I could take them in for a few days, they would be very glad to give me a call in passing. Hospitality in India is one of the cardinal virtues; less so now, perhaps, than it used to be; but at that station we were all very hospitable, and besides, I was only too happy to welcome the son of my old friend. In due time Captain and Mrs Hastings arrived; he a fine manly young soldier; she the prettiest little creature, of nineteen or twenty, that any man could wish to call his wife: fair hair, lovely blue eyes, and a complexion of lilies and roses, most refreshing to eyes long accustomed to the pale cheeks of Indian beauties."

"This lady sang sweetly to the guitar; and looked perfectly bewitching as she sat in the veranda with a blue ribbon round her neck, playing on the instrument which she had brought up with her. She was a very good artist too, and sketched cleverly from nature. She had a book of English sketches with her, so I was able to judge of her capabilities; and when she said she should like to take some views of the scenery near my bungalow, I felt only too happy to assist her in doing so, and never dreamt of warning her against any danger more serious than sunstroke. To avoid this she went out on her sketching expeditions either in the early morning before the heat had become troublesome, or in the cool hours of the evening, more generally the latter; her husband always accompanying her, and usually myself too. I certainly knew that in such a locality as this tigers were not an impossibility; but I had never given them a thought. No one had spoken of them as being in the neighbourhood; and one generally hears when such unpleasant gentry are about. Not very far from my bungalow there was a very

pretty water-fall, surrounded by picturesque rocks and greenery; just the sort of place to delight an artist; and I accordingly proposed to Mrs Hastings that she should make a sketch of it. She was charmed by the suggestion; and we three set off one lovely evening, as soon as the temperature permitted of our climbing the rather steep winding path that led to the spot. It was a narrow, roughly formed track, and we walked singly, I leading the way, and Captain and Mrs Hastings behind. Sometimes she paused for a few moments and drew her husband's attention to some wild-flower or similar object, and I had got a little in advance, and came to a point in the road where it turned sharply round some rocks, not a great way from the cascade, the murmur of whose water I could now hear distinctly. Here I halted to recover breath, and to let them come up with me; when suddenly, in the perfect stillness of the evening, I heard a slight rustling and crackling among the bushes just beyond the rocks; and glancing round to ascertain the cause, I saw what made every nerve in my body quiver violently, and seemed to bring my very heart into my mouth, as the saying is.

'At this juncture a huge Bengal tiger, one of the largest I had ever seen, emerged from among the shrubs not forty paces from me, and with a swinging deliberate movement began to cross an open space bordering the path that led towards the water-fall. I neither moved nor spoke, but gazed with stupefied horror at the savage beast, unable for the moment to decide on any plan of action. The tiger immediately perceived me and stopped; for one or two seconds only, though they seemed an age to me, I do assure you, we stared fixedly at each other, when, to my unutterable relief, he lazily half-closed his fierce yellow eyes once or twice, gave a slight wave to his tail. I think I see him now!—and without taking any further notice of me, went slowly off in the direction of the water-fall. Doubtless, the creature was on his way thither to slake his thirst, an object which was probably for the time of paramount importance with him. He had also probably lately dined, to which fact might chiefly be attributed his indifference to food so very close at hand as myself. As he disappeared from sight my assurance returned to me; and knowing that he was only a little way off, and might think better of it at any moment, and spring upon us unexpectedly, I felt most anxious to get my young friends and myself out of his immediate neighbourhood with the least possible delay. They had now reached the spot where I stood; and while Mrs Hastings stopped again and began to fan herself, for the evening was very sultry, I affected to shew her husband something on the rock beside me, and whispered to him hurriedly: "For any sake, get her home! Make some excuse; but get her back as quickly as you can!"

'He glanced at me—saw by the expression of my face that something was wrong—and turning at once to his wife, who was unconsciously fanning herself with her eyes closed, he said hastily: "Eva, my darling, I am not well; I should like to go back at once. Come quickly."

'She opened her blue eyes very wide, and looked first at him, then at me. My face must have betrayed me, for she said very quietly: "What is

it! Fred is not ill. You have seen something. I am quite ready; let us go at once."

'Courageous little woman! Not another word did she utter; but with white face and set lips she walked firmly and rapidly down the path we had just mounted. Her husband kept close to her; I followed them a few steps behind, my ears strained to the utmost for any rustle that should betray the neighbourhood of the tiger; and more than once my heart gave a bound as one of us stepped on a rotten twig and it cracked noisily across, or a stone touched by the foot rolled down in front of us and loosened a little of the dry soil. We walked fast and in perfect silence; but the way home seemed twice the length it had done when we came: minutes feel like hours in such circumstances. We saw nothing more of the tiger, and reached home safely. When I saw the lovely brave girl and her young husband again under my roof, and realised the frightful danger to which they had been exposed, I must say I was indeed truly thankful for their escape and my own. Mrs Hastings was rather pale and nervous for the remainder of the evening, and willingly acceded to my request that there might be no more sketching expeditions while they were with me. The wisdom of this resolve became more manifest, and our miraculous preservation all the more striking, in a day or two. A poor woman and her child were killed by the monster the very next day, and a native postman a day or two later; and it was evident that the tiger was a new-comer, and a very undesirable acquisition to the neighbourhood. A party of sportsmen was formed, therefore, as speedily as possible, Captain Hastings remaining longer than he intended in order to join it; and after several hours of close tracking and beating, the tiger took refuge in a clump of bushes, from which he was speedily dislodged, and stretched on the ground with a bullet through his head. He was an enormous brute, measuring fully nine feet from his snout to the tip of his tail. Being very beautifully marked, his skin was taken off and presented to Mrs Hastings by the man who shot him, as a souvenir of her dangerous evening walk.'

Some further conversation and one or two other anecdotes followed. It was now getting late, and some of the guests glanced at their watches. 'Before we finish this discussion, I must tell you a tiger story myself,' said Colonel Darley, the commanding officer of the 188th. 'It is rather different from those we have heard, but I daresay it will amuse some of the youngsters. A good many years ago I served in the same regiment with a young fellow of the name of Waldron. He was a pleasant sort of fellow in his way, but rather inclined to be extravagant; and he was a little eccentric and queer; had "a bee in his bonnet," as our friends across the Border would say. He was continually picking up odd pets of various kinds, more like a school-boy than a full-grown man; and we were always laughing at him about his collection of birds and animals, owls, white mice, squirrels, a fox, monkeys, and so on. But he took it all very good-naturedly, and went on adding to his menagerie, as we termed it, whenever he came across any specimen that hit his fancy. One morning our colonel was writing in his business-room, when a knock came to the door, and on his desiring whoever it was to enter, Mr Waldron walked in.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I am perhaps interrupting you."

"Not at all, not at all," replied the colonel. "Did you wish to speak to me about anything?"

"Well, sir," said Mr Waldron, in a slightly hesitating manner, "I have just come across a nice little tiger; but I thought before bringing him here I ought to see whether you have any objections to my keeping one."

"Objections! Mr Waldron; not I," replied the colonel, who, as it happened, had just been writing about a butler or man-servant for his sister, and never doubted that the "tiger" his subaltern spoke of was a small boy for going errands or some such occupation. "I have no right to interfere with matters of this kind. Unless, of course," he added, suddenly remembering that the young officer was said to be rather extravagant; "I conclude you are quite able to afford the expense?"

"Oh! certainly, sir," said Mr Waldron, smiling; "that will be a mere trifle, nothing to mention."

"Well, I should suppose so," said the colonel.

"Very good, sir: you don't mind it at all. That's all right. I only thought I'd better ask you. Good-morning, sir."

"Good-morning," replied the colonel; and as the door closed behind his officer, the colonel resumed his pen, half thinking to himself as he did so: "Odd young fellow that; I wonder why he fancied I might not like his tiger." But he understood Mr Waldron's scruples, and admitted their propriety most unhesitatingly, a few hours afterwards.

Evening came, and with it the mess-hour. We were all assembled, and about half-way through dinner, when suddenly a terrific uproar arose outside in the barrack-yard. Wild cries and shouts, the screams of women and children, and the noise of horses madly tearing about the yard, caused us all to rush from the table to find out the cause of the unusual disturbance. We found everything in confusion—all the horses loose, galloping about in frantic terror; and as several people spoke at once and very excitedly, it was not easy at first to ascertain what had happened. The colonel's voice restored comparative order. "What is it? What is the meaning of this?" he sternly demanded.

"It's the tiger, sir! the tiger!"

"The tiger!" repeated the colonel in amazement. "What tiger?"

"Mr Waldron's tiger, sir; it's just come. We put it in beside the horses, in a spare stall; and it frightened them, sir, very badly, and they all broke loose."

"A tiger among the horses!" reiterated the colonel. "What can the fellow mean!" Then observing the figure of Mr Waldron disappearing in the direction of the stables, a light seemed to dawn upon him, and he stamped his foot with vigour, and gave vent to his feelings in some rather strong expressions, which I shall not repeat here. In another moment he was roaring with laughter, in which we all joined, though with but a partial comprehension of the cause of his merriment. However, it was all quickly explained. Mr Waldron had been fascinated by the attractions of a young tiger-cub, and strongly wished to become its possessor; but feeling it to be rather a peculiar pet, he thought he had better obtain permission to keep it before entering on the purchase.

"He never dreamt of mystifying the colonel, and I

had no idea his object was misunderstood. The cub duly arrived—a well-grown young animal, and for the time being, was consigned to a spare stall, to the unrestrainable terror of the horses, who smelt the tiger and became excited, and when he began to growl, dashed violently about, burst their fastenings, and got out into the yard, where they made the commotion that had disturbed us. The tiger was speedily removed, order again restored, and Mr Waldron was requested to confine his acquisitions for the future to less alarming kinds of animals. For many a day, however, "Waldron's tiger" was a standing joke in the regiment, the colonel enjoying the story as much as any one. "No more tigers here, my dear fellows; we'll take lions instead—when in action."

We all laughed heartily at Colonel Darley's anecdote, and declared it was capital.

"And a positive fact," said the colonel. "It really happened."

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Institution of Civil Engineers have during many years published reports of their meetings and discussions under the title *Minutes of Proceedings*. Bound in compact octavo volumes, these *Proceedings* are distributed among the members of the Institution, who thereby are kept informed of the principal undertakings and incidents in civil engineering, and of improvements gained by experience. At the beginning of last year the Council of the Institution made a change which has increased the value of the publication, for, in addition to the minutes of proceedings, they give 'selected papers' on important subjects, and 'abstracts of papers in foreign transactions and periodicals,' and thus make their members acquainted with what is going on in all parts of the world. These abstracts range over the whole theory, practice, and science of civil engineering, as may be inferred from the fact that there are one hundred and twenty-three in the last two volumes. Is any one desirous to know something about the St Gothard tunnel—the diminution of water in springs and rivers—remedies against landslips—distribution of velocities in a current—the pollution of the Seine—protection of inflammable materials against fire—relation between galvanic resistance and motion of conductor—application of the tuning-fork in electric telegraphy, or about many other subjects?—he will find them set forth in the work above mentioned, which is published at the house of the Institution, 25 Great George Street, Westminster.

Inventors who through want of occupation consider themselves neglected, should read the list of *Subjects for Papers*, comprising ninety-six subjects, published by the Institution of Mechanical Engineers early in the present year. Machinery and mechanism of every kind appear to be therein mentioned, and to afford scope for every kind of faculty. We quote a few examples: Steam-engines, boilers, pumping-engines, blast-engines, locomotive engines, steam road rollers, hot-air engines, water-wheels, wind-mills, sugar-mills, oil-mills; lace, knitting, and rope-making machinery; saw-mills, wood-working and stone-working machines, hammers, locks, lifts, pressure-gauges, sluices, wall-sinking, dredging, blowing-fans, signals, telegraphs.

From this selection the great variety of subjects in the original list may be judged of. Anything wise and new on any one of them could hardly fail to be well considered if addressed to the Secretary at Birmingham.

The question is often asked: How are young men who cannot obtain entrance to a factory as apprentices, to learn a mechanical trade? An answer has been given in the Russian department of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia by display of models and other appliances from the Imperial Technical Schools of St Petersburg and Moscow. In the words of an American contemporary, these collections 'demonstrate the feasibility of so educating pupils, that when they pass out from the doors of their school, they will have become at once scholars in their learning from books, and proficient as educated workmen in the varied branches of the workshop. These young men on leaving college are quite as able to demand work as journeymen as the average of mechanics when out of their time, for they will have performed by unaided effort such feats in workmanship as none but skilled workmen can do. The demonstration of the Russian school is that this practical instruction can be given in the fullest range and quality, not only without interfering with, but positively to the advancement of other indispensable professional studies.'

The *Science Papers*, chiefly *Pharmacological and Botanical*, of the late Daniel Hanbury, have been collected and published with illustrations in a handsome volume. There is also a Memoir of the author, which sets him forth in his true light as one of the ablest and most amiable of botanists and pharmacologists. His industry was only equalled by his knowledge, and both were of the highest order, and his death at the comparatively early age of forty-nine was alike a loss to society and to science. The author of the Memoir closes it with a few words which under present circumstances are worth consideration: 'Those who think that easy circumstances and leisure are favourable to intellectual effort are tremendously mistaken.'

Artillerists and military engineers have something to talk about in the eighty-one-ton gun which has been transported from Woolwich to Shoeburyness, where it throws its ponderous shot to a distance of five miles, and could double that distance if required, and with less noise than is made by guns not half the size. When four such guns are mounted in the turrets of the huge ironclad destined to receive them, she will be a formidable vessel either for attack or defence; able to batter an enemy's fortress from a distance of three miles. But already this monster gun has a rival, for guns weighing a hundred tons each have been constructed at Elswick on the Tyne for the Italian government; and as they have been shipped to Italy, we shall soon hear of their achievements.

An allied topic is the blowing up of the dangerous reef of rocks which has for ages encumbered the channel between New York and Long Island, and with so much furious tidal commotion, that the first settlers named it Hell Gate. The mass of rock to be removed to make a clear channel twenty-six feet deep was about seventy thousand cubic yards. Miners have been at work upon it for seven years: fifty thousand pounds of dynamite were packed in the borings and excavations; and on Sunday, September 24, the whole was fired.

Beyond a slight tremor and a gush of water and smoke, nothing was seen or heard. Some of our readers may perhaps remember that Hell Gate and its neighbourhood was the scene of one of Washington Irving's early stories.

A certain mechanical philosopher has argued that the world would be happier if there were no friction. But how is friction to be abolished? We all know that preparations of grease and oil are used to ease the running of machinery; and from time to time other substances for the same purpose have been talked about. The latest (or newest) of these, an American invention, is called *Metaline*. It is composed of various pulverised ingredients formed into solid plugs by hydraulic pressure. These plugs are fitted into holes on the inside of axle-boxes and the bearing-pieces called 'bushes' by machinists; their effect is such that neither oil nor grease is required, and the wear of the rubbing surfaces is much less than in machinery constructed in the usual way. Whether metaline is applicable to marine engines, to locomotives, railway cars, and all rubbing surfaces of metal, remains to be proved; but we are informed that it has been introduced with advantage into factories in the United States and in Scotland. If wear of metal and the cost of oil and grease can be saved by the use of metaline, the advantage will not be trifling. Readers interested in the question may apply for further information to J. Wallace & Co., Dundee.

From a Report recently published by the Meteorological Office, we learn that one of the difficulties—and a serious one—in weather telegraphy is the frequency of errors in the telegraphic despatches. These despatches contain numerous figures, and hence are perhaps more liable to error than a despatch of words. There are twenty-nine weather stations connected with the Office in the British Islands, and their total number of errors in a year is about two thousand. Of storm-signal stations round the coasts, including the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, there are one hundred and thirty. When all the lines are in good working order, the Head Office (116 Victoria Street, Westminster) receives fifty-one Reports every morning and nine every afternoon, except on Sundays, from stations which range from one end of Europe to the other—from Christiansund in Norway to Corunna in Spain. Most of the telegrams arrive in London about nine A.M., when the Intelligence Department of the Post Office extracts from them the portions required for its wind and weather Reports. By eleven A.M. the functionaries of the Meteorological Office have reduced and discussed the details for the Daily Weather Report, copies of which are at once supplied to the evening papers. A brief telegraphic summary is despatched to the Ministry of Marine in Paris, and if necessary, intelligence of storms or of atmospherical disturbance is sent to our own coasts and to foreign countries. Later in the day, the afternoon Reports come in, and the Daily Weather Charts having been printed, are distributed by post. Besides all this, a telegram of the weather at fourteen of the principal stations is sent every day to the Underwriters' Rooms at Liverpool, and all the information forwarded to our coasts is also communicated to Lloyd's at the Royal Exchange, where it is posted up for the use of the members.

From the beginning of the present year *The*

Times has published a daily chart of the weather. In order to provide the latest information, the Meteorological Office is kept open till nine p.m., and the particulars then received are embodied in the special chart which appears in *The Times* the next morning. The extra expense (about five hundred pounds a year) which this arrangement involves is defrayed by the owners of the enterprising newspaper. It may be interesting to add that copies of *The Times*, despatched at an early hour each morning from London, are now received in Edinburgh between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and are spread broadcast over the more northern towns in the course of the evening - thanks to the 'Flying Scotchman.'

The meeting of the British Association at Glasgow brought out statements and communications some of which are so important as to demand notice, however brief, in a chronicle of science. Professor Young's address to the Geological Section placed questions, much debated of late years, on a footing which may be taken as a new point of departure in future discussions concerning the age and constitution of the earth. 'So far,' said the Professor, 'as our present knowledge goes, we must accept it as certain that there is some limit to the duration of the earth in the past. Neither philosophers nor astronomers are agreed on the essential points of the problem; nor have they considered all the possible changes in the position of the earth's axis, and in the rate at which the earth loses heat. Neither have geologists so accurate a knowledge of geological processes that they can speak with confidence either of the absolute or relative rates at which rock formation has advanced. The geologist has hitherto asked for more time, not because he himself was aware of his need, but from a generous regard for the difficulties in which his zoological brother found himself when he attempted to explain the diversity of the animal series as the result of slowly operating causes. The geologist asked for more time simply because he could form no just estimate of what was needed for the physical processes with whose results he was familiar. But palæontological domination is now at an end; and the increasing number of geologists who are also competent physicists and mathematicians appears to mark a new school, which will strive to interpret more precisely the accumulated facts.'

Sir William Thomson's address to the Mathematical and Physical Section dealt with questions that seem unapproachable, but which will occupy the minds of physicists for many a year to come. What is really the geological age of the earth?—Is the earth an absolutely rigid mass, or has it a certain amount of flexibility? The effect of rigidity on the earth's rotation would differ from that of flexibility. For some years astronomers have been aware of 'variations in the earth's rotational periods,' and these variations are supposed to have been produced by the friction of the tides. The amount of friction would vary according as the earth were rigid or flexible. Investigations of the question from the date of the first recorded eclipse, 721 B.C., lead to the conclusion that the earth, as a timekeeper, is going eleven and a half seconds slower per annum now than then. And taking recent observations, 'it seems,' says Sir William, 'that the earth was going slow from 1850 to 1862, so much as to have got behind by seven seconds in

these twelve years, and to have begun going faster again, so as to gain eight seconds in the period 1862—1872.' This irregularity implies a change of sea-level occasioned by elevation or subsidence; and the same eminent authority assures us that 'a settlement of fourteen centimetres in the equatorial regions with corresponding rise of twenty-eight centimetres at the poles would suffice;' and that this change 'would be absolutely undiscussable by astronomical observatories.' These may be regarded as transcendental questions; but some day they will be found susceptible of practical application in science and the arts.

Sir William Thomson having visited the Philadelphia Exhibition as one of the British Commissioners, had something to say about science in America; the deep-sea soundings; the coast survey; the hydrographical researches which, as he confidently expects, will supply the data from tidal observations, by which the amount of the earth's elastic yielding to the distorting influence of the sun and moon will be measured; 'and the fresh marine survey of terrestrial magnetism by the Compass Department, which, as is anticipated, will supply the navigator with data for correcting his compass without sights of sun or stars.'

'In the United States telegraphic department,' continues Sir William, 'I saw and heard Elisha Gray's splendidly worked out electric telephone actually sounding four messages simultaneously on the Morse code, and clearly capable of doing yet four times as many with very moderate improvements of detail. And I saw Edison's automatic telegraph delivering a thousand and fifteen words in fifty-seven seconds. . . . In the Canadian department I heard "To be or not to be" (and various messages) through an electric telegraph wire. All this my own ears heard. The words were shouted with a clear and loud voice by my colleague-judge, Professor Watson, at the far end of the telegraph wire, holding his mouth close to a stretched membrane, carrying a little piece of soft iron, which was thus made to produce, in the neighbourhood of an electro-magnet in circuit with the line, motions proportional to the sonorous motions of the air.'

It will warm the hearts of readers on both sides of the Atlantic to be told that there prevails in America 'the truest scientific spirit and devotion, the originality, the inventiveness, the patient persevering thoroughness of work, the appreciativeness, and the generous open-mindedness and sympathy, from which the great things of science come.'

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

In the present monthly part is completed the interesting story by Mr Henry W. Lover, entitled *Following up the Track*. In November will be commenced, and will continue till the end of December, a Tale of powerful interest named *The Arab Wife, a Story of the Polynesian Seas*. And in January we will present to our readers the commencement of an original novel by Mrs E. Newman, entitled

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

Besides the foregoing Novelettes and Novel, *Chambers's Journal* will contain the usual amount of Instruction and Entertainment.

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STORY OF THE CLYDE.

WHILE still a very young man, I was taken by a kind-hearted friend to see the Clyde and some of the western parts of Scotland. This was in the summer of 1824, about twelve years after the introduction of steam-navigation. In the course of the journey to Glasgow on the top of a stage-coach—six hours from Edinburgh, now done by rail in an hour and a quarter—we met with a chatty old gentleman who seemed to know a good deal about the west coast. He had a large concern, as we learned, in the ham and round-of-beef line, in the Saltmarket, whence he sallied out in various directions in his business operations. Speaking of that, it is but justice to Glasgow to say that it has always been great in substantial eatables—an attractive kind of spiced beef in particular. It was a lucky circumstance for a youngster to fall in with a personage who was full of amusing details on points interesting to a tourist.

The old gentleman told us he had often occasion to go down the Clyde as far as Rothesay. He spoke with delight of the recent invention of steam-boats. 'Before steamers came into operation,' he said, 'it was a difficult thing to get down the Clyde from Glasgow. The only vessels were small craft with sails, and they depended altogether on the wind. Suppose you had perhaps arranged to sail on a Monday morning at six o'clock, you rose early, took a mouthful of breakfast, and hurried down to the Broomielaw. It was all of no use; the wind was dead against the "gabbard;" and the voyage being put off till next morning, you went home to bed, or to spend the morning wearily. The same thing, possibly, took place day after day for a week, until the wind changed, and you were able to get off. It was just as bad getting back—a perfect torment—a dreadful waste of time. Now that is all over. Wonderful things these steam-boats! They have entirely changed the character of the Clyde. But that you'll soon learn. When do you intend to go down the river? Ay, to-morrow morning. Well, see that you are at the Broomie-

law by eight o'clock—the quay about fifty yards below the bridge.'

This pleasant chatter was preliminary to my first acquaintance with the Clyde. I had never seen Glasgow or its now famous river, and was to enjoy something in the nature of a new world. At the appointed time next morning my companion and I were on the quay of the Broomielaw. The river struck me as being small—not wider than the Tweed, and very little deeper. At the quay there were ranged up a few vessels of limited size, such as sailing-boats and lighters, with two or three small steamers low in the water, apparently adapted for a comparatively shallow stream sadly troubled with sand-banks. The opposite bank was a green, grassy plain, on which some cows were quietly grazing, with a row of houses of genteelish aspect in the distance, to the left. Insignificant as was the steamer, we had an agreeable trip, for it afforded a view of the historical and picturesque castle of Dumbarton, along with glimpses of Highland scenery. We reached Rothesay about two o'clock in the afternoon, and, prolonging the voyage, arrived at Campbeltown pretty late in the evening.

The memory of these particulars of a youthful excursion has been revived on perusing the work of Mr Deas, descriptive of the marvellous progress made in the traffic on the Clyde. Through a most skilful process of improvement pursued with indomitable energy, the river which I had seen about the opening of its maritime career has become a spacious tidal canal, capable of bearing fleets of vessels of magnificent dimensions.

In a national point of view, it is desirable to know how this has been accomplished. Ordinarily, there are two ways of going to work with a view to effect the important improvement of rivers, fisheries, and so on. One consists in making continual demands on government to effect the required object, which in plain English signifies that the cost of the whole affair is to come out of the general revenue of the country; that is to say, everybody is to be taxed to improve a particular locality. A mighty pleasant way of doing things this, but not very honest. The other and more rational plan

consists in the people of a locality making no demands on the public purse, but doing what they want at their own expense, or at the expense of those who are to be specially benefited. This latter method has been followed in reference to the improvement of the Clyde, and we see no reason why it should not be pursued everywhere. On one occasion, while travelling in Ireland, we paid a proper compliment to that noble island, by saying to a native that the country possessed immense capabilities of improvement. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply, 'it would be a fine country if they would do anything for us.' In that remark we have a grotesque illustration of much of the backwardness of Ireland as regards general improvement. The people—at least a good number of them—are waiting to have something done for them, and they wait in vain.

A hundred and fifty years ago, the inhabitants of Glasgow, then only a few thousands in number, resolved on improving the Clyde, and they have gone on working at the idea ever since. It was a shrewd conception. The city had great capabilities of advancement. The neighbourhood abounded in iron and coal. The river opened into a channel communicating with the west coast of England and the Atlantic; and the Atlantic was the highway to America. There lay the elements of wealth, and, no doubt, wealth would be realised in immeasurable abundance if the river could be rendered navigable. Such was the reasoning of these Glasgow people. They hardly yet imagined the possibility of bringing the sea up to their city. They would establish a port near the salt water, and carry on traffic by means of lighters. That was the primary notion, and it did good service in its day. In process of time, as trade and wealth increased, the improving of the river on a grand scale, and making Glasgow itself a port, became a predominant idea in this keen-witted and self-reliant community. In short, the tidal water must be made to flow upward over a space of fifteen to eighteen miles, to the Broomielaw, so as to secure the advantages of harbours and docks with a clear and direct route to the sea.

A bold idea! But it is perfectly obvious that you may bring the sea into the heart of almost any country by sufficiently scooping out the bed of a river, and allowing a free action to the tides. Had this idea been originally entertained, much time, and trouble, and money might have been spared. Things, however, were done gradually, according to the views and opinions of successive engineers. Smeaton, Golborne, Watt, Reunier, Telford, and many others were invited to try their hand on the Clyde, each doing less or more to give depth and capacity to the river. The work was chiefly effected at the instance of a body constituted by act of parliament, and known as the Clyde Trustees. One thing to be got rid of was the overflowing of the river in the case of high tides. The banks being low at Glasgow were apt to be submerged. The water rose in the sewers and

deluged the streets. By a simple and somewhat ingenious expedient which answered for a time, the back-water in the sewers was conquered. In each gully-hole in the streets there was stuck a tall wooden funnel, up which the water harmlessly rose in the case of high tides. Our friend the old gentleman on the top of the coach had some droll reminiscences of the people in the Saltmarket hastening on an emergency to fasten the funnels into the gully-holes. Perhaps some persons still living may remember the hurrying about with the funnels.

Mr Deas presents a narrative of proceedings for deepening, widening, and straightening the river, which in some places was so shallow that it could be forded on foot. Where sand-banks were bare at low water, land-ploughs drawn by horses were employed to break up the banks, so that the current might carry the sand away. Where the sand-banks were under water, they were torn up by harrows attached by tackle to the stern of steam-tugs, the liberated debris being swept away by the current and reflux of the tides. Then began processes of dredging, at first by a chain of iron buckets worked by hand and by horses, but afterwards by steam-power. Sometimes the dredgers encountered rocks and boulders, and these had to be mastered by a recourse to diving-bells and blasting. For a long time the engineers were unaware of a remarkable bed or dyke of whinstone rock at the bottom of the river near Elderslie, about four miles from Glasgow. This formidable bed of rock, which was only discovered by the grounding of a large steamer in 1851, extended nine hundred feet in length by about three hundred feet in breadth. It was blown up by gunpowder, the charges being fired by a galvanic battery. The cost of these blasting operations was upwards of sixteen thousand pounds. Much, we are told, remains to be done; but the northern half of the rocky area has been lowered so as to give a channel of fourteen feet at low-water, the other half having an available depth of eight feet. Ultimately, as is expected, there will be a depth throughout of twenty feet at low-water.

Any one steaming up the Clyde will have occasion to observe groups of dredging-machines quietly lifting masses of matter from the bottom of the river, and depositing the dredgings in what are called hopper barges. It would have been a wise policy for the adjoining proprietors to have secured the dredgings for the improvement of their lands—for there is not a little bad land near the Clyde—but the difficulty of making reasonable arrangements for this purpose led the trustees to abandon the attempt, and to convey the whole dredgings to the sea. This they effect by the hopper barges, which empty their contents into a deep spot in Loch Long, twenty-seven miles from Glasgow. The cost of conveying and depositing the stuff is a little above fivepence per cubic yard. When the dredged material was deposited on the land previous to 1862, the cost was

above tenpence per cubic yard. The incessant pouring of barge-loads of rubbish into the sea is certainly in comparison a cheap and easy rid-dance, but one would think it must be attended with the danger of creating shoals anything but advantageous to general navigation. This strikes us as the weak point in the proceedings. The cost of the sundry operations on the Clyde has from first to last, in virtue of acts of parliament, been borne by levying rates on the tonnage of vessels using the river. The administration throughout has been marked by great prudence. With some insignificant failures, whatever has been done has been done well. The total expenditure of the Clyde Trust from the year 1770 to June 1875 amounted to six million seven hundred and seventy-four thousand pounds.

Let us now take a glance at the revolution which the outlay of this large sum of money has happily effected. The first steamer, called the *Comet*, constructed by Henry Bell, and placed on the Clyde in 1812, drew four feet of water, and was capable of carrying forty passengers. It went down the river to Greenock one day and returned the next. Mr Deas was informed by an old gentleman seventy-seven years of age, that he had made a voyage in the *Comet*. 'He left Greenock at ten in the morning for Glasgow; but in consequence of a ripple of head-wind, it was two in the afternoon before they got to Bowling, ten and a half miles from Greenock, where all the passengers were landed, and had to walk to Glasgow [a distance of ten to eleven miles], owing to the want of water, the tide having ebbed. It was no uncommon occurrence for the passengers, when the little steamer was getting exhausted, to take to turning the fly-wheel to assist her.'

We have spoken of what came under our observation in 1821, when several steamers of moderate size were successfully plying. Since then, through the effects of dredging and the enterprise of the people, the Clyde takes rank as a river of first-rate importance. The river on which Henry Bell's little steamer occasionally stuck carries ocean steamers without obstruction to the harbour of Glasgow. At present the minimum depth of the navigable channel may be stated at fifteen feet at low-water, and about twenty-five feet at high-water. Vessels drawing twenty-three feet three inches have within the last few months come to Glasgow in one tide from Greenock. Ship-building on the Clyde has advanced in a remarkable manner. In 1875 there were built on it three war-vessels, thirteen paddle, and a hundred and thirteen screw steamers. Including other kinds of craft, there were built on it a total of two hundred and seventy-six vessels. For the year ending 30th June 1875, the revenue of the Clyde Trust was £1,196,326. A survey of the shipping at the harbour and docks of Glasgow would communicate a feeling of an enormous trade with all parts of the world.

The truth is, the rise of Glasgow is one of the wonders in the modern history of Great Britain—a greater wonder still when we consider the poor and backward state of Scotland at the Union. From thirty-five thousand in 1771, the population of Glasgow has swollen to half a million, and it has become the second city of the empire, with apparently no limit to its wealth and importance. As a centre of manufacturing industry it has several

advantages, but all would have been unavailing without the Clyde and its marvellous improvements. These reflect immense credit on the far-seeing intelligence of the community, and from the result a moral of no mean significance may be drawn. We are reminded of the value of energetic self-reliance, accompanied with a resolution to overcome the most formidable difficulties. The French, it is said, think of the possibility of bringing the sea up to Paris—a heavy undertaking, when we take into account the length of way to be excavated, and other circumstances. Rome appears to have had some thoughts of scooping out the Tiber and becoming a sea-port—a thing easily accomplished in comparison to the dredging of the Clyde. On the Tyne great things have lately been done in the way of deepening and improving the channel. There may be other enterprises of this nature in contemplation, for which Glasgow offers an example worthy of being followed. But the works on the Clyde are not half over. In the interests of public health and sensibilities, the purification of the river from sewage remains as a great work to be faced and overcome. It is a herculean task; but looking at what has been already achieved, we entertain no doubt that by united action, and an adjustment of the rights of all parties concerned, everything will come right at last. w. c.

THE ARAB WIFE.

A TALE OF THE POLYNESIAN SEAS.

CHAPTER I. THE AMERICAN SKIPPER.

My father was colonel of an English regiment of dragoons; and at the early age of seventeen I was gazetted as cornet under his command. We were stationed at the cavalry cantonments of Kirkee, some few miles from the famous city of Poona, and I had just escaped from the nuisances of drill and riding-school, which I was forced to undergo, although, as a son of the regiment, I had long been familiar with everything which a subaltern is supposed to know. Having plenty of spare time on my hands, I occupied myself diligently in learning the dialect of the common people, who here speak Gujarati, the language of the Parsees and of the western sea-port towns of India. While time was thus passing agreeably and profitably, I was one morning surprised by my father, who came into the bungalow in a state of sorrowful excitement. 'Charlie,' he said, 'your Uncle Joe in Australia has gone under, and has left us every farthing he possessed. Poor Joe! I haven't seen him for twenty years, when he left Southampton for the New World. He was very sanguine about making a fortune and buying back our old estates in England.'

I had never seen this uncle; and as he was a very bad correspondent, his letters had been few and far between. We were stationed at the Cape when my mother died, and a letter arrived from him in answer to the announcement; since which time we had heard nothing about him. My father seemed to feel the death of his brother keenly; but I hardly knew how to offer him any consolation, nor did I like to ask whether my uncle's death would make any change in our mode of life. I therefore remained silent until he chose to inform me, which he did in the evening after the mess-dinner. There had been one or

two remarks made on the subject *sotto voce* among our brother-officers, and I could not help thinking that there was an unwonted hilarity in the manner of the lieutenant-colonel and one or two others. The secret of this was explained by my father, who took me aside in the mess-room and told me, to my great astonishment, that my Uncle Joe had died worth a quarter of a million, and that we should leave the service immediately.

In a few days accordingly, our papers were made out, and we took the horse-dak for Panwell, where we found a schooner going to Calcutta with salt. We engaged our passage; and soon arrived at the mouth of the Hoogly, where we found a pilot-boat; and as my father was very fidgety about loss of time, and annoyed over the slow run from Panwell, we engaged it for the trip up to Calcutta. When we arrived at the City of Palaces we had more waiting before we could find a vessel bound for Melbourne. But at length the colonel was introduced to the skipper of the *Shooting Star*, Captain Robert Orde, an American gentleman, who owned his vessel, and sailed wherever he could see an opportunity of profit.

'Colonel Wade,' said he (my father was very proud of his name, which he derived from the famous General Wade), 'if you like to come along with me, I guess you can; but I must do the Christian thing by you, and tell you the truth—I'm dreadfully short-handed. What with sickness and what with desertion, I'm thirteen men short.'

'Lascars make good sailors, I'm told, Captain Orde,' said my father; 'hire them, and fill up your complement.'

'You're about right, colonel, as to their making good sailors, so far as mere sailing is concerned, and so long as they're in a warm climate; but they make mighty mean fighters.'

'Well, captain, do you expect to go to war with anybody?'

'No, sir; I don't like it: it don't pay. But I haven't the choice this time, nor has any man who sails the Chinese seas.'

'Take us, Orde,' said my father, clapping him on the shoulder, 'and you'll have two fellows that will fight. I've been soldiering for thirty years, and Charlie is a rare fighter, according to his own account.'

While I was endeavouring to disclaim this compliment, preliminaries were adjusted by the entrance of the clerk with the papers. The colonel paid the passage-money; and a handsome double cabin on board the *Shooting Star* was assigned to our use. We took possession, and next day the vessel left Calcutta, bearing us towards our fortunes in Australia.

Life at sea is so dreary and uniform that I may be pardoned for saying little about it. The Yankee skipper was evidently very much to my father's taste, for he was never tired of conversing with him and listening to his yarns. I liked the latter well enough myself; but their long discussions about republics and monarchies and their arguments about slavery I found excessively dry, so I struck up an acquaintance with the second-mate, who taught me how to make knots, how to steer, and how to take an observation. All this time the wind blew steadily from the north-east, and the ship's log shewed such cheering figures that my father's impatience was assuaged, and his spirits were uniformly high. But the wind veered round

to the north, then to the north-west, then west, and at last blew south-west with tremendous force, increasing in violence so greatly that we were obliged to reduce our sails to a double-reefed fore-top-sail and storm-jib. It became quite a storm; and as the captain seemed somewhat anxious, the colonel asked him downright if we were going to have a typhoon. Captain Orde in his pleasant way slipped both his arms into ours, and walking us up and down the quarter-deck, said: 'Gents both, I don't care how hard it blows, or how long it blows, for the *Shooting Star* knows how to behave herself agin wind and wave; but my experience is that when these gales blow themselves out, we may generally expect a calm, and a long calm too. And if you will remember the little talk we had at Calcutta, you may remember what I said about being under-manned. Now the fastest vessel that ever sailed is no better than a fish out of water in a calm, and I'm free to say that in case of a brush I wish I had more men. However, it's agin my natur, as we Yanks say, to make trouble; but your shap eye, colonel, saw the puckers in my brow; you wanted to know the reason, and you do.'

'That's hearty, captain. I declare you ought to have been born in our little island, you're so downright. Of course you're all the better for telling us, and so are we; and when the time comes we'll shew you what British sabres can do.'

'Colonel, I hope never to see it; but when the time comes, I'll shew you a weapon a trifle more valuable than a sabre, a little thing like this;' and he pulled out a pistol all gilding and ivory. 'There,' said he; 'this is what we call a revolver, and this pretty toy will kill seven men in seven seconds. I've another, colonel, which you're welcome to; and if there's any slaying around these parts, you'll admit that this little weapon is the right thing in the right place. When the calm comes, as come it will, I'll shew you how to use it.'

Captain Orde was right in his prediction, for in less than twenty-four hours the wind died completely away, and we were rocking on the troubled waters. Soon they too became absolutely at rest, save for the long swell, that seemed like the breathing of some huge animal, which made our vessel rock as if she would pitch the masts clean out of her. Even this at last ceased, and we were absolutely and completely becalmed. Then began our initiation into the mysteries of the seven-shooting pistol. The colonel and I practised daily at bottles in the water, and became quite expert; and then my governor insisted that his man Duncan should learn too. Captain Orde seemed to be full of humour and overbrimming spirits, as if the realisation of his predictions had made him in better temper with himself and every one around him. His vessel was a temperance one, not that no liquors were kept on board, but that the men had no daily allowance of grog. But on special occasions the grog-tub made its appearance at eight bells, and each man had his tot. Apparently this calm weather, when the men had nothing to do save to make ratlin and plait seunit, was one of them, and the crew declared with a good-natured oath that 'Bully Orde was a skipper as *was* a skipper, and knowed the feelings of a sailor.' There were altogether thirty-three American seamen on board, and fifteen

Lascars, and the latter seemed as fine men as I had ever seen. But Orde looked at them contemptuously, and though he interfered when the first-mate, who was rather rough, struck one of them for some offence, yet it was plain that he would have given the whole fifteen for four white men.

Under pretence of finding work for the men, the muskets were overhauled, cleaned, and ranged in glittering rows round the masts; the lumber about the decks was stowed away, so as to give a fair show to the two twelve-pound carronades that formed the ship's armament; the cutlasses were ground to razor sharpness, though the captain told my father confidentially that they didn't amount to a row of pins, and the vessel was made as fit for combat as if an enemy were in actual sight. Some of the seamen laughed about the skipper's devices to keep the men from idleness; but the older men said nothing, and yet looked out towards the south-east, as if expecting to see something. The three mates and the quarter-masters took turn about to be on the look-out in an incidental and careless way; and so the calm continued for a fortnight and nothing had happened. The vigorous manner in which some of us whistled for a wind would certainly have brought a hurricane, according to old superstitions; but we had not even that luck, and day by day she lay

Like a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

My father took it upon him to rally the captain upon the failure of his predictions.

'Colonel,' said the wise American, 'I only predicted a calm; and calm you will acknowledge it to be. I feared the proas of the piratical Malays; but I didn't predict 'em. I fear them still, and shall continue to, until we're going easy on a bowline for Port Philip Heads. We seem, you see, Charlie, as if we were still; but we're moving steady, steady towards the Strait of Malacca. The current sweeps us steadily in that direction, and has been taking us nearer and nearer to our enemy ever since the calm set in. A breeze might spring up and give us a chance to spread our wings from this piratical, head-cutting, stink-pot-dropping neighbourhood, before the yellow-skinned wretches and the black blubber-tipped nigger Papuans smell out the whereabouts of so much decent flesh and blood. It might do so, gentlemen; if this were a story in a novel, the breeze might spring just as we were having a warm bout with the swartly sinners; but you mark my words: we shan't have any such luck.—And colonel, it's what I call an uncommon privilege to have the pleasure of pouring my previsions into your sympathising ears, for I have continually to make-pretence afore the men, and the reaction is great. It's a privilege, sir, and I esteem it as such. Try a cheroot; they're real Trichinopoly.'

We accepted the offer, and were just engaged in the act of all three bending our heads to the same match, when the second-mate approached our group hurriedly and said in low excited tones: 'Captain, there's a whole fleet of proas coming up from the south.'

Captain Orde very leisurely lighted his cheroot, while I must confess I dropped mine, and my father forgot to light his. He gave a few puffs and said: 'Who saw them?'

'I myself, captain.'

'Telescope?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Far off?'

'Very far.'

'That will do, sir; I am obliged to you for your vigilance.'

As the officer withdrew he looked quizzically after him and said: 'Flynn is a good fellow; but he's a desperate slow-witted man. I'll wager three drinks, colonel, that there's five or six sampans half-way between us and them proas, and he's never seen them.'

'What's a sampan, skipper?' I asked.

'Why, Charlie, it's a canoe about as substantial as an egg-shell and about as large. The proas always send fellows out to reconnoitre; skirmishers, you military men would call them, only they don't skirmish.'

'Could you not order out your boats, and let my son and me take command of them, and capture or kill these skirmishers?'

'Heem!' said the skipper; 'we'll find them first; we'll examine the ocean, and try if my prediction, as you term it, is anywhere near the mark.'

I dived down into the cabin hurriedly and brought up a pair of opera-glasses, through which I took a hurried squint, but without seeing anything save the glassy water. Joining my father and Captain Orde, I found the latter armed with a tremendous telescope of his own construction, for which he was going to take a patent when he returned to the States. He was looking steadily in the direction of the east, and then swept his glass around a half-circle for about fifteen minutes. We were in an agony of impatience when he put it down, and waited for him to speak; but he handed the telescope to my father without a word.

'One, two, three; by Jove, there are seven little boats,' cried my father. 'Captain Orde, I believe you're descended from the Salem witches.'

'No, sir; I'm from Newhaven. Not but what Salem's a pretty place, but Newhaven's a better; and as for witches, let Charlie go sleighing there winter-time, and I guess there'll be some bewitching.'

'How long will it be before those scoundrels come up to us?'

'About a day and a half.'

'Are they in much force?'

'Look for yourself, colonel. The proas are nigh hull down, and it's hard to count heads at that distance; but there are seven proas.'

'Then each proa sent a sampan as a scout.'

'Jesse, colonel; and there the scout'll remain until the proas come up. And now I'm open to wager that we won't have a wind, and that we'll beat them off; and I'll tell you what I mean to do. Those Lascars can't fight worth a cent. I don't blame them a bit, for it ain't their nature; but it won't do to give them muskets which they can't use to advantage. These proas, sir, are furnished with stink-pots, which they chuck on a Christian's deck, and smother all hands into insensibility. Now, I propose to do this. The Lascars shall be armed with long bamboos and stationed in the rigging. You and Charlie and some others and myself, who can shoot pretty decently, will just keep track of the stink-pot men and crack away at them. The Lascars with their long poles must shatter the stink-pots in the enemy's hands; and between

us we must never let one come on our decks, for if we do, our decent heads will be hung up in some charming village of Borneo. How do you like that, colonel?

'Like which, Orle: the head business or your plan of operations?'

'Why, my plan, of course.'

'I like it very well. But I must tell you that I understand artillery tolerably well, and if you will permit me, I'll take one of your carronades.'

'Just as you please, my good friend; though, if you have no objection, I should prefer your services at the rigging; but of course I should be proud to have you anywhere. One of our men has been in Uncle Sam's navy, and the second-mate is an old hand as a gunner; however, your decision will be mine.'

My father elected for the twelve-pounder, which I was sorry for, as I should have liked to fight beside him. But Captain Orle took me on one side, and assured me that the rigging was the place of honour, as the natives always fired their brass swivels at it; and the stink-pots were really the most formidable artillery we had to encounter. So the revolver which he had given to my father was intrusted to me; and very proud I was of the confidence and the opportunity of shewing my pluck. We took our meals as usual, though for my part I was too excited to eat; but my father insisted that I should eat heartily, and I did my best. On him and the skipper the excitement produced no perceptible change; and the first-mate, who, by special invitation, shared the last dinner, ate as if endeavouring to do justice to the situation.

The proas had now come fully into sight, and were indeed only a mile or two off. The bulwarks of our vessel were uncommonly high, and the hammocks of the men were triced up in man-of-war fashion. The carronades were heavily loaded, and the muskets were capped and ready lying on the deck. It was for me rather a doleful dinner; and I am free to acknowledge that when my father took me on one side and solemnly kissed me, I could not help some large tears from silently stealing down my cheek.

'Charlie, my boy,' said my father, 'we are in the hands of Providence, and can never know what may happen. I have luckily sent all the money I had to England, and have therefore nothing but clothing to lose. But I have something here which I could not dispose of in India, and which I could not send by any one.' Here he drew from underneath his shirt a small bag, which I had always supposed contained some relic or pledge of affection. He opened the mouth, and poured into his hand an enormous diamond of the most perfect water, a sapphire rather bigger, and two huge pearls.

'There,' said he; 'if Brother Joe had not died, that would have been the best part of your fortune. It's my loot at Ahmednuggur. I give them to you now, and advise you to secrete them, for you are so young and so boyish-looking that you will be made a slave; whereas, if the ship is taken, we grizzled beards will lose the number of our mess. God bless and keep my dear boy!' Here he kissed me on the forehead, passed his hands caressingly over my curly yellow hair, and gently pushed me out of the cabin. I secreted the precious gems in an inner pocket of my vest,

resolved to put them in my mouth if I should find myself a captive.

As it was approaching sunset, which is very speedy in those countries, the boatswain's whistle blew, and we hurried on deck. My dear old father came out stripped to the waist, and I thought, as he took his place beside the carronade on the starboard side, that he looked more than ever a perfect gentleman. The crew seemed to think so too, for they gave him a ringing cheer, to which he bowed his grand old head; and Captain Orle, who was beside me, whispered: 'Charlie, your father's one of that breed called trumps, and if you grow up like him, you'll be a good fellow to know.' The boatswain piped again, and the captain came out into the centre of the deck to make a little speech.

He said: 'My men, I'm short-handed, as you know, and not through any fault or meanness of mine.' (Chorus, 'That's so.') 'I thank you for saying so, because, if I thought, or if others thought, that I had jeopardised the lives of Christian men and my own ship to save a few dollars, I should be ashamed of the hour I was born.' ('Good boy! bully for you!') 'I intend to fight this ship as long as there's a man to defend it, or there's a plank to defend. When there ain't, them Yellow Jacks can take what's left.' ('Hooray!') 'We've two passengers aboard, men, whom you can see. They're gentlemen, and they're likely to do a mighty deal of fighting. And men, we'll have to be pretty sly, or these British will do more fight than we, which, as Americans, we can't permit now.' ('Hooray!' and considerable laughter.) 'And now, I've said all I've to say, and in about ten minutes the ball will open. These heathens are going to pay us a visit. My words are: "Let's make it lively for them."'

This speech was received very heartily by the men, who were evidently prepared to do their utmost; and my father still further encouraged them by engaging to give every man who came out of the fight a hundred dollars in silver, and to pay the same to his widow if he got killed.

A great shout from the proas arrested our attention, and we turned towards the sea. We could distinctly see the flashing of their oars as they moved simultaneously towards our left, evidently intending to take up a position around our bows. They were at this time about half a mile distant; and though the second-mate wished to give them a shot, the captain decided that it was useless, as we had no round-shot, nothing but slugs and canister. We therefore watched them in silence as they moved through the motionless water, each minute shewing more clearly the grinning teeth of the wretches inside. We could distinguish the various races among them—the hairless, chinless, blubber-lipped, woolly-headed Papuans; the sleek, yellow, tiger-like Malays; and the bronzed bold forms of the Arabs. The sun was low in the heavens, about an hour from sunset, as they gradually drew near; and all seemed so peaceful, so still, so beautiful, that my mind involuntarily softened, and I wished that it were possible to avoid a fight for which previously I had been eagerly longing. But the noise of the carronades that were being dragged forward awoke me from my reverie. I turned round, and saw Captain Orle at my elbow.

'I rather think, Charlie, that these niggers will be somewhat surprised. They've come up on our bows because they've seen only two portholes, both aft; but if you look opposite to where them carronades are posted, you'll see ten portholes, that I didn't think necessary to indicate by unnecessary painting. There's a compartment of the bulwarks that slides aside, and when the darkies come up we'll give them *Hail Columbia!* Business will commence pretty speedily. You and I will take the foremast with eight Lascars and their bamboo poles; the second-mate and a quarter-master will take the main; and two trusty fellows will have the mizzen.'

'All very satisfactory, captain,' said I; 'but won't the second-mate get the post of honour? Isn't the mainmast the most ticklish part?'

'No, sirree; I wouldn't go back on a friend in that way. We, my boy, have got to stand the brunt of the first attack; and it's only as the prows forge ahead in the thick of the battle that their muskets will speak. That's why we're here with the revolvers. Beautiful weather for slaying, isn't it?'

I looked surprised, when he burst out: 'Don't mind my feeble joke; but it's an expression among the Western men when they're scalp-hunting. These fellows that we're going to tackle go for the whole head, being more civilised. But here they come! Shake hands, chum, and then aim steady and fire slow.'

We shook hands formally, and ascended the rigging of the foremast, taking our position half way up to the foretop, the Lascars clustering below us with their long poles, and others mounting to the top itself. I looked anxiously at my father, and saw him steady as a rock, with his hand on the lanyard and his eye immovably fixed on the prows.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.

EVERY one whose life has not been wholly spent within city walls must have observed that animal life varies greatly in the districts with which he is familiar. Different species are not found uniformly scattered over the surface of the country, but in different localities with similar features. Every country boy knows 'Postlethwaite Oaks' is the only place for miles round where he has a chance of capturing a Purple Emperor butterfly, or that if he visits 'Harkend Brook' at the proper season the chances are that he finds two or three kingfishers' nests. If we quit our own confined districts and travel into other counties or countries, new kinds of animals appear; and the more extensive the range of our observation the greater the difference in the forms of animated life. If we should be sufficiently curious or interested to ask ourselves 'Why should this be so?' we should probably feel satisfied with the obvious, though somewhat vague answer, that 'differences of climate and vegetation demand animal life in harmony.' In all likelihood we should not go a step farther back and ask ourselves: 'Have these peculiar species existed in these peculiar localities throughout all time?' A modern naturalist, however, could easily shew the insufficiency of this answer. He would point out that various regions of the world, closely resembling each other in both

climate and vegetation, are nevertheless inhabited by very different kinds of animals. Thus the forests of Equatorial Africa teem with elephants, apes, leopards, guinea-fowls, and touracos; while the similar arboreal regions of South America shew the tapir, the prehensile-tailed monkey, the jaguar, the curassow, and the toucan. Certain parts of Australia are remarkably like certain parts of Africa; but while the latter possess the mighty lion, the graceful zebra, and the tall giraffe, the former can produce nothing larger or more formidable than the kangaroo, the wombat, or the phalanger. Many large and important groups of animals are found restricted in their range in some way that cannot be accounted for merely by climate or soil. Antelopes are found only in Africa and Asia; sloths only in South America; true lemurs are limited to Madagascar; birds-of-paradise to New Guinea. Acknowledging the cogency of this objection to our explanation of the facts, and now at the end of our resources, we should require to look beyond ourselves and our own range of knowledge for an answer.

Responsive to our look of inquiry up starts Mr Alfred Russel Wallace, of *Malay Archipelago* fame, and gives us, in two large and handsome volumes, a most learned and fascinating account of the distribution of animals throughout the world.* The reader need not fear that this work is too scientifically dry for any but the professed naturalist. The last part, it is true, consisting of a systematic sketch of the chief families of land-animals in their geographical relations, may well be left to the professional; but there is abundance of interesting reading in the other three sections of the book. Part first, in particular, treating of the general phenomena of distribution, we recommend every one to peruse. Here we can do little more than indicate the theory of zoological distribution as set forth by Mr Wallace, with a very few callings from his interesting examples and details.

Those who have studied the subject scientifically have one factor to use in their answer to the question with which we started, not at the disposal of the ordinary observer. They deal with the problem of distribution not only with reference to the present, but with all the light that can be shed upon it from the past. Historical geology gives most valuable aid in determining the probable explanation of the distribution of living creatures. By attention to the various geological strata we can reproduce the physical geography of the earth in the remotest times. Quoting from Geikie's *Manual of Historical Geology*, issued by the publishers of this *Journal*, we find that 'vast changes in the relative position of land and sea there have been; myriads of species of plants and animals have successively appeared, and then vanished for ever; the same climatic conditions have not always persisted in the same latitude, but ever and anon warm conditions of temperature have given place to cold, and *vice versa*.' In particular, paleontology or the science of fossil animals, a branch of historical geology, is most useful, by giving the clearest indications of the former states of distribution.

With due regard to materials both past and

* *The Geographical Distribution of Animals*. By Alfred Russel Wallace, author of *The Malay Archipelago*, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

present, Mr Wallace's answer to the question whether the same species have existed in the same localities throughout all time, is, in the mass, as follows. All the higher forms at least of animal life appear to have had their origin in one and the same region of the globe, and have thence migrated to the other regions, which seem all at one time or another to have been in connection with the original seat of animal life. Different obstacles have determined the migration of one species in one direction and another in another, and the various upheavals and depressions of land-surfaces which have taken place, account to a great extent for the phenomena of zoological distribution. The migrated animals having reached other countries, became gradually modified to suit their new conditions of life, and so fresh varieties were introduced. The greatest dissimilarity to the fauna of the original region will be found in those parts of the world from which it has been separated during the longest period.

To shew that there would be no difficulty in whole continents being thus stocked by immigration, Mr Wallace reminds us of the wonderful power of multiplication among animals. A bird which produces ten pair of young during its life and lives for five years, will increase to one hundred million in forty years. Many fishes and insects are capable of multiplying many thousand-fold each year, so that in a few years they would number billions and trillions. Even large animals which produce only one at a birth may, in less than forty years, increase from a single pair to ten million. These calculations are of course on the supposition of abundant sustenance and absence of enemies.

Some animals seem able to range over whole continents, stopped by almost no physical obstacle. The elephant, for instance, can climb steep mountains, cross deep rivers, and force its way through dense jungle. There would appear, therefore, no limit to its power of migrating overland from any one spot save the necessity of food and a suitable climate. Other groups of animals are much more limited. Apes, lemurs, and many monkeys are strictly adapted to an arboreal life. The camel, giraffe, and zebra, on the other hand, cannot exist in a forest country. We thus begin to see how the animals would migrate from their original region in different directions. A wide desert on one side would favour the emigration of camels and zebras and stop that of monkeys. A tract of marshy ground would prove an effectual barrier to animals adapted to a dry and hilly region; and so on. An arm of the sea would be an insuperable obstacle to most animals, yet many beasts can swim great distances, and are known to have extended their range in this manner. The jaguar, bear, bison, and even the pig, are good swimmers. Sir Charles Lyell tells us of some pigs only six months old that, during the floods in Scotland in 1820, were carried out to sea, swam five miles, and got on shore again. Ice-floes and driftwood would, besides, assist migration over expanses of water. Spix and Martius, for instance, declare that they frequently saw monkeys, tiger-cats, and squirrels carried down the Amazon on pieces of floating vegetation.

It seems at first sight a strange fact that many birds are as strictly limited by barriers as the mammalia. Only birds of very powerful wing

can cross any great width of sea, and even these seldom do so unless compelled by the exigencies of food and climate. Flocks of birds are sometimes swept out to sea by violent storms, and though often destroyed, are sometimes carried to lands hundreds of miles distant. Birds whose habits keep them sheltered by forests are not exposed to such a fate, and therefore are confined more strictly in their own districts. The annual migration of many birds to a more genial climate 'may be looked upon,' says Mr Wallace, 'as an exaggeration of a habit, common to all locomotive animals, of moving about in search of food.' In the tropics, birds move northward with the summer, feeding on young flower-buds, larvae, and ripening fruits; while the birds in Polar regions are driven southward in winter by hunger, cold, and darkness. Migrations such as that of the nightingale in April, from Africa and Asia northward, probably date from the period when there was continuous land along the route passed over. Geologists can tell us that in comparatively recent times Britain was connected with the continent, and Gibraltar, Sicily, and Malta with Africa. 'The submersion of these two tracts of land (which were perhaps of considerable extent) would be a slow process, and from year to year the change might be hardly perceptible. It is easy to see how the migration that had once taken place over continuous land would be kept up, first over lagoons and marshes, then over a narrow channel, and subsequently over a considerable sea, no one generation of birds ever perceiving any difference in the route.' The sea-passage is, however, dangerous to many birds. Great numbers of quails when migrating are drowned in unfavourable weather, and probably the migration would cease were the sea to become a little wider. Many birds, on the contrary, from the introduction of favourable conditions by man and other causes, have greatly increased their area of migration.

Causes proceeding from animals themselves, affect zoological distribution. A herd of goats introduced into St Helena destroyed a whole flora of forest trees, and with them the insects, the mollusca, and perhaps birds dependent on them. Swine exterminated the dodo in Mauritius. Neither horses nor cattle run wild in Paraguay, (though they are abundant both to the north and south of it), on account of a fly which destroys the new-born young of these animals. Pigeons are thin where monkeys abound. The relation of one form of life to another is well illustrated by Mr Darwin's case of the cats and clover (*Origin of Species*, 6th ed. p. 57). Red clover is fertilised in this country by humble-bees only. Field-mice keep down humble-bees by destroying their combs and nests. Field-mice in their turn are kept down by cats and owls; and so upon these carnivorous animals depends the existence of red clover!

The naturalist, in confronting the question of animal distribution, soon feels his need of 'some system of geographical arrangement which shall serve the double purpose of affording a convenient subdivision of his subject, and at the same time of giving expression to the main results at which he has arrived.' Hence the discussion about 'zoological regions.' For a number of reasons, Mr Wallace thinks that the earth is naturally divided into six great regions, marked

by certain differences of animal life. Of course these regions, which correspond pretty closely to the great geographical divisions of the globe, are not separated from each other by hard-and-fast lines, but by zones of neutral territory, in which some of the species characteristic of each region are intermingled. They were chosen mainly with regard to the mammals, but are found to suit other forms of animal life. Of these six regions an excellent map is given at the beginning of the work, and each has also a separate map to itself. His first region he calls the *Palaearctic* region (that is, northern region of the Old World). It consists of Europe, Asia with the exception of India and the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and Africa north of the Tropic of Cancer. The second or *Ethiopian* region embraces the rest of Africa, Madagascar, and the Mascarene Islands. The third or *Oriental* region is of comparatively small extent, consisting of India, the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and the western Malay Islands. The *Australian* region comprises Australia, New Zealand, the tropical islands of the Pacific, and the Malay Archipelago from Celebes on the west to the Solomon Islands on the east. The *Neotropical* region (tropics of the New World) consists of South America and Central America to the Tropic of Cancer. The sixth and last district, the *Neartic* (northern region of the New World), is North America and Greenland. Mr Wallace finds the original dwelling-place of the higher forms of animal organism in the Palaearctic region. It is to Europe and Asia that he bids us look as the starting-point from which animal migration has been carried on throughout the ages. From geological investigations we find that the present fauna of Europe is almost wholly new. 'For a long succession of ages, various forms of monkeys, hyenas, lions, horses, hipparions, tapirs, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, elephants, mastodons, deer, and antelopes, together with almost all the forms now living, produced a rich and varied fauna such as we now see only in the open country of tropical Africa.' There is no ground for believing that the climate was more favourable to these animals then than now, so that they were true indigenes, whose banishment or extinction is a strange phenomenon, most probably due to the combined action of the glacial period and the subsidence of large tracts of land once connecting Europe with Africa. It is at least interesting to observe here a coincidence which Mr Wallace himself has probably not noticed. In this work we find that an apostle of development and natural selection has come to a conclusion respecting the original seat of animal life in perfect harmony with the Mosaic account of the creation of living creatures in the Asiatic garden of Eden.

Mr Wallace thinks it almost beyond a doubt that each of the other great regions into which he has partitioned the globe was at one time in connection with the Palaearctic. For the main stream of migration must have gone overland. Only minor features of distribution are accounted for by the help given by floating vegetation, icebergs, &c. A comparison of the fossils of the Old and New Worlds points to the conclusion that most at least of the different higher kinds of animals inhabited Europe and Asia *before* they inhabited America. Australia, whose connection with the Palaearctic region must have been in the remotest ages, should on this theory be found to have the most

special fauna. So eminently in this case do facts support the theory, that it has been proposed to divide the globe into two zoological regions, of which Australia and the adjacent islands should form one! The line of emigration from Europe to Africa was probably always a dry and desert track, suitable to antelopes and felines, but almost impassable by animals adapted to a fertile and well-wooded country. Now the absence of bears and deer from the fauna of tropical Africa has always been a puzzle; but when it is remembered that neither of these animals could make way over a desert region, and if we accept Mr Wallace's theory, the problem is solved. There are districts in tropical Africa which are apparently well suited for either bears or deer; and if the various species of animals were but newly created where now found, the absence from Africa of the two kinds named above, would be unaccountable. Now it is folly to leave a thing as not to be explained when a reasonable cause can be found, and on the hypothesis given above we have a simple and complete explanation of the zoological distribution of Africa.

The manner in which species have been modified after arriving in a new district is often exceedingly interesting. A remarkable feature among the beetles of Madeira is the unusual number of wingless species, many usually having wings in Europe being without them in Madeira. On the other hand, the species in Madeira which have wings often have them larger than the corresponding species in Europe. These two facts were connected by Mr Darwin, who suggested that flying insects were more apt to be carried out to sea and destroyed than those that do not fly; so that the most frequent fliers would be constantly diminishing, while the more sluggish individuals, who could not or would not fly, would remain to perpetuate the race; and so in time would result the entire loss of wings by insects to whom they were *not a necessity*. Those insects to whom flight *is* a necessity would have to battle with storms, and the strongest winged would survive and in time get stronger, while the weak-winged individuals would become extinct.

The dodo is another highly interesting example of adaptation to new conditions of life. Its remains are found in Madagascar and the Mascarene Islands, which at one time must have been joined to the African continent. While still joined to the mainland the dodo reached that region, and at a period prior to the arrival of the carnivora. When, therefore, the region came to be surrounded by water, the dodo having no enemies, did not require wings, and became the huge unwieldy flightless bird whose picture we are familiar with. And yet it belongs to the family of pigeons! A confirmation of this view is that gigantic land-tortoises, larger than any now living elsewhere on the globe, were developed in the same islands. A striking confirmation of Mr Darwin's theory, that the gay colours of flowers have mostly or perhaps wholly been introduced to attract insects which aid in their fertilisation, is the paucity of insects, and at the same time of brilliant flowers, in New Zealand and the Galapagos Islands. But such curious details are endless.

The principle of distribution used by Mr Wallace should, if sound, apply to the flora as well as to the fauna of the globe. Nor are there

wanting indications that this may be satisfactorily done, and we look forward with some assurance to an affirmative answer to the question: 'Is the distribution of plants mainly dependent on the past depressions and upheavals of the earth's surface?'

In conclusion, it may be interesting to notice a few of the most widely-spread animals, as gathered from the fourth part of Mr Wallace's book. The family of rats is found in nearly every quarter, and bats in every quarter, of the globe. None of the larger land-animals are so widely distributed. Among birds, the most extensively found are swallows, kingfishers, pigeons, falcons, owls, rails, snipes, plovers, herons, ducks, gulls, petrels, pelicans, and grubs. All of these are found in each of Mr Wallace's regions, and also in each of their subdivisions. Crows and swifts are universal except in New Zealand, and cuckoos except in the north of North America. Among reptiles, snakes may be mentioned as nearly cosmopolites, being found everywhere except in New Zealand and the tropical islands of the Pacific; while geckoes or wall-lizards are absent only from the north of North America. Toads are dispersed over the whole world except Madagascar, New Zealand, and the Pacific Islands; and frogs have the same area with the addition of Madagascar.

We have by no means exhausted the interest of Mr Wallace's volumes, but we must stop somewhere, and now refer the reader, with renewed commendations, to the work itself.

THE LAIRD'S RELIEF.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

RANALD McLEAN, the young laird of Brackenhough, was evidently in trouble. As he stood by the window with his fishing-tackle about him, carefully fixing a woodcock wing to a red hackle body, there was a frown upon his brow that betokened an uneasy mind. Outside, the clouds hung heavily, and there was just that warm look in the air and that gentle ripple on the water that meant a heavy creel of fish, if Nature could speak at all; and as he looked down upon the brawling river Bracken that rushed along in the dark-coloured fullness beloved of fishermen, and saw the heavy splash of some old stagers that lay under the alders in his favourite pool, he gave an exclamation of impatience. Turning to the table on which lay the morning letters, and with his eyes glancing from one to the other of two set apart from the rest, he muttered: 'Was ever anything so unfortunate! I'm clean done at last. I must see what Janet's got to say;' and he pulled the bell-rope.

'Tell Mistress Janet I'm wanting her,' he said to the maid-servant who appeared in answer to the call.

Mistress Janet was the housekeeper, a thrifty body, who had lived for forty years at Brackenhough, long before the present laird was born, and without whom latterly it would have been a hard matter to have made both ends meet; for the fortunes of the house had been on the decline for many years, and the encumbered estate which

came to Ranald on the death of his father had not been improved by his having spent a few years in a cavalry regiment, during which he had acquired with much ease a habit of throwing his money about, the result of which was a ruin that seemed gradually approaching completion. Over head and ears in debt, he had retired to the ancient habitation of his family, had cut down the expenses of his establishment right and left, sold his horses, dismissed servants, and hoped by 'living down' and curtailings all his former extravagances and amusements, to bring his affairs into some sort of order. In this he was ably assisted by Janet, to whom the former state of things had been a sore trial; but who now, with a reduced household, consisting of a couple of maids in the house, and a couple of men and a boy in and about the grounds, had a fair opportunity of exercising not only her thrift but her authority, which had fallen sadly into disuse while London servants and London waste raged rampant at Brackenhough.

'Janet, I'm in a fix,' said the laird, as the housekeeper entered the room.

'It'll no be the first time, Maister Ranald,' she replied.

'Look at that;' and he handed her an ominous-looking blue paper. Janet was about to put on her spectacles; but checking herself, said in a resigned tone: 'It's no muckle guid, I'm thinking, to fash my sight wi' it. I ken the shape o' owre weel. It's a writ, likely.'

'Worse, Janet. It's an intimation that some of the Edinburgh people have got tired of waiting, and in order to hasten matters, are going to place a man in possession.'

'What! here at Brackenhough? A beagle in Brackenhough! It canna be sae bad as that, laird!'

'Ay, but it is. But that isn't the only bother. I have another letter here from my aunt Barbara, who is going to pass here on her way to the Highlands with a party of friends, and proposes to pay me a visit of a couple of days.'

'Gude save us, laird! If your friends want anything mair than trout, grouse, and bannocks, wi' aiblins a dish o' mince-collaps—and no a big one neither—they'll need to gang beyont Brackenhough!'

'I know the larder is not in a very flourishing condition.'

'Larder, is it? There's just naethin' in the house, I'm tellin' ye. There's whiles it gars me greet when I gang ben to my ain wee room and see naethin' but empty shelves, whaur ance there wasna room to pit half-a-dizen pots o' preserved rasps, for a' the grand groceries and things that mounted up to the ceilin';' and Janet shook her head sadly at the recollection.

'I know, I know. If they could live on whisky and trout, they'd do first-rate, but—'

'And your aunt Barbara too! wantin' her tea at a' hours, and a' her grand freens the same likely, wi' but twa bit lassies like Phemie and Kirsty to wait too! And your aunt wi' nane nearer kin than yersel to leave a' her siller to, to be peerin' into the nakedness o' the land. She's a canny woman and a carefu', and she'll ken weel it's no fair-play that's brocht Brackenhough to sic a pass.'

'Well, Janet, I think I can manage to put things a little more ship-shape, and give them a welcome

not unworthy of the old house, if you can only undertake to get this man out of the way.'

'And will it be a bit heagle body that the Laird o' Brackenhaugh's afeart o'? Gin there be a hind twixt this and Balgoyle, and water in the Bracken'—

'No, no, Janet,' said McLean, laughing; 'no violence. But search your wits, woman! They mustn't be here together. Get the man out of the way, and I've warrant we has mair than bannocks and whisky for our guests;' and with that he placed his hands in a friendly manner on the old woman's shoulders as he dropped into the vernacular, which he invariably did when he wanted to engage her good graces. He was a very light-hearted young man, a circumstance that had considerably helped his downfall; and he had a wonderful faith in Janet's resources. So, taking up his tackle, he was soon deeply engaged at his favourite sport; and it was not until he had landed a dozen of the spotted beauties that he turned back his thoughts to his difficulties. Now, his aunt Barbara had not acted altogether with thoughtlessness when she talked of visiting him; and a handsome cheque had set his mind at rest upon the subject which had vexed the soul of Janet, namely, the bareness of the larder and the general insufficiency of the *ménage*. But his chief difficulty was owing to a request, that he could only look upon in the light of an order, from his aunt—that she was sure that he would have a proper display of the old family plate, the Alexander flagons, the King Jamie spoons, the Stuart wine-flasks, &c. &c., the great pride and glory of the family. This plate had lain for a long time at the bank at Balgoyle, and was easy enough to obtain; but how was it to be kept with the bailiffs in the house? McLean was on his last legs, knew not where to turn for temporary assistance, and the precious plate would be sold up with everything else; but he had every faith in Janet, and felt pretty sure that if there was a way out of the difficulty she would find it; so he returned to the house, mounted an old cob that was still left to him, and took the road for Balgoyle.

Later on in the day two men stood at the lodge-gate of Brackenhaugh, having just alighted from a tumble-down vehicle which had conveyed them from the coach-road between Balgoyle and Edinburgh. They had travelled over at least ten miles of a wretched road—half morass, half boulders, since they had descended from the stage-coach—through a pitiless driving rain, and were about to proceed upon an errand on which the most sanguine of men might be forgiven for being in doubts as to the warmth of his reception. The elder of the two, Joseph Wilkie, was a sheriff-officer of some standing in Edinburgh, in which town he was a 'residential,' although a Glaswegian by birth and by feeling, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot. Being a man with a Bailie Nicol Jarvie-like hatred of everything wild, uncomfortable, and disorderly, it was strange that he should have voluntarily undertaken his present mission; but he had done so with a view to the advance of his sister's brother-in-law, the youth Gabriel Simpson who accompanied him. This young man, who had not long left London, and was not very favourably impressed by his visit to the North, was about to take up his first 'job' under the auspices of

his relative, and was an unwilling accession to the ranks of the bailiffs; but having been found useless at various other occupations, it was thought that this at least might suit him. The night had fallen as they made their way to the house; but it was not so dark as to enable them to escape the keen look-out of the maid Phemie, who stood at a window with Mistress Janet.

'Mistress Janet!' she exclaimed, 'there's twa o' them.'

'Is't sae, lass? Deil's in't a!' (Janet was no puritan.) She seemed only nonplussed for a moment, however.

'Bin doon, Phemie lass, and tell Kirsty to broach yon muckle keg o' whisky that that thieving Jock Doonaguid gied the Laird last Candlemas. As it's no been through the gaugers' hands, it'll gang well enuch doon the craig o' a beagle, I'm thinkin'.'

Whatever doubts the two officers of the law may have had as to their reception were soon set at rest, as they were cheerfully welcomed by Phemie and her assistant, who, having relieved them of their valises and provided them with lights, preceded them to their rooms.

'Hullo! wha's that?' exclaimed Mr Wilkie, while his companion turned pale, as a terrific yell, accompanied by a pistol-shot and a clashing of steel and smushing of glass, was heard.

'Jest the Laird wi' a few frens,' explained Phemie in answer to their startled looks; 'they're braw lads and fu' o' speerits, but owre fond o' the fechtin'.'

'He doesna ken we're here, does he?' said Mr Wilkie with an anxiety that belied his assumed indifference.

'Gude guide us, na, sirs!' she replied with seeming fright; 'dinna think o't. Jest keep a calm sough, and ye hae naethin' to fear.'

The answer was not reassuring; but after a hurried toilet, much of their discomfort was appeased by the snug appearance of the room to which they were shewn, and the savoury smell of cooked meats that met their expanding nostrils. They were shewn to Mistress Janet's room, where was a well-laid table, on which a newly caught grilse smoked at one end, and a dish of jugged hare at the other, with a brace of grouse to form a reserve; while intervening spaces were variously filled by scones and oatmeal cakes, Gouda cheese, butter, and preserves. These things, together with the civil attentions of the housekeeper and her assistant, had soon a visible effect upon the spirits of the new arrivals. The solids having been despatched, the muckle keg spoken of by Janet was introduced, and under the pleasing influence of King Toddy, disquiet almost disappeared from the breasts of Mr Wilkie and his companion, who rapidly thawed into conversation. The former indeed, who was considered amongst his acquaintances to be something of a lady-killer, and quite noted for his graceful rendering of *I'll hang my Harp on a Willow-tree*, and his powers of entertainment at tea-parties, his graceful carriage, and the amplitude of his shirt-fronts, was more than once aware of the interested gaze of Miss Phemie, which he was not slow to attribute to his personal fascination. When, therefore, she seated herself beside him, and mixing him a stiff tumbler, inquired if he liked it sweet—'Sweet it is,' he replied with fervour, giving her a look of admiration, which

appeared to cover the damsel with confusion; and when he said: 'Will ye no tak a wee drop too, miss?' she assented so shyly, and catching hold of his hand as he laded out a portion into a glass, protested that he was giving her too much, then begged his parlor most demurely, and altogether seemed quite overcome by his attentions. Then she began to ask him about Edinburgh and all the grand doings there. Had he seen the Queen and the Prince; and was he no a fine-looking man? And she kent weel how braw the leddies were dressed; and she had ance been to Edinbro'. And the shops, were they no grand! And he wadna think muckle o' Brackenlaugh? They were just nae mair nor less than wild savages. (At this point his glass was replenished.)

'And are ye mairrit, Mr Wilkie?' To which that gentleman replied briskly in the negative, and moved his chair a little closer.

Meanwhile, Mr Simpson began to talk with Janet, but he did not manage to make himself completely at ease; nor was Janet's conversation altogether calculated to that end. True, she expressed much anxiety for his comfort; but his immunity from harm seemed, according to her, less due to any possible abatement in the ruthlessness of the Laird, than to her own foresight and management. That he was a man of unbridled temper and reckless conduct when under the influence of any excitement, she took pains to convince him of. Each pull at the bell filled Mr Simpson with fear lest at any moment, by some mischance, their presence in the house should be discovered. The whisky seemed to have no soothing effect upon him, and in his agitation he besought Mistress Janet to be sure not to acquaint Mr McLean of his being in the house until he was perfectly calm and composed. To this she willingly assented, and appeared indeed shocked at the thought of acting otherwise.

'But your friend, sir; is he no a wee bit owre-noisy? The Lord kens what'll become o' us a', if he's no carefu'!'

Mr Wilkie's tongue had become loosened under the influence of the repeated jorums supplied to him by the attentive Phemie; his voice had become louder; and forgetful of time, place, and circumstances, he was on the point of bursting into song. Mistress Janet's warning had a visible effect upon Mr Simpson.

'Mr Wilkie,' he said in a hollow voice, 'for 'eaven's sake, shut up. Can't you 'ear what this good lady says, or do you want us all to be murdered?'

'Murdered? Nonsense! Offisher of the law—pershon shaired.—Jes' a wee drap mair, my lass.' And Mr Wilkie raised his glass to his lips, winked knowingly, and gazed round at the company with satisfaction.

'Look 'ere, sir; if you don't shut up, I'll punch yer 'ead. Do you think I'm going to have dirks and things stuck into me?' (Janet had told him a dreadful story about the Laird, in which dirks and blood and gore and strangulation had figured horribly.) 'Or do you think I'm going to get these hamiabie females into trouble 'cos of your beastly intoxication?'

'Tostication yourself. Get out!'

'Yes, sir, I will get out,' said Mr Simpson, in obedience to the entreaties of the two women, who urged that he had better go off to bed at once, and

leave his friend to their management 'if they could prevent evil befalling him;' at which they shook their heads doubtfully. 'And I 'ope you won't be long in following my example.' Seized, however, with anxiety for his friend, as he saw him sitting stupid and helpless in his chair, he went up to him before leaving and said: 'Come, Wilkie, don't be a fool; you'll get into trouble if you don't mind;' and he attempted to raise him from his chair by the arm; but Mr Wilkie, with tipay obstinacy, resisted, and not being able to calculate the exact force he was using, managed both to slip out of his chair on to the floor and to bring the devoted Simpson down on the top of him at the same time. A loud cock-a-doodle-doo of triumph from the inebriated Wilkie accompanied this feat, and the noise struck terror to the soul of Simpson, which was increased by the entrance of Phemie (who had been out of the room a moment), exclaiming: 'Gude guide us and save us, the Laird! the Laird!' And on this the two women hustled the Cockney out of the room into a side-passage, and directing him to his room in a hurried whisper, thrust a light into his hand, and shut the door upon him. He found his room without difficulty, as it chanced to be the first upon the stair which he had been told to ascend; and having carefully locked and bolted the door, he threw himself into a chair, and gave himself up to a contemplation of the position, wiping the perspiration which fell in large drops from his forehead, with a trembling hand.

'Lor, wot an escape! And I ain't hont of it yet; but I don't think those women will peach. Wot *haver* is to become of Wilkie? Shouldn't wonder if they ducked 'im in the 'orse-pond, or played up some dreadful game or another with 'im. These young gents is werry merry, I don't doubt; but they can't do 'im any real harm, I should think. Good 'eavens, no! Ain't we in the nineteenth century, and hain't the pussions of hinstuments of the law sacred? Ah, let's 'ave a look at this window, by the way. None o' yer snuggling in and playin' up games while I'm in bed; and he went to the window, and carefully raising it, looked out. The wind moaned dismally through the trees, now rapidly becoming leafless, for it was well on into the autumn, and the drifting clouds that every now and then obscured the moon brought at intervals a squall of hard-driven rain. He ascertained that the window was sufficiently high from the ground to prevent any one entering, unless by a ladder or some such means; and with a shiver of cold he shut it down again, and slowly prepared for rest, satisfied that he was for the time-being safe. This being so, he could, of course, afford to extend some sympathy to his companion. He listened attentively for any noise that might indicate what was going on; but a stillness seemed to have come over the house since he had left Mistress Janet's room. It might have been that the tramp of footsteps which he had heard, when Phemie uttered her affrighted exclamation, had been directed to some other part of the house, and that the women might have had time to conceal his friend. The party might have broken up and gone away, and if so, they might both be perfectly safe for the night. Fatigued with his day's travelling, and the recent excitement wearing off in the surrounding stillness inside the house, he gradually fell into a sleep, disturbed by

occasional wakings, with a start at first, as recent events assumed various exaggerated forms and sounds, but soon ending in a deep sleep.

How long he had lain like this he was unaware, but he was suddenly awakened by a rattle against the window, which might have been from the rain. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him. The moon still shone upon the blind, and cast the flickering shadows of branches upon it, but—and he started up in his bed with a look of terror upon his face, and then covered his head with the bed-clothes and emitted a terrible groan. But no—it could not be! and yet—As the shadows waved to and fro, the unmistakable shape of a human form swayed also with the movement of the wind. Those stifled groans that he had heard then were not all a dream! It was too horrible! When would this night come to an end? He dared not move. Each creak that the bed gave, as he turned to bury his face deeper in the pillows, was full of horror for him. Each gust of wind went along his nerving nerves like a hot iron. He longed for the light of day, for he dared not look upon the thing that made the night so hideous to him. After waiting in trepidation for a time, which seemed to him endless, the first gray streak of dawn made its appearance—the wind fell, the rain ceased—the horrible shadow had disappeared. Perhaps, after all, it was only his imagination. His night had been disturbed; and what with the late supper, the whisky (an unaccustomed beverage with him, for he had not been long in the North), and the startling events of the evening, it might well be that a distempered fancy alone had been the author of all the misery he had suffered during the last few hours. He cautiously pulled a corner of the blind aside, and his heart gave a sudden leap of joy as the trees appeared unburdened by the weight that he had fully expected to see; but his elation was of short duration, as, casting his eyes lower, he saw a gaunt red-haired man digging a hole at the foot of a tree, while something lay on the ground covered by a cloak. On again looking upward too, he saw that the cut end of a rope dangled from a stont bough, and with a shudder he withdrew from the window. What was to be done? The tips of the boots that protruded from beneath the cloak were, without any manner of doubt, the tips of the boots of Wilkie; and a blue scarf that lay near had assuredly adorned the neck of his friend on the previous evening. He would get away out of the house at any price; he would bribe the man below with all the money in his possession to let him escape. Hurriedly putting on his things, he again went to the window, and raising it gently, beckoned to the man, who stopped digging and the merry air he was humming in an unknown language at the same time; and pulling his forelock, said: ‘How’s ta shentleman after ta nicht’s work?’

‘Ush, for ‘eavens’ sake; don’t speak so loud. I say, what’s that?’

‘Fat’s tat? Ta shentleman kens petter as Tonal. Oh, it was a pounie pit o’ work;’ and the Highlander grinned in great enjoyment at some joke, that was not apparent to the trembling man at the window.

‘What do you mean? What is it, I say?’

‘Oh, she’s jist ta puir pit peagle potty. She’ll no fash ta Laird again, puir man!’

‘Good ‘eavens, it’s a woman then!’

‘Hoots toots! fat for shall she be a wumman? Ta puir peagle potty, I’m telling ye. There was twa, but I dinna ken fads come till tither. Put ta shentleman kens petter as Tonal;’ and the man nodded his head, and looked mysteriously at Mr Simpson, and winked pleasantly.

‘What a cold-blooded ruffian!’ thought that gentleman to himself; ‘but it’s clear he mistakes me for some one else. If so, I may make off and save my money. Poor Wilkie, poor Wilkie! The murdering villains!’ Putting on, therefore, as indifferent an air as he could assume, he inquired of the man if he would assist him out of the window, as he wanted just to take a turn by the river, and did not wish to disturb the house. To this the man willingly assented; and placing his shoulders against the wall, Mr Simpson was enabled to rest his feet upon them, and the man gradually lowering his body to a sitting posture, he jumped off on to *terra firma*. Making Donald a present of a piece of silver—a few moments ago he was ready to turn his pockets inside out for a chance of escape—he asked the nearest way down to the river, which Donald told him.

‘Put wull ta shentleman no pe pack to ta hanging of tither peagle!’

Mr Simpson’s reply was not audible, as with a quickened stride he made for the steps at the end of the terrace, which led to a pathway winding through the plantation down towards the banks of the Bracken. No sooner was he out of sight of the house and of Donald, than he took to his heels, and did not stop till he pulled up breathless about a mile off. Where he was he knew not, nor did he care; it was enough for him that daylight had come, and that he was free and in the open air.

ROUGH SKETCHES FROM THE HEBRIDES.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

GLIMPSES OF SKYE.

Who has not heard of the wonderful colouring of the south? And yet, where is colour in all its many and beautiful varieties seen in greater perfection than here among these northern isles? Italy can boast no bluer skies nor seas; and where in Italy can be found such myriad effects of light and shadow, of mist and rainbow, as here? such marvellous cloud-scenery as in these breezy skies, or such vivid blue, and brown, and golden greens as clothe these grass-grown hills! So I thought as we were dreamily gliding past the steep cragged shore and amongst the islands to the curious rock-draperial cave where Flora Macdonald concealed Prince Charlie, and then on again to the creek where we were to land. The reflection thrown from those golden-green, rock-crowned heights into the water below was inexpressibly beautiful, dyeing the water to a mellow, green metallic hue, the apex of each tiny ripple that broke the smoothness of the surface being a vivid splash of pure cobalt. Everywhere the water was so clear and transparent that the bottom was distinctly visible even to a considerable depth. And how beautiful was that ocean flooring! What luxuriant gardens of sea-weeds and sea-flowers; what

forests of tall-stemmed, long-branched, golden-brown plants; what gleaming pavements of pure white sand, patterned with the mosaic of ocean's tread, and casting a moonshiny gleam upwards through the water, which dyed the waves a pale bright emerald. What beds of purple, pink, and grayish rocks and stones, covered with sea-mosses and lichens of vivid green and crimson, and sheltering within the shadow of their crevices hundreds of glowing sea-anemones with their arms wide-spread; and where, floating by, are myriads of transparent medusæ, with their graceful, bell-like forms, delicate pendent ruffles, and long trailing tendrils, all exquisitely hued with violet, rose, and azure. A very ocean paradise! Leaning over the boat's side, I seemed to see in those quiet depths, growing out of the rocks, and sands, and weeds, stately palaces and marble halls, grim fortresses and tranquil gardens; and as the distant cry of the sea-bird mingled with the gentle lapping and murmur of the waves, I seemed to hear innumerable soft voices and strains of dreamy music rising from that mystic under-world. And still we threaded our way onward by the shore and among the islands, many of which had but a local name, to the creek where we were to land in order to ascend the heights as far as the great Storr Rock and its grim Old Man.

The sun was pouring down his rays on our devoted heads, as if to prove that even up here, in the stormy Hebrides, he can shine with southern fervour, and the way was boggy and steep—so steep, indeed, that we were content to stop and rest at full length on the soft dry heather—when we at last reached a point from whence we commanded a full view of the giant Storr, scowling down at us from across another plain and steep ascent. And what a mighty chummed cliff it is! what dizzy precipices, what Titanic granite walls—awful in its gloom, sublime in its grandeur! At its base stands the Old Man of Storr, rising three hundred feet in height, and yet a very pigmy when contrasted with the terrible cliff behind. This rock stands three thousand feet above the sea, and seems a mighty fortress reared by Nature long before the age of man, to endure until the 'everlasting hills' shall fail, and for ever through the ages to keep watch and ward, with its grim lone sentinel, over the mountains and the valleys, the islands and the sea.

Hot and fatiguing as the walk from below was, it was amply repaid by the view from these sunny heights. Stretched out like a living map at our feet, limned and painted by Nature's brush, lay the blue sea, studded with a hundred opaline-hued islets, bounded by misty purple mountains, set in a dazzling sapphire frame. And backward, stretching far away behind us, rose crest beyond crest of golden hill and purple moorland crowned with the awful majesty of the Storr. The wild screaming of sea-birds reached our ears, softened into real beauty; the lazy seal poked his bright-eyed head up gleaming and black from the waves as he

threaded his cool way among the rocks and round the shores; here and there a solan goose dropped like a bolt straight into the water, swallowing its victim before it again emerged, or else with wide dark-tipped snowy wings sped lightly hither and thither; little companies of guillemots sat and floated on the waves, and then diving in an instant disappeared as though by magic; terns, puffins, razor-bills, and white gulls flitted, and skimmed, and dived; and on the shore below us, and up the steep sides of the rocky hills, grazed and scrambled active white-woolled sheep and lambs.

Another day as bright, and warm, and brilliant as the last; an emerald sea, a turquoise sky, a many-tinted gleaming earth; and we are on our mounted way through ten rough miles of mountain gorge, from Sligachan to the foot of one of the mighty Coolin brotherhood, one of the noblest ranges of peaks in Scotland, and whose wonderfully jagged, perpendicular forms impress me more than any mountains I have seen out of Switzerland. Here at the foot of the particular height for whose summit we are bound, we dismount from our plucky, sure-footed little ponies, and pursue our panting way on foot. How I longed for a partial suspension of the law of gravity for those two long hours, during which an inward stubborn resolution set to the tune of 'Never say die,' carried our bodies up to the top of the great bare shoulder, where our consciences at last gave permission to our tired limbs to repose themselves at length on the hard rock and take their rest. And even then we were not quite happy, for force of circumstances constrained us to borrow an idea from Nero, and wish emphatically that the whole race of Midges—not Christians—had but a single neck. But, alas! our wish availed us nothing! Where we rested, round and above us on every side, cold, silent, and grim, towered bare overhanging cliffs and massive walls of stone; graceful peaks and pointed pinnacles seeming the fretted, fluted spires of some mighty old-world cathedral, guarded from the unhallowed touch of man by the bristling points of a mighty array of glittering granite spears. When their lonely fastnesses are invaded they know how to take their vengeance, as the name of the highest peak of the range, the monarch of Skye, bears ominous witness—Scurinaghillian it has been christened; literally, the peak of the young lads—so called in memory of the sad deaths of three youths who attempted the ascent, and who, losing their way in the mist, fell over a precipice and were killed.

Above us shone the unclouded sky, and far below, cradled in this mighty nest of rock, lay the loveliest, bluest lake, all shining and dimpling in the sun. The remembrance of that lonely baby-loch smiling for ever in the midst of such stern barren grandeur, we carried with us through the dusky star-lit gloaming, back along the twenty miles to Portree; and that night, when all the earth was hushed, Fancy spread her wings, and stooping low across the mountains, lifted the little

lake in her arms and flew away with it to dream-land, and laid it gently down in the bright region where my spirit was roaming the happy sleeping hours away.

Before quitting the Highlands, I must say just a few words about the people who live and die in these beautiful regions of mountain and valley, lake and sea. The rain, and the mist, and the sharp mountain air seem favourable for the development of muscle and bone, for these men and women are a fine stalwart healthy race; in many places, especially among the sailor and fisher classes, they are a handsome race as well, with fair hair and skins, fine features, and keen eyes. In and about Stornoway, many of the women are beautiful, and their beauty is set off to great advantage by a very picturesque costume. But everywhere, whether handsome or not, we have found them characterised by a peculiar gentleness and courtesy of manner, by a natural refinement, that removes them utterly from the very slightest tinge of vulgarity and commonness, and by an intelligence and cultivation which are rarely met with among the lower classes in the south. Not only do they nearly all read and write, even those who dwell in miserable mud hovels, but many of them read books, and think, and deliver themselves in well-chosen and intelligible, if quaint English, on various subjects of public and individual, or even political interest, upholding their own opinion warmly and well when they happen to differ from you. Many of them feel and speak strongly on the subject of the system of large landholderships that prevails throughout the Highlands to the exclusion of peasant proprietors, and also of the severity of the game-laws, and the harshness of the punishments attendant on the breaking of those laws. In their speech they are singularly refined; and the very poorest, even when quarrelling, rarely make use of the vulgar, meaningless, and brutal words and oaths that disgrace and disfigure the speech of the poor in England either in town or country. As for real kindness, ready sympathy, and willing help in any emergency, I think these Highlanders cannot easily be surpassed. In an accident, or in cases when a traveller is lost or missing, their voluntary exertions, without any view to remuneration, are as strenuous as though the missing one were a relation of their own; of this we saw a striking instance at Portree.

Original characters too are to be met with here, as elsewhere. One we came across interested us a good deal; and as she was a woman, and noted for attainments not ordinarily met with in a woman, I shall devote a few lines to her. We were on board the gallant ship *Clydesdale*, and bound for Stornoway, when we made her acquaintance. It was then the wool-market throughout Scotland, and our steamer being a commercial boat, went out of its way during two nights and three days to stop at all sorts of little places to take in vast cargoes of wool-packs. I had scarcely imagined before that the whole Highlands could contain the amount of wool we took on board during those days and nights. Early on the third morning we steamed into a lovely little fern-fringed bay called 'Ardvard,' where we were awaited by two boat-loads of people, most of whom to get there had walked miles across the mountains, having expected the *Clydesdale* the evening before, and thus having

been forced to sleep there in the wet and the cold all night. One of these people was the remarkable woman, and our information concerning her was obtained from the captain.

He said she was the best pilot and sailor anywhere on that coast; that she had several times saved boats in dangerous mists and seas; that once in a storm she had piloted our steamer, the *Clydesdale*, safely into harbour; he also said that she was quite the *king* of the district, and had all the men absolutely under her control, and that they paid her not only respect but obedience. She lived by collecting whecks—a boat-load of sacks of which she was then bringing to our steamer to be sent on to London and sold. She was a weather-beaten, clever-looking woman of about eight-and-thirty; she wore a very short scarlet petticoat and black bodice and tunic—at a distance having very much the effect of a kilt—and neat knitted stockings, and boots. It was curious to see her climbing up and down the ship's side and swarming up a rope like a man; and it was more curious still to notice the respect and deference with which the captain, sailors, and men treated her, peasant-woman though she was. As I watched her looking sharp after her interests, and ordering the sailors about in a free-and-easy style, I thought that she had a right to be proud of the position she had won for herself by her talent and energy among those rough honest people. 'Good-bye, Peggy,' called out a gentleman leaning over the side, when the business was all done, and she and her boat were departing. 'Good-bye, sir,' she answered; 'but I'm no Peggy; I'm 'Lisa Mackay!' We watched her till the little boat reached the land, standing upon one of the seats and leaning on an oar that she held upright—in which attitude, with her short scarlet petticoat, she looked strikingly picturesque. Said a gentleman who had taken a rapid sketch of her in his note-book: 'She can't forget she's a woman! She knows she looks well in that red skirt, and in that attitude—all done for effect!' Perhaps it was; but even if it were, I wondered, especially after glancing at the fanciful knickerbocker costumes worn by several of our masculine fellow-passengers, and notably by the speaker, what the fact of her being a woman, and not forgetting it, had to do with it; I confess I could not see.

We discovered during our wanderings that in addition to their other virtues these people add that of hospitality, for if by any chance, fatigue, or bad weather, or loss of way happen to drive you to take shelter in any of their dwellings, let it be the poorest, wretchedest, most savage-looking hut in the Hebrides, or the neatest, trimmest, best-appointed farm-house, in this it is all the same—that is, that in either case you are sure of a kindly and courteous welcome; the best of what they have is ungrudgingly placed at your disposal; and this, I take it, is true hospitality, in the best and oldest meaning of the word. It is equally true that it is impossible to travel far in this part of the world without finding, to your considerable cost, that Scotchmen as a nation know how to look cannily and shrewdly after their own interests, as hotel bills, coach and excursion fares, &c. will abundantly show, it being difficult to see their country without paying highly for the pleasure. But the pleasure is well worth it after all, and so it is a fair bargain; and certainly we have found from

our own experience, that canny and wide-awake as they are, these Highlanders are a fine manly kindly race, and will do not a little for the sake of charity.

ODDS AND ENDS.

INSTANCE OF SCENT IN A DOG.

MANY years ago, when in India, I had a hound of a kind of cross-breed, which in India is known as the Polygal. These dogs are unsuited for coursing, but make splendid companions for long and rapid journeys on horseback, being able to go great distances without fatigue, and caring little for the heat. Phakree (beautiful), for such was her name, had been my companion for years, and during the time was seldom out of my sight. When she had become old, and unable to keep pace with me in my gallops, I parted with her to a friend, whom she seemed to take a great fancy to, and who then resided on the Mahableshwar Hills. My own station, Poonah, lay about eighty miles east of Mahableshwar, and is separated from the hills by three ranges of lofty mountains, which in those days were covered with dense jungle. On the day of my departure, I cautioned my friend to keep Phakree securely chained for some days, so that she might not follow me. On this occasion—for I had been the journey once or twice before—I left the main road, and selected an unfrequented bridle-path for my route, in order that I might enjoy the beautiful mountain scenery through which it led. I had reached Poonah, and had been there for several days, living in my tent, when one night I was roused by the howling of a dog under my bedstead. I struck a light, when, to my astonishment, there was poor Phakree, with a collar round her neck, and a few links of a chain hanging to it. A letter I received next morning from my friend gave me to know that she had broken loose and run away, and that, although he had made every search for her, she was nowhere to be found. He regretted that we should never see her again. She had been four days on her journey; and her famished condition, and the numerous wounds she had on her, shewed the privation she had undergone, and the treatment she had received from the dogs of the different villages through which she had passed. The poor creature had no doubt scented me the whole way, for had she followed or accompanied any one, she would have been cared for and protected. We never parted again.

TURNING SALT WATER INTO FRESH.

All who have read many narratives of shipwrecks must have been struck by the fearful sufferings to which boats' crews are exposed through the want of fresh-water. A boat cannot carry water-tanks of any size, yet she cannot make a voyage without water, and oft-n men have escaped from a sinking vessel only to die a worse death, for want of fresh-water, in an open boat under a tropical sun. This danger can now be avoided by fitting ships' boats with a very simple and compact condensing apparatus which has just been invented and patented by a firm in Dublin. It consists of a small boiler heated by a paraffin lamp. The steam from the boiler, which is filled with salt-water, is condensed in a worm-tube which passes through a receiver filled with cold

sea-water by a pipe passing through the side of the boat; a second pipe allowing the heated water to escape, and so keeping the supply always cool. This apparatus will produce from a pint to a pint and a half of pure water per hour. There is a small tank for collecting and filtering the water, and a second tank contains a supply of oil sufficient to keep the lamp burning ten days. The whole is fitted in the bow of the boat, where it is protected from the wash of the sea by a little 'fore-castle' built over it. Besides removing some of the worst horrors of shipwreck, this invention will be of service in other ways—for instance, to boats navigating and exploring brackish lagoons and arms of the sea, or making short voyages along a coast.

A GOLFER'S ELEGY.*

BENEATH the sod poor Tommy's laid,
Now bunkered fast for good and all;
A better golfer never played
A further or a surer ball.

Among the monarchs of the green
For long he held imperial sway;
And none, the start and end between,
Could match with Tommy in his day!

A triple laurel round his brow,
The light of triumph in his eye,
He stands before us even now
As in the hour of victory.

Thrice belted knight of peerless skill!
Again we see him head the fray;
And memory loves to reckon still
The feats of Tommy in his day.

In vain, to trap his flying sphere,
The greedy sand yawned deep and wide,
Far overhead it circled clear,
Nor dropped but on the safer side.

In vain along the narrow course
Entangling whins in ambush lay,
But never hazard was the source
Of grief to Tommy in his day!

Who could like him with Fortune deal,
And from the fire undaunted snatch,
With steadfast heart and nerve of steel,
The desperate hole that won the match?

To him alike were tee and rut,
From both he found his certain way,
And who could predicate a put
Too long for Tommy in his day?

'For all in all our Tommy take,'
The verdict of the links will say,
'We ne'er shall look on one who'd make
A match for Tommy in his day!'

* Tommy Morris was champion golf-player of the world. Reared at St Andrews, the Scottish headquarters of the national game, he early evinced a talent for golf, doubtless inherited from his father, the much respected custodian of the links; and during the latter years of his career, he, on three successive occasions, carried off 'The Belt' against all comers. He died on Christmas Day 1875, at the early age of twenty-four.

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MY SCOUTS.

MUCH of the comfort and indeed, at times, of the success of an Oxford student, depends upon his scout or servant. Like other folks—I may say beyond other folks, they have their peculiarities, the chief of which is a leaning towards perquisites; and this, if not occasionally checked, may seriously tell upon the pockets of their masters. Almost all the scouts I have known were men of the greatest self-importance. In fact of a large class of scouts this may be known to be a distinguishing feature. Most of them lord-mayored it over us to a tremendous extent, and both in manner and person were well fitted for the great civic seat. The reason of this feeling of superiority to their kind is pretty obvious: a Freshman comes up to the University, helpless and in many cases perfectly ignorant of this new world and its ways. His scout therefore becomes for a time his guide, philosopher—I was going to say friend, but perhaps not quite that. His sway is naturally enough never entirely thrown off. It is said that men are never heroes to their valets-de-chambre; how much less heroic would they appear in their valets' eyes if they had known all their boyish scrapes and all the incidents of their childhood! (Tys they call them at Cambridge: a word which signifies in the original Greek a vulture. Our scouts did not deserve quite so bad a title. As their name may signify, they were light-foragers rather than such ravenous harpies as the name in vogue at the sister university would imply.

Before proceeding to individual examples, let me premise once for all that, as a class, they were, and no doubt are, the very best servants in the world. They are quick (a virtue indeed) and invariably obliging. Above all, they never put off doing anything you bid, by saying that they will see about it, or will do it directly. How often does that phrase 'to see about it' bear the bitter fruit of disappointment, when uttered by others than servants! This readiness is the more remarkable, as scouts, having several masters, might make

use of the orders of one as an excuse for omitting to perform those of another. I never heard of such an expedient being used. In my college we were eight on each staircase, and enjoyed the ministrations of two scouts; or, to speak technically, of one scout and one scout's boy. Though called a boy, the latter was generally of mature age, say thirty, and had not infrequently a numerous family of young scouts. But young or old, he always paid the greatest respect to the scout proper. He always addressed him as 'Sir,' and was often severely and loudly reprimanded by him. Like the old Latin poet, I am fond of inquiring into the 'causes of things;' so I fancy that the original scout's boy was in reality his son, at a period when fathers exacted that respectful form of address from their children.

The scout's salary was high: besides fixed wages from the college, he enjoyed no end of perquisites by law or custom, among which was the right to everything which, having primarily emanated from the college kitchen, was left on our Sybaritic tables. He was also liberally tipped at the end of every term by all the men on his staircase. In short, here would be a splendid opportunity of introducing a system of gentlemen-scouts. I am afraid it would not succeed, though; fancy a man's feelings when scout on the very staircase on which he had once inhabited 'drawing-rooms' and dispensed a too free hospitality! Marius a fugitive, Belisarius a beggar, would be nothing to it. The emoluments, nevertheless, would make a man put up with much; and he could still keep up his boating and cricket, since the scouts have athletic clubs, principally supported by their masters. He could have his trip too in the summer, since many scouts take their families to the fashionable watering-places, where they act as extra waiters in the season. Considerably better pay on the whole than most schoolmasters and, sad to say, many clergymen get.

My acquaintance with scout Number One came about in this wise. When I went up to enter on residence, I had never been in Oxford before, having passed my matriculation at school, as was

possible in some cases; so I was set down in a helpless state at the door of St Boniface. I asked for my rooms, and was comforted at finding that some had been assigned to me. That at any rate was a sort of welcome. Off I set, escorted by a one-armed man. You may see him to-day hanging about the gate of a certain college, of which he is one remarkable feature. Men employ him to do little jobs such as going errands; you may often see them tossing him as to whether he is to get a shilling—or not. As you may guess, he always gets it sooner or later; sooner generally, as we used to say at college. For my part I gave him a shilling every term; and all he ever did for it was to sedulously touch his hat whenever I passed through the gates, which might be twenty times a day. With this guide stumping along beside me, I ascended the staircase he indicated, up, up to the very top where Freshmen lie. Then at length I saw a figure, which was destined to become even more familiar to me than that of my guide: a man above the middle height, and decidedly inclined to stoutness; his face somewhat flushed with the good things of this life. His eyes always afterwards appeared to me to express a sort of latent contempt, but at this time they seemed to say: 'Ah, ah! a Freshman; we'll take care of him!' He was clad in a sort of sleeved waistcoat and black trousers; his gold chain was very conspicuous, and so was his black velvet skull-cap, without which I seldom saw him. He was very bald, so whether he used it for warmth or for adornment I can't say; that old staircase was very cold and draughty at the best of times. He was about fifty years old, I should say; and his manners always called up Pecksniff to my mind. He had an oily, insinuating way of his own, and was above all a very incarnation of respectability. 'One-arm' introduced me. The scout made me a very low bow, which was at the same time patronising: 'Mr Brown; yes, sir; these are your rooms, sir; view rather circumscribed, sir; well, it is, sir; but these rooms are always given to Freshmen, sir; I hope I shall make you comfortable.' I was quite abashed by the grandeur of his manner. He never ceased rubbing his hands while speaking; he was always washing them, as the saying is, with invisible soap. From that day I seldom disputed the wishes of Morris. He made me very comfortable, and I am afraid he also made his market of me. Freshmen, as I have observed, have seldom spirit enough to oppose their scout at first, and in this sort of thing the first blow is everything.

What a very respectable man Morris was! I think he was a churchwarden, and this is the reason why. On the day of the Derby, Morris was absent; and in answer to my inquiries, Sam, the scout's boy, informed me—with what I took for a meaning grin—that he was away on business. I of course drew my own conclusions. As I was going down the stairs that evening about nine o'clock, I met Morris coming up. 'What sort of a Derby was it, Morris?' 'Derby, sir?' answered

Morris, as if he had just remembered it. 'Oh, *Blue-gown* won it, sir. I don't know by how much, sir; I've been on vestry business all the afternoon.' Was I mistaken, or did the light of the candle reveal a curious twinkle in his cunning little eyes? Vestry business! I'm not sure whether he was a churchwarden; or it might have been a christening that day. Perhaps he meant *that* by a vestry business. I'm afraid he rather managed me: my glass and china were found exceedingly scanty when I removed to new rooms; but taking everything into consideration, he served me well, and perhaps I broke it myself—we were not very careful. His ideas, however, were rather too luxurious for my purse. I remember his silent scorn when, on having some guests of the fair sex to lunch, I proposed, when discussing the ways and means, to have some claret cup. It was only my second term, and I bent before his glance, and hastily ordered champagne instead. The man who succeeded me in those rooms was a friend of mine, so that I often saw Morris afterwards. His behaviour to me was full of such respectful tact, that he drew an extra tip from me in a moment of weakness. Of course I repented it afterwards; but I was always weak.

I moved into better rooms; but my scout improved even more than my rooms. His name was Mann; and a man he was every inch of him; with quite a high reputation in the college. As I look back on the time I spent on the staircase, I would that a monument might be set up to him, *pour encourager les autres*. May the sod lie lightly on him. Still, he had his little oddities, but they were pleasant ones on the whole. Amusing ones, at least. About six-feet-one in height, florid complexion, black eyes, and black hair and whiskers. He always wore a frock-coat on Sunday. A frank-looking man; one of the hand-omest I ever saw. He always dressed well, but on Sunday quite elegantly.

As far as keeping up your spirits went, Mann was invaluable. When I was 'reading' just before examination week, whenever he entered the room he would remark: 'Keep up *you*.' pluck, sir, and go in as bold as brass! There is nothing like brass; it will carry you over a deal of broken ground, sir. Why, Mr Robinson just over you, sir, he went in last term, and hardly read a word, sir; he got a third. *He* was a cool gentleman, and no mistake.' As in the above, Mann was apt to become rather horsey in his metaphors—I suppose through intercourse with the racing set who inhabited two or three of his rooms. I did get through by a close shave, and have, I don't doubt, been held up as an encouragement to future generations. One virtue, and that a cardinal one at Oxford, Mann possessed in perfection, that of concocting drinks of all kinds; his milled claret, in particular, was perfection. Another quality, also in high esteem there, he possessed, a chronic enmity to duns. Just after I got the rooms, a man came with intent to dun my predecessor. Mann intercepted him, and sent him away with, to use one of

his favourite metaphors, a flea in his ear. I quite shook with delight as I heard the altercation outside my half-open door, and mentally determined on giving Mann an extra half-sovereign when convenient. He would have been a treasure to Mr Mantalini. One of his faults was over-curiosity. He was also rather fond of taking my arm-chair and a novel when I was out. I caught him at it once, and I don't know who was the more confused, scout or master.

Mann looked after my welfare and cared for my interests in a way that no scout did before or after him. I was once very poorly for a week, and he then attended on me in a way which made me really grateful to him. But he *couldn't* make my arrow-root with water, and to every complaint answered, that he had lived with an invalid for ten years and always made it so.

Sorry was I to part with Mann, but I wished to take my degree, and the rooms were in too noisy a situation to allow of much serious reading. So I got a new scout, whose name was Walker. (Py-the-lye, all scouts were addressed by their surnames, all scouts' boys by their Christian names. It had a very peculiar effect, the shouting out such a name as Mann on the staircase as loud as you could; we had no bells.) Alas! I had got, not out of the frying-pan, but out of the brook itself at one leap, into the fire. His appearance was unsatisfactory, a striking contrast to the majestic Mann: he was a short thick man, of sallow complexion, lit up by a flaming scarlet nose of Roman pattern. I don't think his nose belied him. His dress too was generally untidy, and his habits not scrupulously clean. He must have become a scout by mistake, for Nature evidently intended him for a kitchen-boy. Nevertheless some of the qualities of a scout he possessed, and especially an idea that my purse was endless. I needed a coal-scuttle: those used at Oxford are generally very plain; but he provided me with one that much exceeded a guinea in price. I thought it rather dear, since I had given about half-a-crown for the one in my last rooms: but that was a broken one certainly, and purchased from my scout. As a rule, however, Walker had none of the patronising airs of his class. He could not makeiced cup. Think of that! He was the only scout I ever heard of who could not. I was obliged to ask Mann to come over when I wanted any, or else have it from a confectioner; the latter plan being a very dear one. One day the old fellow being away, I asked the reason, and the scout's boy informed me that he had been seized by a sort of fit to which he was subject. Meeting one of my neighbours, I mentioned it. 'Sort of fit!' shouted he, going himself into fits of laughter. 'Subject to it! So he is, by Jove!—They've regularly taken you in. Why, man, he got intoxicated last night, you may bet a pound. He's always doing it; that's his fit.' And he was right, no doubt, for the fits were of frequent recurrence. I did not part with him with feelings of any great regret.

My 'boys' were less amusing than the scouts; they were made more in a mould. My first was named Will. He was tall, dark, and handsome; pulled 'three,' I believe, in the scouts' boat. He had a curious habit of blushing if he made a mistake in waiting at table or knocked a book down. A funny friend of mine used to tell funny stories

on purpose to upset Will's gravity, and generally succeeded. If he did so, Will always had it out in a cupboard, where my plates were kept, plunging in his head like an ostrich, while his coat-tails betrayed his enjoyment. His retreat to this refuge amused us as much as our tales amused him. He also invariably quarrelled with the laundress, and they would carry on an altercation all across the quad. Charles, my next 'boy,' had no peculiarity except his taste in dress and his well-fitting clothes.

Well, those scouts were part of my surroundings during, most likely, the happiest years of my life. They served me—well, they served me well, no matter with what object. No one does anything for nothing. And I parted with my scouts with as much regret as Cooper parted with his Hawk-eye, or that Last of the Mohicans with the unpronounceable name.

During all the time I had to do with them, not one of them ever addressed to me an uncivil word. I always found them ready, if properly requested, to do anything which did not lie quite within the pale of their duties. Mann was especially good in this way; though I have many pleasant recollections also of Morris. Of Walker I can't say much that is good. He was a decidedly shady scout; perhaps he seemed worse after Mann's assiduous attendance. I shall go down some day and see if the last-mentioned is still in the old staircase; we shall have a good deal in common, my old scout and I, more than many people of apparently more congenial positions. When he goes where scouts are scouts no more, may earth lie lightly on his ashes!

THE ARAB WIFE.

A TALE OF THE POLYNESIAN SEAS.

CHAPTER II.—THE FIGHT.

THE piratical craft came on steadily until within musket-shot of our bows. They were all in a huddle, and if we could have veered round the *Shooting Star*, we might have used our cannonades to good purpose. But we were immovable, and could not use the fair opportunity. The proas halted for a few minutes, during which the jabbering on board of their craft was indescribable, and can be likened to nothing save the chattering of a menagerie of apes. At length they seemed resolved upon a line of action, and divided, three proas coming on our port side, three on our starboard, and one holding itself aloof, and rowing behind the three starboard attackers at a leisurely pace. I must confess that I didn't like this division of labour, as I saw clearly that I should have to be separated from Captain Orde. Hardly had I divined this than he said: 'Shimmy up to the top and take the port side. I must remain here.' I went at once; and when I got into the foretop I glanced at the proas, and saw that to starboard the pirates were at least a minute ahead of the scoundrels coming against my station. I examined my muskets—of which there were four in the top ready loaded—and my revolver, exchanged a few words with the Lascars, to encourage them, and then turned round to watch the colonel.

Almost instantly his hand went up, the sliding bulwark went back, his carronade was run forward on the proa that was nearest. It was at that time so near you might have tossed a biscuit among the villains. He pulled the lanyard, and the storm of canister went with a thundering report among the vile crew, killing and wounding many, and playing sul havoc with the frail timbers of the proa. The bulwark slid back, and the reloading commenced, as I supposed, for I turned my head to the contemplation of my own duties, which were sufficiently onerous to claim my entire attention.

When the proas came within range, the same manoeuvre of sliding back the bulwark and firing was repeated by our side with very considerable effect, but not sinking either of the proas. After the discharge of our twelve-pounder, and before we had time to reload, the dusky heathens were swarming up our bulwarks, and standing in the rigging of their short masts, were endeavouring to hoist upon our decks their infamous stink-pots. These were made of earthenware, resembling the chatties of India, and were suspended by ropes of tough coir. I had a feeling, as I poised my musket before aiming at a gigantic Papuan, something as I had experienced before diving in head first when I was learning to swim. I aimed steadily, however, fired, and the man went down. The ice was broken, and from that moment my muskets were fired with as much rapidity and deadly effect as I could compass. Nor did any stink-pot burst over the heads of the men below me, to my great satisfaction. The carronades boomed away with a regularity that was joyful to my ears, easily to be distinguished from the sharp bang of the brass swivels of the pirates. Soon, however, the increasing numbers of the enemy forced us who were in the tops to rally to the assistance of the men in the decks, and, sabre in hand, I dashed into the mêlée. My revolver was emptied, and consequently useless. I soon found myself hotly engaged with a stalwart Arab, who rained down such a shower of blows upon me with his *tulcar* that it was with difficulty I could parry them. I could not even attempt to make any rejoinder, and with the utmost despair I felt my strength fast leaving me. As I endeavoured to collect my strength for a last effort, I was suddenly hooked from behind, and before I could know the cause, I received a blow on the head from the Arab's sword, and lost consciousness.

When I regained it, I found myself lying at the bottom of a proa with the warm blood pouring over my face from a smart cut on the forehead. My hands and feet were bound with some confounded substance that cut into the flesh and gave me extreme pain. But I was so weak from loss of blood that I could not have raised my head if my life had depended on it. I tried in vain for some time to remember where I was or what had transpired, but I could not. The regular loud report of the carronades, the discharge of the muskets, the firing of the swivels, the oaths, the shouts, and all the uproar of determined fight, I heard to perfection, without

the slightest comprehension of what it meant. Vaguely the reports seemed to become less loud, as I again lost consciousness, which was only regained by a swarm of heathens pouring into the proa, and trampling over my prostrate body. Even then I could not realise the misfortune that had befallen me. Soon, however, I heard the regular sound of oars striking the water, and could realise that we were moving. At length this motion stopped, and the firing of the brass swivels began again, and was kept up with considerable spirit. I listened instinctively for the deeper boom of the carronades, not for any particular reason, but because my ear had heard it before at regular intervals, and expected it.

I must have lost consciousness several times, when at last the expected sound was heard. I was gratified I did not know why—but still some instinct seemed to tell me that things were all right, and I fell asleep. My awakening was a rough one. A vessel-full of salt-water was dashed in my face, and the smarting of the wound on my head made me at once very wide awake. I was hauled into an upright position by two oily-skinned Malays, and brought before the Arab who had cut me down. He looked at me and nodded, speaking in what I supposed was Arabic. I answered in Hindustani that I did not speak Arabic. He seemed to recognise some of the sounds, but evidently did not understand what I said. Then I tried Gujarati, which is the sailor-tongue of Western India; but this also was unknown to him. There was, however, another Arab who pressed forward and spoke to me in Cutch, a dialect of Gujarati, and one with which I was fortunately familiar. He then spoke to the man who cut me down, in Arabic; and soon I was deluged with questions as to the vessel that had been attacked, and which I now learned had succeeded in beating them off. I could not help a smile of pleasure at the intelligence, which, however, was soon damped by reflecting on my own situation. The Arabs, of whom there were at least five standing around the one who had felled me, began an animated discussion, which I could not help believing referred to myself, and I waited with considerable anxiety for the result. It was at this time, as near as I could judge by the position of the moon, about midnight. There was a light breeze stirring, very light indeed, but sufficient to fill the sails of the proas, the rowers of which were asleep on their broad benches. The piratical vessels were all together, going very easily, but there was no light of any kind on any of the vessels. I learned afterwards that this is from fear of the sword-fish, which abound in these waters, and which occasionally attack these frail craft, driving their sharp snouts right through the thin planking.

At length the discussion was over, and the Arab chief taking from the silver receptacle in his girdle a broad whistle, applied it to his lips and sent forth a piercing sound. A response came immediately from the six other proas, and within a few seconds light splashes were heard, which were soon accounted for by the appearance of six sampans, which quickly boarded our proa, the chiefs of the other vessels crowding around the Arab. I was somewhat unceremoniously dragged into the centre of the circle and exhibited. The Arab spoke a few brief sentences in Malay, to which the

others responded by motions of assent and waving of hands; whereupon I was as unceremoniously dragged away by the Cutch-speaking Arab, who whispered to me in a low tone of voice when we were at the bow, that I happened to be the only result of the expedition so far; that the Arab chief had taken me prisoner by his sword, and therefore I belonged to him as his slave, which I might consider lucky, for if I had belonged to the general spoil, I should either have been decapitated and my head hung up as a trophy in some Malay hut, or have been given to a Malay chief as a slave, to pass the remainder of my life in cutting wood in the forests, or toiling at the pearl-fisheries.

'*Ihai*,' said I (this being Cutch for brother), 'what does your chief intend to do with me?'

'I do not know,' he replied; 'that will depend very much on yourself.'

'Well, brother, would you cut these bonds around my hands? The coir cuts into the flesh, and I can hardly bear the pain.'

'Wait,' said the friendly Cutchman, 'until the conference of the *reis* is over. They are discussing whether they shall return or seek a fresh prey.'

The pain was really intolerable, and after the smarting of my wounded head had ceased, made itself more and more apparent, and the groans which I could not repress with all my pride, moved my companion to pity. He drew a neat little dagger from his girdle and quickly released me from my agony. Then taking some leaves, he chewed them into a mass and applied it to the places where the skin was cut. Then he examined the cut on my head, which he said was *bahut chota* (a very trifling affair), and that if some slave had not hooked me from behind, the chief's tulwar would inevitably have sent my soul to Eblis. 'Whereas now,' said he with considerableunction, 'the finger of the Prophet, whose name be praised! is on thy head, and thou shalt become a believer of the true God, and a sharer in the paradise of his people.'

To this I made no reply; but I scrutinised the man with more attention than I had hitherto bestowed, being so full of pains and aches from the constrained posture in which I had lain that I had taken very little notice of the persons and things around me. I asked the Cutchman his name. He said he was called Abou Ben Rashid, and that he belonged to the tribe of the Beni Gharras of Morbat. He was clothed in the usual Arab costume, but he had a Hindustani tulwar instead of an Arab sword, which has no crossbar to the hilt; and his girdle was of very massive silver. He was an old man with a scantly grizzled beard, and a face resembling very much what we see in pictures of the Jewish patriarchs. In fact, had I seen it anywhere else I should have taken it for a type of benevolence. Just at that moment too, he was looking specially gentle, for he had a convert in hand, and I had heard my father say that the Mussulmans would move heaven and earth to make proselytes to Mohammedi. I think too, that perhaps the old man felt real compassion for me, for I was singularly blonde in complexion, and if it had not been for the moustache of yellow down which ornamented my upper lip, I might easily have passed for a girl. At any rate it was evident that he wished to be kind, and I felt grateful to him; so I told him that though I had no intention of abandoning the faith in which I was reared, I

had no objection at some future time to hear the tenets which the Arabs held; but that at present I should be grateful if I might have some water to drink. My friend Abou nodded, and brought me some in a calabash, which I drank with the utmost delight. He then unrolled from his arm a coconut matting (which I found afterwards was his prayer carpet) and a light Arab robe, and told me to go to sleep if I could, and not to fear for anything, as the crew understood that I belonged to their chief, whose name was Nizam, though he was generally called Reis or Mirza.

At seventeen, hope is a much more important personage than in later years. Though my position was a painful one, yet the certainty that the *Shooting Star* had escaped, and the strong probability that my dear father was all right, were great consolations. Old Abou was probably high in the confidence of the Reis Nizam, and he was disposed to be friendly. I had not been rifled, and my precious stones were still in the inner pocket of my vest. Something might be done with these. And as I was pondering all sorts of impossible plans I fell fast asleep, and did not wake until the sun was high in the heavens, and old Abou gave me a friendly shake of the arm to waken me.

Though still considerably cramped, I was in good enough spirits when I woke, and felt quite capable of eating anything that might be brought before me. I hinted as much to Abou; but he told me that the Arabs had only two set meals a day, at noon and at sunset; but that if I was very hungry, he would bring me some dates. I assented eagerly, and he brought me a huge lump, nearly a pound, which I ate with so much relish that Abou declared I should make a capital Arab. The wind was very light, and the heavy matting sails hardly drew at all. Soon it came only in catpaws, and the rowers took their stations and commenced their labours. I took the liberty of asking Abou, when he invited me to share the boiled rice and fish which was the noonday meal, whether we were returning to the chief's place or still on the look-out. To my great disgust, I learned that we were still on the look-out.

My first experiences at an Arab meal were peculiar. Neither knife nor fork, and Abou explained that the right hand only must be used, as the left was Sheitan's hand. The manner of proceeding, which I closely imitated, was to take a handful of rice, manipulate it with the fingers into a round ball, and then swallow it, then break off a piece of fish with the fingers, swallow that, and attack the rice again. Let me confess that I did this with keen enjoyment, as a bit of excellent fun. When we had finished eating, Abou called a Papuan and gave him the two platters with a superb air. The nigger received them with a profusion of thanks, and carried them off in high glee; whilst my old friend and I washed our hands as well as we could in the salt-water. Afterwards I took a lesson in Arabic, which from my knowledge of Hindustani was extremely easy, the one possessing many words of the other, though the structure and grammar of Hindustani are different.

We were twenty hours on the water before we caught sight of any object. Then the look-out observed a dark mass far away to the eastward; and all the proas halted at the whistle of the Reis

Nizam, or to speak more correctly, Nizam al Reis. The chiefs of the other proas were all Malays, but had evidently great respect for Nizam, and obeyed him unhesitatingly. I sat cross-legged with Abou in the background, hoping to escape remark; but it seems that one of the Malays started the idea that being a white man I could see further than other people. So I was questioned, and disclaimed the power very earnestly; but I could not help remarking to Abou that the Reis possessed a telescope, and that I wondered he did not use it. I made use of the words 'long sight' to express telescope; but as Abou did not catch my meaning, I made it clearer by pointing out the thing itself, which I had noticed among a pile of other things in that part of the proa sacred to the captain.

There was a perfect shower of nods when I spoke, and Abou, at a word from Nizam, fetched the telescope, which was handsomely cased in bright yellow leather. I took off the case and adjusted the focus, took a long gaze at the little dark mass, and discovered it to be a fleet of large proas, the announcement of which was received with evident incredulity. Then I motioned to the chief to look himself, telling Abou to instruct him to close his left eye, myself steady the glass for him. He looked for a moment, and then turned round with a face of delight, shouting to the other chiefs, 'Shin!' a word which they repeated with intense rapture. I was rather bewildered by all this; but in taking a second look, I found that instead of being large proas as I thought, they were Chinese junks, and the pirates expected a rich haul. With hardly a minute's pause they were in their sampans, paddling away to their craft; and in a wonderfully short time the fleet was under full pressure of oars, steering steadily for the unfortunate Celestials. There was no hesitation, no sampan reconnoitring. They seemed convinced that there could be no resistance, and they dashed straight for the prey.

The chief Nizam looked at me with an approving air, and calling up Abou, made me explain as well as I could the properties of the telescope and the way to use it. The last I could do perfectly; and Nizam was evidently greatly delighted when he could arrange the focus for himself, which he managed to do with great quickness. But his questions as to the mechanism I could not well explain. I could only say that there were round pieces of glass arranged in a certain manner by the men whose business it was to make long-sights. This didn't satisfy him; but as I evidently could not tell more, he desisted, and told me to remain by Abou, who would take care of me.

In the meantime we were rowing steadily towards the junks, and closed upon them in about a day's chase. When we approached there was a dreadful noise of gongs and drums, rockets were discharged which did not go near us, and the sides of the vessels were manned by fellows having shields painted in the most terrific way. As soon as the brass swivels were discharged, and considerable havoc had been done, the warriors bolted and lay down on their faces. The pirates boarded them, and I had the curiosity to go too. The scene was not without its humorous side. Between decks the vessels were partitioned off into little cribs, in each of which was a merchant with his stock

of goods, his bag of silver, and his provisions. There wasn't room to stand or to lie down, and each man squatted in a ludicrous fashion awaiting with calmness the inevitable spoliation. This was most complete, and the proas were loaded with spoil of all descriptions. The Malays cut off the heads of the killed and I believe of the wounded. No slaves were taken. I asked Abou the reason. He said the Chinese were worshippers of devils, that they would not work, and if they were whipped, they would drown themselves. All day long and far into the night the process of transferring valuables continued, and at length, after a thorough ransacking, the junks were abandoned, and the proas were turned towards their home.

My old friend Abou said that to reach this world occupy about two days and a half; and indeed on the third morning we saw the blue cloud which was to be my future prison. I was making astounding progress in Arabic, but it was extremely easy to one who had mastered Hindustani, and the ideas which the Reis formed of my capacity from this circumstance were not deserved. Still I was glad of his high opinion, since I was very reluctant to work as the slaves worked at Gezireh, their duty being to pass through their fingers rotting masses of oysters and feel for the pearls. This island home of the pirates was called Gezireh, but this means simply island, and I have no notion what its real name is, nor have I ever found it named on any chart. I only know that as we speeded towards it, the island of Celebes was on our right and Borneo on our left, and I should guess it was about thirty five miles south of either. It was about noon when we entered a long narrow bay and the proas came alongside a sort of natural jetty of sandstone.

CHAPTER III.—ASHORE.

Following Abou ashore—being still under his directions—I waited patiently until the goods, the *spolia opima*, had been discharged and carried to a great storehouse. This took considerable time, and I was heartily tired of my position long before Abou came for me. Meanwhile I looked about me and found Gezireh not uninteresting. The place was clean enough, and the scenery magnificent. A semicircle of hills surrounded the little harbour, spurs of which came close to the water's edge on each side of the town, the range running beyond, and terminating in broad bluffs that went sheer down many thousand feet into the ocean. On the crest of one hill that formed a part of the eastern spur there was a rough sort of castle, seemingly built of mud and stones, and encircled by luxuriant vegetation. The hills were broken in the centre by a stream, which meandered pleasantly through the town, and on whose banks most of the huts were built. They were constructed on piles, for what reason I do not know. I thought perhaps for fear of snakes—though they could easily have twined themselves up—or on account of immodulations; but I learned from Abou that such things were unheard of. At length I formed the theory that the inhabitants were descendants of people who always built their houses in the water, as did the folks in the pile-huts of Lake Constance, and other Swiss and Italian lakes. There are now in South America and many

other parts of the world people who live in lagoons, who build in similar style, and it may be that these Malays are descended from them.

While engaged in examining the appearance of things, I forgot the fact that I was a stranger and a curiosity to the populace. I was aroused to a knowledge of the fact by the tittering of a group of children who had surrounded me, and who, emboldened by my forgetfulness, were about to oblige me with a shower of tiny darts from their toy sumpitans or blowers, which are just like a boy's popgun or pea-shooter. Hearing the sniggering, I turned round, and sent the urchins scampering away as hard as they could, one unlucky fellow falling in his haste. I ran to pick him up, which act was vilely misconstrued, for they all set up a terrible howl, as if I was going to eat their conratre. This mournful cry brought out the mammas in full force; and whilst I was endeavouring to pacify the three-year-old and stop his yells by caressings and strokings, I found myself confronted by a good-looking mamma of about fourteen, yellow as a cowslip, whose eyes blazed fury, and who poured forth a torrent of choice Malay on my head. Placing the child in her arms, I smiled my very sweetest to reassure her; and having examined her young hopeful's condition, and found all his limbs and vital organs perfect, and no blood flowing anywhere, she gave him a heavy spanking, just in the fashion of an English mother; after this she walked off with much dignity, not even vouchsafing a look at me.

I was somewhat disappointed, for I felt hungry, and had intended to ask for something to eat in the universal language of pantomime. But I was luckier than I deemed after all, for soon a girl about nine, as I should think, though fully matured, and probably the sister of the first, brought me out a cocoa-nut and four plantains, which I received with many thanks. I ate the plantains, and then looked about for some means of opening the nut, but not finding any, I endeavoured to peel off the green rind with my fingers, intending to crack the shell on a stone; but being a young nut full of milk, I could not get the rind off. So I was forced to look around for assistance, and soon found that the family to whom I owed the fruit were vastly diverted at my attempts. The head of the family, whom I recognised as a warrior in one of the proas (and indeed I could not help suspecting that I had cracked at him with the revolver), advanced with a broad smile on his face, and a knife with an immense blade, and with one tremendous slice took off the green top, which had nowhere hardened into a perfect shell, disclosing the inside like a cup filled with water. This I drank with great relish. The Malay spoke something to the girl, who brought another cocoa-nut, but evidently a ripe one, for the rind had split and was peeling off. One or two rapid twirls of the knife cleaned it off completely, and then with a single blow he split it in halves, and gave me one, giving the other to the little boy who had served as my introduction to his family circle. I took it with a profusion of thanks, whose purport he seemed to understand with dignified appreciation. On the bend of his arm there certainly was the scratch of some weapon, and I was more and more convinced that he was a man I had deliberately aimed at, and

been particularly vexed at missing. And as I ate my cocoa-nut I felt secretly rejoiced that he was not going to use his broad knife on my head by way of retaliation.

SWIMMING.

We recollect being strongly impressed many years ago with the desirability of having our girls taught to swim as well as their brothers, and of preparing for the whole family suitable and becoming dresses in which to bathe. Pater-familias, who had taught all his boys to swim and to dive—so that the little ones of six and seven years old were the wonder and admiration of the gazers on the beach—undertook to clothe himself in a suit made of thin scarlet flannel, and to give his daughters the necessary instructions to make them also skilful swimmers.

It was on the quietest and most primitive little sea-beach on the coast of Suffolk that this attempt to achieve a family gathering in the water was first made, and great was the fun and enjoyment of the first two lessons. The pleasant parties had, however, to be stopped, and the girls of the family left by their male relatives to flounder in the water as best they could, for the shopkeeping visitors to the beach from the adjacent town were so shocked at the unwonted sight of this 'un-English' display of the commingling of sexes in the sea, that they became a perfect barrier to the enjoyment. The pleasant amusement had to be abandoned, although the costume worn was decidedly more rigid than is often seen in an ordinary drawing-room, and much more rigid than that adopted at many an English bathing-place. So the attempt was abandoned for the nonce; and the girls of the party waited for their lessons in natation till they visited Dieppe on the French coast during the following summer, where it is not considered objectionable or improper for husbands and wives, fathers, brothers, daughters, and sisters to walk into the sea together and swim away side by side, or for ladies and their friends of either sex to enjoy an aquatic morning chat.

With the increasing sense of necessity for exercise and physical development in women, we gladly hail an improvement in the style and manner of bathing on our coasts. The cumbersome floating dress, which in itself was no protection, has given place to a neat, well-fitting, and decent sort of bloomer costume, which meets all the requirements of a bathing and swimming dress; and the bagbear of our childhood, the dreadful old, weather-beaten, half-salted bathing-women, who used to seize and plunge us in the water, stifling our cries, and almost terrifying us to death by dips—'One, two, and three,' before we could recover breath, has well nigh disappeared. In these enlightened days, it is seen that children will never take to the water or learn to swim if they are frightened into it; for one great secret of the art which we are advocating is confidence—repose—a sense of safety.

It is not possible to teach swimming through the medium of pen and ink; but some hints may be given, which, if put in practice, may supplement more practical lessons in the water. It is a very desirable thing to disarm every child's mind from fear of the water. To realise this fear, we have but to recall the well-remembered horrors of the

opening of the machine door on a vast waste of green water, with not an inch of land visible to our terrified gaze; and the splash of the dreadful geyser who was to seize and plunge us into this terrible abyss; and to contrast the joy with which the children of the present day trip down to the beach carrying their dainty little dresses—sure that mamma or nurse will see well to their safety while they gambol and play amid the crested waves, and thus learn to have no fear of the mighty deep, which, like many other things in life, is a fearful enemy to those who fear him; but to those who have learned his ways and his humours, and know how to manage him, is a delightful friend and playfellow.

It is a very good plan to learn to swim in any one of the many baths open now in all our large towns, for such as have not learned in childhood. At the Lambeth Baths in London, Miss Beckwith, the daughter of the proprietor, who is a skilful and graceful swimmer, gives lessons to ladies at certain times; and Mr Beckwith himself is an accomplished and able instructor. In the essential part of swimming, that is the art of keeping the head above water, there is really no skill required; confidence in the sustaining power of the water is the only secret; and if the novice will only dare to trust the water, and remember three simple rules, he cannot possibly sink: 1. On entering the water and attempting to swim, keep the hands and feet well below the surface, and immerse the whole body up to the chin. In France the teacher usually stands upon a platform which overhangs the water, and upholds the pupil by means of a rope which is fastened to a belt round the waist. As the rope passes over the end of a slight but tough pole, the teacher looks very much as if he were fishing for sharks with a human live-bait. Any mode of supporting the body will do excepting corks or bladders, which are a delusion and a snare, and raise the body unnaturally and too far out of the water. 2. Hollow the spine, and throw the back of the head on to the shoulders. The reason of this is in order that the solid mass of the brain may be supported by the air-filled lungs, and the eyes and, nostrils kept above the surface. The mouth should be firmly closed, and respiration conducted through the nostrils, so that no water can enter. 3. Move the limbs quietly.

A jerky, fussy swimmer is never a good one; and while he continues these habits will never accomplish any long distance or achieve any elegance in swimming. A slow stroke is the very essence of good swimming, and when endurance, not speed, is requisite, is the most valuable. There is nothing like the slow style for learning to swim; you may graft upon it all sorts of natatory accomplishments; but in time of danger the slow stroke is your sheet-anchor. Two novices who are wishing to learn to swim may, with a few practical directions, be very useful to each other. Of course the sea is the easiest medium for a beginner, on account of its being of a more buoyant nature than fresh water; but if you are not by the sea, why, you must go into a shallow river or lake instead. Walk in together until you are breast-deep; then let one spread himself upon the water, whilst his companion supports him with one hand under his chest. Lying on the water in this way he can practise the various movements easily, and when he is tired he can exchange duties with

his companion. It is astonishing how much can be done in a few days, and how soon the learner becomes independent of the supporting hand. As soon as the learner feels confidence, and that he has gained a mastery over the water, his companion should withdraw his hand, until at last its support is not needed. When the pupil can swim twenty yards in shallow water, let him try his mettle in water out of his depth, accompanied, however, by some good swimmer; but beginners should always make a practice of swimming *towards the shore* if possible, so that every stroke may bring them into shallower water as they get tired.

Practice in swimming, as in every other art, is the great thing to insure perfection, for as the swimmer feels his own safety in the water, and the almost impossibility of sinking if left to himself, he indulges in all sorts of gyrations and antics, to vary the monotony of simple progression. There are innumerable ornamental additions capable of being made to ordinary swimming. There is walking or treading the water, leaping like a goat, lying on the surface of the water, spinning round like a top; and a clever performer can turn somersaults in the water, 'carry his leg in one hand,' swim with his legs tied, and achieve numberless other remarkable diversions in the element over which he has attained mastery.

Swimmers should never remain in the water too long. We speak of course of amateurs who wish to enjoy the exercise for its own sake, and not with the object of accomplishing any feat of distance or racing. When such enterprises are undertaken they are as much a matter of preparation and training as any other athletic performance. Of late we have had notable instances of wonderful power of endurance, and that characteristic of the Englishman known as 'pluck,' in the remarkable feat of Captain Webb, who crossed the English Channel from Dover to Calais in a twenty hours' swim, without appliances, without trickery, without assistance, and as he says himself, 'as a British sailor should do.' Captain Webb has been delivering in various towns in England an interesting lecture on his own experiences; and as he is certainly the champion of swimmers, we may with propriety take his opinion as to the material of which good swimmers are chiefly made. The medical man who accompanied Captain Webb when he gave his lecture tells us that perfectly sound health and a temperate life, especially in the use of stimulants, is essential to the accomplishment of anything like a long-sustained effort in the water.

Captain Webb could swim at eight years of age; and he says the younger the pupil, the easier it is to learn to swim. At an early age the limbs are more supple and less stiff and difficult to manage than in later life. Captain Webb's father was in the medical profession; but his son's love for the sea was not thwarted by him, and the boy joined the ship *Conway* off Liverpool in 1857. It would be well indeed if every boy were compelled to learn to swim before he could join any ship, be it in the merchant service or navy; and a good rule for every family and school would be that no boating excursions should be possible for any lad who could not swim. Many sad and terrible accidents might thus be prevented. Captain Webb says that by a good swimmer, such as he would desire to see every English boy, he does not necessarily

mean a fast or brilliant swimmer; life-saving depends on a slow and steady stroke, and it is much more practically useful to be able to swim five or six miles in a suit of clothes, than to be the champion swimmer of five hundred yards in an incredibly short space of time. We would be inclined to think that even the comparatively short distance of a quarter of a mile in one's clothes, is what all ought to endeavour to achieve.

Much that we have already said about the best methods of learning to swim is endorsed by Captain Webb, who tells us that a slow, steady, powerful breast-stroke, known as the 'Eton stroke,' is the style to be encouraged, without hurry, without flurry; the hands being only second in the propelling movement in comparison with the feet, the heels touching each other after every kick, the hands placed flat on the water, the thumbs touching, thrust to the front full length, then slowly brought round square with the shoulders till the elbows touch the sides of the body, when the hands return to their starting-place between the chin and the breast.

Captain Webb's first notoriety was not gained by any planned effort, such as his swim across the Channel, but by a spontaneous act of British pluck, which deserves to be remembered. It was on the 22d April 1873 that he was a sailor on board the Channel steamer *Russia*, coming from America. A friend of the writer was on board; the vessel was going fourteen and a half knots an hour, the sea was 'houses high,' and the ship was rolling terribly, so that it was impossible to keep one's feet. 'Man overboard!' was the terrible cry that sounded through the wind and the waves. In a moment Webb was overboard, clothes and all, the idea of rescuing the poor fellow being his only thought. There was only his cap to be seen; and as the eyes of the passengers strove to see the man, only a vast waste of water was visible. Perhaps he had been struck by the screw or sucked under the vessel; certainly he was not on the waves, and Webb himself was almost immediately out of sight. His own sensations when he found himself left thus alone in mid Atlantic, he graphically describes. He could not and did not know whether any effort to save him was being made in the vessel he had left, or whether he too had been given up for lost! Home, friends, past events, crowded thickly into his mind; but he did not give up the effort to keep himself afloat, nor did hope desert him, though he felt that the very size and strength of the waves must shortly kill him. At last he sees a little speck on a far-distant wave. Can it be a boat? Yes. But the crew is rowing away from him back to the ship! They do not see him, and have given him up. He manages to shout to them, and they hear him and return. He has been thirty-seven minutes in a sea in which but few men could have survived, and is at last picked up by the boat's crew, without his man, and exhausted.

The excitement on board, it may be imagined, was great; and the ship's passengers made up a purse of a hundred guineas, which they presented to Webb as a testimonial of his gallant conduct. A sum was also collected for the relatives of the poor fellow on whose behalf Webb's brave but unsuccessful plunge was made. The silver medal of the Royal Humane Society was given to Webb; and in addition, he became the first recipient of

their highest honour, the Stanhope gold medal, which was presented to him by the hands of the Duke of Edinburgh on the centenary festival of the Royal Humane Society.

After some unsuccessful attempts, Captain Webb determined to make a resolute effort to swim across the Channel. The only training he had for this bold adventure consisted in taking plenty of good animal food, with a due allowance of fat, and three pints of good sound beer daily. He avoided spirits, tea and coffee, went to bed early at night, and remained in the open air all day.

On Tuesday, August 21, 1875, at one o'clock, Captain Webb left the steps of the Admiralty Pier, Dover, for his remarkable swim across the Channel to Calais harbour. Covering his skin well with porpoise oil, to prevent the excoxiating action of the salt water, he started at the rate of twenty strokes a minute. During his whole swim, he took no solid food—ale, beef-tea, and coffee being his only refreshments. He describes the incidents of the way very amusingly. For the first two hours he only met an empty flour-barrel and an old meat-tin, which persistently floated in his wake. Then the ship *Custalia*, homeward-bound from off which jumped the 'boy Baker,' who swam alongside for company to some distance. A school of porpoises were the next objects in his way; they took but little notice of him, and soon got out of his way, though from the scent of porpoise oil his 'dressing' gave out, they might have taken him for a friend. About half-past three o'clock, when he had been in the water two hours and a half, he had made five miles, and then settled down to a steady stroke of fourteen to a minute, feeling, he says, 'full of pluck.' A big steamer came by. She was a foreigner, and bound for Dunkerque. Foreigners cannot cheer—they shouted as well as they could; but the British seaman missed the ring of the British cheer. At a little past six he was joined by a small boat containing a well-known university oarsman, whose cheery words encouraged the plucky swimmer. Sun set at seven, and he describes the sunset and the soothing ripple of the waters as having the effect of almost sending him to sleep. But he must not relax. Half the task is done, and he is feeling 'right as a trivet.' It gets darker, and the moon has not yet shewn her silvery face over the sea; but the waves sparkle and shine with phosphorescence. Every stroke seems as if it were throwing away countless diamonds. Ah, Captain Webb, had you been a naturalist, you would have understood by this beautiful appearance that you were in the midst of troublesome companions, and need not have been perplexed and almost terrified on feeling a sharp, sudden, stinging pain in your shoulder, which, as you tell us, made you 'turn faint and sick.' The phosphorescence of the sea is produced by countless living or decaying organisms; sometimes by jelly-fishes, some of the large ones of which have the unpleasant property of stinging, and are hence called *sea-nettles*. The smarting and pain caused by one of these disagreeable visitors to our gallant captain, remained for hours, and the red mark on his shoulder lasted for days. The moon rose at ten o'clock, and Webb was the first to welcome her. The tide had turned again; other friends came out to meet him and to welcome him on his way, burning red lights in their boats, and telling him

that he was now but seven miles from the coast of France.

Another hour he laboured on. At two o'clock in the morning the mail-boat passed him from Calais. He saw the light on Cape Grimes, and it encouraged him on. It then became hard work. His face and neck were sore from the exposure, and were incrustated with salt. Day began to break, and he felt as if he must give in; but no; 'Do it or die!' seemed to ring in his ears, and on he went, swimming quicker and shorter. Every wave seemed to grow bigger. His hands were livid, and his legs felt as if they did not belong to him. Nine o'clock! Captain Dane is coming out of the Calais harbour to meet him, and has put his large boat on the weather-side, so that the waves no longer appear so formidable. The boat's crew cheer in true British style, and the heart of the gallant sailor, who has nearly finished his task, is cheered. Three hundred yards more—down goes an oar. No land touched yet. Another spurt. The oar touches the bottom! Well done, Webb! You have achieved a feat as yet unrivalled, and have landed on French soil, after a swim of twenty hours in the sea.

Webb's success induced others to emulate him, but without accomplishing the task. Cavill made the attempt, but had to give up after being in the water a few hours. His health and constitution unfitted him for the effort; and we believe that if such performances must be attempted, only those who are perfectly sure as to the soundness and power of their physique ought to try.

Independently of being able to swim, many lives would be saved if people would only learn to float. Man is the only animal that drowns unnecessarily. He does so because the knowledge he ought to possess does not come to his rescue, as does the instinct of the brute. A dog or a horse, or any other quadruped, when it finds itself out of its depth, swims away with its head above water, and usually gets safe to land. Man not finding himself in his natural position, is filled with terror, stretches his hands out of the water, which helps him to sink, or opens his mouth to scream, which fills his lungs with water instead of air. The result is obvious. If we could only have faith in the natural buoyancy of the body, and when cast unexpectedly upon the water, remain passively upon it, with the mouth tightly closed, many lives might be saved that are now annually lost.

THE LAIRD'S RELIEF.

IN TWO PARTS. —PART II.

MR ARMSTRONG of Clouseburn, banker, proprietor, and magistrate, sat in the study of his residence at Balgoyle in consultation with Robert Wilson, the chief constable, debating matters concerning the good order of the town during the three following days, which were to be devoted to the far-famed Balgoyle races. They naturally expected to have their hands pretty full during this season, and were chiefly anxious as to whether their force might be sufficient to deal with the unusual presence of a noisy crowd in the quiet town.

'By the way,' said the magistrate, having finished his official business, and, as was his wont, treating himself to a little gossip of which Rob Wilson

was a famous retailer, 'the Laird o' Brackenhaugh was in diving with me last night. He removed a quantity of valuable plate from the bank; I hope he will be sure to have it conveyed safely. Anything going on out there—eh, Wilson?'

'Ou ay, sir. There's to be grand doings out-bye. John Scott o' the Abbey linn has had sic an order as is like to send him wild; and Inglis the flesher has had an extra killin'. And there's been hampers frae Edinbro', and flowers, and I dinna ken a' what—let alone a band o' musicians. And what's mair, sir,' he added in a whisper, 'they tell me there's been siller to pay for it a'.'

'Hum, ha! Of course, of course.'

'And there's a grand party come frae the South—a coach-load and twa machines, with Miss Barbara at the head o' 'em'—'

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and the servant announced our friend Mr Simpson, who in an excited manner exclaimed: 'I want to see the magistrate.'

'Come, come, sir, state your business calmly, and proceed with caution,' said Mr Armstrong, who didn't like to be flurried. 'Who and what are you?'

'My name's Gabriel Simpson; but what I am at this moment I don't rightly know, your Worship.'

'Eh, what's this?' said the magistrate sharply, while the constable edged his chair round (he had seated himself to take down Mr Simpson's statement, at a hint from the magistrate), and eyed the new-comer carefully; for Mr Wilson was a very energetic man, and there was scarcely scope for his talents at a place like Balgoyle; and the criminals with whom he usually had to deal were so lamentably stupid that he had come to consider the sifting of evidence a matter for slow minds, and rather devoted himself to the inventive part of his business than the corroborative.

'Well, sir, I mean that last night I was a man in possession; but my situation is bust up, and I ain't hanythink, as far as I can see just now. And my business, sir, is *murder*, that's wot it is—wich his name is Wilkie;' and Mr Simpson looked as much as to say: 'Does that wake you up?'

'Murder!' exclaimed the other two.

'Tell your story, sir,' said the magistrate.

'Well, sir, as I was going to tell you, me and my friend Wilkie came down last night, and accordin' to instruction, proceeded to henter upon possession at the house of McLeen of Bracken-hog'—

'Brackenhaugh!'

'Yes, sir, Bracken-hog. It was Mr Wilkie's intention to have just put me up to a wrinkle or two, this being my first job, and the pore man was going away this morning, if all had gone well with 'im. But little we thought of the dangerous service we was a-goin' on! Little we thought of the desperate willins we was goin' amongst'—

'Come, sir, give us your facts.'

'Well, the facts was as follers. When we got into the house, we was at first alarmed by the shouting of Mr McLeen and his friends, who were shootin' of pistols and clashing of swords like anythink.'

Here the magistrate and the constable exchanged glances, and the latter eyed Mr Simpson curiously.

'We was both a bit frightened; but the ladies'—

'What ladies?'

'Missus Janet and Miss Phemie.'

'The housekeeper and one of the lassies, sir,' explained Wilson.

'They was werry kind, specially to Mr Wilkie; and indeed I think the pore man took more than was good for 'im, for he made such a noise that the gents up-stairs must have heard 'im. And through the kindness of the females I was able to get to my room before the murderers came down, and everything was so still afterwards that I thought pore Wilkie had escaped. I thought before I went to sleep that I heard a groan or so, but couldn't be sure. And in the morning, sir, when I woke 'O Lor!' and he turned whiter than before, and covered his face with his hands—'there was Wilkie a-hanging to a tree! A corp, your Wuship!'

'A very strange story, eh, Mr Wilson?' And the constable shook his head dubiously, sagely, inventively.

'But wusser than that, your Wuship. I should never have got away safe, but for a villain, a tall red-haired man'—

'That'll be Donald the Hielandman, likely,' interpolated Wilson.

'He mistook me for one of the murderers, I believe, sir, and—and—he talked of hanging as an excellent joke, and invited me to be present when they were a doin' hup "the other man"—meaning me, your Wuship; and he shuddered at the thought of what he had escaped.

'So then you charge Mr McLean with the murder of your friend, eh?'

'Him and his friends. Yes, sir.'

'Did you see Mr McLean?'

'No; but I 'eard 'im, sir.'

'Oh! you heard him, did you? What do you think of all this, Wilson?' said the magistrate, looking suspiciously at Mr Simpson.

'Case for further inquiry, sir. Shouldn't wonder, sir, if it was a plot of some kind—suspicious-looking character, very,' he added in an undertone. 'I'll keep an eye on him.'

After some further conversation, in which Mr Simpson answered sundry questions that were put to him, he was about to retire, when the maid-servant entered with a very red face, and eyes suffused from suppressed laughter.

'Another mon, sir; and he told me I was to give ye this card,' and turning away her face, she smothered down a laugh with her apron.

Mr Armstrong started on reading the name on the card, and handed it to Wilson, who immediately said: 'I thought so. Owre clever, as usual. Perhaps I'd better go into the parlour, sir, and sit with this gentleman a bit;' and he motioned Mr Simpson to a side-door in a way that savoured rather too much of the 'move-on' formula of a later date, to be quite pleasing to that youth.

No sooner had they retired than the cause of the servant's hilarity became apparent. The door opened, and there entered the subject of the late inquiry, Mr Wilkie; but how different from the spick-and-span Wilkie, the idol of the tea-tables about Nicolson Street and the South Side of Edinburgh! Unshaven, unkempt, travel-stained, he might even still have carried matters off; but how was he to hold up his head in the costume which met the astonished gaze of Mr Armstrong! Full Highland dress made for a man twice his size, kilt wisped round him tight, foldless, dragged; hose, unfilled by the accustomed calf, hanging

flaccid and uneven; a plaid cast round his shoulders as a schoolboy wears a woollen comforter; and a bonnet with an eagle plume and crest stuck jauntily on one side of an uncombed shock of hair that surmounted a face expressing profound humiliation.

'What's the meaning of this foolery, sir? Are you drunk or mad?' said the magistrate angrily.

'I may weel be baith, sir, or it'll no be lang first. I'll no haud my head up again. Sic doin's, sic doin's!'

'How dare you come and play off your fool's jokes upon me in this manner?'

'Jokes! jokes!' exclaimed the unhappy bailiff.

'Gin you's a joke, a kirkyard's a place o' revelry and mirth. Look here, sir. I'm a quiet man and an orderly, and I don't mind the time when I couldna tak a freendly glass and keep my wits. But sic a night as last! Mairey on's!' And then Mr Wilkie told the story of his mishaps, which, for the better understanding of the reader, we give apart from his comments and reflections. His recollections of the previous night's occurrences were rather dim, and up to the time of his waking he only remembered that he had fallen under the table in the housekeeper's room at Brackenhaugh, and had been assisted to his bed by a man and a boy. Overcome by his potations, he had slept till shortly after daybreak, when he was aroused by the sound of knocking at his door. Jumping up, and holding it ajar, he was addressed in tones of frightened entreaty by Phemie to leave the house without delay, as there had been an awful crime committed, and she could not tell but that he might be the next victim. Believing that he had created rather a favourable impression in this quarter, and unminful of the events of the previous night, he could not suppose that it was other than an interest in his welfare that had actuated the young woman to warn him in this manner; and when, in horrified accents, she had told him how his companion had been foully made away with, he lost no time in preparations for flight. On looking round the room, however, he found that all his clothes had disappeared, and on mentioning this to Phemie, she seemed more terror-stricken than before, saying that that had been done, she supposed, in order to do away with any possibility of his escape; but he should never say 'that Phemie didna dae a' in her power to save his life;' and that she had thereupon flung the articles of clothing in which he now appeared into the room to him, and he had arrayed himself in them as best he could. To make more sure, he had on his way out visited the room in which his friend Simpson had slept the previous night; but it was empty, the furniture and bed in disorder, and blood-stains visible upon the floor and bed-curtains. He would not enter upon the sufferings he had since undergone—how he had lost his way; how he was driven away from farm-houses by dogs; how the driver of the coach had refused to take him, and had merely flicked him on the legs, with the observation: 'Hoot awa', daffie!' how he had been followed by the crowd in Balgyle, and claimed as a cousin by a real idiot—one Daft Willie—who paraded the streets with him arm-in-arm, in spite of all his endeavours to avoid it. All these things, he said, were more than enough to have taken ten years off his life.

Mr Armstrong listened to all he had to say with attention, asked a few questions, and then requested Mr Wilkie to follow him. Going out of the door by which he had entered, the magistrate ushered him into a room looking out into the main street, where Mr Wilkie had the pleasure of seeing a crowd of boys and idlers gathering, in evident anticipation of some fun to be got on his reappearance.

Mr Armstrong returned to his study, and called the constable to him from the next room, and shortly related to him what he had heard.

'Now what do you think of it all, Wilson, eh?'

'Well, sir, my settled conviction is, that it's just a scheme to weaken the constabulary of the town. He's one of your regular London ones, is that Mr Simpson?'

'Bless my soul! do you think so?'

'Ay, that I do, sir.'

'But they wouldn't have the impudence to put their heads in the lion's mouth in this manner!'

'Ay, sir, the honestest it looks, the deeper I believe the scheme to be—fræ a lang experience, sir.'

'But what could their object be?'

'I never fash myself to find an object, sir—at first. It might be anything. There may be accomplices amongst some of the people that will be here at the race-time. It may have to do with the Laird of Brackenhaugh's plate. It may be a plant to discover our force in the town, and give them a better chance of plunder.'

'Dear me, yes; that's serious.'

'I think, sir, the best plan will be just to keep a watch on them for a day or so at least. It can do no harm, for there is suspicion enough to warrant their detention. We can make inquiries; and at any rate, as there has clearly been no murder at all, and it's as like as not to be a thievish scheme of some kind, we may net the whole gang possibly.' And Mr Wilson's chest expanded and his face lighted up as delicious visions of a *grand coup* and subsequent promotion came before his mind's eye.

'Perhaps so, perhaps so. I think the circumstances justify their arrest. Very suspicious altogether.'

'And I think, sir, it might be best to keep them unacquainted with what we know. There's no telling what other inventions they may have by which we can get a clue.'

'Yes, yes; use your own discretion in that matter, Wilson.'

In an hour from this time, Mr Wilkie and Mr Simpson, despite their entreaties, protestations, and threats of action for false imprisonment, were occupying separate rooms in the lock-up of Balgyle—in quarters rather superior to those occupied by ordinary malefactors, but still sufficiently guarded by bolts and bars to prevent escape.

For two days and nights they languished in their confinement, each believing in the demise of the other, and vaguely wondering in what way they could be suspected of complicity—which was darkly hinted to them from time to time by Rob Wilson the constable. The expected accomplices not turning up, and satisfactory answers having been received to the inquiries forwarded to headquarters at Edinburgh, they were ultimately released. It was with unfeigned delight that the two men recognised each other in the flesh.

'But what was the body I saw 'anging to the tree?' said Mr Simpson.

'Perhaps this,' said the other sleepishly, as he pointed to a box that had been left for him in the care of the constable, containing his clothes—a great joy to him—stuffed, and with a turnip head, to which a cut cord was attached!

'But how about the blood-stained room?' inquired Mr Wilkie.

'Perhaps this,' said Mr Simpson, pointing to a smaller box received by him, and containing the corpse of a decapitated fowl!

So pleased was Aunt Barbara with her reception at Brackenhaugh—knowing, too, or rather having found out, during her sojourn, that things were not going so smoothly as could be wished, despite the energetic efforts of the housekeeper to throw a cloak over the nakedness of the land—and so pleased was Janet with her stratagem that she took the Laird on one side before his aunt's departure, and urged him 'just to speak up, and tell his dear father's sister his trouble;' which having done, he could not forbear telling her also of his recent deliverance by Janet's means; upon which the old lady requested Janet to give them a circumstantial account of the whole story.

'But,' said Aunt Barbara, as she wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes at the conclusion, and as she handed the housekeeper a ten-pound note to buy a silk gown, 'who were the two fighting culants, Mistress Janet?'

'Jest Donald and Niel the gairdner and the bit laddie, mem; and thank ye.'

FIRE-KINGS AND FIRE-EATERS.

WHAT are the hottest things we can swallow without dread disaster to the throat and stomach? Can we handle red-hot solids, and wash our hands in white-hot liquids? Can garments made of woven materials be rendered fire-proof, in a complete or even a partial degree? These are questions worthy of notice; for though it matters little whether or not we attend an exhibition at a place of public amusement, it matters much to know how far and in what way burning may be avoided when fire is raging.

The ancients had more knowledge of this matter than we sometimes give them credit for; and the middle ages in like manner were marked by many incidents illustrating a real or pretended power of bearing intense heat with impunity. Albertus Magnus mentions many feats of exhibitors or trading sorcerers, in which the hands and the interior of the mouth were washed with certain heat-resisting liquids; while in others nothing more was displayed than clever conjuring, men seeming to do what they really did not.

A letter is extant from Sir Henry Wotton to Sir Edmund Bacon, in the time of Charles I., mentioning a Twopenny Exhibition in London, in which 'an Englishman, like some swabber of a ship come from the Indies, who hath learned to eat fire as familiarly as ever I saw any eat cakes, even whole glowing brands, which he will crush with his teeth and then swallow.' Later in the

same century was an exhibitor, one Richardson, who gained much notoriety by this kind of defiance of fire. This appears to be the man mentioned by Madame de Sevigné. He waited upon her from Vitry, and dropped into his mouth melted sealing-wax 'as if it had been so much cold water,' without the slightest semblance of pain; nor did his tongue shew the least sign of burning or injury whatever. The lively letter-writer, while treating the display almost as a miracle, nevertheless asked in a half-bantering tone what would become of the proofs of innocence, so much depended on in former ages, from the ordeal by fire. Richardson probably exhibited his marvels in various parts of Europe; for Evelyn was present at one such display at Lady Sutherland's. After dinner, the fire-king devoured flaming brimstone by way of dessert; chewed and swallowed burning coals; melted a beer-glass and then ate it up, or drank it down; put a live-coal on his tongue, placed an oyster on the coal, blew this strange substitute for a fire-place with bellows, and so continued until the oyster was roasted or scalloped; he melted pitch and wax with sulphur and drank off the mixture in a flaming state; and finally held a thick piece of red-hot iron between his teeth. A learned French publication, the *Journal des Savans*, gave detailed accounts of many of Richardson's marvels; and in the same journal, M. Panthot afterwards explained how they were done, according to revelations made to him by Richardson's servant. The exhibitor rubbed with some chemical substance the hands and other parts of the skin to be exposed to the fire; the powerful liquid hardened the scurf-skin into a kind of leather; and after many repetitions of the experiment, this hardening became permanent. Some blacksmiths, it is known, can handle a piece of iron nearly red-hot, the skin of the hand having become indurated by long practice at the hot trade. In roasting bits of steak and raw oysters on his tongue, Richardson is said to have secretly placed a thin slice of veal between the tongue and the burning coal; and that this and the moisture of the mouth shielded him from injury. As to swallowing such dainties as flaming sulphur and pitch, he was wont to retire immediately from the audience, drink off warm water and oil, and so obtain relief by an emetic.

Early in the last century a fire-eater named Heiterkeit exhibited in London; but all we hear of him is that he had the honour of appearing before three or four members of the royal family. About the middle of the century the great hero in this line was Powell, who was visited and described by Strutt. Although eighty years of age, this man would take burning coals from the fire and eat them; place a bundle of lighted matches in his mouth, and blow out the sulphur-fumes through his nostrils; carry a red-hot heater around the room between his teeth; broil a piece of beef-steak on red-hot charcoal placed on his tongue; and drink with an iron spoon a delectable beverage consisting of blazing hot pitch, wax, brimstone, and lead. There was a little wagery in some of the descriptions of Powell's tendencies: 'His common food is brimstone and fire, which he licks up as eagerly as a hungry peasant would a mess of pottage. He feeds on this extraordinary diet before princes and peers to their infinite satisfaction; and such is his passion for this

terrible element, that if he were to come hungry into your kitchen while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire and leave the beef.' We may fairly surmise that Powell adopted some such precautionary measures as his predecessor Richardson.

About the same time, the beginning of the reign of George III., several scientific men made some valuable experiments to ascertain what degree of heat the human frame could endure for a short time with impunity—apart from any sophistication or secret preparation. MM. Duhamel and Tissot recorded their observations on a young girl, who entered an oven, and remained there ten minutes at a temperature of 288° F., and on another who braved a heat of 325° F. for five minutes. Dr Solander, first clothed and then unclothed, remained for some minutes in an oven at 210°; Sir Joseph Banks at a little higher temperature; and Dr Blagden at 280°. Eggs were at the same time roasted hard in a few minutes, and a beef-steak baked (for it was really baking) in about half an hour. The experimenters could not touch any of their metal buttons or buckles without burning their fingers. All the temperatures here named, except one, greatly exceed that of boiling water.

Sixty or seventy years ago there was a Signora Girardelli who astonished the sight-seers of London by standing with her naked feet on a plate of red-hot iron; drawing a similar plate over her hair and tongue; washing her hands in boiling oil; putting melted lead into her mouth, and keeping it there till it solidified—or so it seemed to the spectators at any rate.

A famous man was M. Chabert, the fire-king, fire-eater, and 'poison-swallower,' rather less than half a century ago. By trade a baker at Paris, he gained much notoriety by his fire-resisting qualities. According to the stories told of him, he would rush into a burning house and bring out the inmates. Once, passing a smith's forge, he took out a white-hot piece of iron with his naked hand, placed the end on an anvil, and bade the smith hammer away; the son of Vulcan, too much alarmed, ran away, fearing that a denizen of the nether regions had made his appearance. For a time Chabert was inspector of the royal kitchen at the Tuileries; but he was prone to go into the heated oven and give out the dishes of baked viands with his hands; the king, fearful of sad results from such proclivities, discharged him with a small pension. He went to Vienna, and in the presence of the imperial family, sat in a tar-barrel flaming and smoking, until he was blackened like a negro. Coming to England, he exhibited at White Conduit House, where he entered a huge oven, took in a leg of mutton, shut the door, sang some French songs, and came out with the mutton baked. On other occasions he bore the heat of an oven raised to 500°. Repeatedly he swallowed phosphorus and prussic acid, or appeared to do so; but when Mr Wakley, editor of the *Lancet*, proposed to administer the last-named powerful poison as a test, Chabert refused to comply. This and other circumstances led to the failure of the fire-king as a profitable exhibition. There is no doubt that the man possessed exceptional personal peculiarities; but it can as little be doubted that he supplemented these by precautionary measures, such as we have already mentioned.

Scientific and practical men have devoted much attention to the utilising of these peculiarities. Messrs Versmann and Oppenheim have shewn that textile goods for apparel, if impregnated with tungstate of soda, acquire a remarkable and valuable power of resisting flame. The ordinary fireman's smoke-dress will resist much fiery heat, and still more fume and smoke. Dr Tyndall's fireman's respirator is a useful aid in the same direction. Lieutenant Champy has introduced a very ingenious protective dress for French firemen.

The new aspirant for fame as a fire-king, Captain Ahlström, is a Swede, who came to England to display the fire-resisting virtues of a dress devised by M. Östberg of Stockholm. It certainly is about as daring an exhibition as can well be imagined. A wooden structure is built up, supposed to represent the frame-work of a cottage, which is roofed and filled with combustible and inflammatory materials. When this has been kindled into a blaze, Ahlström, clad in his fire-proof dress, enters the burning pile, walks leisurely about, and seems to be as comfortable as if the temperature were only 60° or 70° F.; he brings out red-hot and blazing timbers in his hands, sits down on a half-burnt and still blazing wooden chair, brings out a 'dummy' human being wrapped up in a mantle, chops down burning timbers with a hatchet, and spends something like half an hour in these apparently agreeable pastimes. The fire-dress which enables Ahlström to pass through this ordeal may be said to comprise its own fire-engine within it. Outside his ordinary dress he dons two garments, one covering the head and neck, the other the body and limbs, and meeting at the waist. These garments are double, an inner layer of india-rubber, and an outer of moleskin lined with stout cotton cloth. A casque or helmet of double canvas comes down over the headgear, and joins a breastplate made of similar material. Air circulates between the inner dress and the body, and escapes through holes in the upper part. This air is supplied in a curious way. Ahlström, when fully equipped, has a tail of portentous length, consisting of two concentric pipes—an inner india-rubber tube into which air is fed by bellows or an air-pump, and an outer hose filled with water. There is also a flexible pipe extending from the helmet to a forcing-pump. The whole dress is drenched with water while he exposes himself to the heat; and he has an auxiliary hose with which he can plentifully saturate any objects around him. The water keeps the garments down to a supportable temperature; while a constant supply of fresh air within the dress prevents the wearer from being too much incommoded by the steam generated. Forcing-pumps, or analogous apparatus, both for air and water, appear to be indispensable. The wearer looks through holes in front of the casque, kept cool by water outside and an exit current of air from within. No preparation is applied to the skin; the wearer relies on his garments, the constant pumping in of fresh air, and the constant flooding of his exterior with water. Of course the soundness and good working condition of the tubing, &c. are essential matters; but, these being properly attended to, there seems no reason to doubt that this ingenious invention would be useful for the purpose intended by Östberg and Ahlström—namely, to enable firemen and salvage-men to enter buildings under circum-

stances of flame and intense heat. Practically, however, the dress, &c. would be useless in any emergency where an air-pump and a water-pump were not at hand.

LOOK TO YOUR MILK.

How to manage the sewage of towns and villages is becoming a matter of serious concern. Rivers are polluted, little innocent rills of water are polluted, water-cisterns are polluted, and what one would never have dreamt of, the milk used at breakfast and tea runs a fair chance of being polluted. On all hands you are beset with poisonous gases, invisible to the eye, and perhaps not perceptible by the nose, but which create typhoid fever and diphtheria to an extent that is becoming in some places alarming. Nature has designed that certain kinds of offensive matter should be as speedily as possible buried in the ground, not only for the sake of putting it out of sight, but in order that the gases created by its fermentation and dissolution may be absorbed and made use of in the vegetable world. Processes of this nature are superseded by what everybody understands by the word sewage: behold the consequences! Men are clever, but they cannot overreach Nature. We are not, however, going into a dissertation on sewage. All we propose to do in the meantime is to ask people to look to their milk; for through that channel, as will be seen by a short statement, there may arise very fatal epidemics.

Such an epidemic broke out during the past year in Eagley, a small village near Bolton, Lancashire, and one which extended into Bolton itself, and embraced no less than two hundred and five cases of sickness from typhoid fever, twenty-two of which cases terminated fatally. The official Report of Mr Power the government inspector into the causes of the outbreak, just issued, shews a combination of circumstances which cannot but be viewed with alarm by all who take an interest in the social condition of the people, but an alarm which, if it leads to action in the right direction, will be of a beneficial character. Mr Power, in his Report, states that the village of Eagley, in which the outbreak of enteric fever commenced, has a population of sixteen hundred and twenty-five persons in three hundred and eighteen dwellings, and shews that the local sanitary arrangements are by no means satisfactory. It has a deficient water-supply; there is no system of sewage existing in the district; and surface-drains carry off all slop and rain water to the nearest water-courses. He then proceeds to deal with the specific epidemic of typhoid and its causes. It appeared that 'of fifty-seven families supplied with milk in Eagley from a particular dairy, no less than fifty-five (96 per cent.) were attacked by fever; while of two hundred and sixty-one other families in the same district, supplied from other sources (or not taking milk), eight (3 per cent.) only were attacked. As regards these eight families attacked by fever though not taking the milk, examination of the circumstances of their attack served but to add additional force to the evidence implicatory of the particular dairy. In

six of the eight, the members attacked had, prior to their illness, partaken at neighbours' houses of the milk in question; in another of the eight, the disease, though called "fever," had not been medically recognised as such, and the origin of the disease, whatever it was, could not be traced; and in the last of the eight exceptional cases, the fever occurred at a later period in April, and was referred by the medical man in attendance to the use for drinking, of water presumably infected by pre-existing cases of fever. "Further, in several instances, persons not residents within the area of the milk-supply were, after partaking exceptionally of this particular milk while visiting friends in Egley, attacked by fever.

"The evidence connecting the outbreak with the milk-supply is strengthened by the special incidence of fever on habitual drinkers of raw milk. Particulars of the habits as regards milk consumption by individuals were obtainable respecting thirty-five families, comprising one hundred and sixty-one persons. Of these, eighty-three habitually drank milk in a raw state, while seventy-eight took it in tea or coffee, or did not take it at all. Of the former, seventy-nine (93 per cent.), and of the latter, eighteen (23 per cent.) were attacked. As regards the characters of the milk in question, so far as they were of a nature to be recognised by the consumer, it has to be noted that the milk was almost unanimously voted poor, and many persons complained that it had an undue tendency to become sour. Towards the end of January last, it was generally noticed that something was wrong with the milk; it turned sour almost at once, and is described as having been of a peculiar colour, to have tasted unpleasantly, and even to have smelt offensively. In many instances the milk, after standing left at the bottom of the vessel containing it a sediment variously described as grit, sand, or dirt." This evidence seems conclusive that milk from the dairy in question has in Egley been concerned in the dissemination of fever; but the operations of this dairy were not confined to the Egley district. Half of the total milk of the dairy was habitually retailed in Bolton town, two or three miles distant. This fact, shortly after the outbreak of fever at Egley, became known to Mr Sergeant, Medical Officer of Health for Bolton, who forthwith undertook inquiry respecting the distribution of this milk within his district, and found that wherever in Bolton this milk had been consumed, there also had been fever. 'The localities,' said Mr Sergeant, 'shewed that the disease followed unerringly the track of the milk-supply from the particular farm. Not one household to which the milk was traced was entirely free from disease; the houses, clean or dirty, were attacked indiscriminately.'

As to the causes of the impure milk traced to this particular dairy, Mr Power explains that it was established beyond a doubt, from close examination of the farm itself, that the only water used for dairy purposes was taken from a brook into which organic matter and filth drained, rendering it exceedingly foul. A different class of water was used in other farms in the Egley district; and though in these cases the water was bad enough, still there was not the specific contamination existing in the water supplied to the farm from which the infected milk emanated. Mr Power concludes his Report thus: 'It hardly appears

needful to insist on the chief lesson taught by the foregoing history. The case is simply one more, and a serious one, added to those cases already on record which point to the urgent necessity for regulation and adequate supervision over the sanitary circumstances of dairy-farms.'

The importance of Mr Power's concluding recommendations cannot be too greatly estimated, or too forcibly pressed not only upon the attention of our local authorities, but upon government itself. We have laws enforcing the inspection of mines and their proper regulation, to insure the safety of the worker; in cotton-mills and iron-foundries, all working machinery is carefully fenced round to avoid accidents; the laws relating to the transit of combustible material by road or sea are strict, and rigidly carried out; the indiscriminate storage of gunpowder, petroleum, and other dangerous substances, is guarded against; and indeed the British subject seems, as it were, to be carefully surrounded by a *cordon* of statutes protective, as far as they go, of both life and limb; yet we cannot but think that all these are comparatively of small moment when, at the same time, death and disease may be dealt out unconsciously at the morning and evening meal from the milk ewer.

ON THE TAKING OF FOOD BY AQUATIC ANIMALS.

In the study of animals, it is sometimes the case that, while having our attention occupied with the principal function of a particular organ, we overlook, or consider but lightly some other functions which belong to it as truly, though they may, when recognised, appear subordinate. Thus the gills of fishes are naturally, perhaps only associated in our minds with the process of respiration in these animals. The truth is, however, that they serve other important uses connected with the taking of food (which, it must be remembered, is an essentially different physical process in water from what it is in air); and the study of these, in which we are aided by the recent observations of a German naturalist, M. Jäger, is highly instructive.

When a fish snaps up an object it first opens its mouth and closes its gill flaps; and opens the gills when it closes the mouth. When it wishes to reject a disagreeable morsel, on the other hand, it first, with closed mouth, opens the gill slits, and enlarges the mouth-cavity, then shuts the gill slits and simultaneously opens the mouth. By narrowing the mouth-cavity throughout its length, it now forces out the contents; and in doing so, it is driven a little backwards by the reaction, like a cannon when it is fired.

If we think of it a little more closely, we shall see that, without the gill slits, the fish could not snap up any object, and so could not eat, because the morsel, if it got into the mouth-cavity, would, on closing the mouth, be ejected. The reason is simply this: On opening, the mouth-cavity fills with water after the manner of a pump, and the morsel is taken in through suction of the portion of water in which it floats. It can now be held fast in the mouth only if the water finds a mode of exit so narrow that the morsel cannot escape along with it. For this the mouth slit is nowise fitted, for if it be closed, so that a small morsel cannot escape by it, it affords no easy outflow

for the water. But the want is fully met by its gill apparatus, which presents a double row of long narrow slits, each of which is generally a good deal longer than the mouth slit, so that the water can readily flow away without the morsel being carried off along with it.

But again, if a fish were obliged to eject by its mouth the water it had taken up, it would be driven backwards at each bite, and have to expend force wastefully in recovering its ground by swimming, which would be specially disadvantageous in flowing water. On the contrary, however, as the water flows out backwards through the gill slits, the fish receives each time an impulse which drives it forwards, and the maintenance of its position in rapid water is thus rendered more easy.

From these considerations, it becomes possible to explain a number of the arrangements found in aquatic animals, as compared with those which live in air.

Still regarding the finny tribes, we find remarkably large gill slits in fishes of prey; and any one who has watched a pike or a trout in pursuit of its prey, will have noticed how widely it has stretched its gill slits, so as to let the water flow off as freely as possible on all sides. If this were at any moment to accumulate in the mouth-cavity, the fish's motion would be seriously compromised. It may with certainty be said that all fishes with remarkably wide gill slits hunt their prey in long pursuit. Thus, among our fresh-water predaceous fishes, the pike makes the longest pursuit and has the widest gills. As a contrast we might take the gently feeding and nibbling plant-fishes, such as barbel, carp, &c., which have narrow gill slits.

A similar difference is associated with the streaming of water. As a fish always snaps with its mouth against the current, it receives more water into the mouth the more rapid the current; and therefore river-fishes have in general larger gill slits than fishes which live in still water. Thus too may be explained the remarkable correlation between the width of the mouth slit and that of the gill slits, inasmuch as narrow-mouthed fishes have narrow gill slits, and wide-mouthed fishes wide gill slits. It is clear, then, that the gills in fishes fulfil an important function in the taking of food, just as truly as lips, teeth, tongue, &c. in higher animals. Now it is interesting to inquire how those animals (amphibia, reptiles, and certain birds and mammals) have been provided for that are without gill slits, and yet seize their food under water. A simple arrangement is that in which the mouth-parts for seizing are long and narrow, so that on the one hand the water has free escape to the right and the left, and on the other, very little water is compressed in the act of seizure. This explains the dagger and knife-shaped bills of all swimming and wading birds which prey on fish, as also the extremely narrow, bill-like snout of the dolphin, and the broader indeed, but more deeply slitted snout of the crocodile.

Another substitute for the gill slits is afforded by certain arrangements in the mouth slit, with which either the morsel is seized before the mouth slit is closed for the passage of water, or which permit the separation of small bodies out of the mouth-water. This rôle is played by long teeth, such as those of dolphins, crocodiles; the laminated bills of geese and ducks, &c. and the balcon of whales. In these animals may also be noted

a remarkable deficiency of the lips, so that even when the mouth is shut the teeth so to speak remain visible; and there is no outer mouth-cavity. The lips would here only hinder the escape of the water.

With regard to our gill-less amphibia, it may first be remarked that they seize a great part of their food in the air, or (which comes to the same thing) on the surface of the water. If they be observed feeding under water (which indeed is done almost only by newts) their awkwardness in comparison with fishes is very apparent. They cannot bring the morsel at once into their mouth, even though the mouth slit is comparatively large. It may also be noticed that they prefer large morsels, which are seized by the teeth, while yet the mouth slit is widely opened; whereas the small pieces which a fish swallows with eagerness and ease are either disregarded, or the attempt to snap them up fails, the morsel being carried out again by the returning water: this proves that the eating apparatus of amphibians is better adapted for land than water. This incapability of the newts appears more clearly if one watch the feeding of their larvae, which are provided with gills. In this stage of its existence the newt seizes its prey with the same rapidity as a fish.

THE INVINCIBLE LOVER.

My heart shines like a May day bird
That wons in leafy groves,
And lightly doth the burden bear
Of half a score of loves.
My heart shines like a May day bird,
And will not stint its joy
For all the laughing maids on earth,
That smile to work amoy.

On Youth's like a triumphant king,
I gaily still can ride;
Nor need I part from Nature's charms
To seek a meaner bride.
The morning sun, the radiant eve,
Are dearer far to me
Than any rosy cheeks, or lips,
Or bright love-rolling eve.

Yet not unapt in Love's sweet viles,
Nor dunes unskilled to sue
Nature's my mistress and my queen,
More gracious and more true.
On her green hills—a nuptial couch—
Through dewy evening hours,
I woo her western winds, and hold
Soft dalliance with her flowers.

No jealous fears disturb my breast,
But with a large consent
Rich favours I receive, and them
Receiving am content.
All seasons and all times she owns
My love with heartfelt tie;
In her embrace my life I pass,
In her embrace shall die.

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A HOLIDAY IN AN OLD ROMAN CITY.

WITH the exception of those who have made the Roman antiquities of Britain a special study, very few are aware even of the existence within easy distance of London of one of the most important of the cities of Roman Britain—a prominent military station, and a chief link in the great chain of communication which, following out a fundamental law of Roman colonisation, connected the northern with the southern and the eastern with the western districts of the island. Still less is it known that, although for the most part buried beneath the surface, this city, which is now termed Silchester, is nevertheless easily traceable throughout its entire outline; the walls still subsisting in unbroken circuit; the gateways, with a portion of their substructures still discernible; the lines of streets in part laid bare, in part clearly marked out under the yellowing cornfields; several of the buildings, public and private—temples and baths, shops and dwelling-houses—exposed to view; the Forum carefully restored in all the details of its ground-plan; and evidences everywhere apparent that there needs but judicious and careful examination in order to complete the restoration of this long-forgotten city of the past.

More than a dozen years ago we gave an account in this *Journal* of excavations which had then lately been made on the site of the Roman station of Uriconium, now called Wroxeter, in Shropshire. The interest created by these explorations, although their extent was very limited, drew attention to the very similar remains of Silchester in North Hampshire, which had long been known to antiquaries, and especially to students of ancient coins, but had never been subjected to any careful or systematic investigation.

The site once occupied by this Roman station (anciently, according to the most probable opinion, called *Calleva Atrebatum*, but in Saxon times known as Silchester or 'The High Camp') now forms part of a large farm on the Stratfieldsaye estate of the Duke of Wellington, about ten miles from Reading and six from Basingstoke. But as

in the case of Uriconium, the details of its past history, and the circumstances of its foundation as well as of its decay, are almost entirely unknown. That it was a place of some importance before the Roman period is rendered probable by the discovery beneath the Roman pavement and its foundations, of other foundations of older date and of different workmanship, composed of rough flint stones and gravelly mortar; and that these deeper structures were of British origin may be inferred from the discovery amongst them of British coins in good preservation. But with the exception of a few allusions to it in the itineraries, no ancient notice is preserved; nor beyond some vague traditions of a Saxon inroad in which the city was destroyed, is anything known with certainty as to the circumstances of its decline and ultimate decay; and it presents at this day the same perplexing problem, the solution of which, in the case of Uriconium, has been vainly attempted by antiquaries—of the silent and unobserved disappearance of a strong and populous city without any well-marked catastrophe of war or of natural causes to account for its ruin. Here, as at Wroxeter, in the progress of ages the vegetable soil has silently accumulated above roadways and buildings, and the pavement of the streets and the floor-tiles of the private dwellings are to be found at a distance of several feet below the waving grass or the luxuriant corn.

That an ancient city existed on this site has been long known, and has been a subject of speculation from as far back as the time of Camden. The occasional discovery, in ploughing, trenching, and other farming operations, of coins and other relics served to keep the interest alive; and at various intervals during the last and the beginning of the present century, some portions of the ruins have been subjected to partial examination. But the new interest created in them is due to the works which have been undertaken since the estate has come into the hands of the present Duke of Wellington. In the year 1864, on the death of a Mr Barton, who had been tenant of the farm on which Silchester is situated,

the Duke became the purchaser of a small but interesting collection of coins and other antiquities which had been formed by Mr Barton during the course of his tenancy. It was ascertained, moreover, that structures of considerable extent had been struck by the plough in a spot which appeared to have been the site of buildings of some importance; and under the intelligent superintendence of the Rev. James Gerald Joyce, rector of Stratfieldsaye, a course of excavations was commenced by order of the Duke of Wellington, which has been continued ever since with more or less activity, and has led to discoveries of very great importance in determining the direction of the streets and the general plan of the city, as well as the character of the several buildings which have been laid bare, including those of the Forum. Without attempting to follow the order or history of these excavations, we shall be content to describe the present condition of the site of the ancient Calvea—the modern Silchester—and a few of the most remarkable of the buildings which have been discovered.

It would be difficult to imagine a more lonely or desolate locality than the spot on which this once populous city stood. It is traversed, it is true, by the main Stratfieldsaye highway, which intersects in the direction of west-north-west the area inclosed by the walls; but with the exception of a solitary farm-house, two or three labourers' cottages, and a deserted-looking church, it presents no sign of life or activity. Calvea Atrebatum lay on the Great Western Road, between London and Aquæ Solis or Bath. It covered an irregular heptagonal area of about a hundred and two acres, inclosed by a wall, the ruins of which are still on the average twelve or fourteen feet in height, and in some places considerably higher. The circuit of this wall is nearly two English miles. Outside of the wall on the north-east side are the remains of an amphitheatre, an elliptical inclosure of a hundred and fifty by a hundred and twenty feet. The city was entered by four gates—north, south, east, and west, and was traversed by two principal streets, following the north and south and the east and west lines, as was usual in Roman military stations, but dividing the whole area in this instance very unequally, owing to the irregular figure of the space inclosed by the wall. The streets intersect each other at right angles, but the eastern segment is very considerably larger than the western. The modern highway does not coincide with either of the ancient streets; and this also divides the inclosure unequally, there being about two-thirds of the inclosed space on the southern side of the modern road.

The conductor of the late explorations, in selecting the particular spot at which the operations commenced, was influenced less by an expectation of discovering objects of special interest in that particular spot than by the desire of establishing a point of departure from which to investigate the general ground-plan of the city, and thus pursuing his way step by step to the various places of real interest, from an antiquarian point of view. The spot was chosen chiefly because it had quite recently been ascertained, in turning up the soil, that buildings of some extent lay close to the surface. It adjoins the Stratfieldsaye Road, and lies about midway between the points at which that road intersects the walls of the city. Within

half an hour from the commencement of the excavation the ancient structure was reached, at a depth of hardly a foot from the surface, and proved to be the pavement of the central gallery or corridor of a small Roman house, situated at the angle at which two minor streets intersected each other. The house was of the most ordinary kind. The corridor, sixty feet long, extended from end to end, having five rooms at one side and two at the other; the northern and western walls abutted upon the two intersecting streets already mentioned; and on the south side was a small yard, with a long narrow shed, the roofing-slabs of which still remained on the spot where they had fallen to the ground, their supports having given way. The pavements throughout were of the plainest red tiles, with the exception of a small room, which is conjectured to have been the *lararium* or household shrine, and in which the floor was finished in colours and in mosaic of finer work. Another of the rooms was easily recognisable as the kitchen, and contained the fragments of a millstone and of various domestic vessels, among which was a portion of a broken water-jug carefully mended, the pieces being joined together with a leaden rivet—a curious evidence of the humble thrift of the occupants. All the surroundings of the house were of the same humble description, as was indeed the entire quarter in which it stood.

But the position and direction of this humble street served as a clue to the discovery of a more pretentious quarter—that traversed by the great north and south street which intersected the city. Here two of the houses have been excavated, both of a class far superior to that first laid open, but much less luxurious than the ordinary Roman villa with which Pompeii has made the world familiar. The more important of them faces the main street, and stands upon an area of ninety-eight feet six inches by a hundred and twenty-six feet. It consists of a quadrangle fifty-three feet six inches by forty-one feet seven inches, on one side of which were the entrance and three principal living-rooms; while the other sides were surrounded by a gallery, from which access was had to the remaining apartments. The quadrangle appears beyond all doubt to have been an open one; and yet no provision is apparent, although careful search has been made, for collecting the rain, as by the ordinary *impluvium*, or carrying it off by a drain below the foundations. Two of the principal rooms, each twenty feet by sixteen feet, were warmed by hypocausts, both heated from a single furnace, the hypocausts communicating with each other beneath the floor. There is nothing in the arrangements of these hypocausts differing substantially from those of ordinary Roman houses; but the space excavated, which has been preserved unaltered, is well worth careful study, as shewing very clearly the details of the ancient heating-apparatus. There can hardly be a doubt that the floors of the two apartments thus elaborately heated were of an unusually superior character; but it is curious that hardly a fragment of either floor now remains. It would seem as though both had been carefully taken up and carried away, at some time subsequent to the destruction of the city; and it is remarkable that almost all the little columns formed of tiles, which, in accordance with the usual principles of construction originally supported the

floor of the room on which stood the hypocaust furnace, have been in like manner carried away: out of upwards of eighty such columns only eight now remain. The foundations, too, of the outer wall of this chamber have been undermined, as if to make a way of entrance beneath the floor from the outside; and this for the purpose of more easily and securely taking up the pavement. Who the despoilers were it is impossible to guess.

Both these structures lie to the north of the Stratfieldsaye Road; but it is upon the south of that highway that the chief interest of the visitor must lie, as it is there that the great centre of commerce and law for the city is situated—the Forum of Silchester. In following through the cornfields the footpath which leads from the remains just described to the site of the Forum, the visitor comes unexpectedly upon the foundations of a circular or rather polygonal (sixteen-sided) temple, sixty feet in diameter. It is surrounded by an ambulatory; and the foundations of the inner as well as the outer walls are still visible; but no trace appears of the columns which are usually found in temples of this construction. Neither has any altar, statue, or inscription been discovered, nor any other indication of the god in whose honour it was erected, or the purpose to which it was dedicated. A few coins were turned up in the course of the excavation; a worn coin of Vespasian, and a perfectly fresh one of Septimius Severus, to which latter reign the date of its erection may with some probability be referred.

In a report of the visit of the Oxford Historical and Architectural Society to Silchester in 1873, the Forum, the chief object of interest, is described as 'occupying an area of three hundred and thirteen by two hundred and seventy-five feet, and nearly surrounded by an ambulatory or porticoed piazza.' The entrance was from the east, and the remains of a sewer were found beneath the ancient gateway. Shops were ranged on either side of the gateway and along the northern side of the courtyard towards the Basilica. 'In one of the shops a large number of oyster-shells were found; in another a number of hooks belonging to steel-yards, and suggesting the idea of a butcher's shop; in another the spurs of game-cocks, in some instances supplemented by steel spurs; in another, a small bar of silver, shewing a jeweller or money-changer. The Basilica was a noble building, with a well-defined apsidal end on the south, but that on the north appears to have been somewhat altered. The wall which supported the Tribunal on the south still exists; and the substructure of a row of tall and handsome columns, which had foliated caps approaching the Corinthian order, extends along the eastern side.' On the west there is a series of rooms, the specific purpose of which can but be a subject of conjecture; but there seems little doubt that they were all devoted to public use. In one was found a legionary eagle of bronze. The floor of this room was covered deeply with the remains of burnt wood, and was marked with black stripes, shewing the position of the beams. In another was found an imperial *bulka* or seal. One of the apartments, too, was distinguished from the rest by the superior style of its pavement, and is supposed to have been the council chamber. The only indications that might fix a date, are those found on the coins that have been disinterred, but which have

a broad range from the time of Caligula A.D. 37 to A.D. 410.

The height of the roof, as inferred from the other proportions of the building, is supposed to have been fifty feet. The interior was in all probability furnished with galleries, and although no trace appears of the foundation of a dividing wall, it is likely, from various indications, that a tribune existed at the north as well as at the south end of the basilica, so as to afford provision for two courts within the building. The work of excavation has been done so thoroughly that the ground-plan is at once intelligible even to an unprofessional visitor; and while, by an easy effort of imagination he recalls in fancy the scene, such as it may have been in the days of Roman mastery, he cannot but be vividly impressed with the energy and the magnificent conceptions of that extraordinary people, thus carrying to the remotest extremities of their insular dominion, not alone the municipal, civil, and military institutions of the mother-country, but embodying them in the same grand and imposing forms under which they flattered the national pride of the Roman beneath the shadow of the Capitol itself.

Inferior, of course, in the interest of detail, but nevertheless very imposing in themselves, are the remains of the walls and gateways of this singular relic of the past. We have already described their extent and general appearance. The wall, in addition to the security afforded by its great height, was surrounded by a fosse a hundred feet wide; and that its depth must have been very great is to be inferred from the fact that, notwithstanding the accumulated ruins with which it is choked, it is still fourteen or fifteen feet deep. The construction of the gateways too was peculiar. 'Instead of having circular towers projecting, to defend the entrance, the walls returned inwards with a circular sweep, and within the recess thus formed the gates were placed. Within the thickness of the walls at the east gate, guard-chambers, six feet by five feet, have been uncovered at either side.' The southern gateway, which stood upon the road to Winchester, must have been a very imposing structure as seen from the city side. It was 'flanked by two lofty columns with moulded caps and bases, supporting a pediment, beneath which the chariots and horsemen would pass, the road for the pedestrians being on either side.'

There were no traces of wheel-tracks, however, such as are found on the streets of Pompeii. And indeed, while from an historical point of view the remains of this curious city are full of interest, it is hardly necessary to say that, as throwing light upon the social condition of the time and upon the life and manners of the population, their value dwindles into insignificance when compared with what is revealed at Pompeii, or even at Herculaneum. At Silchester, the walls of the houses have disappeared, almost to the very foundation line. In this respect, partly owing to the nature of the soil, but chiefly to the inferior building material, the destruction, or rather the mouldering away, has been far greater here than at Uriconium, where several feet of the walls have in some instances been preserved. But even at Uriconium, and still less at Silchester, do we find anything like that world of grace and beauty which tells so wondrously, from the frescoed walls and inlaid floors of

Pompeii, the story of the everyday life of ancient Rome, and reveals so pleasingly the minutiae of its manners and institutions. And yet even Silchester, in the depths of its decay, is not without its own story. A few of the rougher and less perishable appliances of the mechanical arts or of domestic life at least have escaped destruction. We learn from occasional discoveries of implements or domestic utensils a little of the pursuits and habits of the old Silchesterians. We infer, from a still recognisable strigil, that they indulged even in those refinements of the luxurious bath, in which the pleasure-loving Romans delighted. The extent and capacity of the amphitheatre shew that these military colonists had not failed to carry unchanged to Britain the savage taste for those bloody exhibitions the indulgence of which had long made 'a Roman holiday' at home. The steel spurs found in the shop of the Forum prove that the people, like their countrymen in Italy, retained a taste for the 'captivating pursuit of cock-fighting'; and that money-getting and money-hoarding prevailed here as elsewhere, is clear from a curious strong-box discovered in a room of one of the mansions already described. 'It was sunk in the floor for safety, instead of being let into the wall, as we place them. A wooden framing or collar had been let into the pavement, and a wooden box constructed within it, having some pieces of flanged tiles beneath the bottom, to raise it above the damp. Three formidable iron hinges turning on loops, whose ends were spiked through the collar and clenched behind it, supported the lid. Those hinges stood one at the centre and one at each end, and had oak planks about an inch and a half thick bolted down upon them; the bolts remain projecting still, with portions of wood-fibre adhering.'

Much still remains to be explored at Silchester; but even as it is, the associations of the ancient site, assisted by a small and ill-assorted collection of minor objects found in the ruins from time to time, and roughly preserved in a museum extemporised on the spot, furnish abundant materials of instruction, or at least topics for intelligent speculation. Even those whose tastes will not tempt them to linger over the antiquities, will find quite enough of interest in the surrounding country. The merest holiday-maker can hardly fail to enjoy a day on the breezy slopes of Heekfield or Hazely-Heath, or among the pleasant shades of Stratfieldsaye, or the stately woods and ferny glades of time-honoured Brunshill.

THE ARAB WIFE.

A TALE OF THE POLYNESIAN SEAS.

CHAPTER IV.—I AM INITIATED.

ABOU soon after made his appearance, and the sun being about to set, I followed him, in the hope that there would be some meat; for strange as it may seem, the diet of rice, fish, dates, &c. never satisfied me, and I was longing for more solid food. Abou led the way right up the hill to the rough-looking castle I had noticed, where we soon entered a narrow portal secured by a massive door. This brought us into the courtyard, where were piles of date-bags, great dubbhas of ghee (a kind of prepared butter), barrels of biscuits, boxes of dried

fish, and on one side stabling and fodder. The courtyard was filled with Papuans and Seedis, who were eating their suppers with much enjoyment, chattering away like so many magpies. One or two Arabs were lounging about, who addressed a word now and again to Abou. Suddenly the sun set, and then followed an almost instantaneous darkening. Immediately a sentinel on one of the four small towers which stood at the angles of the walls shouted something in Arabic which I did not then comprehend, only I noticed that 'Allah' was repeated many times. Every Arab at once prostrated himself on the ground and repeated his prayers, the ceremony lasting about seven minutes. When it was over, we went into the building through another excessively narrow door, up a flight of steps, into a moderate-sized hall, where we formed parties of four, and squatted ourselves on the ground. Abou clapped his hands, and soon black Seedi servants appeared, bearing a huge platter of the eternal rice; another of some fish fried in ghee, and hissing hot; another of rice boiled in ghee, and coloured with saffron, to which raisins were added. Everything was of admirable quality and well cooked, the rice being as well boiled as I had ever seen it at our mess in India. The fish was excellent, and I disposed of it in excellent style, with my right hand making up the balls as if I had been all my life at it, and breaking pieces of fish with great dexterity. This seemed to please the Arabs greatly; and Abou, as a mark of special favour, made a ball of rice and popped it into my mouth, I swallowing it with the best grace imaginable. The pilaw with raisins was as good as anything I ever ate, and the servants brought us *alwa* to eat with it. This sweetmeat is an immense favourite in India, being imported from Muscat in Arabia; and as soon as I saw it, I cried 'Alwa!' to the great delight of my comrades. I described to Abou the fair at Bombay, which is held in the district of Byecolla, and how there were thousands of stands for the sale of this favourite sweetmeat. The Arabs listened gravely, and exclaimed: 'God is great!' with much unction, at its finish.

When dinner was over, the servants brought in silver ewers and basins beautifully chased, but dreadfully tarnished and dirty. Each in succession washed hands and face, drying them in the air. Then we went outside on the hill, the night being very fine, and sat in a circle, smoking from a date-wood pipe which passed round and round, every one taking a few whiffs. The Arabs managed to fill their cheeks completely, and then expelled the smoke in equal volumes from each side. This I could not manage, and my failure seemed to be a subject for grave mirth. The servants then handed round little cups of the finest porcelain, which were without doubt once the property of some pigtailed victim. These were filled with such coffee as I never before tasted. It was black, it was bitter; but it had a flavour and an aroma positively delicious. I shouted 'Moka!' and Abou patted me in a fatherly way on the cheek. Looking at me musingly for some time, he then spoke in Arabic to the others, who nodded their heads in assent and spoke, looking at me in a very friendly manner, as much as to say: 'Ah! we shall convert him yet.'

This I determined to resist; but I must confess

that I began to like the Arabs very well, for they were to each other and to me like brothers. And I liked the way of life well enough if there had been more meat and less fish. Further I must confess that I began to feel very much like joining them, though this I must own was aiding and abetting in piracy. It was a thing to be despised and hated and hunted down, and to be hanged at the yard-arm for. But it did not seem like piracy to me then; it seemed like being a jolly free-booter in the middle ages, living in a castle, and levying toll on the Chinese merchants. I was only seventeen, filled with romantic notions, and this life seemed so fascinating; and though I have since lamented this questionable morality on my part, the above reasons are at least honest.

The evening passed away. The beautiful stars, a thousand times brighter than they are in England, came out, and seemed to shed down radiance on us. The fragrance of myriad unknown flowers floated around us, and filled the air with its sweetness. The dinner, the pipe, and the coffee had made me perfectly at ease. In spite of my being a captive in a barbarous island and absent from my father, I was absolutely happy, and my senses seemed brimming with unknown joy. My eyes must have flashed and my face burned, for Abou noticed my excitement; and I told him how happy I felt, and how grateful I was to him and to the others for the kindness I had experienced.

'My son,' said Abou, 'happiness with us is not transient; we are always thus. The storms that lash the ocean never penetrate here; the typhoons that desolate the world are broken by our mountains. We are here secure from attack, both by the difficulty of penetrating through the long and narrow harbour, which is filled with quicksands, and the invincible bravery of our chief and his Arabs. There are no noxious insects on this island, nor snakes, nor harmful animals; but there are deer and game and abundance of birds, delicious to the palate. This is an earthly paradise. When tired of inaction we launch our prows, and we attack the enemy, as our forefathers have done, and we make their wealth our own. Then we return to our lovely isle, where our wives and children wait to give us a warm welcome. Believe it, young Giaour, there are no mortals so blessed as we.'

'I feel it! I know it!' I cried.

'Then make your petition to Nizam al Reis to join his tribe, and he will perhaps admit you. 'Tis true you are a prisoner, but you were taken by his sword, and you fought like a young falcon. He will admit you.'

Carried away with the idea, I agreed to make my petition to the chief in the morning; and with flushed pulse and excited brain I composed myself to rest among a mass of flowering shrubs of the most exquisite odour, soon finding the most absolute oblivion in the arms of Somnus.

Awaking early the next morning I found the sky already reddening, and as soon as the flaming disc of Sol shewed itself, again came the hoarse cry of the sentry calling to prayers. I looked around and saw my companions of the past night all deeply engaged in their devotions. In a few minutes I rejoined them, and proceeding to the court-yard we found a number of dusky slave-women milking numerous sleek-looking goats. In half an hour Abou brought me a basin of hot

milk and a dhourra cake (a thin-like biscuit), which I found very good. The basin by-the-bye was from the English Potteries. Then Abou took me by the hand and led me into the presence of the Reis, who was in a small room very handsomely furnished with carpets and sofas, and with a splendid damask curtain hiding a door at the other end. There were trophies of weapons, chiefly of swords and lances, on the walls; but in the centre was a suit of chain-mail, with skull-cap and steel gauntlets similar to those used by the Delhi cavalry.

The Reis was well dressed in eastern style, and his girile was a magnificent affair of heavy gold, richly chased and set with large turquoises. I made him a low bow, and he held out his hand, which I was about to shake; only Abou whispered to me to put my right hand under it and so raise it gently to my lips, which I did. Then my guide explained in Arabic that I was desirous of entering into his band and fighting beside him instead of against him. On hearing this, Nizam al Reis bowed his head gravely, and asked if I were willing to become a Mussulman; but being determined not to change my faith, I thought it best to temporise and say that I was unwilling to change my religion until I was satisfied that the Koran was better than the Bible. Being at present ignorant of Arabic, it was impossible to make a decision; but that I would diligently study, and when I had attained a clear understanding in the matter, I would let him know. This appeared to be satisfactory, and I retired in good order, Abou remaining with the chief. When he rejoined me he was in a state of high satisfaction, the Reis having made him a handsome present; and moreover, having given him orders to equip me in Arab style from his stores, with tulwar, lance, canjeer, and all things necessary for a full-blown Korcishi. He was also to instruct me in the use of my arms, and to perfect me in Arabic and in the full understanding of the Koran.

The next three months were accordingly spent in constant exercise and tuition. I soon picked up a sufficiency of Arabic to converse pretty fluently, and each day saw me improve. I learned to handle the lance and to fight in Arab style with the tulwar, which in actual warfare necessitates engaging an opponent's weapon, and using the canjeer with the left hand, avoiding his grasp by throwing the hand high up over his shoulder, and then stabbing close to the backbone, sending the blade right to the heart! I read the Koran diligently, constantly raising doubts, which good old Abou solved as he best could. From the Malays and Papuans I also learned to dive, and spent three weeks at the other end of the island, where there was a pearl-fishery which was worked by the slaves of Nizam al Reis. The divers, however, were freemen, who were paid good wages for their efforts. They could remain a long time under water, much longer than we could well believe in Europe. There was specially one man named Toma, who was a negro from Socotra, a huge fellow with an enormous chest, whom I have seen remain under water for two minutes and a half. The other divers called him the Fish, and he deserved the name. At my request he instructed me in the art of diving and of bringing up the pearl-oysters, and I accompanied him on many occasions, becoming quite an adept. At the end of the three months the Nizam sent for

me, and asked me if I was in earnest, and would fight fairly and squarely in his band. I replied: Yes; that I wished to be an Arab, to live like one, and to die, if need be, like one.

'It is well,' said he, appearing pleased and at the same time thoughtful, as if my words had suggested some train of ideas; but dismissing them, he added: 'I am going down into the village among the Malays; dress yourself in the rough clothes that Abou will give you; bring your Arab arms, and take this gun,' giving me a superb English rifle, that was evidently intended to carry either shot or ball. I obeyed his order implicitly; and with the gun on my shoulder, in a short time joined the Arabs, who, to the number of twenty-five, were accompanying the chief down the hill.

The council which took place did not interest me, because it was in Malay, and I understood but little of it. But it did not last very long; and at its conclusion I was told that next morning we should put to sea again, and that we were going to cruise in the Straits of Sunda. I received in charge the telescope, and was ordered by Nizam to keep a strict look-out, as the first discoverer had a better share than others in the looty.

CHAPTER V.—PIRACY.

Next day we started on our exciting if not exactly laudable occupation. Strange as it may appear, I did not feel a single qualm of conscience. My wound had completely healed, thanks to the care of my faithful friend Abou; and the very novelty of the life I was now leading seemed to lend an indescribable charm to everything around. I felt somehow as if impelled by a resistless current towards some unknown, but unfearful, fate. I was fulfilling a destiny.

I wended down to the proa with my traps and arms with as much eagerness as if I had been preparing for a picnic to Elephanta. There was a pleasant wind blowing from the south-west, and we bowled along at a fair rate without using our oars. We passed between Celebes and Borneo without any adventures, passing sampans and proas, who saluted us amicably, on the principle, I suppose, that dog does not eat dog. The wind, however, soon freshened disagreeably, and we were obliged to bring to under the lee of a group of islands that are uninhabited, and which are strangely enough marked in the chart as reefs.

The gale shortly abating, we left the shelter of these islands and spread our matting sails. I was more and more disgusted with the proas, which are incapable of resisting a heavy sea or a head wind, are easily sunk, not very fast, and hold a very small cargo. I represented this to Abou, who agreed with me that the proas were poor craft, and depicted in glowing terms the merits of the Arab dhows and buggalows, though for my part they seemed to be clumsy too. My father, who served in the Peninsular War, had gone on half-pay after Waterloo, and then received the permission of the government to join the Peruvian Republic in its struggle for independence. There he had seen the craft called a *piroga*, not the tiny canoe of that name, but a schooner-rigged craft, very light, very buoyant, yet with considerable storage-room. It seemed to me that we wanted something of the sort, and I began pondering on the possibilities of my making a great improvement in our marine,

whilst I diligently swept the horizon with my glass. There was quite as much wind as we could manage, and the vessels we sighted would have been too much for us, so I simply notified to the Reis that they were in sight, and he made no announcement to his men, deeming it unnecessary. The third day and the fourth day passed after we left the islands, and we were still beating about the strait, when luckily, towards evening the wind fell, and as the sun went down I caught a glimpse of three Chinese junks rocking to and fro. We made for them with exactly the same result as on a former occasion, only this time there happened to be on board a mandarin going to Cochin-China, in whose boxes we found strings of magnificent pearls and some costly furs. These last I begged for and obtained, as no one seemed to covet them. But they were so splendid that I took quite a fancy to them, and was willing to accept them as my reward for discovering the junks. Whilst we were busily transferring the valuables, an idea flashed over me, which I communicated to Abou. What if we took one of the junks and converted it into a proa? Abou said it was slower than the slowest we had. I admitted that, but forced him to own that we could never capture anything but junks when there was a wind, because the proas could not fight a European vessel at a distance. But if we were in a junk, we could feign to signal for assistance, and they would let us come alongside. Then we could pour our men on their decks, cut and hack the rigging, and have them in our power in a trice. Abou said that there were plenty of piratical junks, and no vessel would allow them to come within a quarter of a mile. Still, being under the impression that Europeans never suspected the existence of pirates in junks, I suggested that the matter might be referred to the Reis Nizam, which was accordingly done, and to my great content he sent for me and said: 'Son, do you know how to steer?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'the second-mate taught me, and he shewed me how to take the reckoning.'

'Then, if I send you with Abou in this junk, can you find your way to Gezireh?'

'Surely, Al Reis; there is no great difficulty.'

'Well, then, I am satisfied to send you with Abou, whom you must obey in all things; and I know that if I trust you, you will not disappoint me.'

I was greatly pleased, and replied that he should have no cause to think otherwise than well of me, and that I would obey Abou as if he were Nizam al Reis himself.

This satisfied him, and he turned to Abou, telling him to turn out all and sundry of the Celestials into the other junks and to stand no outcry. If they did not hurry up, he might tell the Malays to take their heads. This caution was not needed, for the pigtail, as soon as they were shoved in the direction of the other junks, seemed to comprehend the situation, and speedily transferred themselves. But one old fat Chinaman, who, I suppose, was the owner of the junk I was about to appropriate, made a pitiful lamentation, and on being jostled from the vessel made a rush to the other side, and threw himself in the water, his long pigtail floating for a moment on the top. Soon we had the junk to ourselves; and after ascertaining that we had plenty of provisions and water, and that the treacherous crew had not

scuttled the craft (of which act they were quite capable), we said adieu to our friends, and departed on a cruise of our own. The proas, not satisfied with the results of the day, still continued beating the Straits of Sunda, whilst we sailed boldly for the Straits of Malacca.

We had not a very large crew, having only fifteen Arabs besides ourselves and forty Malays. We had no Papuans, because they are not good fighters and are only fit to pull the oars. Our hope and expectation was to catch some Batavian from Java, and we revelled in anticipations of the surprise of the fat-headed Dutch. I had some lurking fear that we might meet a British vessel, but I resolved, if it should so turn out, to try and persuade Abou that it was a man-of-war, which it would be madness to attack. But I was not reduced to the necessity of any such pious deception, for two days after we hauled away from the proas, we were overtaken by a large vessel, evidently Dutch. She fired a gun at us, to our great surprise, and I thought that we were found out; but Abou informed me that the Dutch merchantmen invariably pillaged the junks that were alone, and even sometimes whole fleets. This news put me into an excellent humour, as I thought how the biter was going to get bit. Our men all crouched under the bulwarks, their eyeballs gleaming, and their weapons ready in their hands. The ship fired again at us, but we kept right on, and even hoisted a small triangular sail above the chief one. This was immediately responded to by another shot, which plumped athwart our bows. We immediately yawed, and approached our friend, who discontinued firing, and who, when we were within some five hundred yards, despatched a boat with an officer, to whom we threw a rope with due humility. The officer and the four sailors were at once secured almost before they touched our deck, and the junk gave another veer which brought her fairly alongside. No sooner had the vessel touched, than with a tremendous yell our fellows were upon the decks laying around them with desperate ferocity. I found myself opposed by an officer of middle age, who, being a poor swordsman, was quickly disarmed and made a prisoner. In less than five minutes all was over, and our prisoners, to the number of twenty-eight, were tied hard and fast. We had hardly made so good a haul as we expected; but I insisted that the prisoners should be released one by one and sent on board the junk, which should be given to them to go whosoever they chose.

Abou agreed, and his influence with the Malays carried the measure. Our loss from the surprise was small; we had only seven of our Malays killed, and four Arabs wounded; but the wounds were slight, and would be healed before we got to Gezireh; so that the *coup* was a success from that point of view. After transferring our belongings from the junk to the merchantman, we transported our Dutch friends, still bound hands and feet, to the former, and then released one, giving him a knife and permission to release the others after we were clear. Then with joyful hearts we turned the vessel's prow to Gezireh.

The Malays had never been in a square-rigged ship before; but luckily for me, most of the Arabs were good seamen, and able to steer; so things were comparatively comfortable and easy, and

Abou and I with light hearts commenced making a thorough investigation of our capture. But first he beat heavily upon the deck with a handspike, which was a sort of summons for the crew, and informed them that the cabins were tabooed, and must not be entered by any one, being reserved for the Reis. And to make things sure, he got a hammer and some big nails, and fairly nailed up the doors of the great cabins. The saloon we reserved for ourselves, and the berths around it for our own special use. These little arrangements being made, we descended to the hold, and found that the vessel was laden with palm-oil, seeds and spices, bales of black and red cloth, sugar and coffee. The Malays and Arabs were by this time busily engaged in examining the chests of the sailors in the fore-castle and the cabins of the petty officers amidships, where, it must be confessed, they found little to reward them, though in the carpenter's bunk there was an abundance of tools of fine steel, which were eagerly divided. The armament of the Dutchman was unusually heavy, consisting of carronades, and a long gun amidships on a traversing platform. Had the ship not been taken completely by surprise, a fleet of proas could never have taken her even in a calm; for the long gun carried a shot of about forty pounds-weight, which could have sunk a proa at a long distance; and being on a revolving platform, could have been fired in every direction, which would utterly daunt the Malays and Papuans.

I felt a desperate desire to practise a little, so as to teach the Arabs how to revolve the gun, point and discharge her; but our position was rather too ticklish for any such amusements. As the captain's cabins were fast closed, we could not know much about her, and if we were signalled by some other Dutchman, we should infallibly make some blunder, which would reveal our character. As it happened, we sighted several vessels, but did not come within hail of any one, making Gezireh without molestation or adventure. As we sped up the long and tortuous channel with a good wind blowing aft, we chuckled over the consternation which our appearance would cause, as no square-rigged vessel had ever been seen in that harbour. But we reckoned without our host, for Nizam and the proas had got in before us; and as soon as our top-masts appeared emerging from the channel, the harbour seemed alive with sampans, filled with screaming, shouting Malays and Papuans. Soon Nizam came in his great proa, and passed alongside, skimming up the ropes as nimbly as the most practised sailor. His eye lighted with pleasure as he glanced over the deck of the big vessel and noticed the carronades and the huge gun amidships. Running forward to salute him, he returned our salutation with evident approval. Abou told him in a few words of the manner of capture, the cargo, and the precautions we had taken to preserve inviolate the contents of the great cabin for him. He nodded, the Arabs being very reticent, and invited us to dine with him that evening, an honour which we gladly accepted. Then we adjourned into the saloon and had coffee, all squatting upon the carpet except Nizam, who took the place of honour on the sofa, Abou slipping away to see after the mooring of the vessel, which if her draught allowed it, Nizam

decided should be brought alongside the jetty and fastened fore and aft with big cables. The saloon was almost crowded with Arabs and Malays, all forming a huge circle around Al Reis on the sofa. I was commanded by him to take a place on the sofa beside him, cross-legged of course, and relate the incidents of the capture at full length, which I immediately did, to the great gratification of the Arabs, who looked upon the affair as being specially their own since I was an adopted son. Many were the ejaculations of approval and thankfulness which greeted me during the recital, and I really felt that it was the happiest moment I had ever known. After I had concluded, they began to discuss what was to be done with the cargo. Should it be divided, or should only a certain portion be divided, and the rest disposed of for silver in some Arab port. I said: 'O Nizam, I would advise you not to sell in an Arab port, but rather let us dispose of these goods in Goa, which belongs to the Portuguese; for they have so little commerce since the English have taken India, that they will not bother us with unnecessary forms, or oblige us to shew papers to the harbour-master; but we can bribe him with a bag of coffee, and all will be well'—

'But,' broke in an Arab in the circle, 'they will pay in gold, and we would rather have silver. If we take these things to Aden or to Muscat, we shall be paid in heavy silver reals. We do not wish gold.'

Nizam chimed in: 'I do not wish to impose my opinion as to what is to be done, though it is plain that here is ten times more coffee and sugar than we need after distributing to all that will use it, since the Papuans will not drink coffee, and the Malays very seldom. It is plain then that we must dispose of the greater part.'

Everybody here chimed in with a guttural hah, which means assent. The Arabic negative is la.

'Are you all agreed to distribute what we can, and sell the rest?'

Another chorus of hahs.

(Turning to me): 'My son, what else is there besides coffee and sugar?'

'There are bales of spices.'

'Well,' said Al Reis, 'will you distribute, or sell?'

'I advise, O Nizam,' said an old tough Arab who had often taught me the use of the tulwar, 'that everybody be free to take what he requires from a portion spread on the deck.'

'Taib, taib!' broke from all quarters.

'What else is there?' continued Nizam.

'There is palm-oil, and some dubbhas of ghee.'

'Much palm-oil?'

'Not very much, Nizam. It is in barrels. I think there are thirty-three or thirty-four.'

'What do you say, Abdallah?'

'I think, Nizam, there is too much to use, but not enough to sell. Let us distribute all but five barrels, and keep that for presents when we sell the other things.'

'Let it be so then. Is there anything else, my son?'

'There are hundreds of bales of black and red cloth, woollen cloth; and that I think is all. Then there are of course the provisions, including the *sur ka gosht* [hog's-flesh], which we don't eat.'

I put intentionally an emphasis on the *we*, and it was perfectly understood, for there was quite a

demonstration of hand-clapping; and as the Malays laughed heartily, and everybody was in good-humour, it was resolved that the dubbhas of ghee should be for the Arabs, only the pork should be for the Malays, and the Papuans should get a liberal share of palm-oil. In the midst of the general dialogue which ensued among the squatted group, Abou entered, and was at once invited to take up his position on the other side of Nizam, who, clapping his hands for silence, said that it would be best to give to each chief so many bales of red and black cloth, which he would distribute in quantities as suited himself. This was agreed to; and the conversation then fell upon what was to be done, now that we were so strong and had so many guns. Nizam was silent, and seemed to be plunged in thought, and soon after rose up and dismissed the crowd. By this time we were safely moored stem and stern at the jetty. At a sign from Al Reis to Abou and to myself to attend him, which we did, we went off gaily towards the Arab castle, Abou nudging me with his elbow to remark the chief's preoccupied air.

P A R R O T S.

THERE is no tribe of birds more interesting than that of parrots. The beauty, and often the splendour, of their plumage commands admiration; and they have still stronger claims to our regard in their intelligence, the readiness with which they are tamed, their affectionate yet strangely capricious dispositions, their display of passions resembling those of human beings, their monkey-like trickiness and mischievousness, their power of imitating the most various noises, and especially the power which some of them possess of learning to articulate words, to utter sentences, and even to repeat compositions of some length and to sing songs. Nor can any one fail to be amused with the eagerness they manifest to shew off their acquirements, their loquacity, and the opportune or inopportune appropriateness with which their speeches are sometimes delivered.

In the parrots, the foot is so admirably adapted for grasping, that it is freely used as a hand for a variety of purposes, and especially for taking hold of food and bringing it up to the mouth. The number of different species of this family is very great, and they are natives of almost all tropical and subtropical regions. In the Old World no species is found so far north as Europe; but in America there is one of which the geographical range extends even to the neighbourhood of the great lakes; and in the Southern Temperate Zone members of the parrot family occur in Tasmania and Tierra del Fuego. The species differ much in size; the Great Macaw of America being more than three feet long, tail included, and the Love-birds of Australia about the size of sparrows. Most of them dwell in forests, but a few are inhabitants of grassy plains. With a few exceptions they are gregarious, and are often seen in large flocks, which make a prodigious screaming. They often commit great ravages in fields and gardens. The British farmer, who complains of the damage done by rooks or pigeons, has no experience of winged plunderers at all to be compared with that of one whose fields of ripening grain are exposed to the visitations of

flocks of many hundreds of parakeets or cockatoos. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that settlers in countries where birds of this tribe abound, wage incessant war against them; and thus the Carolina parakeet has in a great measure disappeared from parts of North America where it was once plentiful, and the spectacle is no longer common of a stack on which a flock of these birds has alighted seeming, as Audubon says, as if a brilliantly coloured carpet had been spread over it.

Of the multitudes in which birds of the parrot tribe sometimes congregate, some idea may be formed from the following animated description of an Eastern scene by Mr Layard: 'I have seen at Chilan such vast flights of parakeets coming to roost in the cocoa-nut trees which overhang the bazaar, that their noise drowned the babel of tongues bargaining for the evening provisions. Hearing of the swarms which resorted to this spot, I posted myself on a bridge some half-mile distant, and attempted to count the flocks which came from a single direction to the eastward. About four o'clock in the afternoon, straggling parties began to wend towards home, and in the course of half an hour the current fairly set in. But I soon found that I had no longer distinct flocks to count; it became one living screaming stream. Some flew high in the air till right above their homes, and dived abruptly downward with many evolutions till on a level with the trees; others kept along the ground and dashed close by my face with the rapidity of thought, their brilliant plumage shining with an exquisite lustre in the sun-light. I waited on the spot till the evening closed, when I could hear, though no longer distinguish the birds fighting for their perches; and on firing a shot they rose with a noise like "the rushing of a mighty wind," but soon settled again, and such a din commenced as I shall never forget; the shrill screams of the birds, the fluttering of their innumerable wings, and the rustling of the leaves of the palm-trees, were almost deafening, and I was glad at last to escape to the Government Rest House.'

The species of the parrot family are easily recognised as belonging to it; but the characters which distinguish one group of them from another are not always so clear and decided. There are groups, however, which are sufficiently well marked to have received distinct popular names. There is one group which may be regarded as that of the true parrots, for to them the name Parrot is more strictly appropriated; whilst others are known as Parakeets or Parroquets, Cockatoos, Macaws, Lories, and Love-birds. Of the true parrots, one of the best known species is the Gray Parrot, a native of Africa, which is very often brought to this country, and is excelled by none of the parrot kind in powers of imitation and speech, docility, affectionateness, and mischievousness. It is about the size of a small pigeon, of an ash-gray colour, with a short crimson tail. It has been known to attain the age of nearly a hundred years. Some of the parakeets are nearly equal in size to the gray parrot, but most of them are smaller. They generally have long tails. The Alexandrine Parakeet, or Ring Parakeet, which is green, with a red collar, was the first of the parrot tribe known to the Greeks and Romans, and was much prized by them. It possesses in a high degree the same qualities for which the gray parrot is esteemed. It

is said to have been first brought from India by some of the members of Alexander's expedition. Cockatoos are notable for the large size of the head and the great height of the bill. Some of them are very docile and tractable, but they do not often learn to speak many words. They are all natives of Asia and the Indian Archipelago. Some of them are among the largest of the parrot tribe. Macaws are also generally large and their plumage is splendid; they have long pointed wings and a very long tail. They are natives of tropical America. They do not readily learn to speak more than a few words. Lories and love-birds, which are mostly natives of Australia and the Eastern Archipelago, are valued chiefly for their beauty, liveliness, and gentleness.

The resemblance between parrots and monkeys in their dispositions and habits is very strong. Like monkeys, parrots display a remarkable degree of intelligence; and like that of monkeys, it is often devoted to the accomplishment of the tricks in which they delight. The brain in parrots is larger and more perfect than in any other kind of birds. Exaggerated ideas of the intelligence of parrots have, however, been entertained by some, who, misled by the amusing appositeness with which they often utter the sentences they have learned to speak, have too hastily concluded that they fully understand the meaning of what they say. The parrot, an account of which appeared in the *Journal* of October 31, 1874, was the best speaker we ever heard. But no well-authenticated instance is on record of one having ever shewn a capacity for rationally sustained conversation. There is indeed a well-known and often repeated story of a parrot in Brazil which excited much speculation two hundred years ago, and which Locke thought worthy of a place in the midst of a grave philosophical discussion in his *Essay on the Human Understanding*, which has been regarded as indicating something of this kind; but it is not more wonderful than many other trustworthy anecdotes of parrots, which may easily be explained by supposing these birds to possess—as they certainly do possess, in common with many other animals—memory and association of ideas, so that words addressed to them and the tone in which these words are spoken recall the acquired sentence that seems their appropriate reply; or the utterance of an acquired sentence is suggested by the presence of some person, or by some circumstance that occurs. Locke quotes the story from Sir William Temple's *Memoirs of what passed in Christendom from 1672 to 1679*. Sir William Temple says: 'I had a mind to know from Prince Maurice's own mouth the account of a common but much credited story that I had heard so often from many others of an old parrot he had in Brazil, during his government there, that spoke and asked and answered questions like a reasonable creature; so that those of his train there generally concluded it to be witchery or possession.' He accordingly asked Prince Maurice about the matter, who told him that having heard of the parrot, he sent for it; and that when it was brought into the room where he was, with a great many Dutchmen about him, it presently exclaimed: 'What a company of white men are here!' They asked what it thought that man was, pointing to the Prince. The parrot answered: 'Some general or other.' When they brought it

close to him, he asked it: 'Whence come you?' It answered: 'From Marianan.' The Prince then said: 'To whom do you belong?' The parrot replied: 'To a Portuguese.' The Prince asked: 'What do you do there?' The parrot said: 'I look after the chickens.' The Prince laughed, and said: 'You look after the chickens?' The parrot replied: 'Yes; and I know well enough how to do it;' and began to cluck like a hen calling chickens. This parrot appears only to have been a well-trained bird, accustomed to say certain things, and ready to say them, but then only, on occasions such as arose from the presence of the Prince and his attendants and the questions addressed to it.

How far parrots are from being capable of acquiring the use of language, or anything more than the mere power of articulating words, clearly appears from the unquestionable fact that they never originate a sentence for themselves, but utter only sentences or broken sentences, which they have heard and acquired. They do, however, seem sometimes to use these sentences with a view to some purpose, as to call for some person whose company they desire, to ask for food, and the like; but this gives proof of no greater intelligence than a dog exhibits in obeying the commands of his master, or in petitioning after his own fashion for one thing or other, as all dogs do. Indeed, we may fairly suppose that if dogs possessed the same power of articulation as parrots, they would use it even to better purpose.

This paper may be appropriately concluded with a few anecdotes of parrots, some old and some new, illustrative of what has been said concerning them. The powers of memory which parrots possess are strikingly exemplified in one of the oldest stories of this kind on record, of a parrot at Rome about the end of the fifteenth century which could recite accurately the whole of the Apostles' Creed, and which was purchased by a cardinal for the enormous price of fifteen hundred golden crowns.

The death of a parrot was thus announced in the *General Evening Post* for the 9th of October 1802: 'A few days ago died in Half-moon Street, Piccadilly, the celebrated parrot of Colonel O'Kelly. This singular bird sang a number of songs in perfect time and tune. She could express her wants articulately, and give her orders in a manner nearly approaching to rationality. Her age was not known; it was, however, more than thirty years, for previously to that period, Colonel O'Kelly bought her at Bristol for a hundred guineas. The colonel was repeatedly offered five hundred guineas a year for the bird by persons who wished to make a public exhibition of her; but this, out of tenderness for his favourite, he constantly refused.' This parrot, we are told, 'beat time with all the appearance of science; and so accurate was its judgment, that if by chance it mistook a note, it would revert to the bar where the mistake was made, correct itself, and still beating regular time, go through the whole with wonderful exactness.'

In Willughby's translation of *Clunius his Discourse and Account of Parrots* we read as follows: 'The noble Philip Mariniux of St Aldegonde had a parrot whom I have oft heard laugh like a man, when he was by the bystanders bidden so to do in the French tongue, in these words: "*Illec, perroquet, riez*" [Laugh, parrot, laugh]; yea, which was more wonderful, it would presently add in the French

tongue, as if it had been endued with reason, but doubtless so taught: "*O le grand sot qui me fait rire!*" [O what a fool to make me laugh!], and was wont to repeat these words twice or thrice.' This has sometimes been adduced as a proof of the great intelligence of parrots. It is evidently, however, rather an illustration of memory and association of ideas, which, along with other things, will be found illustrated also in the following account communicated to us of a parrot in London.

A blue macaw in Brook's menagerie imitated to perfection the snarling, barking, and howling of dogs, and the cackling and crowing of fowls, and would also astonish the visitors by its readiness in mimicking any peculiar voice in the company. Dr Thornton bought the bird for fifteen guineas; but it moped, sickened, and seemed to have lost all imitative power till it was released from captivity and allowed the range of the house. Then it speedily recovered health and regained the beauty of its plumage, made itself perfectly at home, became very loquacious, and played many amusing tricks. Its sense of smelling was very acute, and it was generally the first to announce that dinner was ready. Its mode of shewing gratitude or satisfaction was by half expanding its wings with a gentle tremulous flutter of the feathers, and uttering a low and not unpleasant note. If food was proffered which its instinct or caprice rejected, it would take it with its foot and throw it down with an exclamation which sounded like '*There!*' Food that was to its liking was carefully examined, tasted, and then conveyed to the bird's own tin dish, in which it was packed close by pressure with the bill. If any of the children fell or was hurt, Poll was the first to give the alarm, and did not cease clamouring till the cause was attended to. Dr Thornton's son taught this parrot to descend from its perch at word of command and to stand upon his finger; then, on another order, it turned back downward, and hung on the finger by one foot, retaining its hold although swung about ever so violently. Like many other parrots and cockatoos, it was evidently vain and very susceptible of flattery; and was generally prompt in complying, if asked, to extend its wings and shew their beauty. It would walk on the ground backward, if ordered to do so, walking in this direction with the utmost ease. It was extremely fond of music; and with movements of the feet along the perch, danced to all lively tunes, its wings also moving, and its head moving backward and forward in correct time. By a peculiar working of the serratures or file which all parrots have in the upper mandible, against the lower, it diligently strove to imitate the noise made by a scissors-grinder who weekly visited the street; but finding that this alone did not quite serve the purpose, it had recourse to the expedient of striking its claws against its tin-covered perch, and accurately observing the time of the turning of the wheel, effected so exact an imitation once or twice a day, that the neighbours said the man had become a perpetual nuisance.

From the same source with the foregoing we derive the following account of another parrot. A lady had a gray parrot of four years old, that learned new words and sentences every day, and made surprisingly correct application of them. Enjoying perfect freedom, he would sometimes indulge in the expensive luxury of mischief, upon

which his mistress would scold him, when he would indignantly reply: 'Not a naughty Poll,' 'Not a bold bad bird;' and reiterate, with stamping of his right foot and an up-and-down movement of his body: 'I am not—I am not!' When she praised him, he would tell her that she was a darling and that he loved her. He was very jealous of attentions paid to children, and when he saw them carressed would cry: 'Go away, bold girl!' or 'Go away, bold boy!' using the terms girl and boy with accurate discrimination. He remembered every name that he heard, and applied it correctly to the person. Once seeing a visitor without a dog he was accustomed to have with him, he called the dog by name and whistled for him, although neither the gentleman nor his dog had been at the house for some months. He would mimic a visitor's taking off coat or shawl, as if trying to divest himself of his wings, and no one laughed more heartily at his performances than he did himself. He would play with the cats till tired of them, and then whistle for the dogs to chase them away. He was often allowed to be out of doors, and the crows would fly away in alarm from a tree when he got upon it, he calling *Good mornings* after them with great apparent delight.

'Let me catch you doing that again!' called out a parrot to some boys who had given a run-away ring to the door-bell of a house at Acton. One of the boys seeing no one but the bird in the cage, and struck with a feeling of awe, called next day and apologised to the owner of the house. As he was quitting the hall, Poll exclaimed: 'O then, you won't do that again.'

Want of space compels us to refrain from adding to the number of these anecdotes; but interesting anecdotes of parrots might easily be multiplied so as to fill a volume.

LEFT IN CHARGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I AM a nervous man: there is no disgrace in that; and there's no denying the fact, which I honestly admit. I am a *very* nervous man. I don't think I am a coward; at least this confession might prove there is no moral cowardice about me, and after all, that is the right sort of courage in the long-run. However, no moral influence strengthened those nerves of mine, which caused me more suffering than any one suspected.

Not even my wife guessed the extent of my nervousness, or I am sure she would have been the last to leave me in charge under circumstances which, to say the least of them, were trying. For our house was situated in a lonely part of the country. We had no near neighbours, and reports had recently reached our ears of a series of strange and mysterious robberies committed by evidently accomplished thieves, judging from the way they laughed at locksmiths, penetrated into carefully barred-up mansions; and the deft manner in which the hasps of innumerable plate-chests were removed, the contents abstracted, and no trace left to guide the baffled police by which to lay hold of the perpetrators.

It may therefore be imagined how pleasant it was for me when my wife and daughters announced their intention of accepting an invitation up to London, 'in which I was not included fortunately,

as they all exclaimed in a breath, 'because some one *must* be left in charge.'

None of our domestics were family retainers—in fact, they were comparatively new-comers—hence the necessity for some one remaining at home; and as I dared not adduce my nerves as a reason for my restiveness under the arrangement, the matter was settled very speedily, and preparations were forthwith commenced for their departure.

'Be sure you have the silver carried up to your room every night, John,' said my wife, when we were all seated at dinner the evening preceding their journey.

'O yes,' exclaimed my eldest daughter. 'Don't forget, papa, or it may all be swept off, like the Merediths' was last week. Just fancy if we lost all our nice solid silver; why, it's worth ever so much!'

'Not so very much,' I answered carelessly, having observed as I fancied the black eyes of our parlour-maid fixed upon my daughter with rather a sharp expression; and remembering that she was a very recent arrival, I thought it advisable for once to detract from the value of the one possession of which I was extremely proud—my silver.

'Not so very much, John!' heedlessly exclaimed my wife; 'that good old-fashioned solid silver not worth so very much! Just feel the weight of one spoon.'

'Well, we haven't enough to make it worth any one's while to break into this house,' I said, with a poor assumption of indifference on the subject.

'O John!' and 'O papa!' resounded on all sides, which was followed up by my wife adding, as if to improve matters: 'I should not like my mother's pearls to go, nor should I enjoy hearing that my jewel-case was gone. You must keep that under the bed, John.' The black-eyed parlour-maid giggled audibly at this; at least I heard her. However, her duties compelling her to leave the room for a few minutes, I took advantage of her absence to rebuke my belongings for their extreme thoughtlessness in having spoken so incautiously before her.

'It is actually putting temptation in her way. How do you know she is not in league with the very gang themselves?' I wound up reproachfully.

It was silly, my wife admitted. 'Girls, don't do it again. But it will be all right this time, John. We needn't be afraid, because if any one came, you would be the first to hear them; and if Mary had told them anything, yours would be the room they would first come to.'

That was evidently a comfort to my wife, though I could not see much cause for congratulation. However, I had one staunch ally to assist me in guarding the house, and that was my dog Rover, a noble retriever, which I kept comfortably located in a kennel placed in the stable-yard. Gentle as a lamb with all of us, he had shown rather a lion-like disposition to strangers on more occasions than one; so I felt pretty certain if any attempt were made upon our abode, a very warm reception would be accorded to the invaders if Rover got within reach of them. To make quite certain of his co-operation in the event of an attack, I resolved to depart from my usual custom of chaining him up at night; and desiring a mat to be laid for him on the lobby outside of my bedroom door, I retired to rest for a few nights after the departure of my family, feeling pretty confident that on the

faintest indication of midnight marauders, Rover would be on the alert, and hearing his ominous bark, it would be a very brave man who set his foot within the hall. Besides which I kept a six-barrelled breech-loading revolver loaded; and also possessed a very deadly-looking cutlass, which, if everything else failed, I could fall back upon.

In accordance with my wife's desire, I had the most valuable plate carried up-stairs, and deposited, not in our room actually, but in my dressing-room which adjoined, where I considered it would be quite as safe. The jewel-case simply remained where it usually was, on a chest of drawers close by the bed under which she had charged me to be sure to place it.

My precautions were of course quite patent to the servants, who no doubt indulged in considerable merriment at my expense down-stairs, and probably pronounced them highly absurd; but one morning I was startled to hear that a house about five miles off, belonging to a Sir Clifford Ramsford, had been broken into and everything of value carried off; worse still, that the butler, who had been awakened by the noise, had received such injuries from the burglars that he was not expected to live. As usual they had escaped, leaving not a trace behind them by which to guide the bewildered and mystified police. I sat for a long time over my breakfast, ruminating on what my mode of procedure should be in the event of being attacked; and at last a bright idea struck me, which I resolved to put into execution; but what it was I need not say until I relate how it succeeded. I had a presentiment that my turn was coming, and it behoved me to have recourse to my stratagem without loss of time.

Accordingly, I carried it into effect; at least I made my preparations that very morning; and in the afternoon I rode into the town, a distance of several miles, where I made further inquiries at the police station as regarded the recent robbery, but only heard that the thieves were still at large; and from the quantity of things taken from Sir Gifford's, it was concluded the gang consisted of at least four or five men. Nothing could have been more cheering news for me, of course. Honestly, my heart sank somewhere into the region of my boots as I turned my horse's head homewards and cogitated upon the pleasant prospect which I felt certain was before me. The afternoon shadows were deepening by the time I got back; and as I rode slowly up to the side-entrance which led to the stables, I was somewhat surprised to see a shabby looking carriage standing at the front door.

My first impulse was to quicken my horse's movements, and get as rapidly out of sight as possible, believing I should thereby escape the necessity of receiving visitors in my wife's absence; but the next instant I was compelled to change my tactics as I perceived my presence had been observed by a gentleman who appeared at the door, and descending the steps, walked towards me without any hesitation. He was a tall fine-looking man of about forty, dressed plainly but well, in dark trousers, a frock-coat, and high hat which he raised slightly as he approached me.

'I must introduce myself, Mr Redmond,' he said in a tone so easy and well-bred, that nearer inspection at once satisfied me that he was what my first glance had assured me, a thorough gentleman. 'My name is Gordon; and happening to be

passing through Lowton' (the town from which I had just come), 'I inquired how far off your place was, and made up my mind it was too good an opportunity to lose of making your acquaintance, as I am such a very great friend of your brother Arthur—in fact we have been chums ever since he went out to India.'

'Gordon.' For a moment I paused, but only for a moment; the next I remembered frequent mentions in my brother's letters of a certain Tom Gordon, who, from his account of him, was one of the best fellows possible, besides having helped him materially in making his way in that distant land; and as Arthur was a very favourite brother of mine, it behoved me naturally to shew my affection for him by great cordiality to his friend. In one of the last letters I had received, he mentioned the fact of Mr Gordon having returned to England, enumerated his numerous kindnesses to him, and asked me if I came across him to shew him all the kindness I could.

So the ceremony of introduction did not occupy long. I welcomed him most heartily, and was thoroughly glad to find he had counted upon my doing so, and had brought his portmanteau with him, quite prepared to accept what he felt sure would be offered—an invitation to remain for as long as he felt inclined.

It was a perfect godsend to me this timely arrival; though I did not put my feelings into so many words, still I am sure he must have been more than satisfied with his reception. He accompanied me to the stable where I left my horse, to be afterwards cared for by a rather unrepresentable rustic who resided in sufficient proximity to our abode to permit of his services being put into occasional requisition. Fortunately for Arthur's credit, this adjunct to our modest establishment was out of sight when we paid our visit, as his exterior would have given rather a shock to Mr Gordon's sensibilities. However, to proceed. We were just returning to the house, when, on passing Rover's kennel, in place of the usually demonstrative, unmistakably glad welcome he accorded me, he shewed an amount of irritation and fierceness anything but encouraging to Mr Gordon, who stood at a safe distance whilst I stopped to quiet and soothe the excited animal.

'Be quiet, Rover, good dog; lie down, sir; kennel up.' But Rover treated me with perfect indifference, contenting himself with violent plunges towards my visitor, whose safety evidently lay only in the strength of Rover's chain.

'Is he savage?' asked Mr Gordon.

'Not in the least,' I replied; 'with us, at all events. I daresay he could be to strangers; he keeps intruders at a distance if he is unchained.'

'Do you ever unchain him?' he asked. 'I have such a strange horror of dogs that I hope you won't let him loose whilst I am here. They say every one has some pet aversion; dogs are mine.'

'How extraordinary!' I answered. 'I thought every one liked dogs. I am particularly fond of them.'

'Perhaps I ought not to confess my dislike,' responded Mr Gordon, smiling; 'but it is the truth; I don't like dogs, and dogs don't like me.'

I could fancy the latter part of his sentence was perfectly true. Gentlemanly and nice as Arthur's friend seemed, there was a thinness about the lips and a peculiar coldness in his eyes that enabled me

to imagine it was possible his dislike might beget dislike in animals so wondrously gifted with instinct as those four-footed friends. But the thought was a passing one. We moved on to the house; and after dismissing his cab, Mr Gordon and I entered the library, which, though dignified on account of its book-shelves, I suppose, with that name, was a small room adjoining the grander but far less comfortable drawing-room.

Mr Gordon presently informed me that he could only remain for two or three days at the utmost, as he was obliged to be in London on some very important business by the end of the week. He was home on very short leave from India, consequently was obliged to curtail all his visits into very limited periods; but he knew Arthur would be so glad to know that he had seen me, and if I had anything I wanted sent out to him, he would be so glad to take charge of it.

I had nothing particular to send, but I was truly glad to hear of my brother, and after dinner we sat talking of him for a long time. Mr Gordon was a most agreeable companion, so well informed and conversable that the time slipped by most pleasantly, and it was quite late when it first occurred to me to propose retiring to bed. It was only then that I thought of telling him of the chances that our rest might be disagreeably disturbed; but once having got upon the subject, I unburdened myself pretty freely. That my house would escape I confessed I felt more than doubtful; and I detailed, with one exception, my various modes of defence, the revolver, the cutlass, and last not least—Rover.

'Pray, let me be Rover's substitute for to-night,' said Mr Gordon. 'I am a particularly light sleeper, and I don't think a mouse could stir without waking me. Why don't you send away your valuables?' he continued. 'You should have them deposited in the bank at Lowton.'

'It certainly would not be a bad plan,' I agreed; 'at present it would be rather a blow to be robbed.'

'I should think so,' replied Mr Gordon. 'But do you mean to say you would shoot a man in cold blood if you saw him in your house?'

'Undoubtedly,' I replied.

'Or run him through the body with your cutlass?' laughed my companion.

'Or run him through the body with my cutlass,' I answered, with an immense tone of unhesitating valour and courage—'just as coolly as I could take my breakfast.'

'You are a brave man,' observed Mr Gordon. 'I would rather be robbed than commit murder.'

'Would you?' I responded, my courage rising with this unwonted accusation of bravery. 'I wouldn't.' I felt an arrant impostor as I spoke, as I knew well enough in my heart that my sentiments had been most falsely expounded, and that I fully indorsed the opinion he had expressed in preferring to be royally robbed rather than imbue my hands with the blood of a fellow-creature; however, the weapons gave me a feeling of security, though I had often wondered, if it came to the scratch, what use I could possibly make of them.

'I should be inclined to trust to a good thick stick,' he replied; 'you may rely upon my co-operation as far as that goes.—By the bye,' he continued, 'I am not sure that I ever saw a cutlass. It has a piratical sound about it; I should like to have a look at it.'

Of course I gladly acceded to his request; and another hour or more was spent in my dressing-room examining the weapons and talking over various matters concerning them. The cutlass, a long keen-bladed steel, was handled very carefully by Mr Gordon, and the revolver also came in for a very searching inspection.

'You are a bold man,' he said, as he replaced it in its case, 'to keep loaded firearms in your house: it has often led to serious accidents.'

'To tell you the truth,' I said, 'these are the last cartridges I possess. I have ordered some more, but they haven't come yet.'

'And for safety's sake, you keep those you have ready for immediate use. Well, don't present at me, I beg, in the hurry of the moment, if we should be attacked,' responded my visitor in a jocular sort of manner. 'I shouldn't like to have it within six paces in your hands. I am beginning to think you are rather a sanguinary individual. I fancy you are the terror of the neighbourhood.'

This ridiculous assertion rather tickled my vanity: the sensation was so perfectly new to me, and was so pleasant, that though I uttered a faint dissent, I felt sure I left him under the impression that I was a regular ruffian by reputation.

At last we parted for the night; but before doing so, I confided the cutlass to my friend, retaining the pistol myself, so that in the event of anything occurring, we were both fully prepared.

However, nothing happened to disturb us. We met at breakfast, and mutually laughed over my unnecessary precautions.

INDIA DURING THE MONSOON.

THE breaking of the monsoon (as the commencement of the rainy season in India is termed) is such a wonder in nature, that we propose giving an account of what was experienced at Kurruckee in the year 1874. On the occasion in question, the temperature had for many days been most oppressive, unrelieved even by the comparatively cool sea-breeze which usually blew for an hour or two in the forenoon, but which during this period brought no coolness with it; whilst the nights were rendered almost unbearable by a land-breeze which, originating in the hot sandy plains of Sindh, blew over the station with stifling warmth.

If the reader will recall his sensations during some of the warmest days of the past summer, he may obtain an approximate idea of the climate of the hot stations of India by remembering that the highest reading of the thermometer at mid-day in the shade *here*, would be hailed as a delicious midnight temperature *there*, during the hot season.

Day after day and night after night, the condition of the atmosphere was so oppressive as to lead to a feverish anxiety for a change of temperature. Two or three cases of heat-apoplexy which occurred during this period did not tend to elevate our spirits; and old residents gravely shook their heads as they foretold the early approach of the monsoons, and prognosticated an unusual rainfall, to be certainly followed by a season of epidemic sickness. At sunset every evening huge masses of clouds were piled up in the west, as if the welcome down-pour were at hand; but the following morning a cloudless sky and a sun of undiminished power brought disappointment to the scores of perspiring mortals,

who saw before them yet another day of suffering. The residents, of course, adopted such means as they fancied or could command, to counteract the effects of the unusual heat, the majority having recourse to mats made of a kind of grass root—which when damp emitted a faint scent—suspended over the open doorways, and kept constantly moist with water, the evaporation of which to some extent cooled the air in its passage through the mat, and rendered it less dry. Behind these mats the inhabitants sat or lounged, arrayed in the thinnest of garments, to obtain such benefit as they might from the cooled air.

For our part we obtained some relief by opening every window and door of the house at daybreak, and fastening them up as closely as possible an hour or two afterwards, which had the effect of shutting out some portion of the intense mid-day heat. At night the place was again opened, and we slept upon a charpoy or native couch, placed between two doorways, in the often unfulfilled hope that perchance a current of air might be set up for our benefit. Sound sleep, even had the temperature permitted it, was impossible for many minutes together, owing to the irritation caused by *prickly-heat*, a complaint we can only describe as an itching sensation over the whole body, and for which I believe there is no remedy except time and patience.

However, the days passed by, matters apparently growing worse; until at length, between one and two o'clock one morning, while trying to obtain some repose, I was aroused to full consciousness by the sighing of the wind in the far distance. Rising, I went to the door facing the west, and beheld a sight which impressed itself forcibly upon my memory. Overhead, the moon and stars shone with a splendour only seen in tropical and sub-tropical regions. Not a cloud obscured their beauty. All around, objects were as plainly visible as in the light of day, whilst over all there reigned that proverbial calm and strange hush which precedes a storm. Away on the western horizon was rapidly rising towards the zenith an intensely black mass, *within* which lurid lightning was incessantly flashing; at times dazzling the eye with a broad sheet of flame, and anon forming checkered patterns of fire. As the moments passed, the sighing of the wind increased to a roar, and the mass of clouds assumed the appearance of an immense solid body, forming a dark background against which the moonlit trees and sand-hills shewed in bold relief. The vivid play of the lightning continued, but the roll of the thunder could not be distinguished in the general roar of the storm. Whilst the mass advanced it seemed to envelop in utter darkness the objects over which it passed, as effectually obscuring them as if a pall had been suddenly suspended before them. While the storm continued to approach, all immediately around me was hushed and calm. Not a breath stirred, not a leaf moved. Not a cloud the size of a man's hand obscured the brilliancy of the firmament in advance of the intense darkness within which the storm was raging, and which was momentarily enveloping objects nearer and nearer. But in a very few minutes a strong blast of sultry air heralded the advent of the hurricane, which, before I could rush into the house and secure the door, was upon us, bearing with it a vast body of sand. In a moment we were in the midst of a

darkness rendered all the more intense by the vividness of almost incessant flashes of lightning, accompanied by deafening peals of thunder, which drowned all attempts at verbal communication with each other—the loudest shout being inaudible in the general uproar. I am no coward; but during the twenty minutes or so the storm was at its worst, I must confess to a very uncomfortable feeling of insecurity, as also to having had a very keen perception of the utter helplessness of man to protect himself against the weapons of Nature's armoury. Nor were the surroundings calculated to calm excited nerves. The terror of my wife was only exceeded by that of our cook and ayah, who crouched in a corner of the room with their heads enveloped in their clothing, and were trembling in every limb; it being a very curious trait of the native character that, though used to severe thunder-storms at the monsoon season, very many of them entertain an almost childish dread of the noise of the thunder, and invariably, if permitted, seek the protection of their master or mistress during such storms. Under the circumstances, I hailed with thankfulness the plashing of water on the roof, and noted a diminution in the roar of the storm and the blinding glare of the lightning. A deluge of rain succeeded; and the sand-storm having passed over, the thunder-peals were soon undistinguishable from the general noise, and all trace of the hurricane was now drowned in the pattering of the rain, which fell in such quantities, that what was so recently an expanse of sun-dried sand, gaping for moisture, was quickly converted into a watery swamp.

As the monsoon is not constant in its visits to Kurrachee, sometimes not a drop of rain falling for two or three years, particular preparations for its visit on that occasion had not, in many instances, been made; consequently, numerous were the complaints of roofs partially untiled, where the crows—whose mischievous habits your correspondent so graphically described in a late number—had broken or loosened the tiles, and the subsequent swamping of interiors.

For a month or more afterwards the rain fell at intervals, but was not accompanied with thunder or lightning. Towards the end of the first week the trees had lost their dingy, sunburnt appearance, and were clothed with lovely green foliage. The lately dazzling sandy plains were rendered verdant by the young grass blades, and the temperature had fallen to what, after the preceding heat, appeared to be cool and enjoyable; but between the showers the sun shone with undiminished force, drawing from the moist ground heavy vapours, rendering great care necessary to avoid sudden chills with their consequent fevers and dysentery.

In the Deccan, where the monsoon is an annual phenomenon, the heat, for the few days immediately preceding its breaking, is most oppressive; but as nobody who can by any possibility avoid it, remains on the plains during that season, it is seldom experienced by Europeans likely to write about India, and consequently is seldom mentioned.

Pleasant enough as a residence during nine months of the year, the Deccan in June, July, and August is a most uncomfortable place to live in. Then it is that the air is filled at intervals with fine sandy particles which, borne along by

gusts of wind, form the much-dreaded sand-storms. I have frequently watched the advance of one of these storms which, in the distance, appeared like a brownish cloud, before which dead leaves and loose rubbish of all kinds were swept with resistless violence. Its passage over the spot on which I stood would occupy perhaps one minute, perhaps ten; but long or short as the time might be, within that period everything within the house that afforded a lodgment for dust, would become thickly incrustated with it. So dense are some of these clouds of sand, they have a very perceptible influence on the light of the sun, sometimes obscuring it to such an extent as to produce a semi-darkness. Generally they were not preceded by any movement of the air, but held their course after the manner of a squall, and left behind them, so far as atmospheric disturbance was concerned, no trace of their passage. Whirlwinds would also frequently sweep over the place during this season; but these were not a source of much inconvenience, except when of unusual dimensions, or when a person chanced to be caught in the vortex of one, when his umbrella would run the risk of being twisted out of his hands and carried some distance away, and his skin ache with a peculiar sensation, caused by the whirling of sand and rubbish around him. I have heard stories of people being lifted off their feet by whirlwinds; but I never saw or felt one of sufficient power to produce that effect, though it is quite possible that such may have occurred in very unusual seasons.

When the monsoon does break, it is pretty much after the manner described above; but for the first three or four weeks, thunder-storms are frequent, and the downfall of rain more protracted and abundant, with very little diminution of temperature. Nevertheless, a great change takes place in the atmosphere, in so far as before the advent of the monsoon it was too dry, it then becomes too humid; and one's sensations for the first few days are those one might experience while passing through the drying-room of a large laundry. Every article of use or ornament is covered with a slimy condensation of vapour which, unless removed, is quickly converted into mildew; whilst, notwithstanding the heat, it is found necessary to keep charcoal fires alight in sitting and sleeping rooms to in some measure counteract the effects of the prevailing dampness. Then too, comes an increased plague of insects for which India is notorious. Winged ants in thousands flutter about the rooms, and ornament the furniture with their discarded members, unless every open door or window is protected by a blind of split bamboo; whilst fleas in tens of thousands enjoy their span of existence, to the great discomfort of the legitimate occupants of the house. Whence these latter insects come, and whither they go, was always a mystery to me. On one day not a member of this unpleasant family is visible; on the next their presence is but too patent, even to the most unobservant; and after a stay of some days they have gone as suddenly as they came! White ants, at all times a serious annoyance, appear to acquire fresh energy, and necessitate numerous precautions being taken against their ravages; whilst other ants, both black and red, become especially active. Frogs, of course, abound, the whole plain being more

or less covered with water; but these are not much of a nuisance, except when one happens to place a bare foot on the slimy jacket of a wandering member of the species whose fancy has led him to explore the mysteries of his—or her bedroom.

The mosquito, whose powers of annoyance can only be appreciated by its victims, literally swarms at this period; not, be it understood, in swarms of dozens together as gnats are seen in England, but more after the manner of common house-flies, each individual being quite independent in its motions. Another insect, which fortunately is not very abundant, also makes its appearance about this time. It does not sting or bite, and generally is harmless enough, fluttering about the light, or crawling over the book one is reading, until perchance, a stranger to its peculiarities may crush it with the hand, when it emits a most offensive stench, which is very difficult to remove. But as the monsoon progresses, the unusual vitality of the insect tribe diminishes, and gradually returns to its normal state.

I would here say a word or two as to the annoyances caused by insects, which are apt to be much exaggerated by some persons, perhaps because the aggressors are different from those to whose attacks they have been habituated in England; or perhaps the aggression proves more annoying to people whose nerves are irritated by excessive heat. Upon consideration, and after experience in both countries, I do not believe that, given the same condition of climate, Indian insects are much more troublesome than those of Great Britain. The common house-fly has at certain seasons as great a power as the mosquito of seriously affecting the temper of a drowsy man. Indeed, I think the fly even worse than the mosquito, and certainly quite as difficult to catch. Ants, moths, and even fleas are common enough in England, and though, as before stated, the climate makes a difference, they do sometimes annoy even the most phlegmatic Englishman; but being habituated to them, he accepts the annoyance as a matter of course, as does also the thoroughly acclimatised Anglo-Indian the attacks of his tormentors.*

Let it not, however, be assumed that the grumbling Anglo-Indian's grievance is an entirely frivolous one. In the worst months of the year his normal condition of temper can only be described as 'cross,' when the smallest trifles have a most irritating effect on the nerves. At such a time the discovery that the soles of a pair of boots, or the contents of a box of linen, carelessly left upon the floor for a few hours, have furnished a meal for a colony of white ants, is apt to interfere with that feeling of good-humour so necessary to real comfort. Nor when, wearied with the exhaustive heat of the day, one vain would sleep, does the occasional sharp 'sting' of the stray mosquito, which *will* remain within the curtains, act as a very powerful opiate. Other and such-like petty annoyances could be enumerated; but these will be sufficient, if the reader will kindly recall his own feelings of irritation when annoyed, as he must have been at some time or other, by some troublesome member

* We very seriously doubt if there be any insects in India more trying to the temper than the tiny midges which abound on the West coast of Scotland. So great indeed is their tormenting power that we have been repeatedly driven indoors before their attacks. The same remark applies to the 'deg,' the angler's pest.—ED. C. J.

of the English Insecta, and will also consider the dissimilar conditions of climate under which the irritation has been produced, to enable him to understand why so many Anglo-Indians should speak of the insects of their adopted country as a plague, and appear to exaggerate the troubles they cause.

From three weeks to a month after the commencement of the monsoon, the temperature begins gradually to decrease, and after some few days becomes really enjoyable. The usually intense glare of the sun is shaded by the masses of cloud which sweep over the sky, pouring down as they pass, the supplies of water upon which the inhabitants mainly depend both for food and drink. Vegetation assumes a rich tint of green, and luxuriates in a rank growth. Flowers commence to bloom, whilst between the showers the air is, so to speak, alive with gorgeous butterflies and moths. Day by day the climate more nearly approaches that of an ordinary English summer, the temperature at night falling so low as to render a blanket desirable, though never low enough to necessitate a fire. And, in the healthy vigour induced by the cooler climate, the inconveniences of the hot season are soon forgotten.

Sufficient has been said, we trust, to enable the reader to form some conception of the conditions under which many Englishmen are compelled—from inability to quit the plains for higher and more congenial districts—to exist during the hot season in India. There, however, as in England the amount of inconvenience suffered depends entirely upon a person's means, money being as powerful to ameliorate the disadvantages of excessive heat as of extreme cold. So far from wishing to detract from the advantages of the Indian climate, I have no hesitation in asserting, what, I feel confident, every Anglo-Indian will readily affirm, that, for the poorer classes, taking rank for rank, there is more true enjoyment to be got out of life in India than in England. That there is danger to some constitutions which no amount of care will obviate, no one will deny; but there is nought in it to actually shorten or render unbearable the life of a moderately careful European whose constitution has become acclimatised.

SICK-NURSING.

WE have been favoured with some observations on our article on 'Sick-nursing, an Employment for Educated Women,' which appeared in the number of this *Journal* of July 1. Miss Florence Lees wishes it to be understood that she was not 'the first student of the art of nursing who entered St Thomas's Hospital under the auspices of the Nightingale Fund.' She was preceded there by a lady who afterwards became a Sister of Charity; and we believe her admission was almost simultaneous with that of another lady who now holds a responsible position in the Edinburgh Infirmary. In 1861 Miss Lees made her application to the authorities at St Thomas's Hospital, and was accepted as a student, but her training was deferred, owing to her youth and other causes, until 1866. She is nevertheless termed by the Nightingale school authorities their 'first lady probationer.' This explanation may suffice on the score of Miss Lees' priority of studentship—a matter which scarcely affects the intention and spirit of our

article, which was to draw attention to the fact that sick-nursing is a suitable occupation for educated women, and that there do exist facilities for training any who are disposed to give themselves to this good work.

In writing of the nurses at present actively employed among the poor in London as coming chiefly from the superior 'domestic-servant class,' we referred to those who have for years been employed under the auspices of the East End London Nursing Society, and not, of course, to the ladies who are engaged with Miss Lees, and are at this moment training as 'lady probationers' at St Thomas's Hospital. It is thought to be of special importance that ladies by birth and education should take part in this work, and that they should feel well assured that their companions both in training and practice are of the same social position as themselves. The arrangements of the Nightingale training school are wisely made so as to meet the special circumstances of candidates for admission to St Thomas's Hospital for training. We have before us papers containing 'Regulations as to the Training of Hospital Nurses under the Nightingale Fund,' and also as to 'Special Probationers in the Practice of Hospital Nursing under the Nightingale Fund.' We suppose that it is to this latter class of pupils that the ladies belong who work with Miss Lees. Full particulars can, however, be readily obtained by any who desire to enter on either footing by application to the lady superintendent at St Thomas's Hospital, London.

In writing the article referred to in a late number of this *Journal*, we thought we had made it evident that our object was to direct the attention of all classes of women to a specially feminine occupation. Being deeply convinced that ministering to the sick and suffering of our fellow-creatures was peculiarly a woman's mission, and that skilled intelligent nursing alone can be effective, and in order to secure this there must be persistent conscientious training and teaching, we gladly endeavoured to direct the attention of such of our readers as were interested in the question to the possibilities of preparation that do already exist, and have produced results; nor do we hold ourselves responsible for every matter of detail necessary to be known by all candidates before they enter on a course of training, which can only be understood after consultation and inquiry at headquarters. All honour to noble and disinterested women who have given their lives to the service of their fellow-creatures, and who, in times both of war and peace, have bravely fought with disease and death, side by side with their medical brethren, and this, in very many cases, without fee or reward. It was, however, chiefly as to the art of sick-nursing becoming a *professional source of income* for educated women that we wished to write; and in order to suggest that when difficulties and objections might arise to the medical profession being adopted by our daughters who desired 'a staff to lean on in life,' there existed an opening leading to a remunerative, noble, and at present not overstocked calling, which might well be considered by those who were anxious to render themselves useful and independent.

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IF.

Most of the greatest works of nature are done by the humblest instruments; and the history of individual man follows the same laws as that which builds mountains and raises continents. Very few sudden and isolated catastrophes come into one's life, all things being linked one with another, and as a rule, beginning with the simplest germ of a chance event. If. Life is a succession of ifs. The visit where we meet our 'fate;' the book by which we are inflamed with the ardent longing of youth for such and such a profession; the conversation whereby we are first led to consider the desirability of embarking in that concern which makes or breaks our fortune; the voyage where we are shipwrecked and lose our all or maybe our life; all these great events whereby we live in prosperity or die in distress come about as the sequence of that simple word If. If I had not gone; If I had not seen; then the whole course of my life would have been changed and the page of private history headed with my name would have been differently worded and differently illustrated.

For the marriages that are made as the natural result of neighbourhood, how many are due to this imp of chance, this intrusive and intermeddling little If? You, stationed in the far East, are invited to spend one of a choice of months at your uncle's, when you are at home for your two years' leave. You choose at hazard that which a girl from the far north has been invited to pass at her school-fellow's. You two meet, fall in love, and marry. But for that If—If you had not chosen this special month and had chosen any other you would never have met. The lines of your lives were traced on different planes altogether, and but for the chance of a coincident invitation the whole of your after-histories would have been arranged and transacted apart. She would not have married a man whose destinies lay in India; she would not have lost her health, been obliged to come home with her baby, have lingered a little while, pale and tremulous, at the

dear old manse, and then have gone to sleep with her child in the quiet churchyard for ever. If she had married Donald yonder, the young laird who had loved her from a boy, but who, good and brave as he was, had not known how to strike her fancy—but if—that fateful If!—she had married him and had lived as of old in the fresh free mountain air, she would have probably been the joyful mother of many children, and would have lived into old age. And had you married that fascinating little Creole whom you were 'spooning' before you went to Cromer, you would have had a wife who would have withstood the heat of Agra, and you too would have had a happy life. Instead of which she must needs go off with her handsome consul to the chill climate of Canada, where she was nipped like a hothouse plant set out on a winter's night, and fell into death through the cold as your poor mountain nymph fell into death through the heat. The lives that would have been born into the world had those two marriages been other than they were, make an appreciable sum of difference in current history; while who can count up all that would have been and would not have been, had things been arranged in an exactly contrary direction, and the woof and warp of this strange web of life been dyed of different colours and led through different 'cards.' If!—grim builder of tombs, silent architect of temples for the nations and of cottage homes for the lowly people alike; If—by whom the cradle is filled and the hearth left desolate and the great books of history are written, together with the little poems of private lovers and the faint dirges of unnoted sorrows—what misery might be prevented could we but see the face of the fate that hides behind that veil—could we but read the lines that follow on the preface!

If. If the Duke d'Alva had never been born? If Mary Stuart's boy-husband had not died, and Scotland had been ruled by a viceroy who understood the temper of the times and sympathised with the heart of the people? If Mary Tudor had borne a fine lusty boy who had united Henry's force

and Philip's tenacity, English courage and Spanish bigotry? If Madame Mère had died before she gave life to the babe whom she called Napoleon; or if he, *le petit* himself, running with uncertain feet about the rooms and corridors of that Corsican house had slipped on the stairs and broken his two-year-old neck at the bottom? If the son of Queen Hortense had married some rich soap-boiler's daughter in Tyburnia, and had renounced his dreams of ambition for the realities of good living—the potentiality of a throne for membership at White's and extensive dealings at Tattersall's? If Sir Robert Peel had not gone out riding that day? and if Cavour had had an English physician? Well.—If.—If.—if all these things had been or had not been the whole history of Europe would have been changed; and with this general history the life or death, the misery or well-being of countless individuals, and the still greater suppression or the yet more glorious recognition of the Truth by which men are made rich and glad. Even we Britons ourselves, less dependent than any nation in Europe on the life or doings of one man, even we would have modified much of our public action had the astute leader of the Liberals remained at the helm for a few years longer, going fair and softly on the way of reform, neither frightening the timid nor enraging the prejudiced, but knowing how to bide his time and when to hold his hand, as well as when to set all sail and make a bold push for the destined port. And though 'Italia Una' has done well, God bless her! and walked wisely on more than one difficult path, yet it is no ingratitude to those who have conducted her to say that, had her great master-spirit lived, she would have done even better than she has done. To recognise possibilities is not to shut one's eyes to the things which are actual and present; and to mourn for Cavour is not to despise his successors.

What odd chances come about by this If! If my friend E—— had not dined at a certain house one day she would not have heard a discussion about Paris and the Easter holidays, and she would not therefore have been taken over by her friends. If her friends had not chosen for their visit to Versailles the very day when she could not accompany them, she would not have had time or opportunity for paying a visit on her own account. In which case she would have heard nothing about the projected sojourn at Trouville for the summer. If she had not gone to Trouville she would not have seen her old school-fellow and favourite, so long lost sight of, designing to winter in Florence. If she had not gone to Florence she would not have taken pretty Beatrice, just out of school and *désœuvrée* for the next year. If Beatrice had not gone to Florence she would not have met with young Hardman from California, making the tour of the old world before returning to the new; hence she would not have married him; hence she would not have induced my friend E——, a lonely old maid who had grown to love her sweet charge like her own daughter, to go out with her and her kindly husband. And if E—— had not gone out she would not have visited the Yosemite Valley that day when the leaders bolted, the stage came to grief, and the poor dear was thrown to the ground, with concussion of the brain and the end of all things—of works and days and time and change for ever!

The whole chain was formed of a series of *Ifs*, any one of which wanting would have set all the rest awry, and would have woven life into quite another pattern of events. But who knows if a more beautiful pattern? For even to poor E——, who came to her end thereby, was not death the sweet god of rest and release rather than the ghastly King of Terrors?

The magnitude of the chances lying in what are apparently the most unimportant circumstances is one of the appalling considerations of life. It is as if we were beset by gigantic unknown forces which manipulate us according to their will; we all the while ignorant of their presence and powerless to prevent their action. No amount of caution secures us; and no defence by foresight, calculation, or distrust avails. The first link of all our future wealth or poverty, happiness or misery, is forged at nothing more important than a commonplace dinner or a five o'clock tea. Are we never to accept an invitation to dinner because of the unknown force waiting for us there? Is five o'clock tea to be to us like the Eleusinian mysteries to the uninitiated—a thing terrible and forbidden? If we were to let that fear of the hidden possibilities lying beneath unimportant action get possession of us, life would become impossible, and our only place then would be a monastery or a convent, with the heavy doors duly barred against freedom and the world, and the dim dull windows looking only into the safe cloisters of the confraternity.

If, Through the sighing of the sorrowful and the groanings of the oppressed breaks in the sweet laughter of the young, sound triumphantly the hymns of the glad. It is not all sorrow by which we are surrounded, and the chances by which our future is moulded do not spring out from misfortune, trouble, disaster only. Sometimes these dumb blind drifting chances lead us into fairer pastures than those which we have hitherto known, and the stranger guests entertained at our hearth may be angels unawares as well as crafty men or cruel demons. Floundering in the drag-net of an unscrupulous exploiter—as so often happens to those who are ignorant of the methods of business and too upright themselves to suspect others of evil—poor Gudgeon, marked down for prey, chances to dine with his friend Manifold at his club. Here he meets with a briar man of the world, well versed in all those crooked ways of life which he terms more graphically than elegantly *Dodges*—*Dodges* all in a lump together; drag-nets of exploiters, bubbles blown in the City, and grappling-hooks cast into deed and share by trustees without conscience and speculative solicitors who are 'certain to be able to pay it back when wanted.' Gudgeon has begun to be uneasy about his liabilities; doubtful of the wisdom of his investments; anxious to swim to the mouth of that drag-net and swim himself clear of those inclosing meshes. His intelligence is asserting itself over his more high-souled but less rational habit of trust. He is beginning to see a little light where formerly he had been voluntarily blind; and that little light is shewing him some very ugly things indeed. He unbosoms to his friend Manifold, and Manifold looks grave; when presently there bustles up, rosy, well-washed, brisk, alert, this very bloodhound of *Dodges*—the clairvoyant of rascality—Ferret, the famous Ferret, who seems to know by intuition when a scheme is sound or what he calls 'fishy'—the

word is his, not ours—and whose advice delivered gratis is worth any man's fortune to buy. Manifold hails him, and the perplexities of Gudgeon are detailed. In an instant Ferret has the scent. 'The thing is a swindle, my dear sir, and you must back out of it without loss of time. At the best you must lose, but you need not lose so much as you inevitably will if you remain in the concern. Back out, and blow your burnt fingers cool.'

Gudgeon takes his advice and backs out; and thus saves himself and the partner of his bosom, his little ones and his old mother from absolute destitution—and all by the chance of an If. If he had not walked down Bond Street that fourth of May he would not have met Manifold; and Manifold, who never remembers any one when out of sight, would not have asked him to dine at his club the next day. Not dining at his club, Gudgeon would not have had the chance of a confidential talk in the first place, nor of an introduction to Ferret in the second; and if he had not met Ferret just when he did, and withdrawn just when he did, he would have been laid by the heels helpless; for the bubble burst, and the poor creatures in the drag-net were landed, and the experimenter grew fat while his victims waxed lean, and some of them disappeared altogether. That was an If to be emblazoned by Gudgeon in gold and purple on the whitest and softest vellum to be found; an If which saved one at least out of a crowd lost, and where but for it, that one would have been lost too.

What pleasant days have come about by Ifs!—what charming companionships have sprung, like flowers blooming from a wind-sown seed, from the merest caprice of fate, the smallest, most insignificant little turn of the wheel, with If as the handle working! A day spent in Hertfordshire was the seed which bore the fruit of an autumn's shooting in the Highlands; a garden party at the Lakes culminated in a season passed in town; a ball in Grosvenor Square began the acquaintance which ended, so far as separate acquaintance went, in St George's Hanover Square; though alas! St George's Hanover Square, for one, destroyed all the preliminaries already gone through in the same direction for another. For young eyes are bright and young hearts sometimes unsteady; and Mary was too pretty a bridesmaid not to be admired, while John was too much in love not to be jealous. And when that handsome captain with his tawny moustache and lordly manner, appropriated the pretty bridesmaid to himself, in the manner of a rover bold reserving the best prize for his own share, that rather sullen and desperately jealous lover of hers took fire and fright, and never having had a very firm hold on the girl's heart, lost that which he had, by reason of his foolish temper and unwise display. And so it came about that Mary escaped from his grasp altogether, and the captain carried her off in the end as his own. That was a bad If for John! And yet maybe not so bad after all? Better no wife than one unloving and reluctant; and, as marriage does not heal a jealous temper any more than it makes a sulky one magnanimous, neither does it make a pretty woman anything but an admirable thing to look at, and, if intelligent and pleasant, an agreeable one to talk to. If John had married?—there would then most probably have been a very long and weary way

of misunderstanding to get through before they would have come out into the serene light of peace and confidence, if indeed they ever did. They might have done so badly together that they might have been obliged to separate; or Mary might have pined away and died of that deadly disease known as despair but which is called a broken heart; or John might have taken to drink to drown his self-made cares, or Mary to flirtation of an audacious sort to give him cause for his discomfort. A whole world of eventualities would have hung upon that If, which now hung on the If of the other side. If Ada Crofton had not gone to the ball in Grosvenor Square she would never have met with Morton Ward; Mary would not have been invited to her wedding as her bride's-maid; Captain Duncan would not have been 'best-man' to her sweet seniority on the inside side; and the whole of the after chapter would not have been written—with poor gloomy miserable John going off to Charleston and dying of yellow fever within the year.

If my eldest boy had not bathed in the river that day when heated with cricket, he would not have had rheumatic fever; he would not have been crippled for life; he would have followed the career which had been marked out for him, for which he had studied, and to which he had given his heart; and the army would have had as brave and handsome and high-minded an officer as could be found within the four seas. But he bathed; took a chill; had rheumatic fever, whereby he was crippled, helplessly, for life, and so had to throw up the Engineers, for which he had been preparing with so much zeal and certainty of brilliant success, and take to the law, which he detests and where he will never prosper. And if my younger boy had not met Mr Midshipman Easy, when staying for his holidays at his aunt's, in all probability he would not have been bitten with that fatal passion for the sea which resisted all counsel, all endeavour to control. For though he denied the navy, and kept at school till the age was passed when he could be admitted, in the hope that it was but a fleeting boyish fancy, he slipped his moorings one dark night unknown to any one, and, in his admiration for what some one calls a prison with the chance of drowning super-added, shipped himself as a sailor before the mast on his sixteenth birthday. In this way it was that he began that life of unsettled adventure which has robbed his mother of a son, his country of a citizen, and taken from his career all solid value and satisfaction.

But If I had put him into the navy when he was a lad, according to his desire!

So the round goes on; and to the lives of us all comes ever that shaping and determining If by which good and ill flow together. But of what use to look back?—of what use to lament the inevitable?—to bewail the chance which has wrought out certainty? Wisdom and courage do much to correct the mistakes of ignorance, the misadventures of blind action. We live in a world hedged round on every side with barriers that no human power can overleap, no foresight overthrow; and the great events which spring from small causes meet us at all four corners. Of what use then to fret over the unalterable law? That If by which our dearest have been lost and ourselves wrecked, let it be to us as the unseen and irresistible Force

which governs us, unknown to ourselves how or why. And who but fools beat their heads against stone walls?—who but cowards weep for that which no tears can restore, and no bewailings remove?

THE ARAB WIFE.

A TALE OF THE POLYNESIAN SEAS.

CHAPTER VI.—DINNER.

It was about noon when we arrived at the castle. The place was crowded with bustling servants, and it was evident from what was going forward that the dinner would be a grand affair. I felt more at ease among the Arabs now that I had made my proofs, as the French say, and chattered away freely to all the young pirates who were loitering about. There were not many, for the majority were down at the jetty, superintending the unloading of the ghee, palm-oil, spices, and as much of the other goods as were to be landed. While in the midst of an animated description of the Dutchman's astonishment when we poured over on his decks, a black Seedi slave announced to Abou and myself that we were to take our noon-tide meal with Nizam; Abdallah, a cousin of Abou's, and an old Arab who acted as quartermaster on board Nizam's proa, were to be present also. Abdallah congratulated us on this. He said: 'Feringhi [Englishman], you will certainly receive a big present; a shawl perhaps, or a handsome tulwar, or maybe a pair of Arab pistols.'

'Well,' I said, 'what will you get?'

Abou answered for him: 'Abdallah will get that slave Maime he has been hankering for.'

At this there was a broad smile, and the accused answered back gaily: 'If Nizam chooses, there is room in my house for her.—Abou, what do you expect? Piastres or slaves, or a proa, or what?'

Abou shook his head. 'I make no calculations, and least of all do I expect anything so extravagant as a proa. But we shall soon know, for the muezzin must be close at hand, and after prayers we shall ascend.'

Shortly after indeed, we heard the cry which calls good Mussulmans to prayers; and every one of those who had been chatting so gaily immediately knelt, bending the forehead to the ground nine times and repeating the attributes of Omnipotence.

We soon found ourselves in the reception-room of Al Reis, which was evidently decorated for the purpose. The floor had been covered with a fine Persian carpet of bright colours with quite a brilliant border, and a splendid praying-carpet had been spread over the old sofa. Al Reis was seated cross-legged on the sofa, and motioned us to take our seats on the soft carpet below, and receive food from his own hands. When I participated it was the last course of sweetmeats, and he told me that it was his intention to reward me far more amply than I could dream of, but that his future action was not yet quite clear before him. 'But in future,' said he, 'you must have a room in my house, and I will appoint a slave to look particularly after you and to obey your orders.'

When we had left the room, Abou beckoned to me that he had something of importance to say privately, so he led the way to the wild garden

that surrounded the castle. It was a magnificent spectacle, though it was so little cultivated, for it seemed like a fragment of a tropical jungle which had been dropped by the hand of an enchanter on the naked hill. The place was full of strange fruits and flowers: bushes with huge blossoms as big as a peck loaf; cacti for all the world like twining serpents, with the loveliest flowers; trees twined together like lovers in the Arab style; bowers of jessamine and wild grapes, date palms, talipot palms, cocoa palms, areca palms, bamboo palms, toddy palms—palms everywhere, of which I do not know even the names. In one corner stood a huge tree, whose branches rose from the trunk about twenty feet from the ground, and then swept clear downwards, making a perfect bell tent. There were cypresses, or something like them, with leaves of the darkest green, and oleanders as large as English lilac bushes. Even lilac bushes were here too, only they were large trees, fifty feet high, with slender graceful branches. There were mango trees as big as an oak; guava trees both white and red; jack trees, as we used to call them in India, though I believe they are a kind of bread-fruit. Others too with a stem as thin as the little finger, rising twenty feet in the air without a leaf, and terminating at the top with a circle of bright green leaflets. Underneath these were hosts of curious flowers. One thing, however, was wanting—there was no grass.

Abou led me to one of these bowers of jessamine and wild grapes, and commenced: 'My son, didn't you speak once of a kind of proa much faster than a proa that was used among the Giaours?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'if you mean the pirogue I spoke about a long time ago; but you thought the proa best.'

'I think so still,' said he; 'but Nizam is willing that you shall build one, if you can, and he will give it to me for my own.'

'Well, but what am I to build it of?'

'Whatever you like; you can take what materials you choose—you can have the pick of the whole island. You can do just what you choose. If you build it, I am to command it for myself; and whatever prizes I make, you shall always have the first and best share, you may depend on that.'

'O Abou, I'll be glad to build it as well as I can, for the sake of all the kindness you have shewn me, not for the sake of anything I can make of it. Only I don't know much about boat-building, though I remember what my father told me about the pirogues. You'll have to help me, and get the best proa-builders to help me; and then I believe I'll be able to turn out the fastest and the safest vessel that ever sailed these seas.'

Abou here grasped my hands warmly, and began to dilate upon the splendid times we would have, and the prizes we would take, and what adventures we would seek when the pirogue was finished. I participated in his raptures, and looked forward eagerly to that happy time. I was quite on for the undertaking.

'Abou,' I cried, 'when shall we commence working at her?'

'We must wait,' said he, 'until the things have been removed from the big vessel. That won't take long, for the best part will remain where it is now. Then, when all the Malays and Papuans have left, you can look around and take what you

want. Then when you have got your materials, you and I will begin as soon as Nizam has sailed.'

'Sailed! Where is he going to sail to?'

'He is going to take the big vessel to sell the cargo.'

'Why don't we go with him?'

'Because he does not take us. Besides, we shall have the boat to build.'

With this unsatisfactory reply Abou departed, leaving me in the garden. I wandered around, delighting in the beauties of the place, listlessly plucking the flowers that arrested my notice, until I came to a spot that was all sombre, dark, thick evergreens, extending like a wall. For some reason—I don't know why—I determined to make my way through this dark huge hedge, and brushed through with determination, until I found my way absolutely and completely arrested by a towering fence of prickly-pear. I looked in vain for an outlet, but saw none; so I walked alongside the wall of prickles for some two hundred yards, when I came to a narrow opening in the fence of cacti. I marched in, and found a tortuous passage, very narrow, very winding, which I followed mechanically, being unable to see a yard before me, so short were the turns. At length it broadened a little, and the passage became less winding, and I could hear in the distance something like a waterfall. As I got nearer, I could distinguish the sound as the plashing of a fountain. In a moment I heard women's voices talking in Arabic, and I felt a trifle scared, because I began to comprehend where I was getting to. I knew that if Nizam should find me, my head would leave my shoulders with terrible despatch, and yet I could not resist the temptation to have a look. But I resolved to act discreetly; so I walked with the greatest caution, and on finding myself close to another narrow outlet, I lay on the ground, peeping through the screen of prickly-pear. There were three ladies dressed in the Arabic costume, reclining on the ground and smoking from a narghileh or water-pipe, to which three tubes were attached. They were talking pleasantly about the prize that had been taken, and how the cabins had been nailed up by Abou, and no one knew yet what was in them. Two of these ladies were grown mature women, fine-looking, but rather fat. They had lovely eyes and beautiful hair. But the third was one of the most beautiful women I had ever beheld. Her face was a perfect oval; her hair was a bluish black, and full of natural ripples; her eyes were large, almond-shaped, and full of languid light. My breath came thick. My head seemed bursting, my blood on fire. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping from rushing out into the pleasant garden where they were grouped around the fountain, and avowing my love on the spot. And yet at the same time I felt afraid. Something new had come to me. I was in love, and for the first time. My fate was before me, and all thoughts that I might have had of my father and my country were buried fifty fathoms deep under the flood of impetuous passion that rushed over my soul.

Soon they began to talk again. One who wore a scarlet silk caftan commenced joking Fatima about a screen. Her name then was Fatima. That was so much gained. I knew her name, and my eyes actually filled with tears of joy, because I knew how to think of her. Fatima! What a

delightful name it was! Fatima! It had a sound of inexpressible tenderness!

One of the stout things commenced joking her about a screen.

'Fatima kisses the screen. Lula, will you believe it! Fatima presses her lips in the tenderest manner to the screen.'

'How do you know, Nerinda?' said the other fat thing, looking at the darling Fatima with a horrid smile.

'When my lord had his noonday meal, I just peeped through the curtain in his room, and seeing four men there, I modestly withdrew, when who should I see but Fatima coming to the curtain and peeping through it! Then the poor thing sighed, and pressed her lips to that old screen, and peeped again, and sighed. O Lula, what made her sigh?'

'Stooping perhaps, if her caftan was too tight.'

'Perhaps it was, Lula, or perhaps it was the sight of the handsome Moussoul. He is only seventy, and his beard is not very gray; and his face is not much scarred.'

'Or perhaps,' chimed in Lula, 'it was Abdallah the martial, the heroic Abdallah she was gazing on; Abdallah, who loves the greasy black slave Maime.'

'No,' continued the first speaker; 'it was not Abdallah, and it was not Moussoul for whom she sighed. It was good old Abou, who has two old wives, and wants a young one. It must have been Abou for whom the fair Fatima, the bright flower from the stem of the brave Nizam, pours unavailing sighs and kisses the screen.'

'Of course it was Abou,' rejoined Lula; 'it must have been Abou, because it could not have been the Feringhi. It could not be the baby-faced Giaour.—Could it, Fatima, dearest?'

To my intense delight, and at the same time to my grief and pain, the lovely girl burst into a passion of tears, and covered her face with her hands. The others laughed, and smoked complacently, chatting away on a thousand frivolous subjects.

I remained rooted to the spot. Was it possible that Fatima cared for me, and had seen me? I had noticed the curtain in front of the door in Nizam's room. It led then to the women's apartments, to the zenana. The two ladies who sneered at Fatima were then probably Nizam's wives, Lula and Nerinda. Neither of them could be Fatima's mother, for the eldest looked only twenty-one; and Fatima could not be more than fourteen, though among the Arabs there are mothers at thirteen. And Fatima loved me! Would I ever have an opportunity of telling her how I loved her? When Nizam was gone to sea, perhaps there would be an occasion. How I strained my eyes to look at the object of my sudden but intense love; and how I watched the heaving of her gentle breast, as she sobbed in uncontrollable grief! Soon she ceased to weep, and rising from the marble pavement that surrounded the fountain, disappeared into the house which was close at hand.

I stole away with a mind filled with the most delicious emotion, inwardly resolving that I would make known to the girl my sentiments. The way to do this was not very clear; but I was too sanguine of disposition to doubt for a moment the possibility of the attempt. When I emerged from the walls of cactus, which rose on each side

to a height of twenty feet, I took the bearings as well as I could, and found that there must be quite a considerable garden behind the prickly-pear which was sacred to the females of Nizam's household. It seemed to me that the pirogue which I was about to build would assist me very materially in any plans I might form with respect to Fatima, and I resolved therefore to plunge headlong into building, and seek every opportunity to revisit the garden without awakening suspicion.

Filled with these thoughts, I returned to the court-yard, where I found the greatest activity prevailing. There were fires everywhere, and sheep and kids roasting whole, poultry on spits and seething in pots, slaves rushing about full of importance; in fact the whole place full of turmoil. I watched the scene with amusement. Presently Moussoul the old quartermaster came up with a bright-looking Seedi boy about fifteen, who was assigned to me by Nizam. His name was Bikur, and he salamed profusely, saying how devoted he would be, and all that sort of thing. I told him that if he would be a good servant, I would be a good master; but if he wasn't, then I would return him to Nizam. Upon this he made more salaams and protestations, and indeed seemed very anxious to win my approval. I asked old Moussoul where my room was to be, and found myself soon in one of the towers at the corners of the walls. This really was one of the pleasantest places that could be found, as there is eternal summer there, and a cool place to sleep in is of the greatest importance. I found a large strong trunk with a good lock and key, in which were the clothes given to me by Nizam at the noon-tide meal. And there were, besides sundry conveniences, a handsome sleeping-carpet, and an excellent pair of Arab pistols. The door was fastened by a huge wooden bar. There were no windows; but by leaving the door open the same object was attained.

I dismissed Bikur, and remained in my little room monarch of all I surveyed. My first thought was to secure the door, and to take out my father's jewels from their concealment and stow them away in my box. I spread my carpet, and tried the effect. It was curious somehow, but I felt dissatisfied. While my life had been an adventurous one, I somehow liked it; but this approach to respectability, this room and box of my own, these two suits of clothes, one for holidays and feasts and one for business purposes, seemed too much like the European life that was gone, and suggested comparisons that were disagreeable. A room plastered with mud, with no windows, and no furniture save a carpet and a box, was not pleasant for one who knew what a room should contain. I must confess that my mind became filled with a train of despondent reflections, when the thought of Fatima came to nerve me to endeavour and to give me an object powerful enough to dispel thoughts of home, that actually for the first time intruded on me. I proceeded at once to don my holiday garments, stuck my sabre and pistols in my shawl, and descended into the court-yard just as the muezzin had called to prayer.

As soon as prayer was over, hundreds of torches were lighted; and the Arabs generally, and the Malays who were invited or had invited themselves, attacked the various good things that had

been prepared *al fresco*. We who were the guests of Nizam followed him to the room where we had been on former occasions, I wondering where we should dine, as the room was not large enough to contain us all. But the curtain which I looked for had been removed, and we passed into a much larger room beyond, at the end of which was a lattice-work partition of bamboo, behind which we could see the indistinct forms of women. There were some thirty guests in all, including six Malay chiefs, whose religion does not seem to interfere with their eating anything and with anybody. For some reason Nizam desired to shew them particular honour, so they messed in a circle with him. We, the four who had eaten with him in the morning, were by ourselves, and the others formed groups of four, and squatted where they chose. Then followed an endless series of pilaws, kabobs, kitcheries, roast-meats, sweetmeats, and fruits. At the end of every course we had sherbets, and the slaves sprinkled us with rose-water. It was like being in the Arabian Nights. We had also a tiny speck of attar of rose in its pasty state stuck in the ball of our thumbs. This I believe is considered the acme of luxurious living. There were a few curries prepared, out of compliment to one or two Arabs who had lived in Hindustan, and I gladly seized the opportunity of eating food to which I had been so long a stranger. The way of eating was strictly with the right hand; and when the roast-meats were brought I wondered how we should tackle them. But Abou just seized the bone with his left hand, and with inimitable dexterity tore a piece off with his hand. To use the knife at a great feast is considered ill-bred, because the knife may be used for warlike purposes; so with the roast-birds, which were brought round hissing hot on the spits, each man tore off a wing or other portion with his right hand. For the curries we used our fingers.

When we had completed the repast, which must have lasted three hours, servants brought ewers and basins of water as usual, and then we had coffee and pipes. During the meal I stole as many glances as I dared towards the lattice, and my heart throbbled with deep joy when I caught the tender glance of a dark eye fixed on myself. I felt sure it was Fatima, and I vainly puzzled my brain for some way of communicating my sentiments; but I could think of none, and the guest left the room before I had decided on anything. I hurriedly went to my room, changed my gay attire, and taking with me my sleeping-carpet, resolved to pass the night in the garden under the dark evergreens.

CHAPTER VII.—LOVE.

Night-time at Gezireh was the most delicious thing imaginable. It was quite a luxury to breathe the air of that enchanting spot. Simple existence was happiness in itself. As I passed through the garden, the air was heavy with a thousand nameless perfumes, among which the Indian jessamine asserted itself as the strongest. I had thoughts of sleeping in one of the arbours twined with this plant and the wild grape, but I do verily believe the perfume would have suffocated me. I went on gathering handfuls of sweet flowers out of pure romance and ecstasy, and suddenly the thought flashed over me that I would make a bouquet and leave it beside the fountain. I did not know

enough Arabic to make it symbolical; but I remembered that the almond flower is a sign of marriage, because *fistek* (almond) rhymes with *yastek* (pillow); and two almond flowers on one stem represent, in the language of signs, two heads on one pillow; and that was about all I did know. There was no moon; but I was determined to find an almond tree if I could by the smell; and so I wandered up and down for hours, constantly coming across trees which I believed to be the right ones, but which turned out to be oleanders. At last I came across a veritable almond, and selected the most beautiful twin blossom I could find. Around this I grouped some pretty blue and white flowers, and I made a background of dark crimson leaves and another of green ferns. Then I hurried off in the direction of the evergreens, and made my way to the prickly cactus hedge, through which I steered with great caution, as there was no moon. At last I came to the opening, and cautiously stole into the open space. There was light enough from the stars to discern everything dimly, and I made for the fountain without hesitation. Placing the bouquet at the edge of the marble pavement, I wrote as well as I could, in Arabic characters, the word *FATIMA* in the sand, devoutly praying to the god of love that she might be the first to come down. Then off I trudged, as happy as if I had found a diamond, and picturing to myself how she would find it, and press her lips to it, and perhaps write love-messages in the sand, and then chase them, looking guiltily around. And in this frame of mind I emerged from the garden, determined to sleep on board the vessel after all. When I got to the jetty, I found sentinels placed on board, who saluted me respectfully, which I was very glad of, and made no objection to my entering the saloon, and spreading my sleeping-carpet on the table. I soon went to sleep, and dreamed all night of the Arab maiden.

In the morning I was aroused by Abou, who told me to hurry with my toilet, for that Al Reis was coming. If there are people in England who believe that Arabs are uncivilised, they are greatly mistaken; for they wash repeatedly, and are extremely punctilious as to their nails, beard, &c. And I verily believe that this was one of the reasons why I was so great a favourite among them. Soon Al Reis made his appearance, attended by a couple of his spearmen, and saluted us both, we kissing his hand respectfully. He directed the spearmen to wait outside the cabin, and not to permit any one to enter under any pretext. Then he told me to open the grand cabin doors, which I quickly did with the claw of a big hammer; and Nizam entered, followed by Abou and myself, all of us thrilling with curiosity. The stern cabins were much the same as others, except that there was a large cage of Java sparrows, all of which, poor little things, had been starved to death. Nizam patted Abou on the shoulder, and called him 'Old Fidelity,' since it was plain that Abou had not even glanced in for a moment before nailing up the doors, or the poor birds would not have been sacrificed so cruelly. There was a little room at one end of the sleeping-room, which I knew to be the bullion-room, and I represented to Nizam that perhaps we had better look for keys in the writing-desk. He nodded assent; and sure enough there was a large bunch on a ring, one of which was a peculiar brass key of English or American make. I said

that I thought this would prove to be the key of a safe or iron chest for holding money; and we all proceeded into the little room, where indeed was a safe, as I believed, with a great brass trade-mark on it of some New York Company. I gave the key to Al Reis, and told him not to turn it, but to slip it in, and it would open. He did so; and the door of the safe swung open immediately, to his great satisfaction. He viewed the ponderous doors with surprise, and I am convinced was more delighted with the safe repository he had obtained for his treasures than with the treasures in it.

There were heaps of papers, which he handed to me and told me to read. I glanced at them. They were in Dutch, which I did not understand, and I handed them back to him. But he told me to keep them all, and perhaps I might make out something. We found diverse boxes of small size, which were opened by various keys on the ring, and in one was a mass of gold mohurs, between four and five hundred, and several bundles of papers, which he handed over to me to make out. My heart gave a leap as I recognised English bank-notes to a large amount, and Bank of Amsterdam paper also for many thousand guilden. Nizam took the box of gold, giving us each a handful, for which we made him many salaams. We were all by this time in excellent humour, and Nizam was uncommonly gracious. I could have embraced him for Fatima's sake, and I did kiss his hand with such enthusiasm as both astonished and pleased him.

The next thing we examined was a common enough box of sandal-wood, on which were large seals. It had been covered with a wrapping of cocoa-nut fibre, which Abou had cut off with his knife. Nizam's eyes flashed fire.

'What seal is that?' demanded he.

'The Dutch East India Company,' I replied; 'and it must be either precious papers or something of great value.'

'Look about you, my children; I will return to the cabin and examine it there,' said Al Reis, who did not wish to exhibit emotion before us, as he held evidently what the Dutchman had considered the most precious part of his cargo.

Abou and I found another box of gold and more bank-notes, which were at once intrusted to me, and which I carefully stowed away with the ship's papers. This exhausted the safe. But around in the bullion-room, which was sheeted with iron, were boxes of much larger size, full of seed-pearl, and bags of rupees and dollars, all in silver. We hastened in to tell the Reis of our good fortune, and found him in a state of great perplexity. He had broken open the sandal-wood box and exposed to view a casket of polished steel, richly chased with gold. This he had endeavoured to open with every one of the keys, and had failed. He was then trying to force it open with the point of his dagger, but fruitlessly. Leaving it with a sigh, he returned to the bullion-room to count the silver. There were eighty thousand American dollars, and fifty thousand rupees, all in bags of a thousand each. We handed him the box with the gold, and he ordered us to open our two hands, which he completely filled with coin. Then he gave us of the same measure five times of silver dollars, which we wrapped up in the linen kopra worn by Arabs, and which serves as a sheet at night-time. The seed-pearl

he said he would sell at Muscat, or perhaps at Bushire in Persia, or at some port in the Gulf of Oman. He offered us some; but what could we do with seed-pearl; so he promised that he would remember us in the sale. Clapping his hands for a slave, he said he would order mid-day meal for us all, on board; but no slave appeared, which made him angry. So, going into the saloon, he shouted: 'Balu, Honua, Byagi;' and shortly Malays and Papuans came running; but the sentries would not admit them; at which piece of obedience Nizam remembered his order, and was well pleased, giving to each spearman a piece of gold. He ordered one of the black fellows to send for his Arab cook, and order him to prepare food on board the ship. Then we returned to the cabin, and Nizam asked particularly if I could make anything out of the papers. I said that I could make out the name of the ship, because it was printed in Roman characters, not in the Dutch character, and was a Greek name, Antigone, but that was about all. At this he seemed disappointed. He thought for a moment, then said: 'My son, and you, Abou, whom I love above all my Arabs, there is surely here some great thing. I am not one of those foolish ones who believe in charms and spells and in magic caskets. Nevertheless, here is a casket which I do not see how to open, nor indeed can I see a keyhole. The secret to open this must be in the papers. Look for yourselves.'

We examined the casket, Abou first, and I afterwards. Abou shook his head. When I saw it I gave a cry, for I recognised one of these curious locks which open by a secret word. Arranged in a circle were all the letters of the alphabet, and out of them by transposition was to be formed a word which would open the casket. I explained this to Al Reis, who comprehended it at once, and promised me a large reward if I could find out the word. 'But,' said I, 'Al Reis, there are twenty-four letters. Only think how many combinations might be made. Just think of it. I have heard of these things before, and the name is never written. The man who has it has to remember it.'

Then he promised me anything that I might ask if I would persevere and go through all the papers.

'But, Highness,' I broke in again, 'how am I to know when I am right unless I have the casket? I must try every word with the letters themselves.'

'No, no; I will try myself.'

'But you can't understand Roman letters.'

'I will learn. My daugh— I have some one who can teach me.'

I did my best not to look thunderstruck, but I fear I made a very poor attempt. So I promised that I would make out a list of words for him; but I tried to convince him that the hope was futile, as the twenty-four letters contained every possible word in every possible European language. Nevertheless, I would examine the papers carefully.

The meal was brought in, and we had a merry one. Nizam told us his projects for the sale of the cargo; how he would be obliged to go to Arabia, not so much to dispose of the cargo, but to get Arab recruits in sufficient numbers to have a full crew for the vessel, which he dubbed *The Shark*. Abou and I were to remain behind, and build a pirogue according to my ideas; and I was to examine the papers thoroughly, to gain the clue to the word. He intended, if possible, to get a

hundred Arabs, which would give us a complete control of the pirates. His present power was founded on his knowledge and his bravery, the Malays being alone six times as many as we were. With a hundred more he would feel in security when he was away. Abdallah, whom he relied on greatly, and Moussoul would command his proas, which would be manned with a few Malays and Papuans; whilst to Abou and to me he would commit the safety of his castle and his possessions. He relied on us to keep the pirates on friendly terms, and to conceal all knowledge of the silver on board. The gold he intended to exhibit, and the seed-pearl. The silver we must put in the safe and fusten. Then we would lock up the bullion-room, and say nothing about its existence, and by putting a curtain in front of it, the Malays would take it for the zenana, and would ask no questions.

This we did accordingly; and Nizam sailed in *The Shark*, taking with him the greater portion of the Arabs. Then Abou and I set resolutely to work at the pirogue, being daily surrounded by curious Malays, to whom we explained our intentions. Some thought the proas they made better; others were taken with the novelty of the pirogue; and when I assured them that she would beat a big vessel sailing with a moderate wind, they would have gone to work immediately, and made imitations of the one we were engaged on, if the head-chief, Tamula, had permitted. But he being a prudent man, told them to wait and see how one would turn out before they adopted an untried idea.

Meanwhile I went every morning before daybreak with a bouquet, which I laid near the fountain. Some one took them away regularly, which gave me strong hopes that Fatima was aware that I loved her. I had purposed originally to have waited until Tamula set off on an expedition with the proas, which would rid me of the supervision of Moussoul and Abdallah. Good old Abou never said to me, 'Where goest thou?' or 'Whence comest thou?' but those two I fancied looked after me a trifle more than was friendly. I believe now that this was imagination, but at the time it irritated me. One morning, however, I determined, whatever happened, to wait and see who took my bouquets. I made one as beautiful as I could, deposited it in the usual place, and retired with beating heart to the edge of the prickly pear-hedge. The sky was soon all rosy with red clouds, and a warmer flush stole through the air, and a twitter of birds awoke in all the branches. Soon up came the cheery sun from the depths of the sea, and a flutter of life arose down in the Malay town. My heart came to my mouth as a vision of light garments came tripping from the door of the house, and the beautiful Fatima came direct to the bouquet, and seizing it with a glad cry, pressed it to her bosom and to her lips. Her hair was all loose, flowing down her perfect form; her eyes were bright with youth and happy love, and there was a look of eager fond expectation thrown around the garden, as if in search of some one, which thrilled me to the core. I could endure silence no more, but left my covert, crying softly: 'Fatima! Fatima!' She turned at the cry, and gave one long look, and then ran to meet me all love and joy. We embraced with the utmost

passion; and whilst the words 'I love you!' trembled on my lips, she anticipated me, crying: 'Ah love! I love you!'

With the instinctive caution of an eastern girl, she retreated with me to the covert of the hedge, and there behind the cactus gave full course to her affection. I replied as ardently, and we confided to each other how we loved from the first glance. An hour of this heavenly intercourse passed like a moment, and we parted with mutual pledges to meet again that evening. When I went down to the jetty near which our pirogue was building, I found Abou and our workmen in full swing. I determined to spare no pains to hurry on the completion of this vessel, as I foresaw that I might want to elope with the daughter of my chief, and the pirogue would exactly suit. She was to be made principally of stout bamboos, the calking to be of india-rubber below the water-line, and above of cocoa fibre. Her lines were to be like an English schooner, and she was to have two broad lug-sails, with foresail and jib. The deck was to be flush, with grooves for the fitting of powerful sweeps, to be pulled in a calm; and below was to be a large saloon with a good stern cabin. Such was the programme. The timber we wanted had been partly taken from the Dutch vessel, with spars, sails, and cordage; and as we could not have a wheel, we were to have a tiller.

Having now a new impulse for working, I went at it like a giant, and assisted with an enthusiasm which delighted Abou, who—may I be forgiven—thought that it was from friendship to himself. Old Moussoul came down and nodded approbation; and now that we were working on the flush-deck things began to look a little more ship-shape. I told him that we wanted sadly a wheel and a capstan, and entreated him if he came across any European vessels on the next cruise to bring them along. I shewed him how we would arrange the planking so as to fit in the capstan when it came, and cautioned him not to take a big one, but only from some vessel about four hundred tons. Though this would still be above our size by far, yet there are few vessels of smaller size in the eastern seas, and this he knew. He told me that he would not forget, and that arrangements were then pending for a cruise in a few days, which I was exceedingly glad to hear.

In the evening, after dinner, Abou wanted me to sit and sip coffee whilst Abdallah told Arab stories, in which he was very accomplished, and could recite the Seven Poems of the Moallakat and the feats of Antar so long as breath remained. I was usually very glad to hear him, but this time I excused myself on the ground of a headache, and retired; Abou thinking that it was from working too hard, and cautioning me from abusing my strength and endurance. Immediately I made for the place of rendezvous, and there found my darling, who flew to my arms with such fervour that I involuntarily shed tears of happiness. On perceiving this tribute to her charms, she gave me a heavenly smile, which even the starlight could not hide, and we were at once overwhelmed in mutual confidences. I told her all about myself and my life with the Arabs; and she told me that her mother was a European whom Nizam had captured, and whom he had made his wife and the chief of his zenana. She pined away, however, and died when Fatima was only three years old. Nor did the

dear child know what country she belonged to, but she remembered two words which her mother used to say: 'Anima mia.'

'Anima mia!' cried I; 'why, that may be Spanish or Italian.'

'What does it mean, love?'

'It means "my soul."'

Here Fatima laughed a delicious ripple of music, and said: 'You then are my anima mia.'

'And you mine.'

'Ah, dearest Feringhi, I cannot speak your name as you can mine. Teach me to say it.'

Then we tried. She could not say Charles; she would say Tsarlis and Sarl; but she could not arrive at the name; so I taught her to say Carlos, which I told her was the way her mother would pronounce it, and that it was the same thing.

Thus fleetcd the happy hours of newly-dawned love, during which I told her about the pirogue I was building; and how, if her father would not consent, we would take it and run away. The answer to this was a pressure of the lips, and the words—whispered in the sweetest voice that ever woman had: 'Carlos, anima mia, where you go, I will go; what you do, I will do; what you worship, I will worship; and when you die, I will die. Take me, Carlos, for I am yours.'

(To be continued and concluded next month.)

COINCIDENCES IN DATES.

IN an article lately given by us on 'Unlucky Days,' we illustrated the proneness exhibited so widely in society to attach importance to numbers, days, dates, as having some mysterious connection with the unfavourable incidents of human life; as if an overruling decree of fate or destiny had settled the whole affair for us, without leaving us the power of preventing or setting it aside. It will be found, on further examination, that this is especially marked in connection with sovereigns, princes, and great personages generally, more particularly in the years of their birth, accession, deposition, and death.

One singular mode of fishing out the connection (for a fishing it certainly is in many cases) consists in adding up the digits or numerals in a particular date, and comparing this sum with the date itself. Thus, the present year, 1876, is expressed by four digits (one, eight, seven, six) the sum of which amounts to twenty-two; and the 'fishing' would consist in catching any peculiar relation or connection between twenty-two and 1876. The French have taxed their ingenuity greatly in this kind of thing, with results which are at least curious if nothing more. Many examples of this will be found in an article on 'Coincidences,' in No. 366 of the *Journal*, which we need not repeat; a few in addition will suffice.

Take, for instance, some of the French sovereigns who flourished several centuries ago. The crotchets-mongers have discovered, in four cases at any rate, a numerical connection between the order of succession on the one hand, and on the other the sum of the digits in special dates rendered memorable by noteworthy events in the lives of the respective sovereigns. Louis IX. was born in 1215; the sum of these digits is nine. Charles VII. was born in 1402; the sum of these digits is seven. Louis XII. was born in 1461; the sum of these digits is twelve. Lastly, Louis XIV. was crowned in 1643,

a date the digits of which sum up to fourteen. In regard to an intermediate sovereign, Louis XIII., the accumulation of coincidences (so to speak) is really very curious. We must first remind the reader that in the old court language of France 'Louis' was spelled 'Loys,' that this king's French Christian and surnames were 'Loys de Bourbon,' and that those of his queen were 'Anne d'Autriche.' The figures came out thus: Louis XIII. married Anne of Austria in 1615; the sum of these four digits is thirteen; 'Loys de Bourbon' comprises thirteen letters, and so does 'Anne d'Autriche;' the boy-king and girl-princess were each thirteen years old at the time of the marriage; he was the thirteenth Louis of France, and she the thirteenth Anne of Austria.

Come we now to the nineteenth century, with which mystical Frenchmen have been equally busy. Bourbonists, Bonapartists, Orleanists, Republicans—all are cited to supply materials for the same story. The great French Revolution, which brought so many momentous events in its train, began in 1789; the sum of these four digits is twenty-five, which, added to 1789, brings us to 1814, the year when the Emperor Napoleon went captive to Elba, and ceased his European conquests—although there was destined to be one more year of struggle in the battle-field. When Charles X. was deposed in 1830, a contest arose concerning his successor; some politicians wished for the appointment of another Bourbon, while others preferred Louis-Philippe, Duke of Orleans, as a representative monarch or 'citizen king.' The Chamber of Deputies decided on the latter, by two hundred and twenty-one votes against one hundred and eighty-one. The Bourbonists sustained a defeat; but they solaced themselves by pointing out that by expressing the numbers in words instead of figures, and taking the alphabetical order of the letters in the words, they could prove two hundred and twenty-one to mean 'La queue de Robespierre,' while one hundred and eighty-one meant 'Les Honnêtes Gens.' We have not quite succeeded in realising this bit of reckoning ourselves; but the Bourbonists very much relished the idea of proving their adherents to be 'virtuous or honourable persons,' while their opponents were merely 'the tail of Robespierre.'

We have had a little of this sort of thing in England, and possibly a due exercise of ingenuity might convert the little into much. Charles I.'s son, and eventual successor, was born in 1630; the sum of these digits is ten, which brings us to 1640, the year when the short parliament began to make short work of the kingly power. Again the sum of the digits in 1640 is eleven, which brings us to 1651, the year when the battle of Worcester drove Charles II. into exile. One more instance: George I. ascended the British throne in 1714, which added to thirteen, the sum of its digits, makes 1727, the date of his death.

But apart from, and in addition to, these numerical conundrums involving the summing up of digits, there are many associations of particular years with certain persons, families, and dynasties. The year 1809 was marked by the death of Haydn and the birth of Mendelssohn; the sum of these digits (availing ourselves of one more illustration of this class) is eighteen, which, added to 1809, brings us to 1827, the year marked by the death of another great composer, Beethoven.

The year '88 is associated with a train of events, none of them cheerful in character, concerning the House of Stuart. For instance, in 1388, Robert II. first Stuart king of Scots became little more than a nominal sovereign in the hands of the nobles, and died two years afterwards; in 1488, James III. of Scotland was murdered; close to the ominous '88, but really in 1587, the beautiful, erring, hapless Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded; in 1688, the last Stuart king of Great Britain, James II. (James VII. of Scotland) was dethroned; and in 1788, Charles Edward Stuart, who had been known forty years previously as the Young Pretender (the 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' of the romancists and balladists), died in a foreign land, unhonoured and almost uncared for. In twelve years another '88 will come; is there another Stuart anywhere, to come under a cloud in that year?

In some instances one particular month in the year, and one particular day of that month, are claimed by the believers in the star of destiny as being associated with one particular personage of note. Destiny or no destiny, it is a fact that the 24th of February was thus associated with the Emperor Charles V., the 2d of December with the late Emperor Napoleon III., the 14th of May with Henri Quatre, and the 13th of October with King Otho of Greece. In the dreadful religious wars of the sixteenth century in France, Huguenots massacred Catholics in Bearn on the 25th of August in one year; and Catholics massacred Huguenots on the 25th of August three years afterwards. The stern Puritan and the gay monarch who had so much to do with the moulding of English history during the seventeenth century, had each his particular association with one special day in the year—Oliver Cromwell with the 3d of September, and Charles II. with the 29th of May.

A crotchet has been started (we do not know by whom) to the effect that the number three is peculiarly stamped on the royal dynasties of England; that after three sovereigns of any one dynasty, either a revolution takes place, or a passing of the royal sceptre to a collateral line. It is certainly the case that the House of Blois came in under Stephen, in virtue of his father's marriage with a daughter of William the Conqueror; that Edward II. was dethroned; that Lady Jane Grey, through her relations and adherents, made an attempt to gain the throne; that Cromwell made a gap in the Stuart line; that James II. was driven out; and that the House of Hanover came in on the lapse of issue to the House of Orange and to the Protestant branches of the Stuarts—these are admitted facts; but nevertheless we must confess to have failed in an attempt to reconcile other known events in English history with this number three theory.

Without reference to any particular months, we find a particular day of the month pitched upon as intimately affecting certain kings and great people. We have already had occasion to mention the way in which number fourteen affects the career of Henry IV. of France; and we may add that, determined that he shall not escape without paying as much homage as possible to number fourteen, the French computers have made out two whimsical calculations—that the year of his birth completed fourteen centuries, plus fourteen

decades, plus fourteen years; and that he lived four times fourteen years, plus fourteen weeks, plus four times fourteen days.

Days of the week have not been lost sight of by those who take an interest in ferreting out the supposed fatality of dates—such as Tuesday to Thomas à Becket, Thursday to the Tudors, and Saturday to the Guelphs.

Two remarks suggest themselves: the first is, that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the accuracy of the several dates set down in this article; some seem to us not quite free from doubt; and in regard to all of them, the writer virtually says to the reader: 'As it was told to me, so do I tell it to thee.' The other remark is, that even if all the coincidences are verifiable, they do not necessarily presuppose any mystical influence of destiny or fatalism. They are quite explicable on the Theory of Probabilities, the Doctrine of Chances. The odds may be millions to one against a particular coincidence; yet that one coincidence *may* present itself in the natural order of things; and when it does, it excites more than usual attention.

LEFT IN CHARGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

A MOST pleasant day followed. I found Mr Gordon a more than ordinarily entertaining companion. He had evidently travelled a great deal, and possessed a fund of general information, which he quite understood how to make the most of. I pressed him to extend his visit for a few days, at all events until my wife returned, and he seemed nothing loath; the business in London might after all be postponed; and in such pleasant quarters, he said, he would be very glad to remain. So two days sped agreeably away; and on the morning of the third, I happened to be sitting in the library, when, to my astonishment, I heard a smothered sound of voices in the drawing-room, as if in whispered conversation. I was just going to get up to see from whom the sounds proceeded, when Mr Gordon appeared in the doorway. It might have been fancy—it was treated then by me as such—but I did imagine he started and looked somewhat disconcerted for the space of a very brief moment; the next he was himself again.

'I have been looking over your daughter's music-books,' he said. 'Is she a very accomplished musician?'

'She sings a good deal,' I replied, 'and is very fond of it; but I can't say she is *very* accomplished. She takes after Arthur in her love of music.'

'Ah! indeed,' responded Mr Gordon.

'Does he still carry about his flute?' I asked.

'No; I don't think so,' he answered rather dubiously.

'By the bye,' I said presently, 'did you notice the new photograph we have of him in the drawing-room? He sent it to us about six months ago.'

'No; I didn't observe it,' he replied.

'We can have a look at it now then,' I said, rising as I spoke, and leading the way towards the adjoining room, followed closely by my visitor.

The photograph, which was hanging on the wall with several others, was a large and most life-like representation of Arthur; it was absolutely impossible for any one who had once seen him to

mistake it; nevertheless, to my unutterable but silent surprise, Mr Gordon directed his gaze towards *another* photograph. Whether his quick instinct or my involuntary correction of the mistake by an indicating motion of my hand towards the real picture helped him towards a rapid rectification of his error, I could not tell. The little incident passed by; the photograph was duly admired and pronounced a most capital likeness; and we passed on to other topics. But an impression was made upon my mind—an impression I could neither resist nor account for, nor dismiss, in fact could hardly have shaped into words; but nevertheless it was there—an intangible something—a doubt, nay almost a dread, of my visitor; for I have owned I am a nervous man, and for one of that temperament to begin to conjure up fancies is certainly anything but conducive to *gaieté de cœur*. I was, in truth, reduced to a condition of nervousness which it required all my efforts to conceal.

I would not press Mr Gordon to stay; I did not feel so cordial to him—that was the truth; and I was growing more and more uncomfortable at what my wife would think of my having done so at all. How glad I would be to see them all back again. The time had never dragged so wearily as on the third day of Mr Gordon's visit. I don't think I have mentioned that it was in the month of October that all these things happened; the days were getting shorter and shorter, and on this particular one darkness had come on more than usually fast; it was raining too; so we—my guest and I—sat in the library carrying on a rather vapid conversation. At last the servant appeared, bringing in the moderator lamp, which, with its shade on, she placed about the centre of the table by which Mr Gordon was sitting. His hand was lying listlessly upon it, and for the first time I observed the peculiar size of it, and the long lithe fingers—very bony and thin, except at the tips and joints, which were of extraordinary proportions. A powerful hand—a clasping, clutching-looking hand—not a pleasant one to encounter in anger. I could fancy—here I again indulged in a terrifying reverie; but I checked myself; I called myself a fool. I, a man come to my time of life, giving way to such absurdities; it was degrading! I banished them as well as I could; but the light from the lamp still fell so directly upon that hand, that I was glad when the announcement of dinner caused a thorough interruption to my musings. We did not sit up so late that evening—neither seemed disposed to do so; and at about half-past ten I found myself safely shut up in my bedroom, preparing for rest. What prompted me, I do not know—it certainly was not according to my usual custom—but it occurred to me to take out and examine my revolver.

There it was lying snugly in its case; but—did my eyes deceive me, or was I dreaming!—the cartridges were gone!—the pistol was empty. I stood transfixed for a few seconds; a cold thrill ran down my backbone. I could not doubt who had done it; and as is the case with a drowning man, before whose eyes, they say, in the short space of time during which semi-consciousness remains, a lifetime of events flashes by, so did a thousand suspicious circumstances connected with my brother's friend flit through my brain. I had been deceived; he was without doubt what, almost unconfessed to myself, I had been thinking he was all that day—

an impostor and scoundrel, who meant not only to rob my house, but to murder me, if I attempted the faintest resistance.

That he was one of the gang going about, I also suspected; and if that supposition was correct, doubtless he had more accomplices, who would come to assist him in his depredations. It was not a pleasant position for a man to be in, however brave he might be, and for me it was simply terrific.

It would be madness to go to his room and confront him; such a course would only precipitate matters; I must act promptly; whatever I resolved to do must be done, and done quickly.

It was a stormy and tempestuous night; the rain was beating upon the windows in perfect torrents, and the wind was high. That was in my favour; for I resolved, after a short period of deliberation, to lose not a moment in leaving the house, and slipping round to the stables, to saddle my horse, and gallop as hard as I could to Lowton for assistance. I had not undressed, so no time was lost in making my exit from my bedroom, the door of which I locked, and also closed and locked the dressing-room door which led into the bedroom, leaving the door to it, which opened on to the landing, unlocked, so that if my suspicions were correct—and I doubted less and less that they were so—the seizure of the plate would suffice to keep intruders occupied, and prevent them from so soon discovering my absence.

At last I opened the window, which was not very far from the ground, and dropping gently down, cautiously crept round to the back-yard. I feared Rover might betray me; but as I got close to his kennel I was astonished to hear no movement.

'Rover!' I said softly, 'good dog! Rover, old fellow!' But no answering sound greeted me; all was silent, except the steady splashing of the rain and the howling wind.

'Rover!' I repeated, 'Rover!' bending down and thrusting my hand into the kennel, in my anxiety for my favourite almost forgetting my possible danger.

I felt the familiar head and rough coat; but it was a lifeless body that lay so motionless under my anxious touch. Rover was dead! A cold dew broke out all over me. I was speechless with rage, grief, and indignation. But there was no time to indulge in such feelings; assurance had now been made doubly sure; the same hand that had drawn my cartridges had poisoned my dog, and would as ruthlessly take my life away, if deemed expedient.

To gain the stables and to slip the saddle on my horse was the work of a few moments only; and favoured by the noise of the raging elements, I led him out with the certainty that no one in the house could hear what was going on.

Quietly we passed through the gate; and I glanced up towards the direction of my guest's chamber, from which I could see a bright light proceeding. That was satisfactory; he had not begun operations yet. Then I mounted, and choosing a back way, by which some distance was saved, and by which I fancied I ran less risk of meeting any possible confederates, I set off at a hard gallop for Lowton. It was a four-mile ride to the police station, but I got over it in something less than fifteen minutes. It did not take long to

explain my errand, which I did by simply stating that I had suspicions something was meditated, from the combined facts of Rover's death and the drawn cartridges. I mentioned Mr Gordon's being with me, but was careful not to commit myself to any actual implication of him.

It did not require any persuasion to get a couple of stalwart constables to accompany me back—they were so anxious to succeed in capturing the thieves that not a chance was thrown away. It was early still, comparatively—we might get back considerably before twelve; and the inspector, who evidently thoroughly grasped the position, proposed that we should regain the house by my window, and await the course of events from my bedroom. Accordingly, leaving my horse at Lowton, the two policemen, myself, and a third constable driving, started off after a short delay, in a small car which we left by itself, tying the pony to a gateway, about a quarter of a mile before reaching my place. Having first taken a ladder from the stable, we groped our way to the front of the house, and as we got there, I touched one of my companions lightly on the arm, and in a whisper directed his attention to the dining-room window. Through the creaks of the shutters we could plainly see a light was burning. Losing not another instant, I clambered up to my half-open window, followed quickly by the policemen, and there we stood, hardly breathing, to listen. Everything was just as I had left it. They had not missed me yet; probably the dressing-room had not been visited, but that would follow immediately, for hardly had we been five minutes in the house before a noise, slight in itself, but still sharp and unmistakable, warned us that some one was ascending the staircase—stealthy footsteps, voices muffled, but distinctly voices—and presently the dining-room door was softly opened, and we could distinguish a word here and there of a whispered consultation. Then came a slight metallic sound, and a crack as if something had given way, a jingle of silver—probably my grandmother's tea-pot, our most precious heirloom—and then the hurried crinkling of paper.

Still the inspector moved not. I myself was becoming quite rigid with nervous excitement. I had fancied the police would have rushed in upon them at once; but no; there he stood, grasping his baton, immovable, as I could see by the expiring light of the fire, which I had fortunately chanced to replenish just before my discovery of the drawn cartridges.

What was he waiting for? It was soon explained to me: they had not all come up-stairs. More footsteps, more voices, and then a hand was laid upon the handle of my bedroom door, with no great regard to the continuance of my supposed slumbers.

Locked! and an oath, not necessary to record, here followed. Then came the sound as of something vainly inserted in the keyhole, and then—that failing—there was a united crash against what really was a fragile doorway, and the next instant what seemed to me a crowd of ruffians came trooping in. There really were three men—quite enough to have robbed and murdered me many times over, but not too many to be trapped and caught in the neatest and simplest manner by the triumphant constables, who, without a second's hesitation,

surrounded the astounded burglars before they had time to realise the situation; foremost amongst them I recognised my brother's friend, Thomas Gordon, my agreeable visitor!

Resistance was useless: they had left their arms behind them; more than one murderous-looking little weapon being afterwards found in the dining-room which they had so recently quitted. Besides which, my poor little strategy—devised out of very fear—had so far succeeded. I had purposely every night left out a couple of bottles of heavily drugged wine, which the unwelcome visitors had unsuspectingly disposed of, and which in a short time began to tell visibly upon their faculties; so they were easily secured, to the delight of the neighbourhood, and to the infinite credit and renown of myself, for I was supposed to have signalled myself most brilliantly, and was immensely congratulated upon my midnight ride to Lowton, which bade fair to become as famous as Dick Turpin's memorable exploit.

No one was more surprised at those praises than I was myself; for the fact remained, and does remain to this day, that I am a very nervous man, and what I did was done out of sheer desperation and terror; and if I had guessed what lay before me when my family went to London, I should have bidden them a final farewell, for I never could have fancied surviving such a night.

Sir Clifford Ransford's butler identified the *ci-devant* Tom Gordon, *alias* Joe Billings, as his assailant; and the other two, also well-known characters, were also convicted. They were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and I devoutly hope without the chance of a ticket-of-leave, for without doubt they would remember and repay with interest my share in their capture.

One member of my establishment was missing on the following morning after the seizure, and that was Mary the parlour-maid, our new servant, through whose agency, doubtless, Mr Gordon had carried his personation of my brother's friend into execution.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

In a work of topographical interest, abounding in beautifully printed wood-engravings, styled *Rambles in Galloway*, by Malcolm M'Lachlan Harper, lately published, occurs a short account of the picturesque Orchardton Round Tower—the only tower of this kind in the south-west of Scotland. It stands in a woody piece of country near Castle-Douglas. The writer says that the tower, which is evidently the relic of a feudal keep, is 'chiefly interesting as being associated with a very romantic incident in the life of a former proprietor of the estate of Orchardton, whose history formed the groundwork of Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Guy Mannering*. The account here given of it is from *Family Recollections*, by Miss Goldie, and is perfectly reliable.

'It is there related'—that is to say in the work of Miss Goldie.—that "soon after the battle of Culloden a number of prisoners were one day brought in by a party of military before Mr Goldie, then Commissary of Dumfries, who had, alas! no alternative but to order military execution to be done upon them, after it was proved

that they had formed part of the rebel army. They had contrived to hide themselves, and got to the Galloway coast, nearest to the Isle of Man, where they were skulking in hopes of some smuggler, or foreign vessel, enabling them to escape. As they were just about to be led out to execution, Mr Goldie observed one young man, of superior and interesting appearance, attempting to tear a written paper, when he immediately called out to an officer who guarded him: 'Seize that paper;' which was immediately done. Upon reading it, Mr Goldie said: 'Why, young man, you were attempting to destroy yourself. This paper is your commission from the king of France as an officer in his army; and I now detain you as a prisoner of war, instead of sending you off to be shot as a rebel.'

"The young man was accordingly put in a place of confinement, and not a very severe one, considering what prisons then were, as he afterwards related that his chief occupation consisted in counting the large square stones with which his apartment was flagged, in every possible direction, and thus trying what their number could be raised to. But he did not continue long thus employed. A rumour speedily arose in the town that this was the long-lost heir of the House of Orchardton, an old Roman Catholic family. An old female domestic, hearing the surmises, made her way to his place of confinement, when a little conversation left no doubt that he was indeed the only son of the late Sir Robert Maxwell, who had sent him at an early age to the college of Douay, the usual place of education at that time for young men of family or fortune of the Catholic religion. Sir Robert himself being superannuated, his brother, who then took the management of him and his son and estate, wrote desiring that he should be educated for the priesthood. The young man, not relishing this destiny, made his escape from college, and enlisted in the army of Louis XV., and was one of that part of it which was sent to Scotland to assist in the enterprise of Prince Charles Edward. Young Maxwell had thus actually been taken wandering as an outcast, and in danger of forfeiting his life, on the confines of his own estate, unconscious of his rights, while his uncle was equally unconscious of the danger to his unjust possession, which lurked so near him. The whole of the facts were, however, so recent, and could be so easily proved, that Mr Goldie immediately proceeded to take all necessary steps for the security of the young Sir Robert, and also to put him in possession of his estate, when the death of the uncle removing the formidable obstacle, the usual legal formalities, after proving the identity of the heir, put him in possession of his father's fortune and title. Sir Robert soon married Miss McClellan, a niece or near relation of the last Lord Kirkcubright, and took up his residence at Orchardton, where he continued, while he lived, the ornament and delight of the country, uniting all the gentlemanly dignity of the old school with the bland and graceful gaiety of foreign manners. The intimacy which arose between Sir Robert and Mr Goldie and his family through this romantic beginning, was long continued on very affectionate terms." Sir Robert being a partner in the Ayr or Douglas and Heron Bank, lost a large portion of his estate when that bank stopped payment. He died suddenly in

September 1786, whilst on the road to visit the Earl of Selkirk.'

Readers who are interested in the above remarkable legend, may perhaps find some additional particulars in Miss Goldie's *Family Recollections*. The chief incident referred to would at any rate form a better theme on which to found a romantic fiction than the miserable inventions drawn from the unwholesome imagination of many modern novelists.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, during his recent visit to America, delivered an address at the new university in Baltimore which has been founded by the munificence of a private citizen, who bequeathed seven million dollars—one half for education, the other for an hospital. If Baltimore does not find itself possessed of one of the very best educating institutions in the world, it will not be through want of knowledge, for Professor Huxley shewed clearly what elementary education ought to be, and the way in which it should be directed and intensified by the higher education of the university. Art, science, history, and philosophy are included in the scheme, whereby opportunity is offered for practical investigation, for abstract thought, for development of the 'rare faculty of æsthetic representation, and the still rarer powers of creative genius.' Professor Huxley takes a high view of the medical profession, and his exposition of the training which a student for that profession should undergo, and of his subjects of study, would, if put into practice, increase the usefulness, and raise the character of the profession to high distinction. Apart from its practical value, the discourse is well worth reading, as an earnest and eloquent review of an old and much debated question, and we commend it to all who are interested in the important work of education. The promoters of the new Cavendish College at Cambridge, and the new military college near Oxford, should take it into consideration while planning their respective courses of study.

The Royal Society have published in a number of their *Proceedings* an account of the cruise of the *Valorous* in so far as relates to the physics and natural history of that portion of the North Atlantic traversed by the vessel. As some of our readers will remember, the *Valorous* accompanied the exploring ships *Alert* and *Discovery* as a store-ship; and it was on her return voyage from Disco that the observations now published were made. The 'biological results' are described by Mr Gwyn Jeffreys; and Dr Carpenter, whose son made the 'physical investigations'—chiefly on currents and temperature—contributes a Report which adds somewhat to the theory of oceanic circulation.

This expedition has been, so to speak, supplemented by foreign enterprise, for the Storting—the parliament of Norway—voted a sum sufficient to defray the cost of a series of surveys, and in the

summer of the present year the ship *Voringen* was sent out to explore from the Faroe Islands to Greenland, and from the Norwegian coast to Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen. This scheme, as will be understood, includes large parts of the North Atlantic not touched by the *Valorous*, and thus our knowledge of the animal life, of the contour of the bottom, of temperature and currents from the surface downwards, and of the chemical constitution of the water, has been much extended. And incidentally it was discovered that the banks off the coast of Norway were of a breadth quite unexpected, reaching to a hundred miles from the land. Beyond this limit the water is icy cold; but on the bank it is comparatively warm, which perhaps accounts for the mild climate of those latitudes in winter. The deepest sounding obtained during the cruise was eighteen hundred fathoms, midway between Norway and Iceland. Reports of the scientific results will be published, and in this way the Norwegian government acknowledges a debt of gratitude for the advantages which their mercantile marine has derived from the nautical surveys of other countries.

Mr Roberts, F.R.S., chemist of the Mint, has given a lecture on the apparatus with which the late Professor Graham made his researches, and therein we find a fresh example that genius of the right sort can work with the very simplest means. Wollaston and Faraday are cases in point; and now Mr Roberts tells us that 'with a glass tube and plug of plaster of Paris, Mr Graham discovered and verified the law of diffusion of gases. With a tobacco-pipe he proved indisputably that air is a mechanical mixture of its constituent gases. With a tambourine and a basin of water he divided bodies into crystalloids and colloids; and obtained rock crystal and red oxide of iron soluble in water. With a child's india-rubber balloon filled with carbonic acid he separated oxygen from atmospheric air, and established points the importance of which, from a physiological point of view, it is impossible to overrate. And finally, by the expansion of a palladium wire, he did much to prove that hydrogen is a white metal.'

A man of this stamp should be held in lasting remembrance. We are glad to see that Professor Graham's scientific papers have been collected and published for private distribution under the editorship of Dr Angus Smith.

Mr Lehmann has made experiments with a view to determine the form of nitrogen most suitable for the nutrition of plants; whether as nitric acid or as ammonia. Curious results were shown. Some of the nitric acid plants which turned pale and sickly after a few days, were recovered by placing them in the ammonia solution. In experiments with tobacco-plants, it was found that the nitric acid plants produced three times as much dried substance as plants grown without nitrogen, and the ammonia plants six times as much: an important fact as regards tobacco. But the yellow lupine appears to be the most remarkable, for

though in itself rich in nitrogen, it will grow in soil containing scarcely any nitrogen; and we are told that it is found in abundance in districts generally barren.

We mentioned some time ago that experiments had been made by authority of the Royal Agricultural Society to determine the value of 'unexhausted improvements' on farms, to test the merits of artificial manures, of plants and seeds, and methods of cultivation. These experiments are to be continued in a systematic manner, for the Duke of Bedford has allotted a farm at Woburn to the Council of the Society, and has offered to defray the cost of such buildings as may be required, and of the experiments also. Under these favourable circumstances we may hope that many unsettled questions in agriculture will be carried to a satisfactory solution.

'On the Moon's Influence in Connection with Extremes of Temperature' is the title of a paper read to the Meteorological Society. The author, Mr Drumham, believes he has made out the fact that there is 'some important connection between lunar influences and extremes of atmospheric temperature upon the earth; but that this influence is partial, and very materially affected and modified by the circumstances and conditions of place, and that the careful and patient inquiry of *how* and *why* the weather of different localities is differently influenced by the movements of the moon, is one of the offices which meteorological science has at this time to perform.'

Mr Drumham points out that very severe winters have occurred at intervals of about sixty-two years, which correspond to periods of double the moon's cyclical return to relations with the earth and sun. Starting with 1709, he shews that the intervening dates support his theory; 'and as there was a very severe winter in 1814,' so, he concludes, 'there will be one in 1876.'

Rainfall is such an important element in regard to agriculture, sanitary measures, and engineering works, that it is encouraging to learn, from Mr G. J. Symons, the best authority on the subject, that in consequence of the number of rain-gauges now established (about two thousand) throughout the kingdom, we have a system of observation such as no other country can shew. It is hardly possible, he says, to find a district within the British Isles which is more than five miles from a rain-gauge. Considering the importance of the subject, it is suggested that an inspector should be appointed to visit all the stations, see that they are kept in order, and draw up proper reports; and that as the nation at large are interested in it, some moderate grant from the national funds should be made for carrying on the observations and publishing their results.

A very important question among all navigators is the speed at which a ship steams or sails. The log at present in use has a rotating helix, which spins round when the instrument is towed in the water; the rotations record themselves on an

indicator, and thereby shew the speed at which the vessel is moving. But this log, though ingeniously contrived, is not sufficiently accurate, and many attempts to improve it have been made, and at length what seems like the right way has come to light. This new log is fitted with electrical apparatus, besides the rotating helix, and is towed by an electric rope. The indications pass along this rope, and are shewn on a dial-plate in the captain's cabin, or any other part of the ship. The rate of sailing is thus made known instantaneously, and with an approach to accuracy never before attained; and as we are informed, the rate of flow of streams and currents can be ascertained by the same instrument.

At Portsmouth, trial has been made of a ship's boat which, as is said, cannot sink even when full of water. A band of cork is fixed outside from end to end, just below the gunwale, which gives the requisite buoyancy, and then, by means of valves, the water inside can be reduced to the level of the water outside.—A boat by which horses or guns may be landed has been tried at Deptford dockyard. It has no keel; the bottom is rounded up at each end, and thus facilitates near approach to the shore; and the stern is a hinged flap, which, 'when drawn up and secured, forms a water-tight port, and when lowered, constitutes a platform between boat and shore, over which horses or guns may be embarked or landed.'

The seasoning of wood by artificial means seems to be a perennial question, for the old and effectual process of seasoning by long exposure to the air—in common with the old process of tanning—is too slow for the rapid spirit of the present day. Some inventors have sucked all the moisture out of timber by powerful machinery, others have boiled it out, and others have tried to force it out by forcing something else in. But none of these methods has proved satisfactory. Another is now put forward by Gardner & Son of Glasgow, who state that they dissolve the sap, extract it completely from the wood, and fill the place it occupied with a preservative substance 'in a very simple manner.' Their theory is, that they not only deprive the wood of its tendency to decay, but that they impart strength and density to the fibre, and render it non-inflammable, whatever may be the kind of wood or the purpose to which it is to be applied. Builders and constructors all over the world will rejoice at a demonstration that wood is no longer liable to dry-rot nor to fire.

Steel when long exposed to wear and tear is altered in structure, becomes crystallised and brittle. When in this condition, as has been proved by experiment, its strength and toughness can be restored by making the steel red hot and plunging it into cold water. Proper precautions are to be taken that the outside shall not cool much quicker than the inside, and then it will be found that the metal will bear a greater strain than before. What an opportunity is here afforded for restoring the strength of engine shafts, of axles and tires, to say nothing of the steel that enters so largely into machinery and constructive works generally.

Cannons of enormous size seem to be on the increase. Some time ago we made one of one hundred tons for the Italian government, and now we read of an order being contemplated for a gun of considerably larger dimensions—probably one

hundred and sixty tons. Where is this rage for colossal ordnance to stop!

A congress of Orientalists at St Petersburg, a congress of jurists and scholars on international law at Bremen, a geographical congress and a hygienic congress at Brussels, all within the last three months, may be taken as a sign of the times, and as evidence of a growing desire to find out true principles, and the best way of reducing them to practice. In the hygienic gathering much was said on the organisation of medical service for the field of battle, and it was shewn that much advantage would accrue if every soldier carried with him some simple surgical apparatus. 'Already,' said the speaker, Dr Appia of Geneva, 'the Germans have learned to take with them into action a little Esmarch bandage, and the French a morsel of lint.'

In a discussion on quarantine, Mr Hirsch contended that quarantine does not prevent the breaking out of epidemics. He had studied cholera on the Vistula, and found that the disease did not spread even in the absence of quarantine, and disappeared on the adoption of proper hygienic measures.

On the question of workmen's dwellings, Mr Jacquemyn of Ghent pointed out that it 'is not of unmixed benefit to the workman to be tied to one spot. Trade ebbs and flows, and a man may be left stranded in his cottage while the tide of business flows elsewhere. Moreover, workmen ought to be subject to the refining influences of a class above them. Their houses ought not to be placed together in one part of a city, for in that case the workmen's town might become a danger to the greater town in which it is built.'

Professor Esmarch of Kiel, whose name is above mentioned, ranks among the foremost surgeons of Europe. He stated recently, in addressing a meeting of German surgeons, that he regarded Lister's antiseptic treatment of wounds (which has been noticed in this *Journal*) as one of the most interesting surgical topics of the day. And speaking of operations on the battlefield, he said that they should be confined to the removal of limbs totally shattered by shell or cannon-ball; that almost all wounds of the extremities from rifle-balls permit of recovery under antiseptic dressings, whether the bones are injured or not. But if wounds are to heal without contamination they should not be touched by the surgeon's finger. The number of antiseptic remedies is increased, for bran, properly mixed with carbolic acid, is found beneficial as a dressing in cases of compound fracture of the bones: it limits suppuration, disinfects the discharge, and is 'germ' proof. And soft cotton wadding coated with tannin has been tried in Germany with marked success, particularly in injuries occasioned by machinery: it prevents inflammation, arrests capillary bleeding, and promotes the healing process.

As is pretty well known, the women of this country who wish to qualify themselves for the practice of medicine are placed at a disadvantage when compared with the women of the United States, who are at liberty to pursue the necessary studies in a college, to enter for examinations, and compete for the degree of Doctor of Medicine. But there is prospect of a change; for it is announced that the College of Physicians of Dublin are prepared to open their doors to women, and to

grant them a license if found qualified. Without offering any opinion on the subject of 'lady doctors,' we may infer that when so eminent a corporation as that of the Dublin physicians set the example just alluded to, we may conclude that it will ere long be followed in other parts of the kingdom.

America has taken the lead in many praiseworthy reforms: among the latest is the 'American Free Dress League,' which recently held meetings in Philadelphia. We are informed that 'they desire to abolish all unhealthy and cumbrous forms of female clothing, and to substitute styles which agree with the natural laws of hygiene.' Some of the ladies were clothed in the new style, which is described as 'loose-fitting trousers and sack.'

The return of the *Alert* and *Discovery* at the end of October from their exploration of the Polar Sea was a surprise. Sanguine geographers at first felt disappointed that the ships had not reached the Pole, but were consoled by the fact that but few lives had been lost, and that lands heretofore unknown had been discovered. Physicists and naturalists are hopeful that the observations of natural phenomena, the pendulum experiments, the collections of animals, plants, and fossils, will largely increase our knowledge of magnetism and meteorology, of the figure of the earth, and of the fauna and flora of the arctic regions. These collections, in addition to the enormous crop brought home by the *Challenger*, will, in the describing and classifying, furnish to our working naturalists some years of employment.

The highest latitude reached was $83^{\circ} 20' 26''$ N.; hence among all adventurers Englishmen may now claim to have been the nearest to the Pole. In 1827, Sir Edward Parry, on the Spitzbergen route, after strenuous endeavours to drag his boats during thirty-five days, was compelled to give up in $82^{\circ} 45'$. At this, their ultimate halting-place, a sounding of five hundred fathoms failed to reach the bottom; but the present party struck the bottom at seventy-two fathoms. From this remote spot, about four hundred miles from the Pole, no land could be seen in the north—nothing but ice of the most rugged and distorted description, over which it was not possible to travel more than a mile a day. So ends the speculation of an open Polar Sea. Instead of the rolling waves which Wrangell saw in 1823, the enterprising explorers of the *Alert* and *Discovery* saw ice eighty feet thick stretching away beyond the reach of vision.

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SINGING ROUND THE WORLD.

To go on a musical excursion round the world—warbling the charming lyrics of Ramsay, Burns, and the later Scottish poets—in all places in every English-speaking country received with hospitality and heart-felt applause—and returning after four years with satisfactory results, seems to us a very delightful way of spending one's time. We at anyrate cannot picture to ourselves a line of life more pleasant. It is gratifying even to know that there are persons qualified to exercise vocal powers in a manner so universally acceptable. The public singing of songs and ballads has become almost a lost art. The stage has no longer an Incedon or Brahan. Sinclair, Wilson, Templeton, have passed away. Some of the finest pieces in the English drama can no longer be represented, simply because there is no one who can sing, or is willing to sing, in the popular style that pleased our ancestors.

In this general dearth of vocalism, there casts up a family which fulfils at least the required condition of being able to sing the Scottish songs much in the style of Wilson and Templeton—not actors, nor with any pretensions to the histrionic art, but vocalists possessing a tact and taste, and a degree of literary talent qualified to afford an evening's innocent amusement; the whole, father, sons, and daughters lending a hand in the performance. The group is somewhat interesting. We chanced to light upon the father, David Kennedy, about twenty years ago, at a very obscure place of public entertainment, and thinking there was the right stuff in him, we counselled the trial of his wings in a more pretentious atmosphere by singing, with illustrations, the songs in Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd'—wonderfully fine lyrics that in a popular way had dropped out of notice. The thing took. In a single night Kennedy made his name as a Scottish vocalist; and so on he has gone ever since, fortified with the assistance of his family. Like a flock of nightingales, they go piping their way from country to country, everywhere stirring up kindly recollections of home

and its lyrical associations. Having just returned from a prolonged excursion, which included Australia, New Zealand, California, and Canada, David, one of the sons, has given an account of this remarkable family expedition, of which we propose to take some little notice. The book might have been improved in style by leaving out a variety of colloquialisms, but taking it as it stands it offers some graphic notices of the places visited, and of the adventures that were encountered.

The father, mother, three brothers, two sisters, and 'Cousin Tom' as business agent, sailed from the Clyde in June 1872, and without adventure arrived safely at Melbourne. Here was a stay of three months, with a successful course of singing. There were numbers of Scotch in Melbourne, who came to hear the old melodies of their native country. We can hardly fancy the passion with which these colonists of all classes will go miles and miles to listen to such songs as 'John Anderson my Jo,' 'My Nannie O,' or 'Lochaber no more.' For the time being they are in a transport of delight. Besides enjoying crowded houses, the Kennedies were charmed with the weather. The season was called winter, but it 'was genial and bracing, and never very cold, with a sky generally cloudless and transparent. There was a sunny sparkle in the air that proved in the highest degree exhilarating. One seemed to be breathing brilliance—inhaling aerial champagne.'

After Melbourne, the next towns visited were Ballarat, Geelong, and some others, the varied journey being performed partly by railway and partly by stage-coaches. With a view to a more independent system of travelling the family bought an American wagon, with a square-built body and a glazed leather roof, the body being hung upon layers of leather belts, to accommodate the plunging and jolting over rough roads. Horses were also purchased, and an Irishman hired as driver. To this turn-out was shortly afterwards added a buggy, sufficient to accommodate two persons, and which was appropriated by two elder members of the family. With these vehicular accommodations a long round was performed to out-of-the-way

places, and then there was a short return to Melbourne. Next, a fresh start, and a wild journey to visit remote places, to which there was no other road than diverging tracks through the Bush, which had often to be taken at random. In their visits to Melbourne and other towns, the Kennedies had often occasion to come across 'Torturations' exiled from England, who, after all sorts of shifts, were driving bullock-wagons or street cabs, in which last capacity they excelled, perhaps from their horsey proclivities in the old country. When sunk to an abject condition, and when they do not in despair drown themselves in the Yarra-yarra, as is too often the case, these hapless specimens of Torturations take to begging under the name of 'swagmen.' The loneliness in travelling through the Bush was sometimes relieved by the appearance of a swagman on the horizon. 'The swagman or tramp is a kind of demoralised gabberlunzie, who trudges about from squatter to squatter and from township to township, begging food or assistance on his journey; which journey is endless, and continues from year's end to year's end. The professional swagman walks to live. One species of tramp is the "sundowner," so called from his habit of appearing at a squatting station about sunset, and asking food and shelter for the night. The generous "open-door" hospitality of the early days, which has latterly been abused, is fast disappearing from amongst the squatters, and instead of his usual cold mutton, the swagman now gets the cold-shoulder. Sometimes the tramps accept work once a year, about shearing-time, at one or other of the sheep-stations, or seek occupation in a country town; but as a rule they are migratory and lazy. An uninitiated person is very apt to confound the swagman with the foot-passenger or unemployed mechanic travelling in search of work, their equipment being the same—a "swag," or strapped-up bundle of sleeping-blankets, slung over the shoulder; a "billy," or tin can, in which to make tea or coffee while camping; and a small "pannikin" to drink water out of at any creek or spring. Now and then you see sailors and ship-stewards "swagging it" through the Bush, runaways from some lately landed vessel; but the eye at once detects them as amateurs; they have not the swing of the professional loafer.'

Arriving at a small village called Branhholme, it was resolved to give a concert. For this purpose, a wooden schoolhouse was secured, a public announcement given, and the pianoforte, which the party contrived to carry with them, properly adjusted. How any kind of piano should have been lugged about in these excursions seems scarcely practicable. We are told it was a square little instrument, four octaves and a half, made by special order in London. It stood upon three legs, which being screwed off, the instrument was packed in a canvas cover with two leather handles. When off duty, it was strapped to the back of the coach, and ready at all times for use. Never

was there such a serviceable piano, or one which kept better in tune. The evening concert at Branhholme was well attended by persons from all directions. The scene was a little grotesque. While the audience were seated on school-desks and forms, the Kennedies had to sing on a platform composed of a brandy-box covered with a table-cloth. 'The lighting consisted of our two coach-lamps, one at each end of the "stage," supplemented by one or two candles stuck in bottles, which we asked the front-seat people kindly to hold in their hands.' When the place was crammed, some half-dozen people rushed in and took possession of a capacious fireplace, and the overplus of outsiders looked in at numberless holes and broken windows. It was altogether a success—a triumph to the attractions of song endeared by early associations.

At a place called Dunolly, the party came across the locust plague, which had been devastating Victoria for several months. It was an awful affliction. The village shopkeepers had in terror put up their shutters and temporarily retired from business. 'Clothing hung out to dry was subsequently found to be pierced and riddled, window-blinds even not escaping. It seemed like a heavy snow-storm, each flake animated, fluttering, and whirling. The sky was laden with wings. Every step you took startled fresh clouds of the insects. They were about an inch and a half in length, somewhat like a grasshopper, and armed with two large, powerful, propelling saw-legs. The insects when we saw them were pursuing a southerly course, and many were the schemes put forward to get rid of them—some advocating the introduction of certain well-known locust-birds, others purposing to dig trenches and build long lines of fires, as the most effectual means of riddance. The locusts, by the way, did not hear the conclusion of the argument, as they went steadily forward, and landed in the sea near Geelong.'

It was considered a daring thing for the Kennedies to attempt an overland journey from Melbourne to Sydney; but nothing daunted, they set out on this expedition in March 1873. On being twenty-three days out, they crossed the Murray, and gave a cheer as they passed into New South Wales. There were some droll adventures on the road. Here is a specimen of the way they lived. 'We make a start as usual in the early morning; all the forenoon we wind monotonously through endless sheep-runs, with no companions but the tuneful magpies and occasional clusters of sheep. At mid-day we pull up at a creek and camp for a couple of hours. We unharness the horses, and tie them to the trees round about us—then one of us runs down to the creek to fetch water; another spreads a white cloth on a sloping bank; and a third scrapes together chips, twigs, pieces of bark, and miscellaneous tinder, making a blazing fire against a tree-stump. By this time the supplies are out of the coach—a cosmopolitan diet of canned meats—sardines from Paris, herring from

Aberdeen, oysters from Baltimore, and currant-jelly from Hobart Town, Tasmania. While we are occupied with these, the "billy" is bubbling on the fire, and another large can is simmering with potatoes. The horses are busy crunching their maize; our driver is belding up the fire with logs, and fanning it with his old slouched hat. He makes us some capital tea, which we enjoy with the hot potatoes. Then we stretch ourselves out in the shade, and enjoy a short dreamy siesta, for the day is warm. In half an hour we are up and bustling about, folding our table-cloth, collecting our tin pannikins, hooking our pail and billies to the back of the coach, collecting the horse-feed, and harnessing the horses. We are careful, too, to put out the fire—there is a heavy fine inflicted on any one who leaves anything burning in the Bush. The grass is dry, and a spark sometimes will set it ablaze. A brief look round to see that nothing is left, and we are off.

Sydney is at length reached, and its buildings, parks, and harbour are described with a glow of admiration. There is apparently only a single drawback—the annoyance arising from the mischievous pranks of a class of untamable youths, called "larrikins," who go about in gangs of twenty or thirty, break street-lamps, maltreat policemen, tear down fences, hustle respectable people even at noonday, and at night commit assaults and robbery. The larrikins have become a deep social nuisance; but surely it is within the compass of law and government to deal vigorously with this intolerable evil. From Sydney the Kennedies sailed to Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, a distance of five hundred miles. Here, in this modern and thriving city, where Scotchmen are very numerous, they were received with much kindness both in public and private. They sung in the School of Arts, which has a fine capacious hall, adjoining which is an excellent library and reading-room. The sight of large public libraries and reading-rooms at the principal cities in Australia, struck the party with delighted surprise. There, at the other end of the world are seen tables covered with the freshest newspapers, magazines, and reviews from the old country, and looking around you can scarcely realise the fact of being many thousands of miles from home.

Still possessing the coach and team of horses which were shipped with them from Sydney, the party set out on a journey to Gympie, a distant town which had sprung into existence near some gold-diggings. Towns of this class have three stages: they are at first canvas, then wood, and lastly brick. Gympie was as yet in the wooden stage. This was the most toilsome journey yet encountered. The roads, where there were any, were bad, the hills were steep, and everything was in a raw state. A passage in many places had to be cut through the dense scrub. The first night, accommodation was found at a wayside inn, kept by a Perth woman, who did her best to make the family comfortable. Next night, things were at a bad pass. Near the top of a terrible ascent, the coach fairly stuck. It was seven weary miles to Cobb's Camp, a wayside house. As an only resource, the horses were unharnessed, and led off by the party towards this haven of rest, Patrick the driver being left in the coach for the night. Next morning, by means of a relay of fresh horses, the coach was brought forward. In the afternoon

about four o'clock, Gympie was sighted, and never was town so welcome. "We were covered with mud from head to foot, and as we walked up the main street, a rumour spread that we had arrived too late for the concert. But we set to work, had tea, put the hall in order, and at eight o'clock stepped on the platform." One reads of this with satisfaction. It shewed a determination not to be baffled. Maryborough, Rockhampton, and some other towns, were visited, and sung to. Temptations were held out to go to the more northern parts of Australia; but the party declined the invitation, and wended their way southwards towards Sydney.

Experiences at some of the wayside hotels of Queensland were far from agreeable. "Three of us are quartered in one bedroom, and accommodated with what are called "swagmen's beds." The pillows are stuffed with straw, and the wisp stick into our ears. We sleep under the national tricolour—red, white, and blue—a rough red-threaded coverlet, a thin blue blanket, and a thinner white sheet. Another sheet separates us from the barred trestle beneath, and we feel as if sleeping along a ladder. One window serves two rooms, the partition coming right in the middle of it. As the window is open, and a breeze blowing, we try to shut it, but find the gentleman next door has propped it up with the hair-brush. The wall on one side is a wainscoted partition, and a cat-ract of rats and mice pours unceasingly through it. The other is the usual calico screen, and when we blow out our candle we are startled by seeing, in gigantic shadow-pantomime, the whole of our neighbour's nocturnal toilet. Just as we are dozing off, we hear angry voices in the bar—a crashing of glasses, a scuffling of feet, yells, blows, and foul language—recrimination, threats, and female onerics for the police. Suddenly the sounds mellow down, and we know the combatants have been bundled into the open air. Lightly dressing ourselves, we hurry out." There ensues a horrible drunken brawl not to be described.

On some occasions, there arose difficulties in preserving silence and order at the concerts. A rule was laid down that none should enter while a song was singing. This reasonable obligation occasionally gave serious offence, even in the case of ladies who should have known better. There was also the common rule: "Children in arms not admitted." But what could poor people do with their children? "Very often the fond mother would place her infant against the wall, saying: "Ye see the puir thing can stand!" and again it was no uncommon thing to see a father and mother dragging a suckling between them, almost dislocating its arms, till they got it past the door. In large towns this rule acted well enough; but in the wide-settled country districts, where our concerts were advertised as much by rumour as by bills, people in ignorance of the "stern law" came long distances with children in arms. Then it was that our materfamilias had a pleasant duty to perform; for my mother, taking compassion on her country-women anxious to hear a "Scotch sang," looked after their babes in an adjoining room during the concert. Very often she had three or four of these valuable charges at once, the mothers coming out during the "Interval of Ten Minutes" to pet the infants, or give them their natural nourishment."

At Bathurst, the Kennedies sold their vehicles and horses, and went by rail to Goulburn, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. At a small seaport, they sailed in a vessel for Sydney, from which they proceeded in a steam-boat to Hobart Town, in Tasmania. We have a short but good account of the island, and its decent orderly inhabitants. As regards the people of Hobart Town, we are told they are in a marked degree homely and hospitable, and during their stay the party met with much private friendship. 'It was our happy privilege to meet an excellent lady, the grand-daughter of Niel Gow, and daughter of Nathaniel Gow, the composer of "Guller Herrin." We enjoyed the kindly hospitality of herself and her pleasant family. They were very musical. The good lady is a talented teacher of music, and her two sons are organists in the city. At her house we spent Christmas Eve and the last night of the year. . . . The people of Hobart Town support a fine choral society. In their appreciation of the songs of Scotland they were not behind any other portion of the antipodes, and the success we met with was continued throughout the island.' At Launceston, the Kennedies gave their farewell concert, concluding an elaborate performance with 'God Save the Queen,' sung in parts to an enthusiastic audience. The last of Tasmania, on sailing across the straits to Melbourne, was seen in magnificent weather. Only one excursion in Australia remained. It was to visit Adelaide. Here, fortune did not desert the party. They travelled for a month, singing their way through sixteen towns, everywhere drawing good houses, everywhere eating lots of delicious grapes, everywhere cheered with rounds of applause, and everywhere noting with gratification the wonderful progress making in the fortunately prosperous colony of South Australia.

The next move of the party was to New Zealand; but how they got on there and elsewhere in their singing excursion round the world must be left to another paper.

W. C.

THE ARAB WIFE.

A TALE OF THE POLYNESIAN SEAS.

CHAPTER VIII.—STRATAGEM.

My time was now pretty well taken up. All day I worked away with the Papnans (who proved to be exceedingly skilful boat-builders) at the pirogue, and at nightfall I passed delightful hours with Fatima. I taught her English in part, and the principles of Christianity, which she accepted with eagerness, and vowed to follow. Day by day the necessity of cloping grew more clear, as Nizam would never give me his daughter unless I became a Mussulman, which, since I had known Fatima, I was firmly resolved against. In fact I had about made up my mind to steal the pirogue when finished, make off with what I possessed and my darling girl, and make a dash for Australia. There were charts and maps in *The Shark's* cabins, and when Nizam came back, I could get them on some pretext. The pirogue when finished would require very few hands to sail it, and I could easily get Papuans to accompany me without much scruple; all I had to do was to hurry, to continually hurry, the workmen.

Monssoul and Abdallah started with the proas along with Tamnia, the head chief of the Malays; and then work had to be slackened a trifle, for the best men were gone; and pursuant to Nizam's instructions, one of us, either Abou or myself, had to make rounds, in a friendly unconcerned way, among the men who were left, and take charge of the castle. This was not so bad, as, by the chief's order, Abou and I took our meals in the little room where the chief usually sat, and I knew that bright eyes were peeping at me through the screen, and a warm heart was beating responsive to mine. But I agreed with Fatima that she should never, by word, look, or token, in any way allow any one to guess at our intimacy and our meetings. Old Abou, good old soul! often spoke to me of being absent-minded, and thought that my mind was dwelling on my own people. On these occasions he would dilate on the happiness of the Arabs, and how they were the masters everywhere on land and sea. I listened to him with pleasure, but the anxiety told upon my spirits, and I grew thin and pale. It was not for myself I feared, but for one now dearer to me than existence, and I could not but understand how dangerous discovery would be for her as well as for me; for though our attachment was most innocent, and I solemnly regarded her in the light of one who was pledged to be my wife, yet I understood by this time the Arab nature perfectly well, and knew that it would be Mohammedanism or death.

We had, by the time the proas returned, completely finished the pirogue, save the steering apparatus. Monssoul had kept his word partly; he brought a wheel, but no capstan, which, however, we contrived to do without. We went to work vigorously, now having more time and better assistance, and in another week had her completely rigged. Nizam had now been gone many weeks, and we became anxious for his reappearance; and Abou held a grand consultation with myself and the other two head Arabs. Various things were suggested; but Abdallah at last hit upon the truth—namely, that Nizam was enlisting more men than he intended, picking them up in small parties in the towns along the Arab coast. Monssoul warned us to be on our guard. The Malays were in bad temper, for the prize they had taken had been laden with tea. A great many had been killed, and the vessel, which was French, would have beaten them off, but for the personal bravery of Abdallah and the few Arabs who were with him. It now behoved us, as the friends and confidants of Nizam, to watch and see that the Malays did not storm his castle, which they believed was full of treasure. They had been whispering among themselves that *The Shark* contained huge treasures, which Nizam had kept for himself, and that he had sailed away never to return.

This was bad news, and I saw Abou look very grave. It was plain that it was false, since it was known that the females of his household were in the castle; and had he abandoned us, they would have gone with him. He would also have taken his best Arabs; whereas he had taken good fighters indeed, but had left those in whom he had the greatest confidence. 'Look here,' said I, 'good

friends—for we are all good friends, are we not! friends of our absent chief, and friends of each other. This is what I propose: We will go all of us separately among the Malays complimenting them, and saying that we have always had luck when Nizam is gone. And we will make them all small presents. And I will propose to Tamula to make him a pirogue like this one of Abou's, that's nearly finished. We launch her to-morrow, and we will take him and the other chiefs, and have a feast.'

'Good, good!' cried Abou. 'I told you always that this boy was a well of wisdom.'

'That's not all, Abou. We will have races.'

'Why, we have no horses.'

'I don't care for that. We will have a race of proas, with presents for the chief; and we will enter with the pirogue, and have prizes, first and second. Tamula is sure to be slow, but we will let him win. Then we'll have races for Malays and Arabs only in swimming, and give a handsome prize; and a race for sampans for the Papuans, and give one of the barrels of palm-oil. Then they'll think so much about the races that they will forget to manœuvre against us until Nizam comes home; and there will then be so many of us that we can eat them, if it wasn't against the Prophet's law to eat the flesh of swine.'

I never saw men so tickled by a poor joke. Abdallah seized my hand and nearly crushed it in his grasp. He was a tall fellow, with gigantic proportions, and as brave as a lion. Old Moussoul agreed to give the prizes from the chief's store, and to get from the household, through the female servants, a rich shawl for the first prize, and gold bangles for the second for the proas. For the swimming prize the object chosen was a matchlock; and for the Papuans a barrel of palm-oil.

We got up from the conference with great cheerfulness, and Abou went to look after the launch. Moussoul went up to the castle; and Abdallah and I started to pay a visit of ceremony to Tamula. He received us graciously enough; and we told him of our intentions, and asked his assent, as he was nominally our superior during Nizam's absence, though in reality the Arabs were quite independent. He caught at the idea eagerly—for the Malays are frightful gamblers and immediately offered a heavy bet that his proa would beat us all.

Abdallah said: 'The Feringhi's proa is completed and being launched, and he means to enter it too.'

'Let him, let him,' he cried; 'all the better. Will you take my bet?'

I answered: 'Yes, sahib, I will; but you must let me use sail.'

'Use sail, our, everything; I will use the same. Is the vessel launched?'

'No, sahib,' I answered; 'but it is just about to be launched.'

'We will go and see it,' Tamula cried, jumping up, and immediately making long strides for the beach.

We got there in a very few minutes, for the Malay town is close to the shore; but Abou was too quick for us, and the pirogue was afloat in the water. Her appearance in the water was charming. She seemed to nestle down in the sea as if it was her natural element; and I felt sure she would make a good sailer. There was a light breeze stirring, and so jumping into a sampan, I was soon on

board of her. Abdallah, Tamula, and one or two Malays followed; and we soon had the lug-sails and fore-sail set and were gliding across the harbour in fine style. The wind was south-west, and we sailed about to our hearts' satisfaction, making better time than even I anticipated. We seemed to glide through the water; and I shewed Abou that we left no wake at all to speak of, whereas the proas leave a wake as broad as a mill-stream. Abou was delighted. I too was delighted, and even Tamula seemed pleased.

'Feringhi,' said he, 'I won't bet if you use sails. My bargain is only on condition that you use no sails in the race.'

To this I agreed, and said that we would require four days to get the pirogue ready for the race, because we had to arrange benches for the rowers in the grooves, and to make ready oars or 'sweeps' large enough.

Tamula assented, and we went below in high good-humour. It proved rather too hot there, so we had our meal on deck, and sat in the shadow of a sail enjoying ourselves hugely. Tamula seemed certain that he could beat us; and I thought he could too; but the pirogue was wonderfully light and buoyant, and with four men at a sweep, I thought we could shew them something. The next point was to make the Papuans sing. They are regular darkies; and dear old Captain Orde used to say that without a song a nigger couldn't pull against a fly; with it, he could haul against a rhinoceros. So whilst Abou was arranging the oars, I got a lot of Papuans, and began to teach them a medley. I could not for the life of me remember the words, but the chorus went: 'Hilo boys, hilo-lo!' The rest of it is unimportant, and can be supplied with any gibberish; so I filled in with Papuan, and taught them to pull strong and slow to the words 'Hilo boys, hilo-lo!' There is instinctive time and melody in the poor fellows' composition, and they took to it wonderfully kindly. We pulled away at this slow and steady, and then I taught them another which had a chorus of 'Walk away.' This was much faster, and I soon got them to pull tremendously.

But this took some time, and I had twice to get the head chief Tamula to extend the race fixture, until by this procrastination ten days of the time had passed by, and we expected Nizam would arrive every day.

Still he did not make his appearance, and the day of the race came. Moussoul had got ready the prize of a shawl and gold bangles from the women, and their curiosity was intensely aroused to see so novel a spectacle. It is a fact that there was not a soul there had ever seen a race before of any description, and they were enthusiastic about it; so, to oblige them, Nizam's proa was withdrawn from the race, and conveyed the ladies closely veiled to the turn in the harbour where each proa had to come. In fact, it became a kind of stake-boat, which the others had to round.

The first race was the swimming, mile out and mile in, which was won by a young Malay, one of our most dangerous foes. As he walked triumphantly away with the matchlock, I could plainly see that he was no longer dangerous, and that we might count him among our best friends.

Then came the proa race, for which we took our place in a line. Moussoul started us with a matchlock, and Tamula got ahead at once, followed by the

other proas. We were last, singing our 'Hilo boys, hil-lo!' keeping about a hundred feet in rear of old Tamula, and going so beautifully that Abou was in raptures, and whispered to me that we could win. We, however, agreed that it was not prudent, and that we should make enemies by winning; though for my part I own that I had not bargained on Fatima's presence, and I hated the idea of being beaten before her.

Three proas soon fell off, but two others kept abreast with Tamula by considerable exertions, and we remained a hundred feet in rear. One mile, two miles, three passed by in this situation. There was one more mile to the stake-boat where we had to turn, and still there was no sign of fatigue in our fellows, who chanted cheerfully, but were evidently getting excited. Half a mile more, and one of the proas fell back level with us, and tried for a moment to get in front of us; but we put on a little extra pull, and passed her so quick that they stared and shouted. This brought us up nearer to the leading proas. There was a considerable space between them, as Tamula had chosen the right of the line, which would bring him nearest to the turning-point. Gradually we got nearer and nearer Nizam's proa, and could see the ladies under an awning. They were closely veiled, but for all that they waved handkerchiefs. My pride was touched: considerations of prudence forsook me. 'Abou, I can't stand being beaten,' I cried. 'Walk away, boys.'

Our Papuans at once took up the chorus, and that was the last of the race. The pirogue was as light as a cork and beautifully cut. There were ten sweeps with four men at each, pulling in the most perfect unison. When they started that chorus, they increased their pace, and began to shout it like incarnate fiends, pulling like Samsons. We shot between the leading proas like a ghostly vessel, and then past the stake-boat with a tremendous cheer; then we rounded her, Abou steering like a born yachtsman, and came on the homeward track, yelling our gibberish and our 'Walk away' at the very top of our lungs. The proas, as we passed, being quite out of the race, halted and shouted; but we never ceased until we had put a clear mile between us and old Tamula, who was second, leading the third by about two hundred yards. Then we relaxed a trifle, and came in winners to 'Hilo boys, hil-lo!' the darkies being very little distressed. Abdallah, when we returned, hardly knew whether to be vexed or pleased; but one thing was very certain—the pirogue was a great success. In about ten minutes' time Tamula made his appearance, the darkies blowing like porpoises. He took his beating admirably, which I was very well pleased to see, and received the gold bangles with a very good grace, only stipulating that I should build him a white man's proa. This, with a mental reservation, I agreed to do, to his great satisfaction. The shawl was adjudged to Abou who gave it to me, for which I thanked him heartily, being convinced that I should find in it some token from my darling.

The last race was the sampan race, in which Bikur, although a Sedi, had obtained permission to enter. I told him that he ought to be ashamed of mingling with the Papuans, as he was a Moham-medan negro; but as he pleaded hard, I permitted it, having always in my head a design to ingratiate

myself with the Papuans, as I had resolved to get a crew for the pirogue out of them for my elopement. Abou ordered our men to row us up alongside Nizam's proa, which they did, whilst I took the opportunity of going below into the cabin and examining my shawl. Pinned up in a corner I found a double almond blossom, which Fatima had put there; and this I took as an omen that she would assuredly be my wife; and I returned to the deck in the brightest of humours. As we came alongside I managed to catch Fatima's eye, and could read in it how delighted she was at our success. Then there was a cry of 'Ho, ho, ho!' and at the last yell the sampans started; the contest—the last on the list—being decided in favour of a Papuan who belonged to Tamula's proa.

This ended the races, which we wound up by a tremendous feast, during which Tamula had a long conversation with me about the proa I was to make for him, and gave me, in token of his satisfaction, two armlets of pure gold.

CHAPTER IX.—NIZAM.

When I left the festivities among the Malay huts, I impatiently sped up the hill towards the castle, hoping that I should not be too late to see my *fiancee*. What was my astonishment as I glanced instinctively to seaward and observed the topmasts of a square-rigged vessel emerging from the channel into the open harbour. The next moment I recollected that it was Nizam returning, and hoping, in all probability, to catch us napping, which he would certainly have done had it not been for my stolen interviews with Fatima. There was barely time for me to rush to the fountain, clasp my charmer to my arms, receive her congratulations, and warn her that her father was in the harbour. Then with a hasty adieu, I tore myself away with a heavy heart, and returned to arouse all the Arabs, and get them together quietly and without giving any information to the Malays, who I resolved should have a good startling, just to give them a wholesome fear of Nizam present or absent. Striding away silently, we armed and equipped ourselves, and manning the pirogue, loosened the sails, and steered directly for the vessel. Running alongside, we hailed them in Arabic: 'What ship's that?'

'The Shark. What ship are yea?'

I replied, for the joke's sake: 'We have no name;' and then, after a pause: 'We're waiting for the Nizam to give us one.'

A voice cried: 'Is that my Feringhi?'

'Yes, Nizam.'

'Is Abou there?'

'I'm here, Al Reis.'

'And Abdallah?'

'Here too.'

'And Mous-soul?'

'All here, Nizam.'

'Come on board.'

We went on board, and were surprised at the transformation. The Shark now bore the appearance of a man-of-war rather than that of a merchantman, guns being arranged methodically on each side of her decks, while the forty-pounder had been transferred to the quarter-deck as a stern-chaser. Nizam was standing beside it, and welcomed us warmly, kissing me on the cheek;

which was an immense mark of regard. He questioned us as to the new craft and its capabilities; and heard Moussoul's account of the bad temper of the Malays and their plotting against him, with ill-concealed anger. He smiled at the account of the day's transactions, and said that hereafter such things would be unnecessary as stratagems, but would be serviceable as diversions. We were now come abreast of the jetty and about a hundred yards from it, and he gave the signal for anchoring. Yet not a head stirred among the Malay huts. Then Nizam whistled shrilly, and immediately the men came tumbling up from below. I should think there must have been on board nearly three hundred. They were all armed in Arab style with tulwar and pistols, and made a splendid appearance.

In a moment they manned the guns, and at Nizam's order fired a broadside, which made the hills echo for some minutes. It was like stirring an ant's nest with a stick. In a trice the Papuans and yellow-skinned Malays came hurrying out from their sleeping-places, stark naked, but with weapons in their hands. We in the pirogue shot ahead, the wind serving, and anchored close to the shore, shouting to the men not to be afraid, for it was Nizam's salute in honour of Tamula. Immediately twenty sampans dashed into the water, and the Malay chiefs and warriors soon scrambled up the lofty sides of *The Shark*, and found themselves on her deck in presence of Nizam and his crew. I think Tamula's heart must have failed him, for he knew what he had been devising, but he was perfectly unembarrassed, and welcomed Nizam back with the utmost cordiality. Then occurred an act which impressed me more forcibly than any other I had previously witnessed, with the terrible powers of our great chief. The Nizam looked grimly at him, and without further parley ordered his immediate execution! Then he called for his boat and was pulled calmly ashore, ordering myself and Abou to attend him closely, and leaving Abdallah in charge of *The Shark*.

My sensations going up the hill were not the most pleasant, and there was something sticking in my throat which almost prevented me from speaking when Nizam addressed me. He perceived my state of mind, and attributed it to the act of summary vengeance which I had witnessed. This made him treat me all the more kindly, and he chatted in the most friendly, even paternal way. When we arrived at the castle, all the spearmen were outside waiting for him, and they gave him a wild Arab cheer. He passed on in great good-humour to his room, dismissing us with the kindest words and promises of reward on the morrow.

Abou wanted to talk about what we should get, but perceiving my abstraction, seemed hurt at it, and said that a good friend of the Reis should be pleased at Tamula's death, and not shocked. I pleaded my early education, which was too strong for me at the moment, but promised in the morning I would think as he did. So we parted, and I retired to my tower full of forebodings. I could not help thinking that perhaps my clandestine meetings with Fatima might have been witnessed by some slave, or by Nizam's wives, who, for some reason known best to themselves, had allowed the thing to go on. The Arabs are so subtle, so reticent,

you can never tell what a man feels when he is looking at you. His face may wear the kindest, friendliest look, and he may be plotting your death. What would happen to Fatima, whom I adored? What vengeance would her father take? Would he kill her? Or would he be satisfied with my death? I tortured myself pondering these things, and revolving them over and over, lamenting my folly in not carrying off Fatima at the time the pirogue was completed. And in the midst of these reflections I fell asleep.

My dreams were horrid: I dreamed that Fatima was starving chained to the mainmast of the pirogue. I was striving to convey food to her, and Nizam was aiming at me with the great stern-chaser. Again Fatima and I were wandering over a pathless desert dying of thirst. We saw a well, stooping beside which was an old dervish. He presented a goblet of crystal water to Fatima, and as she grasped it, the dervish changed to Nizam, and stabbed her to the heart. I awoke trembling, and found my forehead bedewed with great drops of perspiration. It was still dark, but there was a sighing sound going over the mountains and the sea which told of the coming dawn. I hastily descended to the courtyard, where the sentinels, knowing me well, saluted and allowed me to pass without comment. In the harbour beneath me the forms of the proas along the strand were all dark and jumbled together; but the pirogue and *The Shark* being by themselves, stood clear out against the starlit sky. There was just such a breeze as suited the pirogue. With Fatima on board I could defy the world in arms. But now it was too late. Nor do I hesitate to avow that I was unmanly enough to shed bitter tears at the thought that perhaps I might never see her again.

My head fell upon my breast, and I remained for some moments a prey to despondency. I arose with a start, for I could hear a humming noise like bees swarming in the Malay huts, and could faintly discern movements of small black objects. The Malays were preparing for a night attack to revenge their chief and to pillage the castle. The snake was scotched, not killed. I called a sentry, softly bidding him speak under his breath, and told him to listen. He put his ear to the ground and nodded comprehension. I told him at once to alarm silently all the men in the courtyard, and I would go and alarm Nizam.

The man faltered: 'Sakib, Nizam has retired.'

'I know it; but he must be roused. Obey, and question nothing.'

With this I flew up the stairs, and passed through the little room into the large chamber where we had feasted. I penetrated through another smaller room, and found myself at the curtains of the zenana. To pass here was death. I called loudly 'Nizam!' I repeated the cry several times, and at last Al Reis appeared sword in hand. He looked at me steadily, and heard me without a word. 'Wait,' said he, when I had completed my story. In a few minutes he returned dressed and armed, and descended with me to the courtyard.

The men were bustling about, though with caution. Abou was outside watching.

Nizam listened intently, and heard the murmur of the enemy. He studied for a moment, then led me aside.

'Feringhi, I know all. I know that you love my daughter, and have seen her. Were you an Arab, I would slay you as you stand; but you have other laws, and your ideas of women are different from ours. Now listen. There are, as you see, but few men, and we cannot defend this place against a night attack, because they know its weak points, and their force will be everywhere, and will distract the attention of so few defenders. Swim to *The Shark* at once—at once; if you take a sampan they will hear it. Swim under water; come up to breathe only; and direct them to aim at the Malay town and fire repeated broadsides. At the same time, let a hundred men, well armed, come off in boats and take their position at the bottom of the hill near the jetty. Do this, and we will talk about Fatima afterwards. I do not say that she may not be yours.'

I listened with varying emotions to this speech; at the end I kissed his hand with a devotion that words cannot express, and glided downwards in the darkness to the jetty, dropping into the water as silently as I could. Then I commenced my swim of a hundred yards under water, which, adroit as I had become in pearl-diving, was a comparatively easy task; nor did my head emerge many times before I found myself alongside *The Shark*. I signalled beneath my breath for some time without response, and it was only when I imitated the noise of a fish leaping that the look-out condescended to see me. Mistaking my head at first for a strange fish, he was going to spear me; but when I explained who I was, he threw me a rope.

As soon as I was on board, I hastened to Abdallah, who quickly had the men in the boats and ready to lower away. Then by a little careful manœuvring, *The Shark* was veered round, and presented her broadside to the town. I was in a boat, and fast as we rowed, could see that the Malays would get between us and the castle, though we had such a short distance to row. This would give them the advantage of the hill, but we had that of discipline. They had heard the noise of the boats, and doubtless suspected something, for as it grew momentarily lighter, I could discern that there was a large party just emerging from the town.

We disembarked quickly, hoping to attack our enemies on the hill, before the others could be near enough to render them assistance. But Moussoul would not let his men run, keeping them well in hand, much to my chagrin. My anxiety and impatience kept me at least ten yards ahead, and before I had the least intimation of it, a spear grazed my left arm and an arrow from a sampan whizzed by my cheek. At this I rushed on the foe with my tulwar, old Moussoul giving a fearful yell, and coming on like a trump to the support at a quick run.

In a minute we were at it in the fiercest style, and I lost my common-sense utterly, fighting in the most absurd way, cutting, hacking, thrusting with my tulwar, without using my brains for a moment. Soon in the midst of the mêlée we heard the roar of *The Shark's* guns just at daybreak, as if in compliment to the sun, and the broadside was succeeded by a continuous roar.

There must have been five hundred Malays and niggers engaged against us, and the sheer force of

numbers was gradually thrusting us down the hill, when Nizam himself arrived from the castle, and made an attack on the enemy's rear with such ferocity that he split their force into two portions, one on the side of the hill facing the sea, the other on the side facing the town and the river. We met in the centre, Nizam and I, and joining forces, made a tremendous charge on the enemy, driving them down the hill in confusion. Old Moussoul in the meantime maintained his ground against the others; and on our return we charged them again, and the day was ours. The rout was complete.

By this time it was broad daylight, and we could discern the enemy fleeing into the interior. The huts were all levelled, and there were numerous bodies around them, but the pious and my pirogue were quite safe, the enemy having been driven from them by the firing. Greatly to my surprise, Nizam despatched messengers to the town to hoist the white flag. *The Shark* had ceased firing, and a boat was leaving her steering for the jetty. We went down towards the town, and in fifteen minutes a Papuan came to know the meaning of the white flag. He had been sent by the brother of Tanula, and when brought before Nizam, trembled like a leaf.

Nizam looked at him contemptuously for a moment. Then he said: 'Dog, are your masters satisfied with their war against me?'

The sable envoy's teeth chattered, and he bowed his head in anguish to the ground.

'You are a *Kaba sur* [black hog]; but I blame you not, who obeyed the treacherous Malays, sons of Sheitan, whom I will wipe out. Remain here until evening, and then go back to your friends, and tell the Papuans that Nizam will give ten pounds of rice and ten pounds of the unclean meat for each Malay's head. Abdallah, see that he does not escape.'

The white flag still floated, but no more ambassadors arrived, and indeed both parties knew perfectly well that there could be no forgiveness, and that the war would last to the death. We returned in triumph to the castle, Nizam leaning on my shoulder.

Though Al Reis was a relentless foe, his generosity to friends was a marked peculiarity of his character, notwithstanding the episode I am about to relate.

At the courtyard he ordered his carpet to be spread, and he sat there surrounded by his officers. He ordered Moussoul to bring him all the Arabs one by one, and to each one he gave ten dollars in hard silver; to the petty officers he gave thirty-five; and to each principal officer he gave a handsome doubled of gold coins. To Abdallah, who joined us in a few minutes, he gave a string of pearls from his own neck; to Moussoul a thousand ashras of gold; to Abou the same and the pirogue. To me he gave nothing. I was cut on the forehead with a Malay crease, the blood was flowing from spear-wounds in my arms and legs; my hand was black with the blood that had trickled from my tulwar, and I bore abundant proofs of not having shirked the fighting.

Abou whispered to him: 'And the Feringhi, Al Reis?'

'For the Feringhi,' said Nizam, taking off his slipper with a scowl, and hitting me a violent blow on the cheek, 'there is this!'

A murmur of astonishment went through the people, and I was so beside myself with anger and weak from loss of blood, that I fell swooning at his feet.

LOBSTERS AND CRABS.

PERSONS who are not specially versed in the economy of our fisheries do not realise the possibility of exhausted supplies. They cannot, or will not, think it possible to exterminate any given fish or animal by capturing and killing it indiscriminately, till it falls below the power of reproduction, and ultimately becomes extinct. 'Our inshore lobsters are annually becoming smaller, whilst men have to proceed to greater distances to capture them.' This was written in *Chambers's Journal* for August 2, 1873; and these crustacean delicacies of the table having further diminished in size, it has been thought necessary to hold an official inquiry into the cause, so that a remedy for the scarcity may be devised. Once upon a time, and at no very indefinite period, lobsters, as a rule, were much larger than those now sent to market; they were also cheap compared with present prices. How comes it, then, will be asked, that lobsters are so much dearer and smaller than they were a quarter of a century ago? Knowing what we know now, through the inquiry lately prosecuted, and from other sources of information as well, the question is not difficult to answer. The most obvious fact of the situation is, that we are, in a sense, eating more lobsters than we breed! This may appear rather a startling way of putting the case, but it is undoubtedly the true way. Knowing the lobster, like other crustaceans, to be enormously prolific, it never seems to occur to the public that it is possible to affect the supplies, no matter how vast the consumption may be; and now, when the stern facts of failure in number and decrease of size have become patent, wonder is expressed at the facts, and doubts entertained of the cause.

It is much to be regretted that no official statistics of the number of lobsters which are annually brought to market are taken, and the same expression of regret may be applied to the want of a record of our supplies of all kinds of sea-produce. Those who are interested in the prosperity of our fisheries—and who is not interested!—can only guess at the quantities which are annually consumed. Fortunately, as regards the lobster we have a foundation on which to form an estimate of the total number eaten in Great Britain and Ireland, and the yield of this portion of the harvest of the sea is really remarkable. The rocky islands and coasts both of our own and other waters far and near, are laid under contribution to provide the British public with its lobster supply. From Norway and from Sweden, from Helioland, from America, from the coasts of France and Ireland, from Cornwall and the Channel Islands, from the Orkneys and the Hebrides, are brought most of the lobsters which grace our banquets. It became known, from the fact of the trade in lobsters being mostly in the hands of one firm, that, twenty-five years ago, as many as from fifteen to twenty-five thousand lobsters would be signalled to London in one day. Observe, these lobsters were not at once forwarded, otherwise the market would have become so glutted that a serious fall in the price

would inevitably have resulted; hence, intimation only of their capture was forwarded, and the stock kept ready for use as it might be required; in the same way as the living cod-fish caught in the North Sea are now stored in the harbour of Great Grimsby, in perforated boxes, to await the orders of London and provincial salesmen.

The calculation of the number of lobsters annually used in London, as a basis for an estimate of the total number consumed, was some years ago ventured upon, and the result arrived at was, that one million two hundred thousand of these toothsome dainties were used in the Great Metropolis. There is no reason to assume that the estimate formed was exaggerated; and as the population of London may be now set down as being one million more than it was when that census of lobster consumption was taken, an addition to the supply—notwithstanding the growing scarcity—of three hundred thousand may be safely made to bring it up to date; making the lobster consumption for the cities of London and Westminster and their suburbs at the present time a million and a half! It may be accepted as a fact, that the quantity of salmon eaten in Scotland is equal to the quantity consumed in London; but the same calculation will not hold good in the case of the lobster, because English people have a greater partiality for 'shell-fish' of all kinds than the Scotch. It would, however, be a very moderate estimate to allow for the use of Scotland and Ireland a million of lobsters per annum; nor would it be in the least an exaggeration to say that provincial England, in other words Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bradford, and many more populous places, eat as many lobsters as Scotland and Ireland; say, then, another million—making in all an annual consumption for the United Kingdom of three and a half millions! These estimates are supported by the knowledge that we derive from Norwegian and other foreign fisheries a third at least of our supply. In addition to consuming all the lobsters which can be obtained, London and other large towns of England delight in eating crabs, shrimps, and other crustacea. It may be mentioned that at least one million crabs are eaten every year in the modern Babylon; and as for the shrimps, whelks, and periwinkles annually consumed, it is scarcely possible to estimate the quantities. These figures seem enormous, but a little inquiry will demonstrate that they are within rather than beyond the mark.

As we have indicated, the crab, which may be called the poor man's lobster, has also been having a bad time of it. Its excellence as bait, now that mussels have become so scarce, is very likely to lead to its extermination, unless a gauge of size be speedily adopted. The demand for this crustacean has always been, and still continues to be, enormous; any number of crabs could be used in London and the other populous cities and towns of England; indeed, if it were possible to double the present supply, large as it is, eager customers would be found for all. There are many large stretches of crab-ground in the Scottish seas, and from all these localities the same tale is told of decreasing supplies. The crabs sent from Dunbar to London are so small that they are known among the dealers as 'Dunbar bugs,' and the price obtained for them is very trifling. As a further index to the crab supply of the Great Metropolis, it may be stated that one dealer is

in the habit of receiving daily twenty barrels of small crabs, each barrel containing two hundred. After all expenses are deducted 'on the transaction, the fishermen only receive the miserable return of four pounds sterling for the four thousand crabs contained in the twenty barrels. Many of the Scottish fishermen think that the capture of crabs might cease with advantage for six months in the year, and that none should be brought ashore which do not measure four inches across the back. In the course of the recent inquiry into the state of the crab and lobster fisheries, much interesting information was obtained regarding the natural history of these animals, to which we shall not further allude at present than to state as regards the lobster, that it may be found in prime condition at one place or another from John o' Groat's to Land's End every day of the year!

Hitherto it has been thought impossible to exhaust, by any amount of industry or ingenuity, the living things which inhabit the sea. 'Look at the enormous fecundity of all our fishes,' say those who think exhaustion impossible: 'the cod-fish yields its eggs in millions, while all other fishes are equally prolific; it is therefore impossible to over-fish.' These persons forget that the enormous power of reproduction with which fish are endowed is subject to constant casualties, that millions of ova are lost in the ravaging waters, and that what are left resolve at last into a very small percentage of mature fish. In the case of the salmon, which is, comparatively, a well-watched animal, it has been estimated that only one in a thousand becomes a full-grown reproductive fish; while as regards the herring, it is known that, in addition to the millions which are annually withdrawn from the shoals for the use of man, vast numbers are eaten by cod and other fish, as well as by various sea-birds which have their habitat on our rock-bound coasts and islands. It is doubtless to withstand the enormous demands which are made on its powers of reproduction, that each female herring has been endowed with the faculty of annually depositing twenty or thirty thousand eggs, because no lesser number could keep up the supply. The oyster, too, is vastly prolific, but it is an undoubted fact that oysters have become scarce, and are now very dear in price, which has doubtless arisen from the circumstance of the natural scalps being so overredged as to render many of them unproductive.

The fecundity of the lobster is well known. A fair specimen, say of three-and-a-half pounds in weight, yields about six ounces of ova, each ounce containing from five to seven thousand eggs. Let us say, therefore, that a sizeable specimen will produce thirty thousand young ones, if all the eggs should come to life. At that rate of production it apparently only requires some two hundred and fifty parent lobsters to yield the ova necessary for the lobster supply of Great Britain and Ireland. There are, however, other enemies than man which prey upon the lobster. The 'berry' or spawn forms a palatable meal to countless numbers of sea-animals constantly on the watch to feast upon it, and knowing with keen instinctiveness the time at which a supply can be obtained. The denizens of the sea know no better than to prey upon each other; the great ones eat the small ones without any compunction, and the ova of all are devoured

indiscriminately by all. Better behaviour might, however, be expected from the most intelligent enemy of the fish; but, on the contrary, man throws the whole weight of his superior cunning and ingenuity into the scale, and captures fish and crustacea at the most inopportune seasons. It is, for instance, when the herring is full of spawn that the greatest number of that fish are captured; and just as, long ago, men dining on salmon used to insist upon having a supply of the 'pen,' as the roe was sometimes called, so the cooks of to-day insist upon being supplied by the fishmonger with 'hen' lobsters, having a plentiful show of the 'berry,' which they use to colour their sauces. One dealer in shell-fish is known to have collected and disposed of as much as ten pounds-weight of this spawn in a season, which quantity would represent the destruction of eight hundred thousand embryo lobsters; and if throughout the kingdom there are two or three hundred salesmen, each furnishing a similar supply, they will help to play havoc with this fine crustacean. It may reasonably be estimated, from what is known of the salmon, that not five of the eggs deposited by the lobster ever reach the market as full-grown individuals. The three millions and a half of lobsters consumed in the United Kingdom represent a vast bulk of food; and when we take into account that France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany draw their lobsters from the same sources that supply Great Britain, it will be at once apparent that the productive force of the animal great as it undoubtedly is—is being overtaxed, that, in short, our crustaceans—we include crabs as well as lobsters—are being so over-fished as to bode ultimate extermination.

On this point, convincing evidence has been obtained; the combined testimony of the witnesses examined tends to prove that the lobsters now brought to market are only about half the size of those obtained about twenty years ago, and that the greatest industry is required to capture as many of the small specimens as it was then possible to obtain of the large ones. One witness, and he may be quoted as a type of those examined, told the Commissioners, in the course of his examination, that whereas he used to capture, thirty years ago, from a thousand to eighteen hundred of these animals every year, he cannot now obtain above four hundred. 'I attribute the falling-off in the take,' says another witness, 'to fishing all the year round for great and small.' It was also given in evidence that the smacks which came from London thirty years since to collect the lobsters fished on the north-east coast of Shetland, used to return home with from twenty to thirty thousand lobsters! The price then paid was sixpence, sevenpence, and eightpence; more than double these prices have to be paid now, and for smaller lobsters. The supply of this member of the crustacean family obtained annually from the Orkney Islands does not now exceed sixty thousand, whilst formerly more than double that number was collected. One man who gave evidence on the subject said that he had sold upon one occasion as many as a thousand small lobsters at half-a-crown each; the price usually paid to the fishermen is now one shilling and sixpence, and those under four-and-a-half inches in the barrel are taken at the rate of two for one.

It is proposed, as a remedy for the falling-off in

the supply, to establish a close-time; but as to how such close-time should be arranged, there is considerable diversity of opinion. The proper time to abstain from taking fish of any description is when they are engaged in reproducing their kind. During that period of their life salmon are watched with jealous care, and heavy fines are very properly inflicted on poachers and others, who capture these fish when they are in their gravid condition; moreover, at that period of their life fish are least fit to be eaten, because all the elements which conduce to the growth of their flesh are diverted to the formation of their eggs. In so far as many people prefer the herring, cod, &c. when full of roe, so it was stated by various witnesses who gave evidence as to the falling-off in the supply of our crustaceans, that when it is in 'berry' the lobster is in its best condition for food, and that, whatever the close-time, it should not be such as to prevent the capture of 'berried hens.' Under these circumstances, it will be somewhat difficult to solve the problem of a remedy for the decrease in size and the falling-off in the supplies, and perhaps the best mode of settling the question would be to institute a law making size the index of capture. If no lobster were to be legally saleable till it had attained a given size, say of seven and a half inches in length, a better state of matters would very speedily be inaugurated, and lobsters become as numerous and as large as ever they were. There could be nothing to prevent the observance of such a law, seeing that lobsters are taken alive, and that they could be easily restored to the water when found to measure less than the legal standard. The sale of spawn ought likewise to be prohibited, till such time at least as the average size of all lobsters attain the statutory dimensions which have been indicated. It will be a thousand pities if the lobster has to be added to the catalogue of our extinct animals; and such a contingency may not be so remote as some imagine, for if in the course of a quarter of a century the average of size has fallen from eight to four and a half inches in the barrel, another twenty-five years of wasteful fishing may so reduce it in size and numbers as to render it unproductive. In any case, what we have stated goes far to prove that the lobster and the crab are in danger.

WEDDINGS AND WAKES.

ANY ONE who has lived amongst the Irish people will know that, with them, love is by no means an overmastering passion. The instances of crime committed with love as an incentive, are rare; you seldom hear of Pat stabbing his sweetheart in a fit of jealousy, or pommelling his more fortunate rival to death, as is the case elsewhere. In general, and particularly in the north of Ireland, marriages are arranged in a cool, mercenary spirit, which does not leave much room for romance. They are generally conducted by the fathers and mothers of the contracting parties, in the presence of either the landlord or agent, and the scenes—as we attempted to shew in a recent number of this *Journal*—are sometimes in the highest degree comic. The parents haggle over the terms of the agreement, without the slightest regard for the feelings of the young people, who are looked upon as so much live lumber. A pig, a cow, or a sheep, has often been

the cause of breaking off a match nearly concluded; even a goose has been known to turn the scale. Very lately, in a certain province in Ulster, a well-to-do farmer had for some time been dividing his attentions pretty equally between two fair ones—one a widow; the other, the only daughter of a rich pig-jobber. The cause of the gentleman's vacillation was, that each of the candidates had the identical qualification—a cow and two pigs. The matter was at last decided by the girl's father throwing in a *bween* (young pig), which at once decided the matter, and the widow was non-suited.

A friend told me an amusing anecdote of two of his tenants who were arranging a marriage between their respective children. Both were wealthy cattle-drivers, and the matter in dispute was not beasts, but hundreds. After much haggling over the terms, the matter ended by the father of the young man saying: 'Give another hundred, and faix be my soul, you may dirty the boy.' I add, for the information of those who do not know the custom of an Irish fair, that when an animal is finally sold, the buyer always rubs a piece of mud on its quarters; this is called 'dirtying the baste'; hence the apropos expression of the drover.

The ladies are not exempt from a strong desire to make a good bargain, and can look after their own interests with great zeal; an instance of this happened in the writer's own family. A female servant who had been a fixture for many years suddenly announced her approaching marriage. She was elderly and very plain, but was known to have laid by a good bit of money; consequently it was supposed that her money, not herself, had attracted the suitor; but she was strenuous in declaring that his means were to the full as good as her own. The wedding was given at her master's house; and on the day appointed, the bridegroom and his friends arrived. Every one was ready to start for church, when suddenly a hitch occurred—the bride laid down her marriage portion on the kitchen-table, and called on her future husband to produce his. It was not forthcoming; and on this, Biddy stoutly refused to fulfil her engagement. No entreaties would induce her to move one step, till she saw the money down: promises wouldn't do; ocular demonstration she *should have*. The mortification of the farmer was so great, that every one joined in trying to mollify the indignant *fiancée*. But no other answer could be got from her but: 'Ah, good sir, shure, he hasn't the property.' It was all in vain. The discomfited swain had to return unmated; and the obdurate Biddy died in single-blessedness. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that these marriages, which ape closely the *mariage de convenance* of our French neighbours, are unhappy unions; far from it. Although Pat is not particular in the matter of looks or age, and will pass over a pretty girl in the heyday of her good looks, to take 'an old piece,' as they phrase it, with a comfortable acre of land for the potatoes; still, once he is tied up to the matrimonial rack, he makes the best of husbands; no wandering from his allegiance. As a general rule, the wife reigns supreme in an Irish cabin. Even when the 'dhrap' is in, he seldom if ever beats her, and cheerfully surrenders into her keeping nearly every farthing of his earnings.

In a rather retired part of the south of Ireland, near to the once famous Skibbereen, a curious and not uninteresting custom prevails, called

'Shraffing.' It takes its name from Shrove (otherwise Shrafft) Tuesday, on which day a regular matrimonial 'Tattersall' is held, where all the 'likely boys' and 'girls' in the parish are on view, and all the 'matches' in the year are made. For days before, there is quite a stir in the neighbourhood; and a twitter runs through the entire female population. There is a universal stitching and buying of ribbons; every girl you meet on the road holds out her hand for a 'sixpence;' and you can't speak to a domestic servant without her hanging out signals of distress. Indeed, there is this objectionable side to the proceeding, that it disorganises one's establishment; for just as you have caught and trained a neat-handed Phyllis for yourself, she is sure to be pounced on and carried off by some of the coast-guards, who always attend the shraffing from the fishing-village near at hand. The shraffing is in itself a pretty sight, and would furnish a subject for the pencil of any wandering artist, if such came that way. The girls stand in a row on the village green, under the spreading branches of a fine old copper beech-tree. There is every expression on their faces—anxiety, curiosity, timidity, dull stupidity, sharp shrewish interest; and here and there you come on such a pretty country beauty, with that indescribable half-arch, half-shy look in the eyes which MacIse has caught in perfection. At a little distance are clustered a lot of shame-faced-looking men—the boys, as they are called—all in their Sunday suits, and evidently ill at ease, eyeing with some distrust the superior attractions of the coast-guards, who are like the red-coats, favourites amongst the ladies. But that in reality matters little, as the real conduct of the affair is in the hands of 'the powers that be,' the fathers and mothers, who haggle and quarrel over their respective children, sometimes breaking up the negotiation abruptly, and carrying off either son or daughter, as the case may be, as they would an unsaleable beast from a fair. Of course, little bits of romance crop up here, as elsewhere; cases of Money versus Love, and young hearts sold to the highest bidder, just as they are in a Belgravian drawing-room. By-the-bye, what wouldn't our fashionable mothers and worn-out chaperones give for a shraffing to be held once a year in Hyde Park; how much trouble and expense it would save; and what glorious fun it would be to see the Countess of D. — and old Lady Mantower having a hand-to-hand fight over the persons of Lord Fitznoodle and the Honourable Emilia!

Another advantage in this mode of arranging marriages, and which, doubtless, would find much favour with ladies of the Mantower class, is, that no time is allowed to timorous lovers for repenting of their rashness. Execution follows promptly upon sentence, otherwise agreement between the parties; and delays are considered dangerous, as the six weeks of Lent are at hand, during which a fast is imposed upon matrimony, as upon other good things. I remember, on one occasion, after a shraffing, meeting a disconsolate fair one on the road sobbing as if her heart would break. She happened to be on ordinary occasions a particularly bright-eyed specimen of Irish beauty, so the change was the more remarkable. I couldn't pass her by in her sorrow, and accordingly accosted her with: 'Why, Peggy, what's the matter? Is it possible that the boys have passed you over? Never mind; better luck next time.'

'Och, shure, thin, your honour, it's not that at all. Shure, I have me boy all settled; it's Micky Byrne, your honour, as likely a boy as ye iver set eyes on. Och, oh, oh, oh!' And the sobs burst out with renewed vigour.

'Then what's wrong, Peggy?' I asked sympathisingly.

'Ah, thin, shure, neither of us have the half-crown to give his rivrence, and we can't be married till after the harvest; and och, what shall I do, what shall I do?'

Here was a case for real charity; I could not keep my fingers from my pocket; and Peggy went away happy. Mr and Mrs Mick Byrne are now a thriving couple, and Mrs Byrne never omits her annual offering to the state.

In many parts of Ireland, most of the matches were made (and still are) at wakes. This unnatural mixing of the living and dead is to us very revolting; but a writer in a contemporary magazine has made a great effort to defend the practice. He says it is a common plan to 'vary the periodical wail by a little mirth, jollity, and courting,' and that nothing *can* be more unjust than to brand the Irish nation with want of feeling for doing what is only in accordance with the natural law of human nature, which rejects a continuance of sorrow. In a state of greater simplicity and absence of conventional usage, the writer contends we would all act alike; and in proof of this, he draws an analogy between the lower order of ancient Greeks, who had much the same customs in regard to their dead as the Irish. He acknowledges, however, that he cannot excuse 'the extreme case of a man (whom he knows personally) who proposed for his second wife *at the wake of his first*.' There are other things besides this extreme case which grow out of the custom—that is, the excess of drink and the amount of superstition, which in some parts are equal to pagan rites—such as putting money into the hand of the corpse, and a lighted pipe in the mouth, making it walk about, &c. The application of the dead man's hand to a sore or wound is considered efficacious; nor are there wanting instances of cures said to have been effected in this manner.

There is no doubt that the custom of waking or watching originated with the Irish in an affectionate feeling towards their dead relatives, whom their natural kindness prompted them not to desert, as it were, nor to leave to the attacks of evil spirits, who hover, in their fancy, round the body to do it an injury; hence the lights and holy-water. This same idea, in almost an identical form, prevailed in Cleveland in Yorkshire, where, indeed, it is only just extinct. The 'lyke-wake,' or 'late-wake,' was here maintained sometimes for a few days after the body was laid in the grave, and there were more superstitious practices than even in Ireland.

In addition, says another writer, to the lights and the holy-water, a plate of salt was put on the breast: these were held to be efficacious for the watcher as well as the dead; above all, the door was always either wide open, or carefully closed, lest some fearful apparition should enter. The reader of *Guy Mannering* will remember Meg Merrilies opening the door *wide* when she was busy in her ghastly ministrations about Dirk Hatteraick's corpse. She also chanted some diabolical verse, something similar to the lyke-wake

dirge which is sung in Yorkshire, but which properly belongs to Cleveland :

This ae night, this ae night,
Every night and alle,
Fire and fleet and candle-light,
And Christe receive thy saule.

In parts of the north of Ireland there was at one time, some forty or fifty years ago, a rather romantic custom, that when a very young unmarried woman died, her coffin should be carried by young girls only, to the graveyard. As this was situated perhaps fifteen miles from where she had lived, it was arranged that the bearers should be changed every second mile; and on these occasions there was generally an escort of running volunteers, who in this way often did their thirty miles in the day. This custom was called 'shifting the coffin;' and a good many marriages were the result of these excursions. The lower order of Irish have an inborn taste for funerals; and in the amount of honour done to the departed, they lose sight of the actual loss they have suffered.

'Och, shure, thin, it was a fine berryin; there was a sight of people and a power of cars,' is as great a eulogium as can be accorded to any man, and will quite console the survivors; and the reverse: 'Och, thin, he didn't lave enough as would berry him decent.' In fact, they think far more of how they are to be buried than of keeping life itself. The poorest and the most improvident lays by something for his or her own wake; and I have myself known cases of paupers in the hospital wards who were accumulating under their pillows a little store, to save the disgrace of a parish coffin; that being the greatest and last misfortune that could befall them. Douglas Jerrold was much struck by this phase of the Irish character; and it is he, I think, who tells an affecting story of a young girl whom he found in a cabin busy at her needle. 'I see you take in plain-sewing: this is some bridal grandeur,' he said, taking up what looked an elaborate night-dress.

'Tis no wedding grandeur,' replied the girl proudly; 'shure, 'tis my own shroud. Let life bring what it may, plaze God, I'll have a decent wake.'

Mr Disraeli said once, that the vast ocean which surrounds Ireland makes the Irish 'a melancholy people.' Perhaps it may in some measure account for this morbid tendency, which is a national characteristic; but I would rather think that with them, as in all artistic natures, tragedy and comedy touch very closely, and that quick sympathy in either joy or sorrow comes readily to them.

THE SLAVE AND THE COOLIE.

THE difference between the slave and the coolie is given by Mr Cooper in his book entitled *A Lost Continent*. It is a distinction, but with scarcely any difference, as the hardships of either class are distressing to contemplate. When Mr Cooper writes of *A Lost Continent* he alludes to Africa, which is nothing less than a slave-mine, from whence human beings are drawn to enrich unscrupulous traders and supply eastern civilisation with its chief luxury. Herein lies the secret of the mischief and difficulty of the problem attending slavery and its suppression. So long as the

demand exists, the supply will continue. It is almost hopeless to expect that the African will be permitted to remain in his own land so long as Mohammedan nations regard labour as degrading, fit only for slaves. With this strong prejudice against work, it is not surprising to find that they are only too glad to purchase their fellow-creatures as substitutes, while unscrupulous traders are never lacking where the reward promises to be handsome.

It is now three centuries since the African slave-mine was first sprung by Christian hands, since when more than fifty millions of slaves have been driven from it, out of which Dr Livingstone declares that not one in five, and in some instances not one in nine, could have reached his destination. The loss of life, therefore, can be computed at something enormous—sufficient to warrant Mr Cooper in naming the continent of Africa as *lost*—for of the survivors of these fifty millions it is known that rarely has there been a second generation among the slaves, and never a third. Sir Bartle Frere, who has taken such an active part in the suppression of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa, suggests as a remedy, that Christian countries should signify to the slave-holding countries Turkey, Egypt, and others—that, until they relinquish slavery, they will not be admitted into the brotherhood of nations. The Khedive, it is believed, would gladly see slavery abolished in his dominions, but he is held in check by the fear of injuring the more opulent of the European mercantile and financial class in Egypt, who make enormous profits out of the present state of things.

The Portuguese on the east coast, who are supposed bound by their government to suppress the slave-trade, evade their responsibilities in the following cunning manner: They employ Arab dhows under an Arab flag; thus, if discovered, the Sultan gets the blame. When they send slaves by any of their own vessels, they resort to the device of shipping them as 'free negroes,' and furnish them with passports; thus evading detection. But the poor slaves themselves, when questioned, all tell the same tale—how they have been stolen, dragged from their homes and families, and sold and bought several times over. The price of a slave in Turkey is from thirty to fifty pounds.

Slavery as we know, is not alone confined to eastern nations. It is carried on to a large extent in Brazil and Cuba. We are given a peep at slavery as it exists in the latter place by an eye-witness, Captain Trench Townshend, who describes how he saw, when visiting a sugar-plantation, 'fifty or sixty negro children, from six to twelve years old, of both sexes, piling the canes on the elevator which conveyed them to the crushing-wheel. Toiling away for their very lives in the broiling sunshine, the poor little wretches kept a constant eye upon a formidable cow-hide whip, wielded by a negro, who stood ready to crack it across their backs if they were idle or ate the sugar-cane. When he left the children to visit the negro barrack, the narrator passed two ferocious Cuban blood-hounds, which are trained to run down and attack negroes only. The negroes' rooms he describes as filthy horrible dens, about fourteen feet

square, walls black with dirt, and no means of admitting daylight or air except by the door; a wooden table, bench, and bedstead, the sole furniture; the remnants of a filthy blanket on the bed, while the worst filth covered the floor; furniture and walls being alive with vermin. In each of these pestiferous dungeons lived a whole family in a condition more foul and degraded than any beasts of the field. The imported African seldom lives longer than five years. 'Eighteen hours a day for six days out of seven under a Cuban sun is horrible brutality, and soon wears out even the magnificently powerful frame of the African, whose strength is kept constantly exerted to its utmost efforts by the lash of the slave-driver.' 'What I saw of slavery on the Cuban plantations filled me with horror of the institution, and quite did away with my previous leaning towards it in the milder form,' says Captain Townshend.

Thus much for the poor African slave. Now let us glance at what Mr Cooper calls 'a new slave-trade, which has sprung up within the last forty years under the name of immigration.' In other words, the coolie. The immigrant is not actually sold at first, like the slave. He is made to sign a contract, whereby he becomes the property, *de facto*, of another; and as this other man's property, he can be sold by him as though he were a slave. In fact, 'What is the price of coolies to-day?' is as common a question among those who deal in them as the price of stocks would be on 'Change.' Captain Townshend, whom we have already quoted, says: 'Though the fate of the poor African slave in Cuba is horrible, that of the unfortunate Asiatic who is serving under contract struck me as even more pitiable. The wan face, feeble frame, and dejected looks of the wretched Chinamen were absolutely painful to see.' Having enjoyed the blessings of freedom in his own country, the poor Chinaman finds it is lost as soon as he has signed the contract and gone on board ship to a distant land. On reaching Cuba, he shares the fate of the negro slave, against which he rebels very often, and either runs away or engages in some trade in the large towns, or wanders at large forlorn and heart-broken. It is against the law to subject him to the lash or sell him, but the law is set aside in either case. The coolie signs a contract for seven years, at the end of which time the government lays hands on him, keeping him still a prisoner; 'so that not even after seven or more years of slavery does the unfortunate Chinaman regain his liberty.'

But if the coolies are hardly treated in the islands, they are inhumanly dealt with in Peru. In twenty years ninety thousand of them perished; and the death-rate on the passage from China to Peru in the immigrant ships has been twenty-five per cent. They are hired to labour in the guano-work, and are goaded to action under the lash. The negro overseers are armed with the lash of four plaits of cow-hide. The weapon is not put into requisition until towards the end of the day—about four o'clock—when the strength of the coolies begins to flag, and they shew signs of falling short of their allotted task, and the punishment then undergone is too harrowing for description. It is little short of murder.

The truth of treatment such as this existing in Peru has been fully borne out by men of note. Sir Charles Wingfield says: 'The fate of the imported coolie is abominable. . . . There is a

military force to guard them, and to crush any violence to which despair may drive the most timid of men. Hope of escape, save by death, there is none; hence suicide is a common practice regularly estimated in the probable cost of the labour supply.'

Mr Thomas, the American Minister at Lima, says: 'I am prepared to say that the treatment of these unfortunate Chinese, thus forced violently from their homes by the landholders of Peru, by whom crowds of them are employed, is more harsh than that to which the slaves in the United States were formerly subjected.'

In the list of property for sale, coolies rank among the pigs and horses and oxen.

And now a word as to the nature of these 'contracts,' which the victims so ignorantly sign. Bishop Patterson gave it as his opinion that it was not possible for any trader to make a *bona fide* contract with any of the natives (speaking of South Sea Islanders); contracts therefore are frauds. The government of the United States does not recognise them, and made it felony for American ships to carry coolies under labour-contracts in any part of the world. They are wholly unnecessary inducements, as the Chinamen, as we shewed in a former article in the *Journal*, are only too glad to better their fortunes, and make excellent immigrants. But they will not work as slaves, especially when they find that they have been deceived and have fallen into a pit for seven years, from which there is no delivery save by enduring a cruel bondage, rather than suffer which many prefer death.

The accounts from Peru, as late as a year ago, shew no diminution of their sufferings. In a letter which Mr Cooper gives in his Appendix, dated May 1875, it says: 'They are driven from their lairs before daybreak by a brutal black-fellow on horse-back, who follows them as the whipper-in does a pack of hounds. They start away without food, and about eleven or twelve in the day a cob of raw maize is given to each one; or, in some cases, nearly a pound of boiled rice. They are kept at work for the rest of the day, and after darkness has set in they are permitted to return to their lairs. Before being dismissed, however, they are given another cob of corn. With no other food they frequently get ill, when they are removed to the hospital—a bourne from which, according to subsequent description, no patient ever returns—to die. As soon as their first term of contract is over, they are re-entered upon the estate, and this is repeated over and over again to the same man, if he happens to live. The survivors, in fact, are given the names of those who die, and who, had they lived, would have had several years more to work before the expiration of their term. Thousands commit suicide on the various guano islands; as many as ten or a dozen in a morning find the opportunity of jumping from some high place into the sea.'

These are a few of the facts culled from Mr Cooper's book, which might be aptly termed a tale of horrors. We read of the slavery of the Israelites in Egypt, and many of us, at our ease, look upon that time as an historical epoch which could find no parallel in later times; but a glance at these recorded horrors, which rival any that have preceded them in the world's history, shews that our advancement has yet to progress to a higher

point, and that our civilisation cannot lay claim to perfection until we have risen as a nation and invited others to follow, in setting the oppressed ones free.

CATCHING TARTARS.

A RUSSIAN OFFICER'S STORY.

'You English talk about "catching a Tartar,"' says Lieutenant Dmitri Sobolyoff, as we sit at the open window of Anton's Hotel, in the main thoroughfare of Orenburg, watching the camels filing across the road to the great market-place, and the bullet-headed children, with the flat, fallow face and narrow eyes of the genuine Tartar breed, rolling in the dust of the street below. 'You English talk of "catching a Tartar," but with us in Russia it's just the other way—in all our stories it's the Tartar that gets caught himself. We haven't forgotten their conquest of us in the thirteenth century; and to this day, in Kazan and the other towns of the Volga, where there are many of them, you'll see fine fights every now and then between the Tartars and the Russian workmen. And as for stories—why, I wouldn't mind betting that, the first jest-book of ours that you open, you'll light upon half-a-dozen anecdotes of a Tartar being taken in by a Russian. Do you know the one about the two horses? Well, a Russian and a Tartar were crossing the steppe together, the Tartar mounted on a fine black horse, the Russian on an old broken-down white one. When night came, the Tartar proposed that they should watch turn about. "Not I!" says the Russian; my horse isn't worth stealing, and I don't care whether they steal yours or not!" and with that he lay down to sleep. Well, the Tartar, who was a lazy fellow, and didn't much enjoy the idea of watching all night by himself, proposed to exchange horses; which was done. Thereupon, to his great dismay, the Russian very coolly lay down to sleep again. "What now?" says the Tartar. "Why?" says the Russian, "what's the good of my keeping watch now? the robbers won't see my black horse in the dark; but they'll see your white one fast enough!"'

Encouraged by my approval of this time-honoured Russian joke—though I have heard it said that white objects, such as white-painted ships, are, in reality, *less** recognisable in the dark than black ones—the lieutenant calls for another glass of cognac, and sips it with true national gusto.

'We, however, use the term "catching a Tartar," in a metaphorical sense,' observe I.

'Ah! just so. Well, I've seen some pretty good cases of *that* too; and, curiously enough, the most perfect of all was an adventure that happened to myself, about two years ago. Would you like to hear it?—You're sure you won't have some cognac? Well, 'pon my word of honour, you're the first Englishman I ever met that wouldn't take liquor when it was offered him! You'll have a glass of tea though, at all events!—Waiter! a glass of tea for this gentleman.

'Well, I was in St Petersburg the winter before last, and a fine time I had of it there. *That's* the

place for a man to live, instead of a hole like this, where there's nothing to do but to drink cognac, and smoke *papirossi* (paper cigarettes), or sit on the boulevard and watch the Ural flowing past underneath! That winter, I do believe, I was out every night—balls, dinners, the opera, the French theatre, and what not; and as for cards—why, I lost a thousand roubles (L.150) in one week! Ah! those were the days if you like!

'Now, I ought to tell you if you weren't in St Petersburg that winter—that, just about that time, there was a great to-do about street-robberies. There are always plenty of them, every winter, for that matter; but at this particular time there seemed to be quite an epidemic of robbing. One fellow, in particular, seemed to have a regular system of his own; he used to take an *izvoshchik* (cabman), and make him drive slowly about the streets after dark, till somebody came in sight with a specially good fur cap on; and then, while the cabman put his horse to the gallop, the thief would lean forward, snatch off the man's cap as he passed, and be out of sight in a moment. However, he caught a Tartar at last; for a man who had heard of him, went out one night with a new fur cap tied on tightly; and when the thief clutched at it, he seized him by the wrist, whisked him out of the drosky on to the pavement, and gave him such a thrashing, that every limb of his body was as soft as *kasha* (buckwheat porridge).

'But this was not all. For now there began to get abroad strange tales of people who had gone out to evening-parties and never come home again of cabmen with rich furs and silks found in their possession, which they couldn't account for—of bodies discovered under the ice of the canals—and other tales of the kind; till at last there was a regular panic, and no lady would stir out alone after dark. As a matter of course, while all these pretty stories were going about, they revived, for the hundredth time, the old tale of a lady being put under the ice of the Moika Canal by a cabman, and her husband happening to recollect the number of the cab, and tracing the man out by it. I've heard the tale myself at least fifty times, and there's no more truth in it than in the *History of Bova Korobéitch* (a mythical Russian champion); but people will believe it, for all that.

'Well, as you may think, when these things became the stock subject of talk throughout the whole town, the fellows at our mess must have their say about them too; and, after a time, they became a regular subject of dispute with us after dinner. Most of the subalterns—and I myself among them, I must confess—pooh-poohed the whole thing, and said it was nothing more than a big hoax, got up to take in people who knew no better; but the older heads among us, who had seen such things before, thought otherwise. They allowed that there might be a good deal of exaggeration about some of the stories; but, nevertheless, they maintained that these rascalities were going on, and that it was no use saying they were not. At last, one night, when the argument had run pretty high, our senior major, a battered old fellow, who had been all through the Crimean War, said to me very quietly: "Well, you'll begin to believe in these things when you get a taste of them yourself." And so I did, too, as you shall hear.

* A knowledge of this fact has, we believe, been frequently taken advantage of by blockade-runners, who to lessen the risk of capture paint their ships white.—Ed.

'That was a great winter in St Petersburg for fancy-balls—things that I am very fond of, for you can get more sport out of them than anything else I know. Dozens of times, for a wager, I've gone to one in some queer disguise, and not one of my comrades, though they were all there, could find me out; and rare fun it used to be next day, when I repeated the things they had said in my hearing, and watched their faces of astonishment.

'Well, one night, just after the New Year, there was a grand fancy-ball at Princess P—'s, and some of our fellows were invited, I among the number. A famous evening we had of it; and it wasn't till two o'clock—the very dearest and loneliest time of the whole night in fact—that I started to go home.

'Now, I should tell you, that, as my luck would have it, I had just bought a new *shoob* (fur coat) the day before—a regular first-class Siberian, glossy as velvet, and covering me right down to the heels; so that, what with that, and what with my fur cap and collar, I was regularly rolled up like a parcel, and proof against any frost in Russia. But, unluckily, other people have eyes for good fur as well as one's self; and the moment my cabman got *his* upon this new *shoob* of mine—worth a hundred and fifty roubles, good, if it was worth a kopeck—I saw them glitter like fire. Just for one moment—I can't deny it—the old major's warning came back to me rather unpleasantly; but I laughed it off, scrambled into the sledge, and away we went.

'There were two ways to get to my quarters—one rather long, but passing through well-frequented streets; the other somewhat shorter, but going past one of the great burial-grounds, through the very loneliest part of the whole town. I took it for granted, of course, that he'd go by the frequented way; and, indeed, being rather tired with having been on my feet all night, I fell asleep before I could see whether he did or not.

'All at once I was awakened by the sledge stopping suddenly; and the first thing I saw when I looked out was the great black waste of the burial-ground right ahead, with the white graves glinting here and there in the moonlight. Not a living soul in sight, not a sound to be heard; everything was silent and lonely as if we had been in the middle of a desert. Then the fellow turns round to me, and says roughly: "Get out!"

"Whatever do you mean?" asked I, pretending to be very much frightened.

"Get out," says he, "this minute!" and he jumps off the box and catches hold of me.

'Now, before I go any farther, I must tell you that the character I had assumed that night was that of a *demon*—horns, tail, black face, fiery eyes, and all; and really I looked a very grisly object! I got the idea out of a book written by your Captain Marryat—I forget its name.

'*Midshipman Easy*, suggest I.

'Ah, that's it; *Midshipman Easy*. Well, when the fellow caught hold of me, I scrambled out of the sledge in a helpless kind of way, as if I were frightened out of my wits. He seized my coat by the collar, and threw it open, my cap falling off at the same time; and there I stood revealed in all my terrors, as grim a demon as ever breathed fire, with a face as black as ink, and eyes flaming like live coals!

'I've seen many men frightened in my time, but never anything like that fellow! For a moment he stood like a statue, with his eyes starting out of his head; and then he gave a yell that you might have heard a mile off, and fell flat on his face as if he were killed; and I sat down on the rim of the sledge, and laughed till every grave in the churchyard ha-ha'd in answer.

'However, I had something more to do than to sit there laughing; so, as soon as I got my breath again, I bundled the fellow neck and crop into the sledge, got on the box myself, and drove as hard as I could pelt to the nearest police-station. When I got there in my diabolical guise, I created almost as great a sensation as I had done with my friend the cabman; but the whole business was soon explained, and when they heard the story, there was such a laugh that it almost tore the roof off. The fellow who took down my evidence could hardly write for laughing; and when the poor cabman himself began to come to again, the first thing he saw was my horned head and fiery eyes hanging over him in a glare of firelight, and roars of infernal laughter making the air ring; whereupon he fainted again, worse than before.

'I didn't want to be hard upon the poor chap after the fright I'd given him; but the inspector said that now that the thing had got to such a height, an example *must* be made, and he would see that the fellow got his deserts; and so he did, too. But from that night forward, our officers never called me anything but "Izvoshchikoff Strakh" (the cabman's terror), and I haven't got rid of the name yet.'

THE TORTURE OF BEARING-REINS.

The severe bearing-rein as used by coachmen generally is nothing more nor less than horrible and needless torture to the poor suffering horse—torture while in harness, and the cause of internal maladies when he is put back into his stall for food and supposed rest. If there is one thing more opposed to natural health than another it is the increased production and then the waste of the saliva which is so necessary to the functions of the body. Who ever saw a horse in a field foaming at the mouth? Who ever saw a properly bitted hunter do so when ridden to hours in an easy bit and obedient to a light hand? I never saw it, nor do I think that any one else has seen it; therefore, to begin with, the position of the carriage-horse's head, gagged with a bearing-rein, cut of place, and that profusion of saliva ever falling from the mouth, must shew something essentially wrong. The perpetually tossing head arises from the fevered state of the poor animal, and his consequent attempts to get rid of an irritating infliction, and not from the vulgar idea of a fiery wish to be put in action. Of this I am certain, that the less artificial constraint you put into a horse's mouth the better. The less you encumber his graceful limbs with lumber in the shape of harness the better. The freer you keep his limbs and his respiratory organs the longer he will serve you, and the greater will be the labour he will perform for you.—*The Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley.*

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ROUGH SKETCHES FROM THE HEBRIDES.

IN THE LEWS.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

MILE beyond mile of undulating expanse of peat-bog, overgrown with saturated moss and grasses that wave mournfully in the wind, and brighten to reddish gold in the fitful gleams of sunlight. Gray, scattered, fantastic masses of rock everywhere push their barren summits up through the black dank peat and scant herbage, where here and there spring isolated tufts of purple heather, or of the delicate pink variety with its pale swaying bells. Everywhere the earth is moist, and gleaming with dark, peat-stained, stagnant water. Noisy brooklets and trout-streams run sparkling in their winding course, now foaming over loose rocks and pebbles, now flowing silently between miniature cliffs and chasms of gray cold granite, and now gliding through the half-liquid bogs, piled with their many peat-stacks. Tiny lochs or tarns nestle in every hollow and at the foot of every crag, gleaming white and cold wherever the eye may rest, and glancing far away to the horizon; or their many waters, lashed to fury by the wind, which drives and whistles pitilessly over the sterile land, break in foam-crested waves and clouds of spray on their stony mimic shores. Not a tree to be seen; not a shrub, not a flower. At long uncertain intervals are a few groups of wretched, beehive-shaped, straw-thatched huts, many of them windowless, most chimneyless; a solitary farmhouse, surrounded by scant strips and patches of cultivation; a lonely school-house. In the faint far distance, pale and blurred and purple against the mist-hung horizon, rise range beyond range of the lofty Harris Hills. Save for the moaning of the wind and the dull thud of the Atlantic breaking on the shore, which is dimly discernible in the near distance, an absolute silence reigns; for here no bees hum, no birds sing, and the occasional mournful cry of a sea-gull or curlew is the only reminder of the feathered race. A few small herds of sheep or West Highland cattle grazing the

sweet scanty grass, and tended by bare-legged children; and an occasional group of two or three women or girls carrying on their backs great baskets full of peat, are the only signs of life.

Looking at these girls, with their sweet, fair, wind-bronzed faces and tawny hair, their supple shapely limbs and picturesque dress, one wonders how their lives flow on from year to year in this wild land of desolation; and what can be the sensations, events, and interests that fill up their lives, passed so far away from the din and turmoil of cities, and suffice to satisfy their minds and hearts. How perfectly these beautiful girls harmonise with their wild surroundings and stormy wind-blown skies. The rare gleams of sunshine glance in the blue of their eyes, deepen the rich glowing red of their cheeks and lips, and glorify the tawny gold of their hair, seeming to pour out upon them the sun's love as well as his light and warmth. The wild wind that wakes the sea to snow-crested beauty; that whirls over the treeless tracts of gold-tipped grass, low bent beneath its breath; that drives the massy clouds faster and faster through the changing sky, for ever renewing the shadows that chase across the mountains, striking in infinite variety the chords and harmonies of each exquisite tint and colour, now darkening the blue to purple and gray, now brightening the brown to rose, the green to gold: this wild northern wind seems to claim these girls for its own, and lends its aid to increase their simple beauty, for it wraps them in its rude embrace till their graceful limbs stand sculptured beneath the short, dark-blue clinging petticoat against the dull blue background of the hills and skies, the moving folds of their short skirts leaving bare the symmetry of their limbs and well-turned feet and ankles. The very baskets, peat-laden, which hang suspended from their shoulders by a belt of plaited straw, which is passed round their chests, add richness of tone and picturesqueness of outline to them and to the rugged landscape behind them.

The fiery beam the sun sent earthwards to tinge the hills and the grass with a fleeting radiance,

and to convert the innumerable lochs into seeming bits of bluest sky, is dying out; the gray clouds gather closer and hang lower, blotting out the distant heights; and the wind whistles shriller, and brings with it driving, drenching, blinding sheets of mountain mist. Two women walking fast beneath the burden of their peat-filled creels grow fainter; the red of their head-kerchiefs and the blue of their skirts melt away into the blurred distance and disappear. The surge bents angrily on the rain-washed shore; the whole dreary island is a uniform gray, without form, and void, seeming only to hold a place on the earth at all in the likeness of a dim shrouded ghost.

A bare-headed, half-naked little child runs by me, its small feet pattering over the sodden ground, its little rosy face washed clean. I stop it and ask the way to some shelter, for all sign of huts has disappeared. The mite looks at me with big perplexed blue eyes; one hand finds the way to its mouth, the other to its head; it speaks no English; so I smile and nod good-bye, and on it trots, the bare pink legs and arms gleaming in the wet; and I follow along the dripping road till the little figure turns into a low dark doorway, and I enter close behind. The darkness is so great within, that for a minute or two I can see nothing, but soon the ruddy glow from the peat-fire illumines the room and its occupants. I am in a long, tolerably lofty shed, whose slanting roof is thatched with straw fastened down by ropes, to which are attached heavy stones. There is a double thickness of wall, the inner of peat mud, the outer of large, loosely piled stones, on the top of which grow grass and moss, forming a narrow grassy path round the building (if it can be called such), just below the sloping roof. There are neither windows nor chimney, the smoke from the fire finding an escape through various holes in the remarkably well-ventilated roof, through which the continuous drizzling rain is freely entering, making little pools all over the smooth-frodden mud floor. The shed is divided into two parts, the smaller end being the common sleeping-room, and the larger being appropriated as general house-place by the whole family, which comprises two cows, two sheep, and a score of ducks, and hens, and chickens, the latter clucking and pecking all about the floor in company with several small children and a baby. The door and the position of the fire make a rude division between the biped and quadruped occupants of the establishment.

As I stand wet and forlorn in the doorway, looking in, a woman rises from a wooden bench in a dark corner, and comes towards me, inviting me to enter and take shelter in a soft musical voice. She is very tall and slight; and in the flickering brightness of the firelight I see that she is handsome, with a dark gentle face and large soft eyes. I see also that she is weeping, and at the same time I hear a stifled sob from some hidden region in the darkness beyond. Murmuring an apology for my

evidently ill-timed intrusion, I am turning to go, when the woman lays her hand on my arm, and says: 'It is raining ferry heavily; you had better stay whatever.' I hesitate still, not wishing to intrude on any private trouble, but a gentle 'You are welcome,' decides me to take a seat on the bench. A broad iron pan or 'girdle' is suspended over the fire from a hook fastened into the roof, and on it is a large oat-cake baking. I am very hungry as well as cold and wet, which sensation is perhaps visible in my face as my eyes rest on the crisply browning cake, for a girl, with tawny hair and brown eyes that have evidently not long been free of tears, rises from an opposite corner and brings me a large piece of the oat-cake from the pan; and while I am gratefully eating it, at a sign from the elder woman, she goes to the other end of the shed and returns in a minute with a glass of milk.

'You are in trouble?' I say presently, gently arresting the woman's attention by laying my hand on hers, as my ear catches another stifled sob from the room beyond.

'Yes,' she answers, wiping her eyes; 'it is in the herring-fishery. Seven of our lews men haf not been heard of whatever; there haf been awful storms here, and off the coast by Aberdeen, and seven men haf not come back at all. One of them wass my daughter's kaddie; and to-day it is she wass to haf gone home to him in Stornoway as his married wife, and now'— And she hid her face and wept, but continued presently: 'My own boy wass to the fishing, but he, thank the dear Lord, is safe whatever.'

I had heard of those storms and of those missing men; and as I thought of the poor young girl and her sad wedding-day, and heard her subdued sobs from the sleeping-place, I felt inclined to weep too. The child whose pattering little feet had led me to this shelter came towards me with puzzled wide blue eyes, and pulling at my dress, held up to my mouth a piece of oat-cake, as though eating were a panacea for all woes; and at the same time the baby, who, tired of rolling about with the chickens, had wandered to the other side of the fire, and got turned over by an amiable sheep possessed of an equally inquiring mind, which had come up to take a look at the stranger, set up a most dismal and prosaic howl. His mother dried her eyes and sprang after him, sending the too adventurous sheep bawling away; and in her motherly indignation that her baby should have been treated so, set to work scolding and cutting the children all round, till all was confusion and babel. Under cover of the general excitement, and feeling myself in the way, I stooped down and kissed the boy at my knee, slipped a florin into his chubby hand, said good-bye to the pretty girl who had spoken to me, thanked the mother, as she paused an instant to take breath, and left the hut, vehemently shaking my garments, and offering an inward prayer that I might be leaving that hut alone, as I entered it. The

rain has ceased now, and the mists are slowly rising. Before going away, I cannot resist the temptation of peeping through the rude hole which forms the bedroom window. What a sleeping-place for a large family! No table nor chair, no carpet, no hanging of any sort, no convenience for washing. A plank supported on two stones; two beds let into the wall like ship-berths, and covered with old patch-work quilts, under which I can see the frayed edge of a dirty blanket; and a small square of distorting mirror nailed to the wall, compose the entire furniture of the room. On one of these rude beds lies a girl with her face turned to the wall. I can see she is not asleep by the convulsive heaving of her breast; her hair is loose, and is hanging bright and long over the faded old coverlet. I can just see the outer half of a brown eyebrow, a large tear-swelled lid, and long thick brown lashes; a rather thin but finely moulded curve of cheek and chin; a small ear, and the long line of the sun-burnt throat, with the snowy neck below; a red handkerchief lies loosely above the waving hair, and the dark-blue petticoat is short enough to let me see the round brown limbs and pretty feet. Between her hands lies an open Bible. Poor child! She is very young to suffer so, but fortunately Time heals most wounds; and perhaps some day she will find happiness with some other fisher-lad, and will live to make his simple home bright and to hear his children call her mother. I go away picking my way through the slushy road, with my heart heavy for those I am leaving behind, and thinking pitifully of the many dangers encountered by the men who ply their perilous trade on the storm-tossed waters of the Hebrides; and when again I see the 'caller herrin' I shall know why

Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them *lives o' men*.

Not an hour since I had been wondering vaguely what could be the interests, pains, and pleasures that serve to fill the lives of the women who live in this desolate dreary land; and now I feel that I have indeed been answered. This little tragely is as a wide open door through and by which I can see down a long vista of simple joys and sorrows, terrors, anxieties, happy endings to long suspense, tragic death-blows to hope, tender love, and domestic happiness. I see now that buried away though they are from the great outer world, with its strugglings and strivings, successes and failures, affluence and misery, still they cannot cut themselves adrift from humanity, but must bear the cross or reap the blessing in common brotherhood with all human lives.

I walk on past Garrynahine with its pretty hotel, principally resorted to by lovers of the gentle art; past the lovely loch that lies at the foot of high rugged hills, and looks towards the open sea with its deep-blue glance, on along the bog-bordered road for two miles to the old 'Druidical temple' of Turnachan Callernish (the place of pilgrimage on the Bleak Headland), where it stands on a grassy rising peat-knoll commanding a wide view of sea, lake, and mountain. These giant stones stand in the form of a long shafted irregular cross, branching from the four sides of a double circle, within the inner of which is a rude kind of altar sunk in the ground. Until the year of the famine they were

raised only three or four feet above the ground, and then, in order to provide employment for the starving inhabitants, Sir James Matheson, the owner of the entire island, had the surrounding peat cut away to the depth of thirteen feet, the tallest stones being now seventeen feet above the peat. Their effect is most imposing and weird, rising fantastic, tall, and gray from the green-clad peat; and seen by moonlight it must require a very slight stretch of fancy to imagine them the grayly draped, majestic forms of the ancient Druid priests, standing there stiff and motionless as frozen stone, keeping a jealous watch for ever, over the dreary land where they once held sway and where they worshipped their ancient gods. The wild wind murmurs and whistles, and moans round and through them, and the shifting shadows thrown by the masses of scudding rain-clouds play over and about them till they seem to be swaying, and turning, and whispering in a strange unknown tongue.

At last I leave them behind me, and retrace my steps on past Garrynahine, with its wild lone beauty, past the barefooted children that have followed me from their various beehives; past the little manse, and the school, and the doctor's house, back through mile after mile of loch-studded boglands; past the little mound, surmounted by its cairn of stones, where tradition tells of a foul murder committed; back past the spot where a skeleton was found in the bog; past the islanded loch where two girls were drowned whilst resting from carrying their peat-creeks; back and on, while the mist descends more densely than ever, sweeping heavily across the skies, and the hills, and the grass, and blots out me and the dreary landscape together.

THE ARAB WIFE

A TALE OF THE POLYNESIAN SEAS.

CHAPTER X.—APOSTASY.

WHEN I awoke from my fainting-fit, my head was pillowed on the lap of Fatima, who was bathing my wounds. The wives of Nizam were present; and on looking round I found that I was actually in the zenana, probably in Fatima's room. Fatima was unveiled, but the others were so swathed that I could only see their large dark eyes. I did not know exactly what had passed or was passing; but soon I remembered, and despite the presence of the veiled females, I flung my arms around Fatima, who returned my embrace with equal ardour.

Nizam made his appearance. 'It is death by our law for a Christian to see an Arab girl unveiled.'

For the life of me I could only respond stupidly: 'Is it?'

'You have seen Fatima unveiled. What must be done to you?'

I replied stolidly: 'I must die, I suppose.' I remembered what he had said, but did not recall it to him, being too proud; but I looked it.

He said: 'Yes; I promised you life and my daughter, and I will keep my word; but the law must not be broken.'

Even then I was so stupid that I could not see what was coming.

He repeated: 'The law must not be broken. If a man who is not a believer look upon an Arab woman, he must die, or' (here he smiled at me) 'become a believer and marry her.' Having delivered this ultimatum, he smiled again, and beckoning to the veiled ladies, departed, leaving me alone with Fatima.

I was quite wide awake now, and observed that my fair companion was beaming with uncontrollable joy, and ready at a moment's notice to display her transports. Seeing that I looked bewildered and unhappy, she became seized with sudden timidity, and waited anxiously for what I might say.

'Fatima,' I commenced, 'I must die, or give up my religion.'

She glanced at me from under her beautiful long eyelashes, but said nothing. Never had she looked to greater advantage.

'Fatima,' I continued, passing my arm round her yielding waist, 'it is hard to die so young, especially when one is beloved; do you remember our first meeting?'

She never spoke, but gradually pressed closer to me, until her head was reclining on my shoulder and her breath fanned my cheek.

I went on: 'Do you remember how you told me of your mother, and how you wished to be a Christian, and besought me to teach you the tenets of your mother's faith?'

She never spoke, but her bosom heaved tumultuously; she encircled my neck with one arm, and with the other sought for my hand, which she pressed passionately.

I still continued: 'Do you remember how you promised to worship as I worshipped, to eat as I ate, to live as I lived, Fatima?'

Surely the wit of all her sex was in her at that moment. Had she entreated me, I would have insisted on being a martyr; had she prayed me with the tenderest words to obey her father, I am certain that I would have made fine speeches, and shouted to Nizam to take my head. But the girl was actuated by such a pure love for unworthy me, that instinctively she comprehended the danger of any opposition. Her tongue did not speak; but her eyes, her beauty, her pleading arms, spoke the sensations of her heart. She pressed her lips to mine suddenly with an ardour that astonished me, and sank back swooning, overcome by the vehemence of her emotions.

Feeling somehow that I was to blame for having thus wrought upon her susceptibilities, I strove to restore her to consciousness, and was rewarded with the most bewitching smile. I caught her, and pressed her in a transport of uncontrollable love to my heart, crying: 'Dear one, you said to me that you would worship at my shrine, and partake of my cup, and would be wholly mine, for love's sake. Now hear me say that since the Fates have ordained it, I will worship as you worship, and will partake of your cup, and will be wholly yours.'

I cannot depict the rapture that ensued. Far rather let me plead in extenuation of my apostasy, that I was very young, that I had never been properly imbued with religious feeling, that I was desperately in love, and that Fatima had completely humoured me by giving me no chance for

heroics, and by fanning to the utmost my tenderness for her.

Nizam entered shortly, whereupon Fatima coquettishly assumed her veil.

'Well, Feringhi, do you accept the conditions, and marry my daughter?'

'I do, Al Reis; and let me say that in giving me Fatima you bestow on me a jewel that I could never deserve were I to live a thousand years.'

'She is a pearl, a veritable Taj Mahal!' responded the gratified father. 'And she has made a convert to our faith, by which the whole household will inherit Paradise. My son, come with me, for I have much to say and to hear from you.'

I accompanied him to the little audience-room; and we sat there for many hours arranging the preliminaries of my new life. It was arranged that I should go on a cruise with Abou, accompanied by a Mohammedan teacher he had brought from Oman, and that instruction in the faith should be then imparted. Next he gave me the history of his adventures with the cargo, which he had sold to great advantage, my share coming to twenty thousand ashrats of gold. Then he questioned me as to the papers; and I gave him a list of Dutch words which I had compiled from them, but at the same time explained the impossibility of the task, and recommended opening the casket with a cold chisel. This, however, he would not hear of, but said we had a lifetime before us, and chance might favour us.

In my turn, I asked that I might have the writing-desk of the Dutch captain to keep the papers in; to which he cordially assented; and gave me besides whatever I might choose among his stores, or in the cabins of *The Shark*, for the fitting up of the pirogue, which he agreed should be named *Fatima*. We had the mid-day meal together, and parted on the most cordial terms, my conscience light as that of the lover who has obtained a father's consent.

I sought Abou and told him the news; whereupon my good old friend threw himself into my arms and embraced me so joyfully that it took away my breath. It was a purely unselfish delight, for Abou was Nizam's right-hand man, and might have been excused for feeling jealous; but he, on the contrary, felt the greatest pleasure at the news, and had an attachment for me of which I was unworthy, and which I fear I repaid after a poor fashion in the end. I told him Nizam's generous offer about fitting out the pirogue, and he promised to see after it all, and to bring the writing-desk on board as well. Released from these cares, I returned to Nizam's room, and consulted with him as to whether I might see Fatima during the few days that intervened before we set sail. But my future father-in-law explained that such a thing was perfectly impossible, not to be thought of for a moment, and that I would not see Fatima again until the moment of the marriage ceremony. He proposed, seeing disappointment in my face, that we should inaugurate a hunt after the Malays; but I pointed out to him that in the wood that stretched beyond the mountains, the arrows of the sumpitans would be more deadly than our pistols, and that the game was not worth hunting anyhow. So he dropped the idea, and left me to my own resources, which were extremely limited. Having nothing better to do, I whiled away the time by committing to memory, and afterwards copying in

Arabic writing, one of the poems of the Moullakat which Abdallah had recited to me; the third I think it is, about a love adventure of Antar. This, with stepping down a few times to the ruins of the Malay town to see after the Papuans, filled up the longest, slowest days I ever spent.

The Arabs waited until Friday, which is with them supposed to be specially lucky, and is indeed their Sabbath, though they make no difference between it and other days. On that auspicious day, *The Fatima* sailed on her first cruise, with myself as the nominal commander, though Abou had real charge, as indeed it was his vessel. The wind was from the north-east, which would have been bad for a proa, but *The Fatima* could sail within five points of the wind, and accordingly could get along by making a short tack and then a long one, which brought us satisfactorily out of the channel. Then we crowded all sail straight for the coast of Burmah and the Straits of Malacca.

The Fatima had one great advantage over the proas in her appearance; she looked like a French lugger, but was incomparably lighter, swifter, and more buoyant; and the spars were made of light material that would never break, and could be easily handled by two men. A crew of three could take *The Fatima* anywhere. She was flush-decked; and by battening down the hatches of the fore-cabin and the cabin, not a particle of water could get in; and we could defy a typhoon in the open ocean. We had a wheel to steer with; and the arrangements below for cooking and comfort were as great as in some merchant-vessels. Our capacity for stowing away cargo was considerable; and in short the pirogue was really worthy of the affection with which we regarded it.

We ran along under full sail, making extraordinary speed, and gliding along in a ghost-like sort of way. But the wind, which at first had been quite gentle, increased shortly after we lost sight of Celebes, and soon blew a regular gale. Our craft behaved delightfully, climbing up the waves and racing down them without effort, riding the water like a storm-bird. But the Papuans whom we brought to row the sweeps in case of a calm, by no means liked the look of things, and evidently thought we were crazy in not taking shelter under the volcanic islands that were far to leeward. But greatly to their horror, though the wind increased, we kept steadily on, until even the Arabs began to look a little white at matters. At last the man at the wheel left it, refusing to steer unless we changed our course and scudded before the wind. I took the helm myself, and ordered him and the others to go below and sleep. Abou seconding this, they retired, though evidently in great dudgeon. The wind went down towards evening; and when they came up again they were somewhat ashamed to find the vessel all right, the sea going down, and the sun setting in peaceful splendour.

Abou was steering, and Abdallah, who was with us, came up and complimented him upon the pirogue, which he owned was a perfect marvel. On the third day we sighted a square-rigged vessel, coming evidently from some port in Hindustan, and making for a Chinese harbour. The wind was light and variable, and only the lighter sails of the stranger were drawing, the heavy canvas

of the topsails and courses hanging idly against the masts. But *The Fatima's* sails being of fine material, except the foresail, which was of the strongest stuff we could find, drew splendidly, and we glided onward rapidly, nearing the ship in an oblique direction, as if we were steering for the Irrawadi.

I was lying on my carpet on the quarter-deck, and Abou issued directions, Abdallah acting as his second in command. We soon were within speaking distance, and the stranger hailed us: 'What ship is that?'

Abdallah nodded to me, and I shouted back: '*The Fatima* of Sarawak, bound to Bombay.'

'What's your cargo?'

'Palm-oil and seed-pearl.'

'Will you take letters to Bombay?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then come on board.'

Both steersmen having the same intention, *The Fatima* glided alongside, and was secured at once to the ship. I stepped on board, for the adventure promised to be curious, and was welcomed by the captain, who told me his ship was the *Moulmein* of Bombay, bound to Canton with opium. He asked me to step into his cabin, and produced sherry and biscuits; but I excused myself on the ground of its being Ramadan, which indeed it was. If I had tasted anything, of course I must have spared them, which would have been false to my Arab friends, and ruin to all my selfish hopes.

The captain seemed surprised at my English; but I told him that I was born at Delhi, and had served in the Irregular Horse. While we were speaking, and he was complimenting my excellent English, there arose a tremendous yell and the sound of fierce fighting. He excused himself to me, and was about to rush out, when I tripped him up and told him he was a prisoner. He struggled fiercely; but I was too strong for him, and during the scuffle that ensued, he fell heavily on the cabin floor and became insensible.

Taking the precaution of binding him securely hand and foot, I emerged from the cabin with the captain's revolver, discharging the barrels as I came on, and slinging the pistol itself at the head of the chief-mate, a great raw-boned Scotchman. Before he could recover himself, I drew my canjeer with my left hand, gave an Arab yell, and charged the line of sailors who had formed near the fore-cabin. Being seconded by the pirates, I drove them into the fore-cabin, and then and there announced to them that if they would surrender, we would content ourselves with the cargo; but if they did not come out and submit to be tied, we would burn the ship.

Upon this they came out submissively and gave up their weapons, and being asked if they would help in unloading, they said they would; so we did not tie them. The opium was in large whitish balls about the size of a Dutch cheese. It was not packed in boxes, but loose; so that the more hands we had the better. In consideration of this assistance, we did not plunder the fore-cabin, but ransacked thoroughly the cabins. I secured a chronometer, thermometer, barometer, quadrant, and set of charts, which I had wanted badly. There was a little money, but so little, that I thought it belonged to the captain, and so left it where I found it. But we took cooking

utensils, table-cloths, a sofa, a table, and the square big hammock of the captain; and then, finding that there was not much more to take, we bade them farewell, having loaded with as much opium as we could conveniently stow, though more than half remained in the vessel's hold.

Abou, Abdallah, and I then held a council of war as to what should be done. We were then steering for the Straits of Malacca, and going none the worse, it seemed, for our heavy cargo.

Abdallah remarked: 'If we get back to Gezireh with opium, we shall not get thanks from Nizam.'

'Well, bnt,' I replied, 'this is Abou's boat, and Nizam only gets a share as chief. And Nizam can take it to Bishire or Mohammedah, or even Bombay, if it comes to that, in *The Shark*, and dispose of it there.'

Abou said: 'Can't we sell it ourselves?'

'Of course we can,' cried Abdallah. 'Let us go to Shin' (China).

The idea was not a bad one. And our course was altered accordingly. The vessel we had plundered soon spied us coming back, and evidently imagined we were going to make another attack, perhaps for the sake of completing the plunder. We could see them busily wetting their sails, and doing their utmost to get away; but we passed them peaceably, the pirogue going wonderfully fast in light winds.

Soon the wind increased a little, not enough for a square-rigged vessel, but just enough to allow *The Fatima* to shew her best pace; and we made a quick passage without adventure to the mouth of the Canton Harbour, or, as it is called, the Boco Tigris. Numerous pilot-boats came out and wanted to take us up, but we steadily refused, without giving any reason for our conduct. The fourth pilot was not so readily repulsed. He put his finger to the side of his nose: 'Me sавce youce pigeon.'

'What do you say?'

'Me sавce whatee got shippee; no papers gottee, opium gottee; all same me pigeon.'

I nodded assent.

He chuckled. 'Wait piecee. I go bring gentleman fixce you pigeon.' Saying this he darted into his boat and made for shore.

Abdallah and Abou were very curious as to what had passed, and I explained, and added what I had heard at mess, that opium was not a legal commodity in China, and that it had to be smuggled in.

Before nightfall we were hailed by a long rakish junk, rowed by a great many oars, that came down the stream with marvellous speed. From this craft we were boarded by an American, who offered us so many taels for all the opium we had on board, assuring us that he would run it through on his own responsibility and with his own craft. He certainly looked at our vessel with surprise, but he asked no questions.

I consulted with my friends, who said that we had better not take Chinese silver, if we could get American or German; so I asked him if he would mind paying in dollars. 'Not the least,' he said; in fact, he preferred it.

So we accompanied his junk to a small island behind Macao, the Portuguese settlement, where the transfer was made in four trips; and departed with a very handsome sum in bright silver. Inflated with this lucky venture, Abdallah wanted to

continue the cruise, but I reminded him that there was somebody waiting for me in Gezireh who would not thank them for prolonging my absence.

This argument was conclusive; and we returned to Gezireh, my instruction in the Mohammedan faith having, I fear, been sadly neglected!

SINGING ROUND THE WORLD.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

To finish off their musical excursion in the southern hemisphere, the Kennedies visited New Zealand, which involved a sea-voyage of some fourteen hundred miles from Melbourne. The power and quality of the steamers render this not a difficult undertaking. The passage was, however, rough; and at the end of three days it was a relief to come in sight of the towering peaks of the middle island of New Zealand. The landing was at Port Chalmers, in Otago, from which a railway-train speedily took the party to Dunedin. This thriving modern town, which dates no farther back than 1818, appeared to rise 'in a grand amphitheatre at the head of the harbour, with a picturesque lofty background of bush-covered heights. The town seemed a great wave of streets washed up against the hills, with houses dispersed like spray among the wooded hollows around.'

As Dunedin was settled mostly by Scotch, the Kennedies had arrived in the midst of a population ready to give them a hearty reception. They sang the songs of the old country to delighted audiences. People vied to be acquainted with them. They had consequently opportunities of acquiring a good knowledge of the place. Their concerts lasted five weeks, ending in Burns's birthday, January 25, 1871—a long time, considering the size of the town; but one peculiarity of the colonies is, that public entertainments run longer than in England or Scotland, because, as we presume, the novelty is greater. The party were struck with the prevalent air of industry and substantial wealth. 'Many of the early settlers are now in the character of successful merchants, and have retired, or are retiring, in favour of their descendants. The shopkeepers are all in a steady way of business. As to the working classes, they are in a land of plenty. Every man can clothe, feed, and educate his family, and have something to spare.' From the comparative scarcity of labour, wages are high. Domestic servants 'can save money and dress handsomely.' But that, we beg to say, they can generally do at home if they have a mind. It is gratifying to have the evidence of Mr Kennedy that no poor people are to be seen in Dunedin. 'There is,' he says, 'none of that poverty verging on starvation which is so painful to see and hear of at home.' Doubtless, one reason for this agreeable state of things is that the foul demon intemperance has not yet eaten into the vitals of the community.

The party spent six weeks in travelling through Otago. As the province is as yet provided only

in a partial way with railways, the dependence was on 'a red-bodied, yellow-wheeled coach, with a staunch-looking team of four horses,' furnished by a coach proprietor, who likewise provided a careful driver. At Tiapeka, the oldest gold-field in the province, they found a large number of well-dressed Chinese, walking about with their fashionably attired English wives, and who had apparently a relish for singing. At the concerts, they invariably occupied the very front of the front seats. Occasionally, the party encountered immigrants who, being unsuitable, ought not to have left home. 'One day a man was mourning the lack of employment, but he turned out to be a glass-eye maker!'

At a place called Popotunoa, they were the guests of a hospitable clergyman, and to help his infant church, they gave a concert, the only eligible hall for the entertainment being the barn of a neighbouring sheep-station. Everything was very primitive. 'The seats were planks laid upon bags of grain, and an open loft with sacks of chaff served as a gallery. On the platform, which was a few boards covered with carpets, stood a table with a globe-lamp, and on our small travelling piano bloomed a neat bouquet of flowers. The audience soon assembled. We saw the folks coming across the moorland, through the long grass—men, women, lads, lasses, mothers, children, shepherds, servants, and people on horseback. Every shepherd brought his "collie" with him, so that the barn swarmed with dogs. The horses were tied outside. The barn was not brilliantly lighted. Chandeliers were made of crossed pieces of wood, each with two holes, into which candles were placed.' As the chandeliers were neither level nor very steady, some inconveniences were experienced, but trifles are not minded in matters of this kind, and the concert gave unqualified satisfaction. The only untoward event was the howling of one of the shepherd's dogs, which got its head accidentally jammed in a round cat-hole in the door—the yell it set up coming in awkwardly during the pathetic singing of the 'Land o' the Leal.'

The party at length got to Invercargill, which has now a railway reaching to a port at which steamers arrive from Melbourne. Thence they went to Winton, where, by permission of the inhabitants, they gave a concert in the schoolroom. In the course of their travels they reached Christchurch, the capital of Canterbury. Here, though mainly settled by English, the Scottish songs were as highly relished as in Dunedin. Wellington, Auckland, and a number of other places were successively visited. Often the roads were so bad that some suffering was experienced; but on the whole, the party, who took things philosophically, enjoyed themselves, and were pleased with their musical success. Of the magnificent scenery and geological phenomena there are pretty full accounts, but though passages are well worth quoting, we pass them over for want of space.

The Kennedies left New Zealand with deep

regret; their last words being, that they shall never look on its like again! Their object was next to visit San Francisco; but to do so, they had to go a long way round about. First, they went to Melbourne, and then to Sydney, whence, in June 1875, they proceeded in a steamer which had to call at Auckland. Looking at a map, it will be seen that the voyage from Auckland in a northerly direction is right through the groups of small islands which dot the Pacific Ocean, and that the Sandwich Islands are situated in the route to California. The vessel in which were the party of Scottish vocalists had a delightful run to Honolulu, the capital of Hawaii. 'All was sunshine and pleasure. A meeting was held in the saloon, and an entertainment committee elected, which subdivided itself into a concert-programme committee and a dance committee. During the day of the concert the programme was tacked up outside the cabin, with such notices as "Boats and life-buoys may be ordered at ten." The entertainments were held sometimes in the saloon and sometimes on deck, according to the temperature. Nearly all the passengers could sing, and our little piano was brought out of the hold for the occasion. Like the concerts, the dances were a great feature.' As in all English sea-going vessels, Sunday was kept with due reverence. Morning service was held in the cabin. The captain read the Litany, the purser officiated as clerk, and a good choir was organised among the passengers. The trip from Auckland to the Sandwich Islands occupied sixteen days; the thermometer at no time standing at more than eighty-three degrees. Time went swiftly on, and the Kennedies look back on this as a bright spot in their lives. The vessel remained at Honolulu only a day or two to take on fresh passengers, and then proceeded on the voyage to San Francisco. The journey from Australia by way of Honolulu and San Francisco is fast rising in favour, but it is expensive, as in the circumstances it can hardly fail to be. In thirty-one days in all from Sydney, the party of Scottish vocalists arrived at San Francisco, ready for the excursion across America from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

Plunged into the whirl of affairs in California, the party visited various places at which there are monster hotels, of which we have some amusing descriptions. Then, they went off eastward by the cars, taking Salt Lake City, the capital of Mormondom, by the way. Pushing along amidst all the imposing scenery of the Rocky Mountains, the party are sufficiently shocked with the relentless spirit of American advertising. The grandest points to be admired are stuck over with pulls in huge letters of some article recommended to purchasers. 'Admiring a high peak, our eyes rested on "Dyspepsia Pills"—falling into raptures over a deep ravine, we were shocked with "Vinegar Bitters"—meditating on the grand vista of precipices, we were told nothing equalled the "Patent Horse Oil"—and while noting the beautiful effects of light and shade, we were suddenly

called upon to "Try the Rising Sun Polish." Business has robbed even the Rocky Mountains of romance. The train, too, has its vagaries. Going steadily along a rolling prairie at the modest pace of twenty miles an hour, there is suddenly an incomprehensible stop. The engine-driver leaps off, with a tin can in his hand, and makes a "bee-line" for some spot on the nearer rising ground; the conductor follows him in double-quick time. Then, from out the long stretch of cars swarms an eager crowd of passengers, armed with bottles, pannikins, jugs, tumblers; and snatching up a cup, we stumble and dash over the hollow and knoll, till we join the throng that gathers round the centre of attraction—a soda spring! The demand for drinks in a dry and exhausting atmosphere is overpowering. Every train carries cans of water for the passengers, and the temptations presented by a soda spring are of course irresistible.

The party turn aside to visit Chicago. The throng in the Bunkum Hotel was awful. In the dining-hall no fewer than three hundred persons. The waiters bring what is ordered by the guests: 'Involuntarily we hear the order given by a gentleman sitting near us—"Bring me fried smelt, roast-mutton and jelly, keff head, pork and beans, squash, mashed turnips, boiled rice, tomatoes, potatoes, and a cup of coffee!"—the lady beside him adding: "The same for me!"' At these dinners there is a large consumption of ice, in the use of which the Americans are proficient. From experience, we can testify to this, as also to the commendable feature, the almost entire absence of beer, wine, or spirits in the dinners at American hotels, where any drinking of alcoholic liquors takes place separately in the bar or general lounging-room. There is no difficulty in either getting to or departing from Chicago, for two hundred and fifty trains arrive and leave every day. By one of these the party proceeded to Detroit on the St Clair River, and were ferried across, locomotive, train, and all, to the Canadian shore. Once more in British territory, the Kennedies felt at home, and there was before them no end of singing if they liked to pursue it illimitably. Travellers in Canada must reckon on the vicissitudes of climate. We can remember the alarm we experienced at London, not far from the river St Clair, when the snow began to fall on the first of November. At the same place the party of vocalists awoke on the last day of October and saw the ground white with snow. Winter is no doubt a jolly time in Canada, but not always satisfactory to those who have to travel to distant places in the midst of a snow-storm. Still, by means of sleighs, on one of which the little piano was securely fastened, the party prosecuted their singing operations. Defying weather, and with prodigious pluck and animal spirits, they laughed and sang their way through the country. At last, in sleighing from Listowel to Wingham, they encountered a somewhat sobering misadventure. We let the writer of the volume tell the story in his own way.

'This day we had to travel twenty-two miles. The thermometer stood twenty degrees below zero—a gale was blowing right in our teeth—a fierce snow-storm was raging—and altogether it looked as wild a day as could be imagined. Not a soul was out that could possibly keep indoors. The

snow was drifting and falling rapidly, all tracks of vehicles had been obliterated, and we had to plough slowly along. The horses struggled amongst the great mounds of frosty, powdery snow. Dense wreaths swept along the road; and though our two vehicles were only three yards apart, yet we were continually losing sight of each other. We were driving in a white night. The cold was awfully bitter. The foam hung from the horses' nostrils in long white icicles. The lapels of our greatcoats were frozen as hard as a board, and our cheeks were glazed with scales of ice. We were completely white with snow, like human statues. My brother, who sat alongside of me, had two blobs of ice on his eyes, like ice-spectacles, and he could not see till, after some difficulty, he got them picked off. Then his left cheek became white—he was frost-bitten! Snatching up a handful of snow from the buffalo robe, I vigorously rubbed his face till the blood began to circulate. All at once he cried: "Look at your nose!" but as that was rather a difficult feat in optics, I replied: "What's the matter?" And he said: "It's as white as anything!" So I excitedly rubbed my nose, or rather the place my nose used to be, for I could not feel it. Then my brother's cheek blanched again, and I applied more snow—after which my nose became marble, and it had to be polished once more. Then his cheek, then my nose—nose, cheek, nose, cheek, nose—till a natural hue had set in. At length we reached a small hotel, and though only four miles from our destination, yet we all ran in and warmed ourselves at a stove—all, except my brother and I, who had been frost-bitten. It is not considered safe to trust yourself near a fire after such an occurrence, as then a swollen ear or nose is apt to remain a big ear or nose always, or turn into an open sore for the winter. Therefore, to avoid such a fate, we two remained in the dreary cold outside, tramping back and forward to keep some life in our feet. But as the horses ran a risk of getting chilled, we soon started, and arrived in Wingham. The driver vowed he "wouldn't go through the same again—no, not for a hundred dollars." It is related that a Scottish Canadian, on his voyage home to Scotland one summer, was found sleeping on deck by the captain, who roused him with a caution against sunstroke. "Sunstroke!" replied the Scotsman, with ineffable scorn; "it wad tak a' the sun atween here an' Greenock to thaw the Canada frost oot o' my head!" And we could almost say it took a week to thaw out the awful cold of this journey, though, with the exception of some little scars, we were none the worse for our frost-bite.

The description given of the musical excursion through Canada excites the most agreeable emotions. The party sang in every town, large and small, sometimes in villages that could in themselves have scarcely furnished an audience. One evening an old Scotsman drove forty miles to be present. On being shewn into the side-room, he seized Mr Kennedy's hand, saying warmly: 'I dinna care sae muckle for your sangs—I just want to see a man that has seen Perth since I saw it!' It is mentioned that the old farmers were much affected by the songs. Frequently they would break out, in their enthusiasm, into loud comments. One night, at the conclusion of Hogg's song, 'When the kye comes hame,' a man slapped his knee, and

exclaimed with a burst of enthusiasm: 'That's meat and drink to me!'

In January 1876 the party were in Montreal, and as a matter of course were honoured with an invitation from the St Andrew's Society to a banquet on Burns's anniversary. They went, and were pleased with their reception. 'The Society is of a charitable nature, and the president gave some striking anecdotes of the good it had done to poor deserving Scotsmen in Montreal. On a subsequent occasion he took us through the St Andrew's Home, a well-kept institution, where the needy are supplied with food in the winter, and where Scottish immigrants are housed till they find employment. In one of the rooms there lately died a nephew of Sir Walter Scott'—probably one of Thomas's sons, an unfortunate Torturation. The banquet, we are told, was carried on with great glee. At its conclusion a procession was formed, and the Kennedies were escorted to the hotel in grand style, accompanied by strains on the bagpipe.

From Montreal to Quebec, and so on to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the Kennedies did not slacken in their singing till they were on the shore of the Atlantic. They had literally sung from sea to sea, across a space of three thousand miles. As if that was not enough, they shipped for St John's, Newfoundland, and there finished their musical career. For some reason not explained their little piano was not available. This led to a difficulty not devoid of amusement. 'We had some difficulty and much fun in getting a piano for the hall here. In the first place, we called on a music-seller, who shewed us a cottage-piano half a tone flat. "I had to lower it," said he, "for some young ladies who sung at a local concert." The piano, we were told, would have to be taken out of the first-story window. Last time it was moved he had to saw off the banisters of the stairs, but that came to be troublesome and expensive. He dealt chiefly now in pianettes. "The fact is," said he, "the doors and stairs are so narrow that collins and pianos have to be taken in and out of the windows." We found there were only two "grands" in the island—one at Harbour Grace and one at Mr B's, to whom accordingly we went. It was an ancient, highly carved instrument, with sonorous bass, but "tink-a-tanky" upper notes. Off next to see the piano of Mrs C., a widow, whom we surprised in the act of cleaning house. O yes; she had a "cottage"—and it was the most "cottagey" piano we ever saw, for the back of it rose almost as high as the ceiling. "It's rather out of tune," remarked Mrs C.; so we struck A to test it with our "fork," but the key gave no sound. "Just what I said," she exclaimed—"some of the notes are out of tune altogether."

Before quitting Newfoundland, the party made some excursions amongst the picturesque hills that overlook the harbour of St John's. A rapid voyage of seven days by steamer brought them to Liverpool; and soon afterwards they were settled in their dwelling in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh, as if they had only left it yesterday, and as if four years of singing round the world and seeing many distant lands were but a dream. Recommending the book* to the perusal of those

who take an interest in excursions such as are described, we only say in conclusion, See what can be done by persevering industry and intelligent enterprise to make the most of talents and opportunities!

W. C.

MY AUNT'S ATTENDANT.

I was supposed to have arrived at years of discretion, and in fact ought to have done so, as I was three-and-twenty when the circumstances which I am about to relate took place. But years do not always bring wisdom, and even some rather sharp experiences had failed to make me wise, for notwithstanding a very fair patrimony and my prospects as a barrister *in futuro*, I one fine morning awoke to the fact that I was in debt; a disagreeable dun was pursuing me pertinaciously, and I had not the means of satisfying his demands. Hitherto, I had torn up his letters and laughed at his threats; but a certain printed document presented personally to myself altered matters. Something must be done, and done quickly.

Money was imperative. I was not sufficiently hardened to contemplate applying to my intimate friends for a loan—the very sound of the word had an objectionable ring in it, and I had already overdrawn my banking account; consequently this pressing necessity for immediate funds was rather a painful position. I had to consider the question well before any conclusion could be arrived at. I thought over every plan and project, rejecting one after another as unfeasible, until at last a bright inspiration seized me. I had an aunt, an old lady, whom from my childhood I had been taught to hold in great awe, for she was not an ordinary aunt, but one to be considered and consulted, and not to offend or displease.

Aunt Dorothy Vyvian had been impressed upon us as one of the articles of our religion ever since I could remember. Aunt Dorothy had never been married, and she possessed in her own right a nice little fortune, securely invested, which gave her over a thousand a year. That will explain why Aunt Dorothy was not to be considered quite an ordinary aunt. I had been fortunate enough to be her god-son; so, in addition to the claim of consanguinity, had some grounds for supposing I was sure to be substantially remembered when the melancholy period of her death should arrive. She had a comfortable house in London, to which, as children, I and my two elder brothers occasionally were invited; and during those somewhat rare visits, the pressure we had to put upon ourselves to repress our juvenile spirits was something too great to be easily forgotten—for Aunt Dorothy abhorred riotous boys; whatever we did at home, we must beware how we let our voices be heard in her house. So thoroughly were we impressed with a wholesome dread of her, that we managed to pass muster in her opinion for three uncommonly good quiet boys, and her praise of myself in particular was regarded by our expectant parents as of most satisfactory augury.

But, as may be imagined, our good behaviour was kept exclusively for my Aunt Dorothy's awful presence. Whenever she was safely deposited within her small chocolate-coloured brougham, and had started for her triple turn right round the Park, an exercise she seldom or never missed, we boys would break forth, and the orderly drawing-

* Kennedy's *Colonial Travel*, a post-octavo volume, 1876.

room for the moment became, according to our old nurse's phraseology, 'like Bedlam broke loose,' until one of us spied the old coachman and the white horse approaching, when books were closed, booby-traps scattered, sofa-pillows restored to their legitimate resting-places, with such celerity, that before she had time to alight not a trace was left of the racket in which we had indulged in her absence.

On one occasion, however, a slight accident happened which had caused our hearts to jump into our mouths, and our very hair to stand on end. She had a favourite clock, a small but very perfect Dresden one; and during one of our riots, Charley, my eldest brother, knocked it from its pedestal: it fell fortunately on to a sofa which, by a lucky chance, happened to be under it, otherwise nothing could have saved it from being totally smashed. We stood aghast; our merriment came to a sudden conclusion; and we gazed for a moment with speechless horror at the delicate china article, fully believing that the first touch, however gentle, would cause it to fall into fragments. No time was to be lost, and we summoned up sufficient courage at last to lift it up and examine it. To our great joy, no damage was visible; not even Aunt Dorothy's keen eyes could detect what, after a very minute investigation, we discovered, a very minute chip off one of the china asters which adorned the base of it. It really was not an atom the worse, and even if it had been, we were far too afraid of her to muster up courage to confess. So we replaced the clock upon its velvet bracket with trembling fingers, and watched it with intense anxiety, expecting every moment that it would stop from some unseen internal injury; but it ticked on quite merrily, and we breathed again.

That was years and years ago. What changes and chances had come and gone since then! Yet how well I remember those days. How happy we were too. Aunt Dorothy did not seem to have grown much older: I could never imagine she had ever been young at all. She seemed to me a sort of evergreen that would remain an evergreen to the end of the chapter.

My brothers both went to India; my old home was not; and I had come to settle permanently in London. Excepting those absent brothers, the only person with whom I could claim kith or kin was Aunt Dorothy. So when I was in the above related strait for ready-money, it was not unnatural that her abundance should recur to me. It would all be mine some day: she had once or twice let fall as much; surely she could not object to giving me a little now. The more I thought of it the more feasible grew the idea; and I had almost made up my mind to go boldly and state my case to her; but I suddenly remembered, when my courage was quite up to the sticking-point and I had in fact fully decided, that Aunt Dorothy did not live alone—she had an attendant. This attendant, whose name was Mabel Turnour, had come to her not very long before in the capacity of maid, but had by degrees risen to the position of a regular companion, though my aunt invariably alluded to her as 'My attendant.'

My attendant was not more than four or five and twenty; her figure was of medium height, perfectly proportioned, and her face was one of the fairest I had ever seen. She had, from the plain attire of a domestic, gradually been emboldened to

assume in a small way the silks and even jewellery of her mistress's rank, although she had sufficient sense and taste to confine herself to quiet colours; and notwithstanding the humbleness of her real position, a more ladylike and refined-looking person could hardly have been found. She was wonderfully devoted to my aunt; at least so the latter informed me; and I never went to the house that I did not hear of some fresh perfection that had been discovered in this *rara avis*, Mabel Turnour.

It never occurred to me to be uneasy as to the chances of her coming between my aunt and me; so no feelings of that kind accounted for the dislike with which almost from the very first I regarded this girl. It was more an instinctive than an acknowledged aversion; and I was fully aware that my unfriendly sensations were thoroughly known to Miss Turnour; in fact under the guise of civility we hated each other. She was always sitting with my aunt when I called, consequently I knew a visit upon such an errand as mine would be useless; for how could I broach the subject of the loan in the presence of a third person: it was impossible. So mature deliberation decided me at last—I would write.

It was the pleasantest resolution I could have arrived at; and very soon I was poring over the construction and composition of such an epistle as would elicit a kind and speedy answer from Aunt Dorothy, and relieve me from further care as to my embarrassments. I took great pains over it, being anxious not to alarm or offend the old lady; but at last, after spoiling about a quire of note-paper, it was finished to my entire satisfaction, and I went out myself and posted it. The moment it slid out of my grasp into the depths below, doubts rose up of my prudence in having applied to her. What would she say? Perhaps disinherit me altogether. Well, it was done, and I could only hope for the best. I half hoped for an answer that same evening, as Aunt Dorothy was usually very prompt; but none came; nor was I even the next morning cheered by seeing her well-known diminutive handwriting on the breakfast-table. It was strange. The day wore on; the next one dawned, and still there came no answer. I even strolled down in the evening past her house, with the half-formed idea that she might have gone away for a day or two; but there she was; I could see right into the dimly-lit dining-room as I passed, and there, with Miss Turnour by her side, was Aunt Dorothy.

She was evidently offended. The breach must not be widened by another attack. This tacit ignoring must be regarded as a refusal. And when day after day passed bringing still no reply, I at last confided my anxieties to an old ally of mine, Tom Rutheven, who decided that the old lady had not liked it, and generously offered me himself the desired loan, which I gratefully accepted, and may here add, faithfully repaid. So I no longer wanted the money; and as it would have been absurd to stand on my dignity with my aunt, I resolved to go to see her, and unless she herself alluded to it, to make no comment myself either upon my application or upon her silence regarding it.

I went in with some trepidation; but Aunt Dorothy had evidently got over my offence if she had been offended, for she seemed rather more

glad to see me than usual, though not a syllable escaped her lips about the letter. She and Miss Turnour were busily engaged in looking over some tradesmen's books when I appeared; and during my visit she informed me that several of them had sent in their accounts twice. As these accounts were supposed to have been settled weekly, she could not understand it: the amounts were considerable, and to pay them over again, as she seemed inclined to do, was perfectly absurd.

'Let me manage it,' I said. 'Shew me the books.'

'The books don't matter,' she answered; 'Mabel has paid them regularly, and naturally never thought of looking to see that they were receipted.'

'Did you pay them by cheque?' I asked next; 'for in that case it will be easy to prove it.'

'I paid them in money,' responded Miss Turnour, to whom my question had not been addressed.

'It is very strange,' I replied; 'such respectable shopkeepers as those could scarcely all combine to cheat you, aunt. I had better go and see after it, or get your solicitor to settle it.'

'Yes; do get your solicitor, Miss Vyvian—pray take Mr Geoffrey's advice.'

I was always called Mr Geoffrey at my aunt's, although my surname was like her own, Vyvian.

'I'm sure I'm very sorry to be reflected upon,' continued Miss Turnour, 'very, very sorry; and of course it's my fault.'

'If I don't blame you, who has a right to make reflections?' rejoined Aunt Dorothy, flashing an angry glance at me from under her gold spectacles. She was thinking of the letter now, I thought. 'Shut up the books, Mabel, and we can settle about them when Mr Geoffrey is gone.'

Miss Turnour gathered up quite a small pile of red glazed books, and tossed them in what I knew was meant to be a sort of slap at me on to the side-table, whilst she dashed, or pretended to dash away a tear, which my proposition, I concluded, was supposed to have elicited.

Aunt Dorothy waxed indignant against me, and ignoring my presence, sought to comfort and console her now violently indignant attendant, who sobbed abundantly, and wiped away, as far as I could see, not a single tear. The more she wept, the stronger grew my suspicion. Before I left the house I had come to the conclusion not only that she had robbed my aunt, but what perhaps to be quite honest—touched me still more sharply, that she had suppressed or stolen my letter. I was convinced of it, and it would have taken a good deal to disabuse me of my belief. At present it would be useless to speak, but for the future I resolved quietly and steadily to watch Miss Turnour.

As time went on I gathered from my aunt that she had paid the bills over again. She admitted having done so with great unwillingness; and I received but small encouragement from her to inquire further into what she deemed was no earthly business of mine.

Two or three months after this, my aunt's and Miss Turnour's happy intercourse was interrupted by the arrival from India of a cousin of mine, consequently a niece of Aunt Dorothy's, a pretty girl of about fifteen. Ella Aubrey was not to be compared to Miss Turnour in point of regular beauty;

but how infinitely sweet and charming I thought her when we first met; what an innocent unsophisticated child she was, and how grieved and distressed I was to see the intimacy which was at once struck up between her and Mabel Turnour. They were never apart; but as my aunt fostered and encouraged the friendship between them to the last degree, I of course could only look on and regret what I saw no means of remedying.

Ella was not very cordial to me at first—a fact which I justly attributed to Miss Turnour's influence. However, her repulses were not very severe, and I trusted in due time we might become better friends. She had come from India accompanied by a servant, by name Marian Holdern; and before they had been a week with my aunt, a line-and-cry got up that a magnificent black lace shawl was missing; and suspicion fell upon Marian. She, and no other, my aunt affirmed, was the thief.

Again I entreated that an investigation might be made; but this Aunt Dorothy peremptorily refused to listen to. Marian, weeping and protesting her innocence, was discharged; but as almost simultaneously with her departure, several other articles of value were missed, there seemed little doubt of her guilt, though my aunt still strenuously refused to put the matter into the hands of the police. Nothing I could say would induce her to do so; and as she was the sole sufferer, no one could complain; so Marian was summarily dismissed, and the black lace shawl and other valuable items were lost to Aunt Dorothy for ever. Shortly afterwards, the latter, accompanied by Ella and Miss Turnour, went down to Brighton for a little sea-air. They had been away about a fortnight when I was startled by receiving a telegram desiring me to come down at once. Something had happened; what, I was left to imagine, as I whirled rapidly down by the mid-day express. I read and re-read the telegram; but no surmises of mine had faintly come up to the real state of the case, for on my arrival, though I had guessed it must be a bad business to cause my hasty summons, I was horrified to find not only Miss Mabel Turnour, but my own little cousin in custody on the charge of theft!

Aunt Dorothy was distracted. Ella wept wildly at the sight of me, and from neither could I elicit anything beyond the most incoherent exclamations with regard to the whole affair. Miss Turnour, however, sat looking supremely cool and indifferent; but it was not from her I cared to derive my information. From other sources I gathered that several thefts had been committed in the lodgings where they were—silver spoons, money, and other valuables had vanished mysteriously; lastly, the landlady's watch had disappeared, and its abstraction had determined her to be trifled with no longer. She said nothing, but quietly summoned the police to her aid, who at once declared a general search must be instituted. The spoons were found in a box belonging to Miss Turnour, the watch in a small bag of Ella Aubrey's. Both protested their innocence—Miss Turnour with the coolest composure and indifference, Ella in abject terror and dismay. However, justice must be done, and the two were committed for trial at the quarter-sessions, my aunt's security being accepted for their appearance. Immediately afterwards the trio under my charge departed for London, there to remain until the trial took place.

I never for one moment suspected Ella of any guilt in the matter; but my convictions of her innocence would little avail her in the face of such circumstantial evidence as would inevitably be brought against her. My duty was plain, and I resolved not to shrink from doing it whether it offended Aunt Dorothy or not, for, strange to say, not even this catastrophe had in the faintest degree altered her towards Miss Turnour; in fact the hold she had upon her affections seemed rather to have increased than diminished.

I kept revolving plans in my head as we whirled towards London, conscious that under her fragile lace veil Miss Turnour, from her corner of the carriage, was eyeing me keenly, as if she would fain have pierced into the recesses of my heart, and found out what I was thinking of. I had hardly shaped my intentions yet, but one thing was quite clear to me—the only means for saving Ella was to convict Mabel Turnour; and to convict her, my first business was to discover her antecedents.

Aunt Dorothy sat in a painfully erect posture all the way up to town, hardly vouchsafing any reply to my well-meant remarks. Neither she nor Miss Turnour was too gracious; but I was sure I was a slight comfort to Ella, who was in a state of almost prostrate grief, feeling her new and dreadful position to the very uttermost. When we arrived at the station, I hurried them into the brougham which was waiting; and Aunt Dorothy then said something very indefinite and indistinct relative to my going to see them that evening: 'If you choose—dinner—seven conversation affairs.'

I just caught the disjointed words, and would fain have declined, had it not been for Ella's large pleading eyes and pale cheeks. They decided me; so it came to pass that I dined with Aunt Dorothy that evening. I had hardly entered the drawing-room before I noticed with astonishment that the Dresden clock, so well remembered in my youthful days, and so prized by Aunt Dorothy, was gone from the bracket on which it had stood for so many years.

'Why, Aunt Dorothy,' I exclaimed, 'what have you done with your clock?'

'My clock!' repeated my aunt, 'my clock! Why, nothing. What do you mean?' She hurriedly adjusted her spectacles, and gazed anxiously towards where it had formerly been.

'Ring the bell, Mabel!' she said almost fiercely; 'ring at once. I would not lose that clock for anything. Who can have dared to touch it?'

'Norris,' she said, addressing herself to the parlour-maid, who appeared directly, 'Norris, what is the meaning of that?' pointing to the vacant bracket.

'I don't know, ma'am,' answered Norris stolidly.

'You don't know! You *must* know! Don't tell any falsehoods, Norris. You know I won't be trifled with.'

'No, ma'am, I don't know, not no more than a infant,' affirmed Norris. 'I do know the clock's gone; but it's been gone since the day you went to Brighton; I noticed it to cook directly you were gone.'

'My Dresden clock! my grandmother's Dresden clock!' gasped my aunt. 'Norris, this won't do; tell the truth.'

'I've told it; I have indeed, ma'am.—Dinner's on the table, ma'am.'

This latter announcement interrupted further investigation; but I could see my aunt was troubled; however, knowing her weakness for Mabel, I resolved to give her no chance of consulting with me, but simply to go direct from her house and secure the services of a clever detective. If he could find the clock, the thief would soon be discovered. I could scarcely contain my impatience to get away, or my disgust at Miss Turnour's almost childish proposition to my aunt for promoting the chance of finding the missing clock; she was so sympathising and so puzzled that it required all my self-control to prevent myself breaking out before her. As far as I could hear, the latter simply intended to put up with her loss. So it behoved me to institute my search very secretly.

The following days were devoted by myself and a very able detective to an investigation of all the likely pawnbrokers' establishments in town, and in dragging to light more Dresden clocks than I had ever before dreamt existed. At last we came upon one which I felt almost certain was the one we wanted; but I had become almost puzzled with the numbers we had seen. However, I remembered the chip off the aster. I looked—there it was. Yet was that sufficient? Scarcely. It convinced me. But it was not enough. However, I recollected that several years before this precious heirloom had been intrusted to a jeweller in Regent Street to be cleaned: he might possibly be able to identify it. Accordingly, off we set; and on my recalling the circumstances to him, he recollected something about a Dresden clock, but so little as to be of no use to us. Just as we were leaving, he volunteered to allow us to look over his book of that particular year; and after much searching, Miss Vyvian's Dresden clock for cleaning was found duly entered, No. 1222.

'What does that mean?' I asked.

'The number of the clock,' he answered.

That was enough. Back we drove to the pawnbroker's to examine the clock there. The number corresponded. No. 1222 was Aunt Dorothy's clock. The description given of the person who had pawned it tallied exactly with Miss Turnour, all but the name, which she had given as Mrs Jones. However, the case was so clear that I had no difficulty in procuring a warrant for her apprehension, and, accompanied by a policeman, I proceeded to my aunt's house. Miss Turnour was sitting on a low stool by the fire, close by my aunt's chair, with the easy familiarity of a spoiled child. Her fair face had a bright flush upon it, which faded slightly when I advanced and sternly charged her with the theft.

Aunt Dorothy shrieked; and Ella, who was sitting looking the picture of misery when I entered, hid her face in her hands. But Mabel Turnour, looking more beautiful than I had ever seen her look, rose up and faced me, only the now deathly pallor of her countenance betraying her inward fears. Outwardly, she was as bold as a lion.

'Don't you see it all, aunt?' I said. 'Don't you see how you have harboured a viper, and how she has injured that poor innocent child there? I have a warrant to arrest her.'

'What have you done?' cried Aunt Dorothy in sudden horror. 'How have you dared to interfere? Meddling officious boy!'

Miss Turnour laughed mockingly; but her hour

had come. Even Aunt Dorothy was obliged to own that for Ella's sake Mabel's boxes must undergo an investigation. And, not to weary by details, I need only say that search resulted in the discovery, amongst many other things of minor consequence, of fifty-six letters addressed to my aunt, which she had opened, and suppressed, nine amongst others—pawn-tickets, empty spirit-bottles, and innumerable other articles. The case seemed clear enough to convict her ten times over; and she was lodged in jail, parting from Aunt Dorothy with much assumed grief; whilst the latter shrank from me with ill-concealed aversion, and was far more filled with indignation than gratitude for my having taken so much trouble to deliver her from such a woman.

I have said she was good-looking; and her beauty was so powerful that when her trial came on, notwithstanding the overwhelming evidence against her, the police magistrate, plainly biased by her fair face, intimated an intention to discharge her, and was with diffidently persuaded to remand her.

Ere her next appearance, viz, by the influence of our solicitor, had induced Aunt Dorothy to obtain discharge of her bail for Mabel on the Brighton charge. Owing to the refusal of the pawnbroker to swear that it was she, and no other, who had pawned the clock, the benefit of the doubt was cordially granted her by the magistrate, and he dismissed the case. But a Sussex constable re-arrested her on the Brighton charge, as she was retiring; and in due course she was tried there, and sentenced to six months' hard labour; the prosecutrix there withdrawing, of her own free will, all charges against Ella. She received her sentence coolly. And when it was over, I heard that a man, who said he was her husband, was waiting to take her away. Some years afterwards, I heard that she and a notorious housebreaker with whom she consorted had been sentenced to penal servitude.

The foregoing narrative, which is founded upon incidents that actually occurred, is another illustration of the evils of indiscriminate acquaintance-ship. In my aunt's case, it turned out that, in answer to her advertisement for a maid, a young woman of prepossessing appearance and manner had applied and had been engaged, without proper investigation as to her character, and, as was afterwards ascertained, solely on the strength of a *forged testimonial*.

TERMITES.

THE wonderful habits and instincts of bees and ants are well known, and have very justly excited universal admiration and astonishment. The habits of the Termite or white ant are in some respects even more wonderful, though probably not so well known. We venture, therefore, to offer our readers a few particulars concerning these extraordinary insects.

Though called white ants, they belong to an entirely different order of insects from the common ant. As many as twenty-four different species are known to exist, nine of which belong to Africa, nine to America, two to Asia, and two to Europe. Like ants, they live in societies, and are divided into males, females, and neuters. The last, however, consist of two distinct classes or 'castes'—the workers and the soldiers. Apparently they do

not pass through complete metamorphoses, for on issuing from the egg they do not differ in any respect from the adult except in size.

The males and perfect females have four large transparent wings, the second pair being rather smaller than the first. At the beginning of the rainy season they leave the nest in myriads and pair. They then shed their wings and fall to the ground. So eagerly are they sought after by birds and other enemies that very few couples escape being devoured. The survivors are carefully sheltered by the workers, and become the kings and queens of new colonies. They are much larger than the workers and soldiers, and are kept in close confinement, the doors of their cell being too small to permit the egress of either. The queen is always found in a gravid condition, her abdomen enormously distended with eggs. 'This soft, whitish beast,' says M. Michelet, 'a belly rather than a being, is as large at least as one's thumb; a traveller professes to have seen one of the size of a crawfish. The larger she is, the more fruitful, the more inexhaustible, this terrible insect-mother seems to be the more adored by the fanatical rabble. She seems to be their beau-ideal, their poetry, their enthusiasm. If you carry away with any rubbish a portion of their city, you see them instantly set to work at the breach to build an arch which may protect the venerated head of the mother, to reconstruct her royal cell, which will become (if there are sufficient materials) the centre, the base, of the restored city. I am not astonished, though, at the excessive love which this people shew for this instrument of fecundity. If all other species did not combine to destroy them, this truly prodigious mother would make them masters of the world, and—what shall I say!—its only inhabitants. The fish alone would be left, but insects would perish. It suffices to be remembered that the mother-bee does not produce in a year what the female white ant can produce in a day. By her they would be enabled to devour everything; but they are weak and tasty, and so everything devours them.' The number of eggs produced by a single termite is prodigious. She is said to lay them at the rate of one in every second, and as the process of oviposition continues without interruption for many weeks, and even months, the number of eggs produced by one of these insects in a year amounts to many millions.

The workers and soldiers are wingless, and quite distinct from the males and females from the moment they emerge from the egg, and do not therefore acquire their special characteristics in consequence of any particular course of training or food. The workers of *Termes bellicosus*, the largest of the species, are about the size of a large ant, to which they bear some resemblance. Their bodies are very soft, but they are furnished with mandibles which are capable of destroying the hardest substances. Their duties are to build the habitations and to keep them in repair when finished, to attend upon the royal couple, to nurse and rear the young from the egg upwards, and to lay in a plentiful stock of provisions.

The soldiers number only about a hundredth part of the community. They are twice as long, and weigh fifteen times as much as the workers. Their heads are horny and much larger than their bodies; their mandibles are larger than those of the workers, and more adapted for weapons of

warfare than for implements of labour. They are the defenders of the colonies and the maintainers of good order, and most faithfully and energetically do they discharge their duties. Their bite at once draws blood, and so tenacious is their gripe that they will rather die than let go their hold. The negroes, on account of their bare feet and scanty clothing, are forced to beat a hasty retreat if they venture to attack one of the hives. Yet strange to say, these formidable heroes, upon whom the safety of the numerous family so largely depends, are totally blind; and most amusing it is to see them, when attacked, moving their monstrous heads from side to side, opening and shutting their jaws.

Their habitations are constructed with wondrous skill. These 'termitaria,' as they are called by naturalists, are conical mounds surrounded by cones decreasing in size as they recede from the central mass, and are formed of earth worked into a hard compact mass. They are strong enough to bear the weight of a man. Indeed, M. Fiquier relates that buffaloes mount upon them and use them as watch-towers from which they can see if the lion or the panther is threatening them. These mounds attain a height of from ten to twelve feet, and one traveller gives twenty feet. The walls of these gigantic structures are from fifteen to twenty feet thick. The entrance is at a considerable distance from the mound, and is connected with the interior of the abode by underground passages. Each 'termitarium' consists of a vast number of cells and connecting galleries formed of clay or particles of vegetable matter glued together with the saliva of the workers. On a level with the ground and in the centre is the palace of the royal couple; the chambers encircling the royal apartment are inhabited by the workers and the soldiers; while the outer cells serve as storehouses, which always contain an abundant supply of provisions. The egg-cells or nurseries are supported upon pillars, which rest upon the royal cell. Above the nurseries there is a large hollow space about one-third as large as the whole middle cone, which not only serves to ventilate the nurseries but also lowers the temperature of the whole of the interior. The corridors which maintain communication from one cell to another are at a depth of three or four feet from the surface. These are intersected by smaller passages, some of which are spiral. A termitarium is not always the exclusive work of one species, but may have been built by several working in conjunction. When this is the case, it is observed that each species has a distinct mode of compacting the materials, and confines its labour to a particular spot.

A traveller relates that, being anxious to see these curious little creatures build, he made a breach in a nest with his hatchet. A soldier instantly appeared, who was speedily followed by two or three more, and in a very short time a whole army was collected. Owing to their blindness some confusion ensued, and it was an amusing sight to see them tumbling over one another and rolling down the sides of the hillock biting everything that came in their way. They soon recovered themselves, however, and the bustle subsided. As the traveller made no further breach, the soldiers at length retired. Thereupon our rushed the little labourers in crowds, each carrying a load of tempered mortar, and depositing it on the edge of the

hole, they hurried back for more. So numerous were these tiny builders and so rapidly did they work, that in half an hour the breach was repaired. Such is the number, size, and regularity of these edifices in some regions, that they have been compared to a collection of negro huts.

The species named *Termes mordan* and *Termes atron* build regular columns, surmounted with projecting cone-shaped capitals. These curious dwellings are about twenty inches in height. They are constructed of black clay, and have the appearance of huge mushrooms. A few termites build their nests around the branch of a tree. They are as large as a sugar-barrel; and though only composed of small pieces of wood stuck together, they are able to withstand the storms of the tropics.

The habits of the marching termites are also very interesting. The English traveller Smeathman, who studied these insects with great care when in South Africa, one day saw an army of them march past him. His attention was first attracted by a loud hiss. This noise caused him to move a few paces from the path, when he saw an army of termites coming out of a hole in the ground. They came out in vast hordes and with great rapidity. At a short distance from the hole they separated into two columns, composed almost entirely of labourers, 'twelve or fifteen abreast, crowded as closely as sheep in a drove,' with here and there a soldier. While these were hastening forward, a great many soldiers appeared, scattered along both sides of the two companies, some standing still, others marching up and down the lines, but all evidently prepared for any attack that might be made upon the labourers. 'But the most extraordinary part of the march was the conduct of some of the soldiers, who, having mounted the plants which grew here and there, had placed themselves on the points of the leaves, which were raised ten or fifteen feet from the ground, and overlooked the army marching below. Every now and then one or other of these would beat with his forceps upon the leaf, making a noise similar to that made among the warrior species. The signal produced the same effect upon the marching white ants, for instantaneously the whole army returned the noise, and obeyed by increasing their pace with the utmost haste.' He saw the two columns at length unite and descend into the earth by two or three other holes. They continued marching past him for more than an hour without any apparent diminution of their number.

The accounts of the destruction caused by the termites would be incredible, were they not too well attested to be doubted. They will eat into the hardest substances, particularly wood, which seems to be a favourite article of diet with them. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, relates that on one occasion upon examining certain stores he found that these insects had not only devoured the box in which the guns were packed, but had even eaten the gun-stocks. In dwelling-houses the utmost care has to be taken to guard against their depredations. Bed-posts and the legs of tables and chairs are placed in vessels containing water. Nothing to which they can gain access escapes their voracity. Boots, shoes, and the contents of trunks, if left upon the ground, are destroyed in a single night. They rarely venture in sight, and so secretly are their operations performed, that

the utmost precautions of the inmates are often rendered abortive. Having extended their galleries beneath the house, they will perforate the floors, hollow out the beams and rafters, and if not speedily destroyed, will render the house unsafe for habitation. They always leave a thin shell of the object attacked, so that detection is impossible; and curious stories are told of the manner in which articles of furniture, &c. which have been operated upon by these invisible destroyers have fallen to pieces on the slightest touch, much to the chagrin and often astonishment of the beholder.

At La Rochelle, Rochefort, and other towns in the south of France (into which country they are supposed to have been unintentionally imported with some bales of goods at the end of the last century), many houses have been completely undermined by them. At Tournay, Charente, the floor of a dining-room gave way during a dinner-party, and the occupants were precipitated into the cellar. At La Rochelle the termites took up their abode in the prefect's house. One day a clerk on opening the box in which the government documents had been deposited found them, as he thought, complete and uninjured; but on raising the topmost leaf, he saw only a small heap of rubbish. The termites had bored through the wood and the cardboard, and had eaten the parchments, having taken their usual precaution of leaving no trace of their handiwork on the exterior.

These destructive insects are not without their use in the economy of nature; not only do they act as scavengers, by devouring animal and vegetable refuse, but they serve as food to the natives. Some idea of the esteem with which this article of diet is regarded by the latter may be formed from an expression made to Dr Livingstone by one of their chiefs. One day, as they were discussing the merits of certain delicacies, the chief asked the doctor if he had ever tasted white ants. Livingstone replied that he had not. 'Well, if you had,' said the other, 'you never could have desired to eat anything better!'

UMBRELLA GOSSIP.

UMBRELLAS were used in Paris before London. They were first carried in the metropolis by one Jonas Hanway, who underwent a species of martyrdom from public ridicule while indulging in this luxury. Even ladies did not take kindly to the umbrella until Queen Anne's reign, when we find Swift make mention of them. Cowper in *The Task* also alludes to these useful articles which were first kept at coffee-houses, and borrowed by the frequenters. They were then very cumbersome, and were fitted with a ring at the top, wherewith to carry and hang them up, while instead of handles, the sticks were furnished with knobs to rest on the ground, as parasols are now. The materials used in their construction were leather, feathers, and afterwards oiled silk; but the last sometimes stuck, and could not easily be folded. In our young days, sixty years since, umbrellas were of blue or green cotton—heavy and clumsy to an odious degree. At length the fashion improved. As the usefulness of umbrellas

became more apparent, lighter frames and better covering material gradually came into vogue, until the present slinness of perfection was attained. Various additions to umbrellas have been suggested by people, as, for example, the fitting of small glass windows in them, through which to look out ahead when beating against the slanting rain; a theory that would break down in two senses, if reduced to practice. An American lady lately devised some ingenious system of cords attaching the umbrella to the dress, which would counteract the effects of the wind, so undecided seems Boreas in his movements the moment we hoist one. Though in one sense a cumbersome companion, the umbrella is not devoid of usefulness, whether we consider it as a walking-stick, the means of hailing a 'bus or turning aside the charge of a mad bull, or of getting introduced to a lady, unprovided with one on a wet day.

On the other hand, as some drawbacks are inseparable from most blessings, umbrellas are on many occasions a decided nuisance. Picture-galleries and other places only too practically remind us that umbrellas, like dogs, are not everywhere admitted; while cloak-rooms at concerts and theatres have a way of sadly confusing owners with this kind of property. It is this that produces such exquisitely satirical advertisements as the following: 'If the gentleman who took the silk umbrella from Halle's concert last night by mistake, and left the gingham in its place, will return the same to the undersigned's address, he will oblige.' Many people above any suspicions of kleptomania have a pleasant knack of absently taking the best umbrella from their friends' hall-stands; a remark which, by the by, is not inapplicable to hats. Robinson Crusoe was, we verily believe, the only individual of our acquaintance who could deposit his huge 'Gamp' in his vestibule with the happy assurance that he would not find an inferior one in its place on the morrow.

Are there any, we wonder, who, laying their hands on their hearts, can conscientiously declare that they never forgot their umbrella in a shop, 'bus, train, theatre, church, or private house? We have heard friends, finding their searches after this kind of lost luggage getting monotonous, vow in exasperation that their umbrellas ought to be hung round their necks. Another evil is the liability of umbrellas to suddenly collapse when you are rounding a corner, for they are worse than useless when rain brings its brother element, the wind, to its assistance. A mere allusion to the drippings of umbrellas down one's neck, when on the knifeboard of a crowded omnibus, is enough to call up pathetic reminiscences in the mind of every citizen. But the situation most to be pitied was that of an Irish umbrella-mender whom the writer once noticed on the deck of a ferry steamer. It was raining torrents, and there he stood unsheltered in the midst of it all, with the shattered wrecks of about a dozen umbrellas under his arm. 'Sure it's mighty hard anyway,' he at last soliloquised, 'me gittin' wet like this, and all thim umbrellas wid me, but not wan's any use at all.'

The observant declare there is as much indication of a man's character in the style of umbrella he carries, as in any other portion of his belongings. They say a Manchester man is *always* known by his umbrella, and indeed, poor fellow, few (excepting perhaps the Glasgow man) need one more than he does. An able writer in the *New Quarterly*, describing his hero's introduction into an elitist's waiting-room where others were assembled, makes the following remarks concerning umbrellas, which in some measure bear out the foregoing observations: 'Edward Wynter took a chair and sat down. Every one in the room had a bundle of papers or a note-book in his hand, and every one of them leaned on a stout umbrella. Three of the party were men, two ladies. A tall man with a red face, a very stout man with a red face, a third man of a shadowy presence, who kept in the darkest corner of the room, and planting his umbrella between his knees, as all the others did, seemed to be lost in contemplation of its knob. Edward Wynter saw that he ought to have brought an umbrella; he had come among them as a man unarmed.'

King Koffee's umbrella, brought home by General Wolesey, 'which was the cause of so much merriment amongst your special correspondents, was in the eyes of the Ashantees by no means the least amongst their losses. It was called in their language "Bo Haman"—the destroyer of nations—and represented to them a greater loss than would have been that of its Queen's colours to a British army.' We find elsewhere the subjoined details of this wonderful structure: 'The stick, which is of ornamented plain wood, measures eleven feet from top to bottom. When open, the diameter is seven feet some inches, and the length of the covering when shut more than six feet. The material is velvet, partly crimson and partly black, in different-sized squares with gold trimmings. Four lions' claws, roughly carved and gilt, are symmetrically placed, and some square pieces of various objects are distributed all round as fetiches or charms. They consist of the skin of animals and serpents, and one small piece of scarlet woollen material with a white border. These are supposed to be sacred emblems, and to have received some peculiar endowment from the priests.' King Koffee's umbrella is now one of the objects of curiosity in the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh.

It is surprising what an amount of amusement the umbrella, regarded from a comic point of view, has afforded the public. Where would the firm of 'Gamp,' 'Brown,' 'Sloper,' and Company be without their stock-in-trade of gingham and whale-bone? The low-comedy man of the theatre might just as well forget his part on the stage as his lumbering umbrella. What, for instance, would Paul Pry be without *his*? What effective scenes, too, are introduced into burlesque through the medium of variously coloured umbrellas; and what an exponent of ridicule they become in the hands of the comic artists! If this article is particularly cumbersome about the handle, has clumsy whale-bone ribs starting through its skin, no ferule, and a piece of rope dividing its ruins with a kind of waist in the middle, then is the negro stump orator furnished with the emblem of eloquence, and the souls of his audience happy in consequence. On more than one occasion our subject came in for its share of Dickens's humour, and Mrs Gamp will be

chiefly immortalised through her celebrated representative of the umbrella order; her name being just as popular a term for umbrellas, as Dolly Varden's was for hats and dresses. In the description of Mrs Gamp's apartment it is thus alluded to: 'Lastly, Mrs Gamp's umbrella, which, as something of great price and rarity, was displayed with particular ostentation.' In *Black House*, Mrs Bagnet's umbrella, which had been her faithful companion in all parts of the world, is thus pictured to us: 'It is of no colour known in this life, and has a corrugated wooden crook for a handle, with a metallic ornament let into its beak or prow; which ornamental object has not that tenacious capacity of sticking to its post that might be desired in an article long associated with the British army. The old girl's umbrella is of a flabby habit of waist, and seems to be in need of stays. She never puts it up, but uses it to point out joints of meat, or to arrest the attention of tradesmen by a friendly poke.'

If any one wishes to study human nature in the bud as it were, let that person lend an umbrella—an old one will do—to a child, and see the airs of importance the small individual at once assumes, concentrating for the time all the purposes of its existence to the display of that article. Indeed we are persuaded that as much profitable instruction could be derived from moralising on an umbrella, as was afforded by Dean Swift's *Meditations on a Broastick*. In short, without umbrellas of one sort or other, what should we do? As things stand, the umbrella is our walking companion, our friend, but scarcely our protector against persistent rain. The man has yet to arise who can clothe his fellow-creatures with apparel neat in appearance, moderate in price, and comfortably waterproof.

SONNET TO A PAIR OF OLD BOOTS.

[Written, seventy years ago, by a gentleman now deceased, and found among his papers.]

Ye two companions of my wintry way,
Oft have we trudged it many a tedious mile
Through slop, and mire, and mud, and clinging clay,
And paced along with true pedestrian toil.

Now sore against my will we part a length,
For ye are both grown old and both worn out;
Your tough tanned bodies have resigned their strength,
And waters pierce your soles that once were stout.

What boots it now that you were boots of yore
So neatly shining, supple, smooth, and black;
No patent lustre can your gloss restore,
No cobbler can recall your value back.

So man shall fail, and all his works to boot,
Nor art nor medicine decrepitude recruit.

CLOSE OF THE LAMBERT FUND.

We have to intimate that the fund raised for the benefit of James Lambert is now closed; a sufficient sum having been collected for the purpose in view.

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ART AMONG THE COAL-SCUTTLES.

FOR some years there has been a considerable and pretentiously authoritative chatter about art and high-art. The object has been praiseworthy, being nothing less than to effect a tasteful improvement in the decoration of dwellings, and in the shape, colour, and general character of articles in daily use. To effect this comprehensive object, great and costly exertions have been made. The Museum at South Kensington and various subordinate Museums have become dépôts of articles, shewing how a vast number of things may be improved in point of artistic taste. The advantages to be derived from these exhibitions we willingly admit; yet it occurs to us that this incessant clamour about art is susceptible of being carried too far, and rendered positively ridiculous.

Let us explain our meaning. Elegance in form, and a harmonious adjustment of colour, are all very well in their way; but there are other matters to be thought of. For example, we have to consider cheapness in adaptation to the means of a vast population, not overburdened with money, and who in their purchases can scarcely exercise a choice. We have, as regards innumerable articles, to consider the qualities of convenience and durability. It is of no use to say: 'Look; there is a water-jar of a classic Greek pattern, the perfection of art.' True; but we do not want water-jars such as Greek girls gracefully bore on their head from wells, two or three thousand years ago. We draw water in jugs from pipes and cisterns, and women do not now think of balancing water-jars on the top of their head. The idea is utterly exploded. Then, as concerns drinking-glasses, it is absurd to speak of ancient Venetian patterns as being the right thing. People will not have them. They wish good clear crystal of fairish shapes, which being set down on a table will not topple over by a touch, and probably be smashed to bits. It is in vain to represent that your plain well-shaped tumblers, with a substantial foundation to keep them on their feet, are not according to the rules of high-art. A housewife

in choosing a parcel of tumblers has primarily to consider what are not only good-looking but what are likely to last.

The lamentations uttered over the dreadful degeneracy of the age in not buying genuine Turkey carpets, with their delicate colours and patterns thousands of years old, seem likewise to us exquisitely absurd. Take the population of these islands overhead, how many of them, if they had the will, are able to buy Turkey carpets? The bulk of people are glad to get carpets of any kind. A 'Kidderminster,' if nothing better can be reached, and a 'Brussels,' of good fabric and modest device, are nearly all that can be aimed at. According to the obligations imposed by high-art, it may be very wrong to buy Kidderminster and Brussels carpets, or imitation Turkeys; but learned lecturers who lay down the law on the subject, should, we humbly suggest, begin by telling us how people are to get the money to buy the genuine article. We have not the slightest objection to see every room in the humblest dwellings decorated with carpets from Smyrna in the approved antique style. Our only difficulty is, to know where the money is to be procured to purchase these wonderful specimens of high-art.

We have been led into these remarks by one of the most amusing lectures on the subject of art that ever fell under our notice. It was delivered a short time ago at Oxford, by Mr Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln, in distributing prizes in connection with the schools of Science and Art at South Kensington. The text of the address will be found in *The Times*, November 18. In this extraordinary harangue, Mr Pattison takes the public severely through hands for being so indifferent to the claims of art in their purchase of drinking-glasses, carpets, and other household articles. Some of the present backward state of art and want of taste in purchasers, as far as we can gather from his observations, is due to the practice of mechanical multiplication. Mr Pattison's words are: 'By the habit of mechanical multiplication invention is killed, and the soul degraded.' This is strong language, and not very complimentary

to that great manufacturing system which has contributed so materially to the wealth and happiness, we might almost say to the very existence of England. On a point of so much delicacy, the erudite lecturer should have uttered no uncertain sound, and we respectfully intimate the hope that he will give some reconsideration to the subject.

Finding fault with many things as below the exalted demands of high-art, Mr Pattison is specially eloquent in pointing out certain artistic deficiencies in coal-scuttles. The charges on this account somewhat surprised us, for we had always admired the good taste demonstrated by the English in their burnished copper coal-scuttles, or at anyrate, scuttles japanned and fancifully decorated, standing conveniently and demurely by the fireside. It will be fair to let Mr Pattison tell his mind as regards the shortcomings of art in relation to the coal-scuttle question.

'Thirty years ago you saw in the drawing-room a coal-scuttle of bright copper or brass. It was a semicircular box, with a wide open mouth. It had a swing-handle, by which it was exactly balanced, and it rested on a truncated cylinder, all of the same material. It was tolerably, although perhaps never perfectly adapted to its purpose—that of containing a temporary store of fuel—which is, unfortunately, dirty in its nature. It was not a work of art, but being without ornamentation, it did not offend by pretending to be one. It had two defects—one of shape. Though well adapted for containing small Newcastle coal, as used in London, it was not equally well calculated for holding the large lumps of fuel-coal supplied to the southern counties from the fields of Leicestershire, Warwick, or Wales.' Here, we beg to say, the lecturer is wrong. We have for more than forty years used a burnished copper scuttle for tolerably large lumps of coal requiring to be lifted by a pair of tongs; and no inconvenience has been experienced. 'Its other fault was that of material. The copper or brass scuttle offended, if not kept spotlessly bright. This was trouble, and trouble is compounded of energy and time; energy and time are costly.' Here, there is another blunder. Nobody complains of the trouble in keeping the copper scuttle well burnished. The only fault found with it is its cost. 'It became desirable, therefore, to find an economical substitute for the copper scuttle, which was too costly, not in its original acquisition, but in its maintenance. As to the material of the substitute, of course there would be no doubt. It must be sheet-iron. Wood has been tried; but any wood that is strong enough adds too much to the weight of the coal, which is already great. We are compelled to fall back upon sheet-iron as the only available material of our box. As we thus lose the polished sheen and bright effect of the copper or brass metal, it becomes an object to compensate the drawing-room for that loss by endowing the sheet-iron box with some quality, which, if not beautiful shall be agreeable. First, the box is lacquered or

japanned—a process by which a lasting shining surface is engrossed upon the object, but at the cost of disguising the material of which it is made. Certainly this disguise, in the case of an established practice, such as japanning, does not amount to that capital offence in art—namely, the attempt to pass off an inferior substance for a substance better than itself. Silver-plated goods are an attempt to make base metal not pass for, but look like silver. No one is deceived, or intended to be deceived, when an iron plate is coated with seedlac and oil. But observe what, in an art-point of view, this garnishing of the coal-scuttle is. It is an artistic process. It has no economical purpose. The scuttle would answer the purpose it does answer if, like the housemaid's coal-box, the iron sheet was left in its first state. It is said that the oil and varnish preserve the metal plate. I am told this is doubtful. It will hardly be denied that the chief object aimed at in japanning the surface is to obtain the pleasing effects of lustre, gloss, and polish—that is, it is an attempt to confer art-value upon a vessel of common use. Nor can it be denied that the attempt, though very humble, is successful. A mean-looking material is ennobled by receiving a false surface. The iron box has entered the sphere of art. But it is still felt that, as an object in a room in which beauty is studied, our iron box even when japanned is somewhat of an eyesore. It has been attempted to exalt it still further, and to make it rank among the elegant constituents of the apartment. This can only be done in one of two ways—either by form or by ornament. Many have been the attempts to give grace of shape to the coal-box. None of them, I presume, have been very successful attempts at a solution of the problem of combining beauty of form with adaptation to purpose. Of the other attempts to elevate the coal-box by added decoration it is better to be silent. The monstrous vulgarities of the lacquered lids of coal-boxes which stare at us in the windows of the ironmongers' shops are alone sufficient to bear me out in the proposition with which I began, that things are worse at Birmingham, instead of better, since schools of design were multiplied throughout the country.'

There goes a smart indictment against Birmingham for not studying high-art in the manufacture of japanned and ornamented coal-scuttles, and the sad consideration is that things have grown worse instead of better in the coal-scuttle line since schools of design were multiplied! If such be the case, the schools of design are useless, and should be forthwith shut up. Mr Pattison, however, may not be a first-rate authority, and it would be interesting to know what Birmingham has to say on the subject. Does it plead guilty or not in its disregard for high-art in the making of coal-scuttles? No answer. It doubtless laughs at the whole affair as an offensive interference with the calling of large bodies of respectable tradesmen.

We fear that addresses of the kind, to which, not without regret, we have ventured to call

attention, will do little to serve the interests of art; but that, as indiscreetly provocative of ridicule, they may do very much the reverse.

W. G.

THE ARAB WIFE.

A TALE OF THE POLYNESIAN SEAS.

CHAPTER XI.—MATRIMONY.

I MUST say that the Arabs are very easy and agreeable in their ideas of marriage. I dreaded some absurd and fantastic rites; and I found the whole ceremony consisted of exchanging rings and being blessed by the 'teacher!' I was not compelled to be present at the grand festival made by Nizam in honour of the happy event; but I was very glad to go, not only because my friends would feel hurt, but also because Mohammedan etiquette forbids the bride and bridegroom to meet until the evening.

I went round among the pirates, making myself as popular as I could, until the termination of the long day, when I paced up the hill with the dignity of an Arab, and went as slowly as I could to the quarters which had been prepared for me in my absence, and which composed my zenana. I need not say how dearly I was welcomed by the fond heart that awaited me, nor describe the happiness I found in the unrestrained society of Fatima. Suffice it to say that never was man so blessed in a beautiful and loving spouse.

But even though the days passed in a dream of happiness, there was one element of bitterness in my cup. I had renounced my religion, and day by day the thought gave me greater affliction. My conscience, drugged by selfish love, awoke, and tormented me ceaselessly, and Fatima watched my moods with a devotion which I neither deserved nor could comprehend. One day, when I entered her apartment, I sunk into a fit of musing reverie. My darling nestled silently by my side, nor offered to interrupt my thoughts. I mechanically caressed her flowing hair; and her little white hand, with the nails tipped with pink henna, was raised to my forehead.

'Carlos, let me smooth out these wrinkles.'

I sighed. 'Ah, love, suppose they are in my heart, and these on my forehead only the reflections.'

'Carlos, why should they be in your heart, or in mine rather, for your heart is mine; is it not, my lord?'

'You know it is, Fatima.'

'I am happy with you, Carlos; are you not happy with poor Fatima?'

'Indeed, indeed I am most happy, nor do I deserve such love as yours; but Fatima, there is something more than the happiness you can give. I want the peace of my own conscience; I want that which I alone can give to myself—the consciousness of doing my duty, of doing what is right. O Fatima, my wife, my angel, rescue me—save me from this anguish, or I am lost without redemption!'

'Be calm, my lord, be calm, for there is nothing that you can ask of Fatima that Fatima will not give. Are you sorry that you have become an Arab?'

'Yes, indeed I am. Stay, Fatima; do not weep. I am not sorry that I am your husband; but oh,

darling wife, this is not life, this is not liberty. This preying upon the weak and the defenceless, this hunting of Malay wolves with Papuan dogs, this heaping up of treasures never to be used—are these occupations worthy of me?'

'What would my husband do?'

'Let us flee together, Fatima; let us go to my own land.'

'And my father?—'

'I too have a father, who shall be yours—who will cherish you as I do, who will love you as I do, and who will pour blessings daily on your head for restoring to him his son—his only child.'

Fatima, with eyes brimming with soft tears, pressed her red lips to mine, and smiled. 'Am I not yours, my husband? I am the barque, you the wind. Go wherever you list, and I will follow you. I am part of you, as much as my arm is part of me. If my husband goes to Tophet, I will accompany him, for his love and his society are worth soul, body, everything to me.'

Here the impassioned girl lavished upon me a thousand caresses, and in broken accents and with faltering breath poured such a tale of love in my delighted ears as completely ravished my senses. Taught from her earliest years that her sole end and aim in life is to be loved and love, the whole force of Fatima's character was centred on her love for her husband, and she fairly worshipped him.

Feeling that I could completely rely on my wife's assistance and co-operation, I unfolded to her my purpose, which was either to seize a proa or the pirogue, and make my way to Australia, where I could get tidings of my father. To this she assented cheerfully, although she would be cast for ever into another world, and have to painfully commence a new existence. But of this she recked little. Her happiness was to see me happy, and to be with me; and she was resolved upon the sacrifice.

Accordingly, I visited the pirogue during the next day, giving out that Abou and I would go shortly on a cruise. All my possessions were on board, and the writing-desk of the Dutch captain, which contained the bank-notes and the papers which I had faithfully studied without any result. My Fatima's maid Yariya was a great strong woman, as black as a coal, and with the muscles of a prize-fighter. Her husband, Bikur my slave, was a Seedi, as I have elsewhere said, and very strong; and had at my directions brought on board and stowed away as much provision as we could secure. It seemed to me that with his assistance and that of my wife and her powerful maid I could navigate the pirogue and arrive in safety at Hobart-Town or Port Philip.

At length came the eventful evening. Nizam had been unusually kind, and had made my wife a present of a necklace of large pearls, which she received with mingled joy and sorrow. Our plan was, that I should make ready the pirogue for starting whenever the women could be got on board; and accordingly I made Bikur scull me on board and return quietly for them. There was no one in the vessel, and with a beating heart I waited for the eventful hour. There were no clocks to chime, and the chronometer I had taken from the *Moutmein* was the only timepiece for a thousand miles; but the position of the stars indicates the hour with sufficient exactitude.

After weary watching, Bikur slowly paddled a sampan up to the pirogue, with my wife and her maid Yarifa. They had eluded the watchfulness of the sentinels and stolen past. It was then about eight o'clock, and we could count upon eight hours' start; so imploring the blessing of Heaven upon my enterprise, I slipped our moorings, and motioning Bikur to assist me to make fast the sampan, we hoisted first one lug, then the other, and then the jibs and foresail. We made very little noise, and attracted no attention on board *The Shark*, whose two big lanterns were burning; but I knew that the watch would be fast asleep.

We glided on past the huge hulk, our sails flapping as they were momentarily vindled by the mass. I held my breath, expecting every moment to hear a challenge, but none came, and the pirogue rapidly increasing in speed, soon passed into shadow.

I endeavoured to persuade Fatima to go below, but she crouched beside me as I steered, and shook her head. Bikur and Yarifa were more amenable to authority, and went below at once. Soon my ears convinced me that they were sleeping the sleep of the just. We entered the channel, and here the peculiar construction of the pirogue stood us in good stead. There could be but little wind in that landlocked place, but the little there was brought us on gallantly at a pace that the big *Shark* could not have rivalled. Still I confess I was not free from anxiety until I got out of the channel and was steering boldly to the south.

Then I lashed the wheel, the wind being on the starboard quarter, sent my wife down for Bikur, who came up rubbing his eyes, and told him to stand by the wheel, and if the wind rose or he saw a ship, to call me.

With this order I went below to the cabin and gave Fatima her first lesson how to sleep in a square hammock. In sober truth she shewed much more timidity over this tremendous effort than she had done in risking her life by escaping from her father.

It had been nearly dawn when I retired. When I rose it was full noon, and there was not a speck in sight. Bikur seemed quite proud of his steering, which he believed was done by merely holding the spokes. Yarifa got breakfast pretty tolerably, considering the novelty of her situation, and we enjoyed it heartily.

After the meal, I insisted on giving them both a good drilling in handling the sails, slacking sheets, &c., and at last made them both comprehend the names. Fatima too would be taught, so that she might take command while I steered; but I shewed her how to steer in preference, as that required skill rather than strength.

Our compass was rather a splendid affair, one of Nizam's gifts; and Fatima, who was very shrewd, learned to box it with remarkable quickness. She was not long in acquiring the science of steering, which in those calm latitudes, where ships often sail for weeks and weeks at a time without shifting a sail, was not hard or dangerous.

We soon arranged our labours. Yarifa was to cook and to assist in lowering or raising the sails. Bikur had to take turn about in steering with me.

'What am I to do?' cried Fatima.

'Well,' said I, 'you can assist in steering occasionally, when I am tired.'

'No,' said she; 'I'll sit beside you, and work steadily at opening the casket.'

'The casket?'

'Ah!' cried Fatima, 'miserable woman that I am! I kept a secret from my lord. What will my lord give to know it?' With an arch look, the dear creature vanished below, and soon reappeared, bringing the identical casket that we had found in the Dutchman's safe, and the list of words I had given Nizam. 'See here,' said she; 'I have done all these, and there remain to be tried one, two, three—oh, ever so many.'

'Don't do it,' I replied. 'It will be pure waste of time. The secret cannot be found. But we can break it open at the back with a chisel and hammer, as I told your father often. How did you come by it?'

'It was always in my charge, Carlo, from the first, because I knew Feringhi letters. I learned them from mother's nurse, who died four years after mother.'

'And you never said a word; little hypocrite!'

'No, my lord, for it was my father's secret, not Fatima's.'

'But you took it from him.'

'It was to be Fatima's dowry.'

Now that the casket was mine, I must confess I thought more about opening it than I had before. But I had learned by this time that my wife's wits were keener than mine, and I shewed her how foolish it was to look for the secret word in the ship's papers. She saw this too; and made me recite all the particulars of the pillaging, cautioning me not to omit the smallest details.

This I did, and she listened attentively. Then she said: 'This requires consideration, and I will think about it. Do not let us talk of it, my husband; but tell me how I shall live, and what I shall wear in the new world.'

I willingly consented; and recited what I knew of European life, to the best of my ability, replying to her eager questioning rather poorly, I am afraid. Her big black eyes were fixed eagerly upon me; and she seemed to read my countenance, and to know my answers before I had given them.

By this time she spoke English fairly, and I laboured diligently to perfect her, as I was excessively proud of her, and longed in my foolish adoration to see her a queen of English society.

Every day went by like its predecessor, hardly a sail being changed, and the pirogue sped silently over the waters like an enchanted bird. The wind being on the quarter, served either way; so, after sailing seven days due south, I shifted her course about five points to the westward; and I did this because I was not sure of the allegiance of my crew. If I had been, I would have sailed straight as an arrow for Hobart-Town, but in the way things were, I was afraid to face a storm. So I resolved to make the north-west coast of Australia, and to follow the shore-line, sheltering behind bluffs from bad weather.

Day by day the sun rose and set, and we saw no sail. How could we? We were in a part of the ocean unfrequented by commerce, quite out of the great highways; and to see a ship would have been to see an unfortunate driven there by a storm, or a pirate cruising among the islands, and striking down for New Zealand. Occasionally there are roving merchantmen who sail independently in

these waters, but such cases are few and far between.

Bikur had too great a knowledge of the distance in rank between himself and the chief's son-in-law ever to ask where we were going, or when we should return. But Yariifa took the privilege of a cook to demand one fine morning, after we had left Gezireh some seventeen days, what we were doing.

Fatima told her, with an air of great secrecy, that her husband was possessed of magical knowledge, and that her father owned a magic casket which no one could open. He himself could never open it; but that by spells and charms her husband had found that there was a powerful enchanter who dwelt on a great island to the southward, and that he would reveal the charm if seized by four people, two men and two women, two white and two black. This precious farrago of nonsense Fatima gravely confided to the staring Yariifa, who listened open-mouthed.

Fatima earnestly besought her to keep this a secret from Bikur, as though he was a brave man, he might be afraid of encountering a wizard. Yariifa vowed by the Prophet and his beard, that she would religiously keep the secret. She begged for a sight of the casket, which was shewn to her. Being highly polished, she took it for silver; but when she found that the point of a dagger would not penetrate it, her jaw dropped, and when she saw the mysterious lock with its unknown mysterious marks, her awe was indescribable.

Being seen soon after in close conference with Bikur, we suppose that she told him everything. And his manner for the next few days was full of a certain importance, mingled with a ludicrous sense of injury, which I pretended not to notice. He took occasion also to convince me that he was perfectly brave, and not afraid of Sheitan or any amount of afrits (evil genii).

On the twenty-first day of our wandering, land appeared on the left. We approached it about midnight, and examined it curiously. It was a range of barren sandhills of no great height, as desolate a place as I ever beheld. The water broke with considerable violence on the beach, and we could not have landed had we desired it ever so much. The sight of land so filled our hearts with gladness that Fatima and I returned thanks to Almighty God for his continued mercies.

Next day the weather changed. Thick clouds gathered rapidly overhead, and the wind swung around to the south-east. This was the worst quarter it could have blown from, and as it increased hourly in violence, I ran in towards shore. Before we could well make out what kind of a place it was, the rain came down in sheets, and I was forced to batten down the hatches. We lowered the lug-sails, hauled down the jibs, and tried her weatherly qualities under the foresail. The pirogue behaved capitally, and struggled against the head-wind like a beauty, riding easily over the biggest waves. Bikur, I am sorry to say, did not maintain his character for courage, and at every wave that combed over our little bark, shouted upon Allah in a most fervent manner.

Fatima, who had ever a most undaunted spirit, did not bother me by coming on deck or lamenting, but brewed the most delicious coffee and sent

it up every hour. As we could hardly see where we were, so pitchy were the skies and so fierce the rain, I was compelled to keep the pirogue under way by a series of short tacks.

Bikur, to whom I intrusted the sheet of the foresail, behaved most wretchedly, and I was forced to threaten to pitch him overboard if he didn't shew more courage. The fore-sheet escaped on one occasion from his trembling hands, and I was obliged to summon Fatima to take the wheel, while I went to the blunderer's assistance.

It kept on in this fashion for about twelve hours, the pirogue rising on every wave and shaking herself like a seabird. There was no fear of her so long as we could keep her head to the waves. About ten o'clock next morning the weather slightly moderated; and as we were not far from the coast, and there was a whitish appearance about one part which made me think it was the mouth of a river, we hauled up our lug-sails and turning the pirogue's head directly for it, were soon riding in smooth water. Pitching out a little grapnel, I then tumbled down-stairs, and was soon fast asleep in my hammock.

I awoke about three in the afternoon. Fatima had slept too, and I believe there had not been an open eye among the crew. We longed for fresh food, our provisions having consisted of nothing but rice, curry, and salt meat; so with a view to testing the qualities of the fish in our new waters, we prepared our fishing-lines, and soon had a plentiful mess of fine fish, something like carp, only with horny appendages to their lips like an immature beak. Under the skilful cuisine of Yariifa, they proved excellent eating, and we packed some in a water-barrel, for after-use.

The wind was still boisterous outside, but in our snug haven we rather enjoyed it than otherwise. The rain came on again towards nightfall, and lasted for many hours, accompanied by tremendous peals of thunder, and lightning terribly vivid and incessant.

When the wind went down we judged it on the whole advisable to go higher up and try to secure some fresh meat. The pirogue was left in charge of the women, and Bikur accompanied me in the sampan to the shore, which was wooded heavily, the trees coming right down to the water's edge. Securing the sampan to a fallen tree, we started on our hunting adventure. We found the forest did not extend far inland, for we soon came to a plain undulating with hills and valleys, and adorned with broad clumps of trees. There were no signs of man, and the animals that frisked past us did not seem afraid. They were mostly a large kind of rabbit, but the gun I had brought being loaded with ball, I did not care to fire at so small an object. There were also strange little creatures, just like miniature kangaroos, and when they hopped on their hind-legs their motions were grotesque in the extreme; their eyes and heads were just like the English black rat, and their movements were so peculiar that I heartily wished I had brought Fatima to enjoy the sight.

We had just climbed a low hill, when Bikur gripped my arm: 'Look there!' he cried. 'Surely this is the land of afrits.'

Bikur's countenance was so pitiful, and betrayed such a longing to retire promptly upon the sampan, that I could not help rallying him upon his fears. I turned to see what had frightened him, and saw

something curious indeed, but not frightful. There was a herd of kangaroos—a big fellow, two females, and three little ones. The male was higher than a man, and was a colossal likeness of the rat whose antics had amused us. Entering into Bikur's thoughts, I could understand his fright. Fatima's story of the enchanter had taken full possession of his superstitious soul, and he evidently believed that the kangaroo was an afrit which had suddenly increased in size, like the cat in the *Arabian Nights*.

I thought it best to keep this delusion in his mind, so baring my head, which in the East is considered an act of desperation, and screwing up a look of the most intense emotion, I muttered some lines of doggerel improvised for the occasion, with the intonation of a sorcerer. Then drawing a circle on the ground, I suddenly dropped on one knee, and aiming carefully, fired, sending my ball clean through the heart of the big fellow. Bikur, who during these proceedings had fallen on the ground, and was invoking Allah with commendable energy, jumped to his feet and ran up to the fallen demon. Drawing my canjeer, I soon skinned and quartered our prize, and selecting the choicest morsels, packed them on Bikur's back. With this game we returned in triumph to the sampan, and boarding the pirogue, reported progress to the delighted women.

My slave Bikur, who had up to this point served me tolerably well, began now to shew symptoms of insubordination. To his unsophisticated mind, the slight adventure on the island together with my cabalistic movements, had wrought a fear which the poor fellow strove but ill to suppress. He implored me to return to Gizereh, owning that he had not courage to go through with any further adventures. But I told him that retreat was impossible, and that a courageous heart was the only thing that could serve him. If he faltered, he would peril the safety of all. If he persevered bravely, then I would reward him richly.

The wind moderating during the night, and shifting to the north-west, I took advantage of the tide, and set sail once more. We were soon clear of the river, and steering down to the sweet south.

CHRISTMAS—ITS CUSTOMS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

In furry pall yelad,
His brow encircled with holly never sere,
Old Christmas comes to close the waning year.
BAMFFYLDE.

THE festival of Christmas, associated as it is with the annals of the Christian world, will always merit our consideration, whether viewed in its religious or historical light. Extinct as the stately ceremonies of the festive by-gone times have become, and tame as the season now is compared to the hearty jollity of our ancestors, still there is a pleasurable thrill of interest when it annually recurs, and when we look back to review the ancient customs with which Christmas-tide was bound up, and of which there are still lingering remains, dim though the reflex be.

In the reigns gone by, when the court festivities were being enacted, the hospitable character of the times pervaded the lower ranks, and the old English gentleman was to be seen at his gate dis-

tributing victuals to the poor, to cheer their hearts in the merry Christmas-time. Any reader of the well-known old ballad, *The Old English Gentleman*, will there see the exact state of affairs in both periods. The striking custom of adorning our houses and churches with evergreens, &c. is of ancient date, and we can see no abridgment of the practice. The principal traditional plants used in England, when the streets were also decorated, were the holly, the ivy, the laurel, rosemary, the box, pine, fir, and the mistletoe; and these are still in request. The origin of the 'Christmas tree' is also of ancient date, the custom having been preserved in Germany and Sicily, from the former of which countries it was introduced into England.

Carol-singing is entitled to a notice. It has been a custom in all countries to hail the Nativity with those sacred songs called *Noëls* in France, and the *pifferari* or Calabrian shepherds come down from the mountains, adoring at the shrines, and celebrating the religious anniversary with their rude song. In these days any wayfarer, in both town and country, having the organ of hearing, cannot fail to have his ears greeted with *The first good joy that Mary had, There I saw three Ships come sailing in*, and the like. A glance at the Christmas-days must not be forgotten, and taking them at the commencement, that of St Thomas (January 21) is the first. This day is distinguished by several remnants of ancient customs. One of these customs is called 'going a-gooling,' or wishing 'good-even,' and remains in some parts of Kent; it consists in women going from house to house with sprigs of evergreen and begging for money. This practice is called in Herefordshire 'Mumping-day,' and in Warwickshire 'Doleing-day.' The musical procession in the Isle of Thanet, once known by the name of 'hodening,' the remnant of an ancient Saxon festival, and which is identical with the old practice of the 'hobby-horse,' or Roman sword-dance, was another of the customs of the day. On St Thomas's day, 'cock-fighting' was the great amusement of the people in the city of London; but that sport has happily now departed.

No special customs seem noticeable from this day to Christmas-eve; but the following is an extract from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, giving a list of the Christmas sports of times gone by, and of which we have still relics: 'Cards, dice, shovellboard, chess, the philosopher's game, small trunks, shuttlecocks, musick, masks, singing, dancing, jests, riddles, mer y tales' &c. We have also mention of jugglers and jack-puddings, 'post and pair,' 'hot cockles,' and other games of the same obsolete description.

The acting of the play of *St George and the Dragon* was long one of the delights of the season, and this leads us to the 'pantomime' of our day. It seems that we have the pantomime from Italy, where it was formerly maintained in its best and most entertaining way, and ours is but an inferior and mock representation of it. The characters can be traced to heathen divinities; the harlequin to Mercury, the columbine to Psyche, the clown to Momus, and the pantaloons to Charon. But in spite of the degeneracy of the spectacle, we find the pantomime one of the greatest amusements of Christmas. Christmas-eve is essentially connected with religious feeling; and although the spirit of festivity is observable on the night, a halo of

superstition seems to be around. But independently of this, the world at large has always been, and indeed still is, intent on preparing for the good cheer of the morrow; the streets of London, the markets of Leadenhall and Smithfield, decorated shops, and people being alive with pleasurable business. The great bird the turkey, the roast beef of Old England, and the brawn, are particularly displayed to great advantage.

Brawn is a dish of ancient Christmas antiquity, made principally in Canterbury, and is mentioned in the Christmas breakfasts of brawn, mustard, and malmsey of Queen Elizabeth's reign. The 'Yule clog' or 'log' was a great feature in the Christmas customs in the olden times, and is still lighted in some parts on Christmas-day. It was once the custom to kindle the log with the last year's brand, and was first placed in the middle of the hall, and not suffered to be thrown on the fire till each guest had sung his Christmas song. The 'Christmas candles' with their wreaths of evergreen originated in the former name of Christmas, 'The Feast of Lights.'

On Christmas-eve, oxen are said to kneel in their stalls, the bees 'sing' a Christmas hymn *en masse*, the cock is stated to sing all the night through (mentioned in Shakspeare), and bells are supposed to be heard from under the earth.

At last the 'Day of Days' arrives, a day on which, in spite of ourselves, religion enters our thoughts. Christmas-day should not be an idle day of revelling or a chilling day of strict religious formula, but one when heart and soul work together to appreciate the words of the angel, 'Peace on earth, good-will towards men;' a day ever memorable as the advent of the Saviour of the world, and therefore ranking as the greatest of our festivals.

How different indeed does the enlightened scene present to the coarse *delights* and the atrocious cruelties performed at the Saturnalia and festivals of that kind. Even the Christmas customs of Christian England centuries ago, must not be regretted, since they have passed away; many, if persevered in, would be utterly inconsistent with the times and antagonistic to the march of reason and progress; therefore we bid them farewell; not insensible, however, to a certain influence for good they had, in establishing in the minds of men a veneration for God, a love of the picturesque, and promoting a union of rich and poor, each class holding forth the hand of fellowship, at least for a season.

We can never be oblivious of the 'signs of the time' as the festival comes annually round. The preparations that proceed on all sides in town and country, both domestic and commercial, cannot but impress us that there is an additional bustle as Christmas approaches. Much havoc is spread in the poultry-yards, anticipative of the good cheer that is, at least in these days, one distinguishing mark of the time; and the city is occupied in the reception of the good things of the country, indeed warring us with all external signs of the festive season. At home, families are engaged in the manipulation of the mince-meat to be afterwards applied to the pie. This dish of fable has been supposed, from the spicy ingredients of which it is composed, to have a reference to the offerings of the Wise Men of the East; but being anciently made in the shape of the manger

of Christ which gave rise to Puritanical objections, it was condemned as idolatrous. However shorn of its religious associations, it has come down to us as a toothsome delicacy, and is partaken of freely by all. But to resume. Take a glimpse of England in the days of the stage-coach at Christmas-time, and then what an animated spectacle presents itself! The road is alive with passengers and vehicles of every description; and among the former, the most striking are the returning schoolboys, notably those from Winchester, chanting snatches of their song, *Dulce Domum*, breaking forth jubilantly in their emancipation, and their hearts full of the feelings of joy at the thought of the coming delights. The famous Norfolk coach laden, nay well-nigh overwhelmed, with the poultry of the country, on its way to London, must have been a most suggestive sign of the time, being itself at once the herald and conveyer of the festive turkey, the future smoking tenant of many a board.

A word on the host of observances of Christmas-day. Would not the juveniles of this age at once rise in an indignant conclave to protest against the omission of the subject of 'plum-pudding!' This dish was once called 'the hackin,' presumably from the chopping that is necessary; and as dinner was generally served in ancient times at one P.M., an old book says that 'the hackin must be in boiling by daybreak, or else the cook must be run round the market-place by two young men till she is ashamed of her laziness.'

It appears that about the reign of Charles II. the name of 'hackin' was disused, and that of plum-pudding took its place. Plum-porridge, probably very much akin to the pudding, is also of very ancient date. The story of the French king wishing to give the English ambassador a specimen of our national dish, is perhaps not known to all. A good recipe was obtained by the king and given to his *chef*, and all directions were carefully attended to, but—the cloth was forgotten; and when the time for the Christmas banquet arrived, the mess was served up in tureens, after the manner of soup, to the surprise of the Englishman.

The boar's head, soused and garlanded, carried on to the table by a retinue of servants with minstrelsy, was a great feature in the Christmas programme in England; and once the peacock held the place of the turkey of the present day. The famous boar's head carol of *Caput apri defero*, &c. is still sung at Queen's College, Oxford, on Christmas-day. The old baronial hall crowded with guests, minstrels, and serving-men; the tables loaded with the different good cheer; the servants' hall, where the 'vassals' made merry, must have been a striking sight; and then the mistletoe bough, the dance, the wassail bowl, the song, the jest and other amusements, completed a thoroughly jovial day.

Christmas-day as it now exists requires but little description. Perhaps the feature sustained with the greatest fervour is the Church service. Hospitality too may not be extended in the same open fashion as in former days; but the poor are not wholly forgotten in our streets, unions, and hovels, although, alas, the name of Christmas is a mockery to myriads of uncultivated minds. The Christmas-day of these times is, as we know, for the most part a family gathering of relatives and friends,

the seasonable dinner, appropriate to the occasion, finishing off with dancing, and perhaps a few improvised games for the younger folks.

What we have said here regarding Christmas, of course chiefly refers to England; but many of the hearty old usages of the day along with religious ordinances pertain to all Christian countries on the continent of Europe, and to colonial countries settled by the English. We would indeed say that a semi-religious, semi-festive attachment to Christmas is about the most extensively preserved of English institutions. Wherever you find an Englishman, there you find less or more a remembrance of Christmas, with its pleasant and beneficent usages. The force of example has begun even to affect Scotland, which, under Anglo-Puritan tutelage in the seventeenth century, threw off Christmas and other ecclesiastical holy-days, as being calculated to infringe on the due reverence of Sunday. Throughout Scotland, and more particularly in Edinburgh, the English festive usages incidental to Christmas have made immense progress within our recollection. In short, there are now to be seen the same kind of family gatherings, entertainments, and decorations with evergreens on the north as on the south side of the Tweed—a striking melioration of long clung-to prejudices. In Scotland, however, as is well known, Christmas-day has no legal sanctity, and most industrial occupations go on as usual.

'Boxing-day' or St Stephen's Day must be slightly noticed. As it is the custom to send cards of good-wishes to our friends on Christmas-day, so it is the custom to give 'Christmas-boxes' or presents on this day. The origin of the term 'box' is derived from the actual box once kept on board ship for the reception of offerings for the priest who performed masses praying for the safety of the ship and its crew. In consequence of the poor begging of the rich for contributions to the boxes, the name of 'Christmas-box' became established, and gradually, as we shall presently have occasion to notice, grew into the sense we now use it. One of the chief customs in Ireland on St Stephen's Day is called 'hunting the wren.' It consists in the 'wren-boys,' as they are called, bearing from house to house one or more wrens in a bush of holly ornamented with ribbons, the birds having been previously hunted and killed. Of course a small donation is expected from the inmates of each house visited. The origin of this cruel custom is from a fable that the birds asked for a king who flew the highest; of course the eagle did so till exhausted, when a wren, fresh in his small strength, started up, outflung him, and was crowned. The wren is, however, hunted and killed by the Irish because of a tradition that once by picking some crumbs left from a supper, it aroused the sleeping drummer of a Danish army on which the Irish were about to make a surprise attack, and would have probably routed the sleeping enemy. 'Hunting the wren' is also a custom to be associated with the Isle of Man, where indeed, accounts tell us, much mock-solemnity was performed in killing the wren, laying it out, bringing it to the parish church, and other rites.

New-year's-eve at length arrives; no special customs distinguish it, except it be the 'sitting up' till midnight, that we may usher in the new year, full of new hopes, although often tinged with

regrets for the old one. New-year's-day, a day for gifts, and Twelfth-night, a night of 'characters and cake,' and on which the faded evergreens are taken down and burnt, complete the Christmas season. Once indeed there existed, in the time of 'flax-spinning,' a festival known by the name of 'St Distaff,' the patron saint of spinning. The holiday fell on the 7th of January, and was strictly confined to the rustics. The sport was of but short duration, it being one of the conditions that the men should work part of the day. The amusement participated in it was somewhat rough, consisting of a sudden onslaught by the men on the flax and distaffs of the 'maides,' who, in retaliation for their burnt and burning domestic necessities, severely soused their assailants with pails of water. This day is now obsolete as a festival, but it was most emblematical of the extinction of the lights of Christmas, until the season again made its appearance.

It is much to be regretted that what was formerly held to be a happy social reminder of our existences as families and friends, should have latterly so mixed up with it, the matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. Year by year has the evil been growing in England, as in America and France, of making Christmas and New-year time, with their attendant joviality and open-heartedness, the vehicle of a system of social bribery and corruption which bids fair to assume serious proportions. The cunning but too frequently prey upon the simple, the mercenary on the benevolent; and the young family-man, just struggling into a position in life, can anticipate with no unalloyed delight the season when he will have to pinch his family and himself in order to satisfy the demands of a body of men who have done but little for him during the past year, and who will relapse into their normal state of insolent independence so soon as their claims have been gratified. We allude, of course, to the system of indiscriminate Christmas-boxes.

Not very many years ago, an interchange of presents between members of families, or perhaps in certain cases between the master and his servants, was all very pleasant, and all that was demanded; nowadays it has become a perquisite of many who are brought in contact, however remote, with a family, to claim not as an indulgence, but as a right, rewards for services never performed. Not that we advocate the entire abolition of the Christmas-box system; far from it. There are certain toilrs and workers with whom, in our social and business life, we are brought in contact who are really deserving at Christmas-time of some recognition of services rendered during the past year; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that from what was originally a beneficent institution has sprung a custom which is now claimed as a right by many who in reality have no claim at all.

Present-giving amongst friends and relations is also no longer what it was, and has in fact ceased to be present-giving at all, but has degenerated into a great social competition between Smith and Brown as to who can outdo the other in extravagance. The child of 1876 sneers at the toy which would have made his or her parents jump for joy thirty years ago. Money which would gladden the heart of many a poor relation, is now expended in gorgeous gimcracks for children, bought but to be

criticised with precociously keen eyes, and probably destroyed a few hours after presentation. One need but walk through one of the great London bazaars at Christmas-time to find the proof of this. Another evil is the increasing extravagance which characterises modern juvenile Christmas entertainments. We were going to use the good old-fashioned term, 'parties.' Cosy and comfortable little reunions of children, where dancing and romping might be indulged in *ad libitum*, and without the restraint of etiquette and so-called 'propriety,' are gradually becoming unknown. Master Brown, stiff and stark in shirt-front and white tie, sips his champagne now, and would turn up his little nose at the negus and elder-berry wine which were considered good enough for his forefathers. Miss Brown does not know how to romp, fills up her card of engagements, or walks through the quadrille with a carefully selected partner, with the same stately formality with which our ancestors of the last century would have walked through a minuet or coranto. Neither do Master or Miss Brown care much for the dash-and-tumble business of the harlequinade at the pantomime; and the decorous deportment which greets the well-worn tricks of clown and pantaloons at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, is, we fear, the very shadow of the boisterous merriment that was so pleasant an adjunct to the Christmas pantomimes of old.

Perhaps it is, that sensitiveness to criticism and ridicule has become more than ever a national characteristic, and that Mrs Grundy, although we affect to laugh at her, has nevertheless become more than ever a powerful sovereign over many of our actions during the festive season of Christmas.

AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

THE following brief incidents are gathered from the pages of an old forgotten manuscript written by a lady who died more than half a century ago. It is also certain that all the persons chiefly mentioned in the narrative have long since passed away. The manuscript, therefore, is transcribed very nearly in its entirety, with a few obvious substitutions of fictitious names of people and places. It runs thus:

The story of my life opens in the year 1814. I was nineteen years of age when the chain of circumstances began which led me swiftly, through five short years of great misery, of deep, deep happiness, and of heavy sorrow. This was my life. My childhood is to me, now, a blank; my early girlhood a thoughtless uneventful period of little joys, little vexations, and little aims. I lived like others of my age, tenderly cared for and protected from harm, and in that mild home atmosphere I was happy, for I had not imagined a future.

I am now, God helping me, living, I trust, as a Christian woman should; but my life is dead. I am young still, very young in actual years; but the veritable days of my youth have passed from me, never to return. Heaven grant me that my reason fail not in my great sorrow, for sometimes I feel that I must succumb to it.

O Arthur! my dear lost husband, if at times the angels hover near those they love on earth, pity me, and pray for me, your still suffering and remorseful wife! My darling! as thy great heart too generously forgave in our mutual life, so let thy beloved memory dwell with me sleeping or waking always, until I may be with thee where all things are purely revealed, and no shadows come betwixt love and love.

Let me go back in thought to that time—so long ago it seems—when I lived with my dear kind old uncle and Aunt Rawlings at Belford Row, London (my home from infancy)—to that day when an incident occurred of a letter received from an almost unknown friend of our family in a distant county; a letter addressed to my uncle, but which related chiefly to me. And little did I think at the time how much that letter was destined to influence my life—a life that my foolish girl-mind had thought so uneventful in its nineteen unvariable years. I well remember what a comedy we made of its reading, my cousins and myself; how we guessed, wondered, guessed again, gave it up; and still guessed, wondering and conjecturing. The letter was dated from a village in Northumberland, and signed 'Richard Stanhope.' It communicated to my uncle the death of the writer's only son, who had been a brother-officer and dear friend of my father; and it also contained a warm invitation for me to visit him at his lonely vicarage.

'I knew Captain Stanhope very well years ago,' said my uncle, after reading the letter aloud to us a second time.—'He served abroad with your father, Rose. They were schoolfellows. What do you think about the invitation, my dear?'

The answer I made to my uncle was ready-made. In fact, before he had finished reading the letter, my mind was travelling by anticipation to the north; so I said at once: 'Uncle, I will go to him. It is my duty.'

My cousins looked very blank at this sudden determination, and so did both my uncle and aunt, for a more united family never existed than we were.

My uncle, I soon found, was very much against the idea of my going so far away. Indeed the whole family thought and talked of little else for days but the strange letter from Northumberland. For myself, the more I thought of it the more I persevered in my resolution to go. I had strongly persuaded myself that I owed this duty to the memory of my dead father, whom I could just recollect; but I fear it was more the impulse of curiosity and desire for change that inspired me. A craving for adventure also pursued me. I only half believed the many strange tales that were poured upon me about the rude wild life and manners of the dubious region that lay on the southern Borders of Scotland; but I knew enough to shew me that whatever awaited me there would be almost altogether foreign, and unlike my previous experiences of life. So, about a week after the receipt of the letter, my uncle, after much consultation, wrote a reply, saying that within a fortnight I should set out on my journey northwards.

What a fortnight that was for me! My giddy head was so full of speculation on one theme—my visit—that all things else were reduced to

nothingness in comparison. Often do I look back regretfully on my selfishness at that time, as my traitor imagination lives over again the past—the sad, sad past, that seems so like a dream, and yet is so real. My poor cousins were wild with grief when the time of parting came. My uncle and aunt too, although less demonstrative, were so much distressed that I almost gave in at the last moment. But something beyond my own will seemed to control me, and with the transient thought of yielding came rapidly a strong-set resolve to adhere to my determination. I was indeed surprised at myself, at my own courage and energy in the matter.

The good-byes were said at last, and I was seated with my uncle in a hackney-coach which took us to the mail-office; and the last sight I saw of that dear home, as I was driven off, was the struggling figure of my little cousin Ned breaking away from the others on the door-step to rush after the coach, calling out for me to come back, calling out 'Rosy, Rosy!' with such agony in his fresh young voice as was very painful to hear. I remember I shed tears all the way to the coach-office, and long after I had left London and Islington far behind. But by degrees the novelty of my situation and the opening views of the fresh beautiful pasture-lands of Hertfordshire calmed down my grief, although I carried a heavy heart with me many miles of my journey.

It was in the early summer-time of the year, and everything was especially delightful to me, for I had scarcely ever been out in the real country before. My fellow-passengers were pleasant and agreeable, and so the time passed very enjoyably. I always had great capacity for happiness, and the little unfamiliar roughnesses of the journey hardly told at all on my young healthy frame.

Early in a forenoon I was set down at a repulsive-looking inn at Newcastle, where I found a man with a conveyance waiting for me. Then we drove some miles through a most depressing country: coals and smoke everywhere, until we turned westward. The road then lay amongst pleasant green hills and valleys for some five or six miles more before we reached our destination. And glad I was, I remember, for I was beginning to feel very lonely in company with a wild-looking old man, who only stared and grunted whenever I attempted anything like conversation with him.

When we drove up to the vicarage door I thought I had never seen a place so delightful and home-like. It was a small irregular building, partly two-storied and partly three-storied, and smothered to the eaves with ivy and roses, with pigeons cooing on the roof and fluttering, as if wooing me to their cosy dwelling-place.

Mr Stanhope and his sister met me on the threshold with a welcome that abundantly atoned for the savage demeanour of the taciturn old groom, who at the moment rushed rudely in, throwing down my luggage with a sort of gasp, and then rushed out again with a very scowling face.

'You must not mind old Mark,' said Mr Stanhope, smiling at my disconcerted looks. 'He is an original, and the only man in my parish who takes the trouble to criticise the sayings and doings of the parson. He is worth a dozen of ordinary people.'

I felt at ease instantly with Mr Stanhope, and

liked him at once. A kind, genial, white-haired old man, with one of the handsomest faces I ever saw. A face with real benevolence in it, and *gentleman* written on it in every reposing line. Miss Stanhope was an elderly lady, younger than her brother, and kind too in her own way; but she did not seem so genial as Mr Stanhope, which made me feel a little shy with her at first. I was shewn into the queerest old bedroom I had ever seen. It had twice as many corners as a London room, and I fell in love with it at once. It was full of fresh pure scents, and clusters of red and white roses were nodding and smiling at the open window. I liked Mr Stanhope more and more as we talked together in the evening; Miss Stanhope sitting by knitting, but now and then putting in a word in her own quiet reserved way. I thought her somewhat cold and strange; but I had reason to know her better afterwards. And this was the case with many kind loving people that I met in Northumberland. Indeed, to be reserved is to be Northumbrian. But Mr Stanhope was very different. He had lived all the younger part of his life in the south; and him at first sight I dearly loved, and so did I always afterwards and ever shall to the end.

I shall now continue my story in a different way, and in a manner that will best convey the impressions of that part of my life which immediately followed my coming to the north.

My uncle on parting had put a blank-leaved book into my hands, and half-jokingly desired me to make it my diary, so that we should afterwards have pleasant readings of my visit to Northumberland. I determined to do so; and I find that, although it is frequently written very frivolously and with recurring intervals, it is sufficiently copious to continue these imperfect annals. I therefore add it to the preceding pages, just as it was written five years ago.

MY DIARY, FROM MAY TO SEPTEMBER 1814.

May 14.—I was up this morning literally with the lark, for I could hear him singing in the clouds just as the earliest rays of the sun were slanting along the sky. How happy his song made me. I had never before heard such long sweet delicious notes. I knelt at my open window and listened a long, long time. Then I shook the dew off the bright roses that were clustering all about my head. *Mem.*—I shall call my room *Rose-chamber*. *Mem.* 2.—I never cared for my own name till now. Sweet Rose! I wonder what is the masculine of Rose? Perhaps Thistle!

When the clock struck seven I ran down-stairs, and out into the garden, and whom should I see but my queer old charioteer sweeping the garden-walks. I pretended not to see him at first; so he crossed his hands upon the broom-handle and rested his chin on them, staring at me from beneath his sluggish eyebrows. Then I passed close by and said: 'Good-morning; what a beautiful morning it is.' To which he replied: 'We'll ha' rain afore night;' and then recommenced sweeping the gravel with such slow determination that I saw it would be in vain to attempt any more conversation just then. So, to avoid being swept from the path like a stray rosebud, I walked on, and bided my time, for Mark is clearly a character.

I had a long ramble through and through rose-beds, up and down long laurel-walks, and finally out into a field among some sheep, a pony, and two cows, all of them staring at me just like Mark. The pony came close up, stretching out a long neck and sniffing at me. Then he sprang away, and galloped twice round the field, and stared again. But the cows never moved. I patted one, whereupon she turned her head and licked my hand with a tongue like a file. The suddenness of the action startled me; I screamed out as if I had been bitten, at which the pony galloped round the field again and screamed also, and kicked up his heels. Then I considered it prudent to retreat into the garden, where I again encountered Mark standing grinning over the fence. I gave him a scornful glance for his cowardice in not running to my assistance, and watched him go into the field, making up to the frisky pony with a halter and a thing with corn in it. The cunning creature looked sidelong at him for a moment, and then trotted up, and was haltered without a struggle. Then the deluded prisoner was led in with a subdued look in his big brown eyes, that made me quite pity him, in spite of his late improper behaviour.

I came in to breakfast very hungry; and, oh, the cream! Mr Stanhope was greatly amused at my raptures; and I found that, old gentleman as he is, he had not forgotten the compliments of his youth. He advised me always to take a scamper before breakfast. *Mem.*—I like him so much.

May 15.—After luncheon to-day Miss Stanhope and I went out for a drive, with a certain sly hypocrite in harness, looking quite meek and thoughtful. We drove through long lanes with the may sparkling on the hedges, and through a village of thatched houses. They looked so romantic; but Miss Stanhope said they were quite damp and unpleasant to live in. They had queer little windows with red flower-pots in them, and shy faces behind those, peeping at us. A little boy ran out of one of these cottages and threw a stone after us; then he fought with his mother, and finally escaped up a tree by the roadside. 'What a little wretch!' I exclaimed.

'Oh, that is nothing!' said Miss Stanhope calmly. 'He sees that you are a stranger, and they always do so before strangers.'

Then we made a call; my first call. We stopped at a pair of old iron gates by the wayside, and passed through between two gigantic moss-grown stone pillars, each of which had a large stone raven on the top, also moss-grown and very uraveulike; then up a long weedy avenue, beneath some beautiful old chestnut trees, all in bloom, up to Selwyn Grange. What a queer old house it seemed, all grown up with ivy, but no roses, and little windows like dungeon-windows, if dungeons have any windows. The door stood wide open, and as Miss Stanhope rang the bell, I could see into a long, low entrance-hall all hung round with antlers and rusty spears. A sad-looking old man-servant appeared, and led us in very mournfully, I thought.

It was as cold as ice out of the bright sunlight, and my heart sank in spite of me, and a strange shudder crept through me. We were ushered into the drawing-room; and before I had time to look about me, in came a young lady, who ran up to

Miss Stanhope and kissed her. 'This is Miss Rose Wilfrid, Edlie,' said Miss Stanhope. We shook hands, and in five minutes the gloomy old hall was forgotten. How beautiful she looked! I had thought my cousin Mary Jane pretty, but here was beauty. Not mere loveliness, but real artistic beauty. I could not keep my eyes from off her, quite forgetting good manners, until she recalled me to myself by asking some direct question about London, which she had never seen, she said.

Then I told her all about my town-life and the fashions as much as I could, and as much as I knew about the good old king and poor Princess Amelia. Suddenly the door opened, and in walked a tall stately lady, full dressed, mittens and all complete. She politely saluted Miss Stanhope, putting also a cold hand in mine, making me shiver again.

'Mamma, this is the Miss Wilfrid that Mr Stanhope told us all about.—How glad he will be to have you staying with him,' Miss Selwyn said, turning to me.

But the stately mother said very little; and the conversation gloomed and flagged till we rose to go, and Miss Selwyn came out with us through the brooding hall. Then it was all sunshine again. What a picture she made standing there upon the doorstep, watching us drive off, with all her bright brown hair waving and glistening in the sunlight, and her blue eyes sparkling, and her face all dimples and smiles! What a contrast to her mother, who is as dark and silent as night!

'How strange Mrs Selwyn is,' said I, as we drove down the avenue.

'Hush, my dear,' said Miss Stanhope rather nervously. 'I'm glad you like Edlie. I'm sure every one does who knows her.'

'But about Mrs Selwyn?'

'Oh, you must not seem to notice her peculiar manner. She has had great troubles, and has not seen the end of them yet,' said Miss Stanhope, lowering her voice mysteriously. 'The Selwyns are a strange race. They have always had much unhappiness in the family from generation to generation. Now you must not ask me to tell you any more about it,' continued Miss Stanhope, touching up the pony as she spoke, for he had by that time sunk into reverie and was walking quite pensively.

Mem.—To find out from Mr Stanhope all about the Selwyns making one another unhappy, and how they do it. *Mem. 2.*—Not one young gentleman have I seen or heard of yet. But Mr Stanhope told me at dinner to-night that a new curate is coming soon.

May 18, Sunday.—We all went to church twice to-day. How delightfully Mr Stanhope preaches! What calm noble thoughts! How soothing this is, after Mr Ghasp of Tottenham Court Road, who makes one feel so uncomfortable about bad things. Mr Ghasp is not a gentleman of the same order as Mr Stanhope.

There were five working men and three old women at church in the morning, and the same old women without the men in the afternoon. Miss Stanhope says that dissent is the cause of this. A new chapel called 'Zion' has been built in a neighbouring village, and that draws the people, excepting a few who desire blankets at

Christmas. Oh, how horrid this is. And such a lovely old building as the church is, full of grand Norman arches and old monuments. I saw one about Colonel Prideaux Selwyn, who lived in the time of Charles I., and fought for his king. But some of the inscriptions are much older and quite illegible; like *Latin*.

Mr and Mrs and Miss Selwyn were at church in the morning, and I was introduced to Mr Selwyn. He is a pleasant sort of gentleman, not at all wicked-looking; so it must be the old grandfather at home who works all the mischief in the family. Euphemia is like her father. We had a long talk in the porch, and she told me all about her brother. She has only one, and he is handsome. She is very fond of him. I should think so! Who would not be fond of a good-looking brother? I was also introduced to the Cessfords; but the men are boobies and the women silly. No good looks there. Mr Gavin, the eldest son, stared at me all through the Litany with his large mouth wide open, just as the common people do.

How peacefully we spent this Sunday evening! Mr Stanhope read us one chapter; that was all. Not like my dear good uncle, who is a Methodist, and used to disturb us greatly on Sundays. Here it is all very different. *M.m.*—I am Church of England to the backbone.

May 25. I have not written in my diary for a whole week, so busy have I been. I now resume. The new curate, Arthur Salkeld, came yesterday, and he preached this morning instead of Mr Stanhope. I didn't like his sermon. He preached in a black gown and without notes. Mr Stanhope says that doesn't matter; but I think he is a little too easy in this. And then the sermon was full of hits at people. How he guessed so very near the truth sometimes, I cannot make out. Effie don't like him either. She dined with us last night, on purpose to meet him, and we were both of us much disappointed. He is not a ladies' man at all, although young and not bad-looking; only very haggard, which is perhaps caused by insufficient food in lodgings. But Effie thinks he must have been crossed in love. Miss Stanhope thinks him quite a model young man, earnest and thorough. He has good eyes, by the way, but he never fixes them on anyone in particular; he always seems to be looking over one's head and far away; he is unnaturally grave. Effie tells me that her brother at college is also called Arthur, and that he is over six feet in his boots.

May 28.—Just arrived home, under the wing of Mr Salkeld, from a dinner-party at Selwyn Grange. The Boobies were there and the Misses Cessford. Effie says Gavin Cessford is a great catch, but unfortunately uncommonly stupid. I know nothing of the former, but I am quite sure of the latter. It is no proof of his stupidity, though, that he is deeply in love with Effie. Who wouldn't, the darling? (Effie, I mean.)

I begin to like Mr Salkeld a little more; that is, I have more respect for him, as Effie says he is decidedly clever—the cleverest she ever met. There is no posing him, for if you talk small at him he doesn't reply; that is, he doesn't reply small. And on great subjects, such as theology or agriculture, who but he with a learned tongue! I begin to be a little afraid of him. He is twenty-five years of age, and an enigma.

What nonsense it must be about the wicked Selwyns. A more genial host than Mr Selwyn I could never wish to see. Mrs Selwyn was politely austere to everybody. She never smiled. I watched her. And how she fixed her large black eyes on Mr Selwyn every now and then as he guily took wine with everybody, including me!

During the evening, Mr Gavin Cessford sang *Barbara Allen*, with Effie playing for him. He sang it with great pathos, and never took his eyes from Effie's face, which did not at all disturb her, as I feared it would. Then Effie sang *The Flowers of the Forest*; and an old gentleman, who took a deal of snuff, said it reminded him of something, but he could not remember what. There is great charm in Effie's singing.

Effie and I were much provoked by Mr Salkeld's want of gallantry. And he drank no wine at dinner. Old Mr Selwyn, the head of the house, Prideaux (or Old Prid, as irreverent Mark styles him), sat by the fire the early part of the evening, never speaking, but quietly looking into the blazing coals and sipping a glass of wine-and-water, and occasionally chucking to himself, regardless of the company. He is a placid-looking old gentleman—very old—wearing a black velvet skull-cap and an imitation tie-wig. Neither does he look very wicked. The wicked one must be the absent grandson. Effie says he (the grandson) smokes. So does Mr Stanhope; but it is more dreadful in a young man, of course. I noted that the youngest Miss Cessford blushed when Arthur Selwyn's name was mentioned at table! Oh, ho, Miss Sarah Cessford! *Note.*—She is the plainest of the family.

June 1.—I peeped over a wall to-day and saw twelve beautiful young pigs as white as snow. It seems their mother is a widow as it were, for her husband has deserted her, after eating two of their helpless offspring. The atrocious monster!

June 2.—Mr Salkeld's character unfolds itself day after day. Miss Stanhope is right. He is, I am certain, a thorough Christian. He goes about doing good, and the people are beginning to come to church. Mr Stanhope, the dear old gentleman, is delighted at this. And there have been two conversions in the village: old Esther Mitchell, who would gather sticks on Sundays, and Thew Armstrong the miller, a rigid dissenter. There has also been a Sunday school started in the village, and I teach a class of little boys. Effie would gladly come to assist, but her mother seems to be against it. Mrs Selwyn, I have reason to believe, comes of the ancient Catholic family of the Clengys of Saxby.

Last Sunday, in my class, little Tommy (Graham) stood up and confessed a crime—stone-throwing. I was much pleased with this, and would have forgiven him at once; but Mr Salkeld advised me first to make the culprit promise that he would never more in future throw at anything, not even at dogs or little harmless birds. Tommy hesitated; his whole body seemed to hesitate, as he balanced himself unsteadily on one leg, stammered and shuffled, and finally ducked down and fled out at the open door like a wild animal. The class was filled with regret at his escape; I could see it in their little selfish faces. I was rather glad, although Mr Salkeld walked away with a deep sigh.

June 12.—My heart warms to Mr Salkeld in his good work. We are together more and more. Effie visits us very frequently, but she does not see him with my eyes. He is quite beloved in the village, for he is doctor as well as priest. He cured Betsy Scott's child of the cramp, and her husband came one night to the vicarage to thank him. He was out; but Mr Stanhope kindly gave the man a shilling, and told him to go home. But the poor fellow hung about the place until Mr Salkeld came, and then he could not thank him, but 'lost the day,' as the saying is down here; that is, he cried.

How Mr Salkeld seems to get to the hearts of these rough people! He has a kind word for every one he meets. They resented it at first, as a new fashion, for they are the shiest people in England until one gets at them. But when they came to understand that it meant friendship, as between a man and his fellow-men, they were his children, his very bond-slaves. Thus he is the king of hearts! Mr Salkeld would have taken Mr Selwyn to task about the wretched dwellings of the poor in the village; but Mr Stanhope strictly forbade him to interfere. Still, for all that, he more than hinted at it in his next sermon. Mr Salkeld says the Northumbrian peasantry ('hinds') were better off three hundred years ago than now. Note.—And he knows more than most people about every-thing.

June 14.—Mr Stanhope has often talked to me about my father and mother, who died within a year of each other, when I was five years old. But to-night he approached a theme he has hitherto avoided—his dead son. We were alone nearly all the evening, and the dear vicar opened his heart to me. He told me that he loved me as a daughter, for my own and my mother's sake; and that his son loved my mother, and she never knew it, for he and my father were like brothers; and he was true to his friend, although his own heart was nearly broken. Then, when the great war broke out, Captain George Stanhope went to Spain with Sir John Moore, and was one of the brave who fell by the side of their chief at the battle of Corunna. All this the dear old man told me so sally and tenderly that I could find no voice for sympathy, only tears. And when he spoke of the share his son took in the famous retreat, how his horse was shot and himself wounded, and how he still did his duty in the flying fight, till the fated bullet came that slew him in an act of heroism, caring for others, and never heeding his own danger—when the old gentleman related this, his eyes shone with a flash of pride, then instantly filled with tears, and a choking sob kept back the words he would have uttered. I threw my arms round his neck, and kissed him; and he held my head close to his breast, neither of us speaking for a long time.

June 20.—Mr Salkeld and I read together very much. What a noble understanding he has, and how pleasant it is to apply to him for advice! And to Effie's astonishment, he does not forbid novels. I am reading *Clarissa Harlowe*. But when Effie comes, it is all over with reading. The dear girl hates 'tasks,' as she calls our studies, and she has such charming wilful ways, that she is empress of us all. She never used to come so much to the vicarage until I came; and the vicar playfully reminded Gavin Cessford that he had scarcely seen him at his house since confirmation-time. And now Gavin

has learned the way of dropping in at all times; to meet Effie of course, who always affects surprise to see him. She laughs at him to his face, and he laughs too, just because she does.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

COMMERCIAL travellers have in the progress of industrial enterprise become a great institution in the country. Some years ago it was estimated that there were thirty thousand of them in the United Kingdom: men who seeing the world more than anybody else, are shrewd and intelligent, and without whose skill and activity it would be difficult to carry on the wholesale business of the country. Unlike tallymen, chapmen, pedlars, hawkers, and other house-to-house applicants for custom, they are the accredited representatives of large firms, having (for the most part) something of the stamp of the gentleman in their general habits of life.

Your modern commercial traveller is a very different being from the 'bagman' of old times who travelled about the country on horseback, with his saddle-bags stuffed with samples, and who lived a very jolly sort of life at the inns which he frequented. William Hutton, the quaint historian of Birmingham, has sketched the early history of commercial travellers in connection with the iron trade. Something still more amusing is written by Dr Aikin as to how the commercial-traveller system developed itself in Manchester and other seats of the cotton manufacture. Long before Arkwright had introduced the machinery which gave such a wonderful extension to this important Lancashire trade, the cotton manufacturer had been wont to work with his own hands; he had no capital, and sent out no agents; he was master and workman in one. Advancing beyond this stage, he worked as hard and lived as frugally as before; but, having saved a little money, he was enabled to employ this as capital for maintaining a stock of goods on hand, and to keep several apprentices. Sixty or seventy years before Arkwright revolutionised the trade, 'an eminent manufacturer of that age,' we are told, 'used to be in his warehouse before six in the morning, accompanied by his children and apprentices. At seven they all came in to breakfast, which consisted of one large dish of water-pottage, made of oatmeal, water, and a little salt, poured into a dish after being boiled to a thick consistency. At the side was a pan or basin of milk. The master and the youngsters, each with a wooden spoon in his hand, dipped without loss of time into the same dish, and then into the milk-pan; and as soon as it was finished, they all returned to their work.' Manufacturers of this class supplied wholesale dealers in London, Norwich, Bristol, Newcastle, and a few other large cities; but had no commercial machinery for establishing trade with dealers in smaller towns. By degrees, however, men possessing an accumulated capital of four or five thousand pounds began to extend their operations by sending out riders for orders throughout the kingdom. Chapmen, having gangs of pack-horses at their command, conveyed goods along tracks which no vehicles could have traversed; they exhibited these goods to shopkeepers, sold what they could, and

deposited the remainder in small stores at the inns. They brought back sheep's wool from the country districts, and thus transacted a double trade. The rider and the chapman represented two different phases of commerce, both existing at the same time; but the former gradually superseded the latter. When good roads began to be made firm enough for broad-wheeled wagons, there was no longer much need for pack-horses; and the chapman became a bagman, carrying samples of merchandise instead of the merchandise itself, which was left to be conveyed by the road-wagon. When, at a later period, the genius of Brindley had supplied the manufacturing districts with canals, still greater facilities were afforded for the transport of merchandise, and the pack-horse was only wanted in rural or out-of-the-way districts.

In all the great departments of trade, the commercial-traveller system grew up somewhat in the same way as at Birmingham and Manchester. At first, the manufacturers and the dealers were left to find out one another as best they could; then the dealer went periodically to call upon a round of manufacturers; then a commission agent made any number of purchases for any number of dealers, and charged a percentage for his services; then a chapman with a little capital, buying enough merchandise to load a train of pack-horses, carried the goods to distant towns and counties for sale; then the manufacturer, or a partner in his firm, at stated periods in the year mounted his horse and started off hither and thither, carrying samples with him and obtaining orders; then the manufacturer employed a rider for this special duty, organising a circuit of trade, the towns in which were visited by him a certain number of times in the year; and lastly, the saddle-horse gave way to the 'trap' and the railway. These seven stages of advance are distinctly traceable in many if not in most of our principal departments of trade, in the relations between the manufacturer, the wholesale dealer, and the agent; until at length the commercial traveller became developed into his present completeness. The large manufacturing firms now employ many travellers each, representing them in various parts of the United Kingdom. Whether conversant or not with the processes of manufacture, these travellers must be well acquainted with the nature and quality of the articles produced, and with all the minute daily fluctuations in the state of the market. They must be trustworthy men, and not unmindful of the usages of social courtesy. Some of them are rather commission agents than salaried travellers, that is, they travel for more houses than one, and depend for their remuneration on the amount of orders they succeed in obtaining. Some, devoting their whole time to one firm, are paid partly in salary and partly in percentage. Some make an agreement with the firm concerning travelling expenses; the firm either refunding exactly the amount expended by the traveller, or else allowing a certain sum which he may lay out as he pleases. Owing to these varieties of system, the average incomes of commercial travellers could with difficulty be guessed at.

The inns at which these energetic men sojourn at night, and for the most part take their meals during the day, are in many ways characteristic. The 'commercial room' is quite an institution of

the times. Some of the inns and hotels depend chiefly on the visitors to this room, deriving much more from them than from coffee-room visitors. In such instances the attendance is prompt and sedulous; the waiters and 'boots' know the hours of every train going in every direction; the viands are good in quality and reasonably well cooked; the beverages must be pretty free from sophistication, or the experienced consumers would soon find it out. As a rule, the room is set apart for 'commercial' only, in the principal establishments selected by the fraternity; but the rule is made elastic, for any stranger who readily falls in with the usages of the place, especially if he brings a conversational tone with him, is usually welcome.

Some few years ago the commercial travellers took exception to one feature connected with inn-life. There may have been changes since then; but at a period when economical French wines were not obtainable in England, mine host expected his commercial guest to drink wine at dinner, generally port or sherry, at the rate of say five shillings a bottle. The charges for bed and dinner were, and still are, lower than those paid by a coffee-room guest, as were usually in some degree those for breakfast, &c.; but while the coffee-room guest was left free to choose in the matter, the commercial-room guest was expected to take and pay for wine. A journal belonging or relating to the fraternity, the *Commercial Travellers' Magazine*, took up this matter as one that called for a little reform; and the daily newspapers discussed it at some length. The line of argument used may be gathered from the following: 'This is not a tectotal question--not whether wines and spirits are to be drunk by commercial men or not. The question is whether the innkeeper, on the one side, must continue bound, as he generally is, by the custom of the road, to provide a good dinner at two shillings each, and the traveller, on the other, to drink a pint of hotel-wine for "the good of the house." Or whether, under the auspices of leading commercial men, co-operating with the proprietors of some leading commercial hotels throughout the United Kingdom, this oppressive system cannot be broken down, and a fair scale of charges be substituted, mutually agreed upon as remunerative for accommodation given and for meals provided.' The innkeeper, under such a suggested improvement, 'would no longer look to make up his loss on meals provided at too low a rate, by the profit he makes out of wine, or balance the loss he may sustain in only charging one shilling for a bed by the gain on spirits, which the traveller by the same custom is expected to drink.'

Sometimes deviations were made from the plan by mutual agreement. A manufacturer who 'travelled' on his own account, said in one of the journals: 'I know travellers who wishing to be free from present customs, and yet wishing fairly to remunerate the innkeeper, always offer to pay an extra price for their dinners, &c.; and there are inns also where the same proposition is advertised by the landlord in the commercial room. This does not, however, meet the general case. Commercial men consider it a point of etiquette that those who sit down to the commercial dinner, provided at one o'clock or half-past, should partake jointly of the wine; and the man who wishes to take beer or water in preference, is not a welcome guest at the table unless he will pay for his share

of the wine put upon the table; and this often leads those who take wine to drink more than the usual pint. From experience I know that the president (there is a rule as to who shall be "president" and "vice" at each dinner, according to the length of their sojourn at the inn) of the day generally orders a pint of wine for each person at the table, whether he be a wine-drinker or not; and thus the abstinence of one or two may tend to the excess of the others.'

Some members of the fraternity have suggested a kind of co-operative plan. Thirty thousand men at a pound a year each could form themselves into a hundred clubs, in as many or half as many commercial towns. This sum would form a groundwork for the landlord or manager to rest upon; and the contributors, visiting the club as a commercial room, would be entitled to frame a tariff in which everything could be properly paid for, but nothing beyond the actual consumption of the guest. Each person could then treat the wine question as he pleased; and it is believed that the one pound would be saved many times over in the course of a year. There would be an opportunity too of grappling with the old anomaly of fees to servants: this is easily grappled with at the London clubs, by simply paying the servants sufficient salaries or wages.

Those who are best acquainted with this walk in life will be able to say whether improvements have lately taken place in these matters. There seems no good reason why commercial men should not adopt the sound commercial principle of only giving value for value received.

The commercial traveller, as a rule, is a sociable fellow; but those among them who are married do not find Sunday the most sociable day of the week, for they are too seldom able to be with their families. It has been suggested that Saturday to Monday tickets by rail, at low fares, would be a boon to many of them, as giving them an opportunity of spending a day with the folks at home. A 'Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution' shews that the fraternity is not wanting in kindness towards the less fortunate or superannuated members and their widows; while a 'Commercial Travellers' School' evinces a similar thoughtfulness in regard to orphans. It comes within our personal knowledge that a committee of commercial travellers, with headquarters at Bristol, collected the munificent sum of one thousand pounds towards the restoration of the fine old church of St Mary Redcliff in that city.

CAPRICES OF THE NILE.

THE Nile, as is well known, annually overflows its banks, and deluges a considerable part of Lower Egypt, such overflows giving periodical fertility to the soil. These floodings, however, are by no means uniform in character. Sometimes the floodings are large, sometimes disappointingly small. Nor do they always take place at the same period in the year. Occasionally they are late and tardy in their rising and falling. When the river rises well, it is called 'a good Nile;' when insufficient in volume, it is called 'a bad Nile;' just as we speak of a good and a bad season.

These caprices in the rise of the Nile have appeared to be so mysterious that certain astronomers are inclined to trace some connection between them and the absence or return of solar spots. But on this theory there are differences of opinion. While one astronomer thinks that spots in the sun lead to a heavy rainfall, others just think the reverse. Obviously, the sun-spot theory is somewhat visionary. The rise of the Nile depends on meteorological conditions near the sources of the river in Central Africa, of which we possess but imperfect information. A correspondent of the *Times* (October 31), who, writing from Alexandria, gives a variety of curious particulars regarding the Nile, comes to the conclusion that the solar-spot theory is untenable. He says, that 'so far as can be seen in Egypt, there does not appear to be any periodicity of high Niles agreeing absolutely with the acknowledged periodicity of sun-spots, and the cause or causes of maximum rainfalls must be sought for nearer home.'

A bad Nile followed by the heat and desiccation of an early summer, such as occurred in 1869, is productive of that terrible result, a want of fresh water, either for domestic purposes, or for the lower animals. But that is not all. In consequence of the dryness of the ground in the region adjoining Alexandria, the salt water of the sea percolates inland, and gives a saline quality to the Nile and water-works for a distance of seven miles. The writer whom we have quoted, speaking of the drought of 1869, says: 'At Rosetta the water was unfit for man or beast, the cattle died from it, and vegetation languished; people gave famine prices for a goat's skin of muddy stinking water from such ditches in the country as the sun had not evaporated. There were just the elements for a plague or epidemic. At every low Nile period, the fresh water in Alexandria is bad, more or less; it was so this year; but after a very low Nile it is very bad, and may be the cause of an epidemic some day.'

The Romans, by means of gigantic tanks, of which remains are visible near Alexandria, did much to assuage the evil effects of a low Nile; but in the present day, though Egypt is in various ways advancing in a knowledge of the useful arts, we cannot expect to see anything like a revival of the energy demonstrated in the occupancy by the Romans. The miserably backward condition in almost every country that had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Turks evokes the most painful emotions. The ingenious writer just referred to sees no prospect of the waters of the Nile being conserved by the present rulers of the country. 'Had such a river,' he says, 'and such a Delta existed in any state of Western Europe or America, the thing would have been done long ago, if not by the state, by private enterprise. Look at Holland. Look at Lincolnshire, where, by private enterprise, seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of salt marsh and swamps and fens, under exactly the same conditions as those marshes of the Delta of Egypt (save wanting the rich Nile-mud to hasten and increase the value of the returns), have been reclaimed, and where an estate which sold for seven thousand pounds before the reclamation works were commenced, sold for fifty-seven thousand pounds after they were completed, and the value of everything was increased by a hundred per cent. The problem of the reclamation of the

marshes of the Delta of Egypt is precisely identical, so far as the means of doing it are concerned, to that of the English fens; the only difference, in fact, being that in Lincolnshire the object is to keep out the tides when they are up, and open the sluices when they are down, in order to let out any rain-water in case of heavy rains when there is too much of it; here you want a bank and sluices to keep out a sea which has scarcely any tides at all, and the sluices to let out into the sea the Nile-water after it has deposited all its mud into the marsh. To reclaim Lake Marcotis by a sea-bank and sluices about half the size of those used in Lincolnshire, and a small canal to let in the muddy Nile-water, or clean out and extend the present ones, and reclaim its two hundred thousand acres, is a very small and simple matter. The harbour-works at Alexandria will soon be finished, and the plant and staff would be at liberty for the sea-bank and sluices—a rare opportunity of doing it cheaply. With the experience of what has been done in the Lincolnshire fens, and canals in India paying 39·7 per cent., 36·6, and 22·72 per cent. of revenue on capital, no one need hesitate to discuss a thing promising such safe results.

We have pleasure in helping to give currency to these serviceable hints from an intelligent observer.

ABSENCE OF WHITE COLOUR IN ANIMALS.

Some very curious physiological facts bearing upon the presence or absence of white colours in the higher animals have lately been adduced by Dr Ogle. It has been found that a coloured or dark pigment in the olfactory region of the nostrils is essential to perfect smell, and this pigment is rarely deficient except when the whole animal is pure white. In these cases the creature is almost without smell or taste. This, Dr Ogle believes, explains the curious case of the pigs in Virginia adduced by Mr Darwin, white pigs being poisoned by a poisonous root which does not affect black pigs. Mr Darwin imputed this to a constitutional difference accompanying the dark colour, which rendered what was poisonous to the white-coloured animals quite innocuous to the black. Dr Ogle however observes, that there is no proof that the black pigs eat the root, and he believes the more probable explanation to be that it is distasteful to them, while the white pigs, being deficient in smell and taste, eat it and are killed. Analogous facts occur in several distinct families. White sheep are killed in the Tarentino by eating *Hypericum criscum*, while black sheep escape; white rhinoceroses are said to perish from eating *Euphorbia candelabrum*; and white horses are said to suffer from poisonous food where coloured ones escape. Now it is very improbable that a constitutional immunity from poisoning by so many distinct plants should in the case of such widely different animals be always correlated with the same difference of colour; but the facts are readily understood if the senses of smell and taste are dependent on the presence of a pigment which is deficient in wholly white animals. The explanation has, however, been carried a step further, by experiments shewing that the absorption of odours by dead matter, such as clothing, is greatly affected by colour, black being the most powerful absorbent, then blue, red, yellow, and lastly white.

We have here a physical cause for the sense-inferiority of totally white animals which may account for their rarity in nature. For few, if any, wild animals are wholly white. The head, the face, or at least the muzzle or the nose, are generally black. The ears and eyes are also often black; and there is reason to believe that dark pigment is essential to good hearing, as it certainly is to perfect vision. We can therefore understand why white cats with blue eyes are so often deaf—a peculiarity we notice more readily than their deficiency of smell or taste.—DR WALLACE. *British Association*, 1876.

HALIDON HILL.

A BORDER BATTLE-FIELD.

A SUN-CLAD slope of living green
Under a cloudless Autumn sky
Say, can it be that this sweet scene,
So bright, so sheltered, so serene,
Once echoed with a battle-cry!

Broad, golden fields of waving corn
Tremble before the wind's soft breath,
While through the air is gaily borne
The reaper's song at early morn
And this was once a field of death!

No sculptured stone nor marble fair
Now marks the spot where warriors bled;
Only kind Spring's returning care,
As though she knew who slumbers there,
Bids her first primrose raise its head.

What though this battle has no place
In Scotland's roll of victories won—
The noblest of her patriot race
Here met their foemen face to face,
And bravely was their duty done.

Stern fate is theirs who, conquering, die;
But his an anguish keener far
Who on the gory field must lie,
And hear the foe's exulting cry:
'Our arms have turned the tide of war!'

Then tenderly let Scotland weep
Over her unrequited brave,
And in her heart their memory keep,
All restfully the while they sleep
In Nature's lone and peaceful grave.

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- 2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.
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CHARLIE.

CHARLIE is our pet dog. He is a handsome specimen of what is usually called a 'King Charles' spaniel, black and tan in colour, sleek, and with beautifully long ears, hanging like a silken drapery over the sides of his head. His dark eyes are brisk and intelligent. And when standing in an inquiring attitude, he is quite a picture. Charlie is two years of age. As near as we can guess, he was born on Christmas Day 1873, and so we have fixed on every returning Christmas as his birthday. Although aristocratic in appearance, Charlie is of humble birth. He was one of a litter reared by a breeder, and his early days were spent in a plain cottage in the suburbs. It was only by advertising for a dog of his kind that we heard of him.

The first interview with a dog which is to be your companion and joy of your life for years, is always memorable. On a certain wintry evening, while we are seated in the drawing-room, the door-bell is rung, and the servant announces that there is a man in the lobby with two dogs for sale. The two little creatures were brought upstairs to be exhibited. They were amazingly like each other. One was called Charlie, and the other Prince. The choice betwixt the two was most difficult. At length, one thing determined the selection. Charlie's nose, as we thought, was a trifle smaller and neater than the nose of Prince, and he was preferred. Five pounds were paid for him, and poor Prince was dismissed. We were sorry for Prince then and afterwards. He never found a purchaser, and died young, the victim of an infantile dog disease.

That was Charlie's start in life. There he was, all at once introduced to a scene such as he had never seen before. All around him were gay mirrors, sofas, and chandeliers. Yet he did not manifest any surprise, and that is a remarkable feature in dogs. They are never surprised at anything, nor do they hang back with any degree of bashfulness. No courtier could have acquitted himself with more propriety or com-

posure on the occasion than this little untutored dog. Being put down on the floor, he in the first place took a general survey, and then sauntered about to gain a knowledge of particulars. Meandering below sofas and chairs, his attention was riveted on a fine engraving of Sir Francis Burrell (a prized gift) in a frame, which leant against the wall previous to its being hung up. Charlie looked long at Sir Francis with his top-boots, and his dog stretched out beside him. Perhaps it was the dog more than the boots that fixed his attention. Anyway, he seemed to feel an interest in the picture, for in his ramble he returned to take a second and a third look. We congratulated ourselves with having got a dog which possessed a taste for the fine arts.

Charlie soon felt himself at home in the establishment. Every one admired and was kind to him. He deserved their love and attention. Nothing could surpass his docility and gentleness. Clever, agile, he jumped on chairs and tables, never discomposing anybody or anything. Brought up with commendable habits, and always amusing, he grew up the pet of the household; and so he has continued. It was a redeeming feature in the stern character of the ancient Romans that they associated in a kindly way with pet dogs. In the Columbaria, outside the walls of Rome, is pointed out an earthen vase containing the ashes of a little dog, described as having been the *DELICATUM* of the household. Charlie is our *DELICATUM*. So funny, so winning, so easily satisfied, so obedient, so companionable! Affording from morning to night so much matter of talk as to what he has been doing, where he has been, whether the weather is suitable for going out, what this or that lady visitor has said about him, and so forth in endless chatter filling up pauses in conversation, he proves useful as an antidote to the kind of dullness which is apt to creep over a small family devoid of bustling youngsters. For these and other reasons, it would be painful to contemplate the possibility of either losing or doing without him. We hope to get through the remainder of life in companionship with Charlie.

It is easy to express such a hope. Dogs are short-lived. Their little span is usually ten to twelve years. All dog-lovers, therefore, have in the course of time to incur successive pangs in parting for ever with their cherished favourites. The fondly attached creatures are gone. Their place is vacant. The accustomed cushion by the fireside, the little bed nightly prepared for them, the comb and brush provided for their morning toilet, the crystal jars of water set about for their use, the coat made to protect them from the wet and cold, know them no more. In going out for a walk without them there is a feeling of desolation. Nature appears dull and out of sorts. Inside as well as outside the dwelling there is a mournful consciousness of an irreparable loss—the loss perhaps felt the more acutely, because meeting with little general sympathy. Can we say there is anything unreasonable in feeling for the loss of a being which has innocently engaged the affections? To a dwelling whence in the course of Providence children have been sadly swept away—possibly never vouchsafed—God has given the dog. It is of imperfect intelligence—a four-footed creature below the dignity and deprived of the hopes of humanity, but it has sensibilities and attachments much beyond what are manifested in the lower animals, and, properly treated, is the willing assistant, the friend, we might almost say the worshipper of man. Viewed in the light of a gift to compensate to some extent for what is withheld or taken away, it may agreeably fill up a void, and in doing so realise a truly beneficent design in Nature. So strong is the attachment formed for his master or mistress that in their removal by death, the dog will try still to be with them. He will follow them in despairing agony to the grave—or to the scaffold. At that foul midnight murder of the Duc d'Enghien by order of Bonaparte in the fosse of Vincennes, his little dog laid itself down disconsolately to perish on his grave. At that dreadful execution of Mary Queen of Scots, in the castle of Fotheringay, a little pet dog which had followed her unobserved was found nestling in the garments of its beloved and grievously outraged mistress.

We have not in our day been unacquainted with the feelings which are apt to be experienced in the loss of a favourite dog. Twice have we gone through the distressing ordeal, and twice did we form a resolve not to suffer the like again. The blank, however, was so great, that like others in similar circumstances, the rash resolve was departed from. Let us say a few words regarding the two pet dogs who were the predecessors of Charlie.

Our first dog was Fiddy, a lively little spaniel of the black and tan variety, but not quite pure in breed, for she had a few white hairs on the breast, and I am inclined to think she had in her a dash of the cocker; for she had a capital nose, and at all proper opportunities while in the country she was on the outlook for game, her tail all the time going at a great rate. Fiddy was born in

1847. Her father, named Tom, and her mother, called Beauty, belonged to a lady of our acquaintance, who generously made a present of pups to all who would accept of them. Such she did for years. A peculiarity attended the progeny of Tom and Beauty. The longer they lived their pups fell off from the black and tan variety, till they degenerated into party-coloured animals—always charming little dogs, but evidently partaking of the quality of some far-off mottled original.

Fiddy possessed a good deal of character. Gentle, affectionate, and docile, she yet in the way of walks and runs liked to have a little of her own way. She did not approve of always going in one direction, but preferred variety, so as to make fresh investigations among bushes. Her diverting ways led to the idea of writing her autobiography, which I prepared, nominally as editor, in a small volume, as a specimen of fanciful typography for the International Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851. It was styled *Fiddy, an Autobiography, edited by her Master*. Only a very few copies were printed for private circulation, and as I know of only two copies being in existence, it must be considered to be about the rarest book in Her Majesty's dominions.

One or two short extracts from the autobiography to give a notion of the thing: Fiddy being taken on a visit to a small country town on the banks of the Tweed, writes as follows: 'Here there was only one dog with which I occasionally had a run on the green. He was called Dandy, and lived within a neighbourly distance. Dandy was a Scotch terrier, with an astonishingly long body and short legs. He had a large head, and if not wise, he had at least a look of great gravity. Dandy could not run very fast, and I always outstripped him in a race. But he was good-humoured, and never was angry when I teased him. One day when Dandy called on me, we had a conversation respecting the different ways in which dogs live. He distressed me very much by saying that at night he thought himself well-off when he got the mat at the room-door to lie upon. He seemed to envy me when I mentioned that I was provided with a regular bed, fitted up in a basket for my use, and also, that every attention was daily paid to my toilet. Until this moment, he had no conception of such refinements. . . . Dandy possessed strange notions of independence. When his master was absent from home for a few days, he went off composedly on jaunts on his own account. In this way he visited a number of farm-houses within a circuit of four or five miles, where he was well known and hospitably entertained, and renewed his acquaintance with the collies and terriers of the different establishments.

Returning to town, I was destined to pine. Master and mistress departed on a journey to a far-distant place, and were absent a long time. They went away at the end of March 1849. On the day before their departure, I suspected what was about to occur. I saw much packing of portmanteaus and

carpet-bags. I could only look on in silent regret, and pensively wag my tail. Nothing could amuse me. It was in vain I was told "there was a cat in the garden." If there was one, which I doubt, I had not the heart to run after it. I accompanied master and mistress to the railway station. I licked their hands, and would have remained with them in the carriage, if my female attendant, Christy, had not carried me away. When the train was gone, I was in despair. A Victoria biscuit could not console me. To relieve my feelings during the absence of my benefactors, I kept a journal, from which I select a few passages.

Cannot describe Christy's solicitude about my happiness. She is constantly trying to amuse me. Every fine day I am taken out for a walk. To-day, I was taken to see a steam-boat. Did not like the deck: too many people. Much pleased with the cabins; because I could easily jump into and out of the boats, which are almost level with the floor. At a baker's shop Christy bought for me a thin cake of gingerbread, which a boy took from me while I was carrying it in my mouth. Don't like boys, and neither do I like dogs, for they often take my biscuits. Have just heard that master and mistress are in Paris, and will not be home till nearly the end of May. Do they ever think of me? Can they be aware of my anxiety for their return? I know I am only a little doggie; yet have I not been endowed with feelings of attachment to my benefactors, and do I not give up all for their society? When, when will my kind friends come back, and relieve the aching heart of their faithful Fiddy? *May 23—Evening*—I am delicious with joy. They have come home. How happy has been our meeting! I licked over their hands and face. And they did not forget their poor little doggie when hundreds of miles away! They have brought me two sweet biscuits from Paris; and as a souvenir have presented me with a china-cup out of which to take my milk in the morning! Kind master and mistress, Fiddy will know how to be grateful!

For a number of years Fiddy was our solace, our DELICUM. Never having been addressed rudely, and having experienced no injury or neglect, but having, on the contrary, been uniformly treated with kindness, and a proper regard to her feelings and habits, she was unconscious of any fear of injury. Like a happy and light-hearted child, ignorant of sorrow, she was usually playful and amusing, with the additional recommendation of being free from the pettishness of over-indulged children. Many persons have some oddity of manner confirmed into habit. Some men, when puzzled, scratch their heads; others, when pleased, rub their hands. Fiddy had an eccentricity of this kind. When excited by any pleasing emotion, such as the prospect of going out, she scratched her shoulder with her right fore-leg. That leg at length gave us some concern. Having gone through a small stream when heated with running, she became afflicted with rheumatism, and at times held up the leg in a state of pitiably agony. On these occasions a jug of hot water being procured, she stood with the leg in it till the pain had vanished, and her playfulness was resumed.

Unassuming and unaffected, her perfect simplicity of character excited our admiration. Fiddy was a study. Well off, as may be said,

in her circumstances, she gave herself no airs, never was the least uplifted. Treated as a companion, she furnished constant interest and amusement. To old acquaintances she ever gave the same kindly greetings—welcomed all alike; demonstrating her affection only in a higher degree to those who paid her marked attention. To our grief, she began to fail in 1856. She walked feebly about the grounds outside the house, and could no longer take distant excursions. On her birthday in July 1858, she was decorated for the last time with her silver bell and her medal—a gold dollar which I had brought with me on purpose from the United States. Her breathing was very bad. She panted dreadfully. Much of her time was spent in sleep. Her last days were at hand. Our dear Fiddy died peacefully in the arms of a young lady, when about to remove from the country to the town in October 1858. She lies buried on a sunny green knoll overlooking the Tweed, where flowers blossom and birds sing every returning summer over her tiny grave.

Stunned with the loss, we were without a dog for several years. At last, overcoming sorrowful recollections, we ventured upon another. This second one, Fanny, was also a King Charles, but a degree smaller than Fiddy. We got it when it was very young in 1864.

Fanny grew up a charming toy-dog, and in her turn was the DELICUM of the household. In her winning gentleness and affection were repeated the amiable qualities of her predecessor. In some of her habits she was not so *pronounced*, yet was in no respect less a general favourite. From the tranquillity of her manner we were enabled to secure some good photographs of her in different attitudes. Circumstances induced us to take her on several excursions to distant places, and she never gave any trouble. In the railway trains, she couched by my side for hundreds of miles without stirring, and scarcely was any one aware of her presence. I have pleasant recollections of her rambles with me under the trees of the Mall in St James's Park, where Charles II. used to stroll about with his pet dogs,—of her merry gambols on the yellow shingly beach at Ventnor in the Isle of Wight,—and of observing with interest her nasal scrutiny of the massive blocks of Stonehenge. She had not the robust constitution of Fiddy, but she might have lived equally long, had she not been injured by a kick which a brutal wretch gave her one day in the street. She never fully got the better of this unprovoked assault. Weakened in her powers of locomotion, she finally was unable to walk, and died prematurely in June 1873, every one in the house lamenting her decease. She lies buried on the flowery bank along with Fiddy.

This sorrowful event brings us to our acquisition of Charlie, the present dog-incumbent of the dwelling, and inheritor of the trinkets and trappings to which he has naturally succeeded. It would be difficult to speak too flatteringly of Charlie. Sprightly, with an inexhaustible fund of good temper, he is never, even when a little provoked, been known to snap, or appear surly. Vigilant as a watch-dog, he barks at any unusual ringing of the bell at night or noise outside. While in town, his favourite seat is on a small table at the parlour-window, to observe what is going on in the street. When taken to the country, he bounds like a mad thing among the trees,

and is ever ready for a ramble. One of his eccentricities is the vanity of shewing his tail. On being fondled, he turns and twists, bringing his tail forward for general admiration. In such cases he does not mind being laughed at when placed on a table to go through his amusing pantomime. Another eccentricity consists in rolling over delightedly on any morsel of biscuit given to him. Tossing it up, he rolls over and over upon it in the height of enjoyment, affording an instance of how little will give pleasure. Visitors declare that Charlie is the funniest little dog they ever saw. Matchless for his attractive beauty, he does credit to the breed, of which he is acknowledged to be a fine specimen. Though speaking from a limited experience, I venture to think that for a quiet dwelling no toy-dogs can excel the King Charles variety, provided they are properly trained and cared for, according to the delicacy of their constitution. The breed has latterly become scarce, and pugs are now all the fashion; but from this new taste there can scarcely fail to be a rebound to the beautifully formed and gentle kind of dogs described in the present sketch.

The pleasure and advantage of keeping a dog of any variety must of course depend on the way it is bred up and treated. It is impossible to speak too severely of the manner in which dogs are often neglected, misused, and allowed to roam about to the annoyance and danger of neighbours. The dog, like every domesticated animal, has rights to be respected, and this should be kept in remembrance, if nothing else is. The toy-dog in particular, with its keen sensibilities, pines under neglect, and will die from misusage. Thoughtless or hard is the heart of those who forget their duty to the little creature, which on its part never fails to shew its love and fidelity by all the means in its power.

Happily, the greater number of persons we have known as keepers of toy-dogs have not erred on the score of neglect, and they have been rewarded accordingly. Their pets within the limits of their capacity have helped to assuage lingering sorrows, and like gleams of sunshine have cheered many a lonesome dwelling. Therein lies the philosophy of the question. Less or more all minor and companionable domesticated animals may be deemed assuagements sent to lighten the burden of cares or misfortunes, or at the very least to meliorate solitude. A contemplation of the grander works of Nature, magnificent scenery, the rich garniture of fields and gardens, the higher flights of genius exerted in pictorial delineation, the welling springs of literature, are all inspiring, and in their way soothing and consoling. But the cravings of the desolate are for what is inspired with life, for in living and familiar forms we are fain to possess objects on which, for lack of something better, the finer affections may be drawn out and expanded. The cat purring in tranquil enjoyment beside the poor widow knitting at her solitary fireside—the small bird gleefully chirruping in its cage in the sunshine, reminding orphan girls of what had given pleasure to a deceased parent—the droll, or it may be pathetic, words repeated by a starling in the confined apartment of an artisan suffering from domestic bereavement—may they not be accepted as something to soothe asperities that are felt to be almost insupportable? Viewed in this light, pet animals

are subjects of interesting reflection. They are, in a sense, the auxiliaries of religion and philosophy.

The small domesticated dog, from its singularly companionable qualities, is beyond all inferior creatures to be appreciated. In its very simplicity and gentleness there is a reflex action to induce in us kindly views, as well as a calm contentment with our condition. In little Charlie we have a daily monitor in the ordinary concerns of life, obliterating cares, and reminding us how much there is to be thankful for in blessings that are apt to be passed over with indifference.

W. G.

THE ARAB WIFE.

A TALE OF THE POLYNESIAN SEAS.

CHAPTER XII.—WANDERING.

My chief concern was with Bikur. His state of mind was evidently deplorable. Between his fear of me and his dread of the adventure, he was fast approaching a condition of absolute desperation. I consulted Fatima; and that admirable woman proposed that by taking hold of his superstition we could turn it to our advantage, as now it was to our weakness. She advised that I should go through some mumbo-jumbo performance, and give to Yarifa and Bikur a pebble or trifle of some kind as a fetich, which would protect them from all assaults of magic night, unless made by a wizard with more powerful spells than I possessed. Accordingly we set ourselves to work to devise some plan by which I might overawe Bikur into placid obedience by working upon his imagination, and then raise him to the height of bliss by the pretended talisman. I rummaged over the desk of the Dutch captain for papers that might give me a hint, and I perceived for the first time that there was a set of drawers secreted under the compartment for paper. I ferreted about the compartment with my fingers, and at length convinced myself that the spring was on the outside; which proved to be the case. Touching one of the ornaments, the head of a long shallow drawer became manifest; and this I drew out with much eagerness. It contained nothing at the first glance; but a more careful survey shewed a little piece of paper rolled up and tucked under the velvet which had been loosed. I for the purpose. I unrolled it, and saw in Greek characters *ανανκη*. Fatima ejaculated 'The word, the word!' and rushed for the casket; but as she could not read Greek she had to let her lord accomplish the task. I carefully arranged on the casket the letters *ανανκη*. But to my disappointment the lid remained fast. Then I tried it according to the pronunciation, *anankē*; nothing budged. Sure that it was the word, I tried it again as I thought it would be pronounced by the Dutch, *amankie*, and the lid of the casket opened instantly.

It disclosed a necklace of rubies so magnificent that I thought at first I must be dreaming, as large rubies are quite rare. Yet here were twenty-three stones, each of them of quite unusual size, and in the centre was an opal of the most dazzling lustre as large as a good-sized walnut. I threw it with irrepressible enthusiasm around the snowy neck of my darling wife, who received it with becoming modesty. We both resolved to look upon it as a favourable omen. Taking the casket

to the cabin and hiding it away with its precious contents, Fatima returned with a lightsome countenance. 'Husband,' said she, 'I see the way to pacify Bikur and Yarifa, and secure them in perfect obedience. You told me that from what you had seen in an almanac on board the Dutch vessel, there will shortly be an eclipse of the moon. Let us land if possible, and do you draw a circle on the ground and utter conjurations. Then as the shadow steals over the moon, produce the casket, and place it in the circle, speaking in Arabic, and ordering the enchanter who by his spells is darkening the bright circle of the moon, to command me to give the magic word.'

I thought this an excellent device. So far as my memory served me, the eclipse ought to take place some time about midnight of the following day, so I took the first opportunity of calling Bikur on one side. (Giving the wheel to my wife, I went forward with him, under pretence of shifting the foresheet, and said: 'Bikur, the decisive moment will soon arrive; and I feel that I cannot blame you for being afraid, because you have no talisman to protect you from afrits.'

'Ah, suh!h, that is so. If I had a talisman like my lord's, I would not care for Sheitan, or for an army of ghouls and afrits; Bikur is a brave man; but what could he do against spirits!'

'That is true, Bikur; and I am now going to give you a talisman more potent than the seal of Solomon. You see this golden ashrafi. I give this to you freely, and know from this moment that nothing above ground, under ground, in the air, or in the water, can harm you.'

Bikur's gratitude was unbounded; and he immediately passed a string through the sacred coin, and hung it round his neck. 'Now Bikur, you are safe, but the moment approaches. To-morrow night most likely you will see an extraordinary phenomenon; but you have a potent talisman, and you must not fail me on that occasion, or I cannot guarantee your life.'

'What must I do?' said Bikur in a not very courageous tone.

'You must stand with a drawn sword on my right hand, and Yarifa must stand behind us, holding up this charm,' shewing him a quadrant. 'If you run away, all is lost.'

Bikur went away with a very cheerless countenance to share his troubles with Yarifa; but on the whole his aspect was more cheerful, and he evidently put the strongest confidence in the talismanic piece of gold.

As day broke on the following morning, we opened a little bay so beautiful, it seemed like a picture from a fairy tale. The water was perfectly clear, and the sandy bottom, strewn with shells and coral, was so distinct that I expected the pirogue would ground every moment. But there was no danger, for near as it seemed it was fully twenty feet down. Fish of the most brilliant colours were darting about, and at the head of the little bay was a bank of soft green turf. Beyond that was another much higher bank, on the top of which tall trees were growing. Here we landed; and climbing the second bank with some difficulty, as it was pretty steep, Bikur and I found ourselves at the entrance of a thick forest. There were hosts of monkeys and parrots among the trees. We threw ourselves down under some trees that had a fruit so much resembling the guava, that I plucked

some and commenced eating without scruple. If they were guavas they were twice the size of any I ever saw in India. As I sat enjoying the luscious fruit and revelling in the strangeness of the situation, I could not but feel touched by the thought of what my darling Fatima was undergoing for my sake. Not by a look nor by a gesture, far less a word, did she ever complain of any hardships, or give me cause to remember how much she had sacrificed for me.

I rose up, flushed with the determination that come what might I would never cease to be to Fatima as fond as I was then—that I would never cease to be the lover as well as the husband. The underbrush was not enough to impede our progress, and we tramped through for about a quarter of a mile, which was as far as I dared go for fear of losing myself. On our way back, Bikur spied an opening in the wood, and making for it, we found one of those natural glades which so puzzle philosophers. When I come to think of it, it is strange that there should be a spot where trees will not grow, although the seeds of hundreds of kinds must be blown there. Such places serve as breathing-holes to the forests, I should think.

At one end of the glade three deer were feeding peacefully, and I resolved to have two if I could. They were small, and speckled with white beads like Ceylon deer. I had taken the precaution to bring a musket with me, and after seeing that it was in good order, I took a deliberate aim at the fattest, and fired, bringing it down. Then, what a commotion took place in the trees! Birds of every description rose in clouds in the air, monkeys shrieked and chattered, and lizards rustled down the brown trunks. The whole place swarmed with awakened life. The deer remained where they were, and I secured another one with the same ease. Then carrying one on my shoulders, followed by Bikur with the other, I paddled back to the pirogue.

When the hour approached for the incantation scene we all paddled ashore in the sampan. I handed the quadrant to Yarifa, who received it with a shudder, and Bikur snatched up his sword with an air of desperation. Giving the casket to Fatima to carry, with the word formed *all but one letter*, and having my gun on my shoulder, we started for the glade. On arriving there I measured off a circle, and levelled the long grass so that the casket when placed in the centre could be plainly seen. As nearly as I could judge, the time of the eclipse was at hand; so taking my place in the circle, I ordered them to get in their places, and we remained motionless till a black shadow began to eat into the bright disc of the moon. I chanted some doggerel verse, and the black shadow grew larger and larger, until the whole was obscured. It was now nearly pitch-dark, and I called in English, 'The word, the word, the word!' Whereupon, while Fatima solemnly emphasised the word *an-an-kie*, I stooped, and picking up the casket, touched the remaining letter, which threw open the lid of the mysterious case. The effect was what I anticipated; Bikur and Yarifa both sunk to the ground in a half-swoon; and it was not until the moon had resumed her brightness that I could restore them to reason.

'O Allah, Allah!' cried poor Bikur; 'is it over?'

'Yes; thanks be to Allah,' I replied. 'It is over, and the casket is open.'

They looked, and saw the opened lid, and burst into a rhapsody of delight.

'I was not afraid; was I, my lord?' said Yarifa.

'No; that you were not,' said I heartily. 'And I am sure that Nizam will reward you both well; and so will I.'

'Shall we go back now to Gezireh?'

'Perhaps, my friends.'

Whereupon the poor deceived creatures kissed my hands rapturously, and were transported with pleasure. We returned in the best humour to the pirogue, and hoisting sail, steered straight for Gezireh. But as soon as Bikur was fast asleep, my wife came to my assistance, and we veered round and stood once more for the south. At length I heard Bikur pointing out to Yarifa, with the air of one who has made a great discovery: 'See, black woman; now we return to Gezireh, the land is on this side; but when we were going to the magician's land, it was on that side.'

'That 's so,' said Yarifa. 'You're a clever man, Bikur.'

'I am indeed; and we may be proud that we were selected for this great enterprise, for no one could have done it but us.'

Still southward and still southward we crept, the wind seemingly chained to our sails. I had heard of this extraordinary quiet weather among these islands and around Polynesia, and yet it seemed incredible. But at length the sails flapped idly to the masts, and we were becalmed.

'Ugh, ugh!' cried Bikur; 'not far from Gezireh now; I know it by the calms.'

But there is a southern latitude of calms as well as a northern, and this I explained to Fatima; we were approaching the termination of our voyage, though no wind, not even a sigh of wind, disturbed the dreadful monotony of the sea. The sun rose and sunk every day on a waveless ocean, and we drifted with the current steadily southward. I pointed out to Bikur how we were drifting, and he looked melancholy for a moment, but soon consoled himself with the idea that he was on his way home.

THE INDIAN COBRA.

DR FAYRER, late Professor of Surgery in the Calcutta Medical College, in his splendid and valuable work *The Theriopathia of India*, says that the annual mortality from snake-bites in that country is 'perfectly appalling,' and gives statistics which, although very incomplete, too well confirm the assertion. Inquiries on this subject were first instituted by Sir H. Bartle Frere, when Commissioner of Sind, and have since been prosecuted by others; latterly very much at the instigation and through the personal exertions of Dr Fayrer himself, who has also long and earnestly studied the natural history of the serpents of India, and all the questions of physiological and medical interest relating to the bites of the venomous species, not only with scientific and professional ardour, but also with the philanthropic object of discovering means by which human lives might be saved.

In January 1870 Dr Fayrer addressed a letter to the secretaries or political agents of the principal governments of India, soliciting information as to loss of life by snake-bites. Replies were received

containing reports from many districts of these governments, of the number of deaths from this cause in 1869; but from others no return was made, so that the information obtained was very incomplete. In forty-eight districts of Bengal, 6219 deaths were reported as having taken place; and in other parts the losses amounted to 5197: making a total of 11,416 fatal accidents of this kind. But it is to be observed that from a large part of India the doctor neither applied for nor received information, and that even from the governments to which his circular was sent the returns received were very incomplete, the area represented by them being less than half of the peninsula of Hindustan; besides which there is reason to think that even in the districts from which returns were obtained, many cases of death by snake-bite must have occurred besides those which were reported, such an accident being too ordinary an event to attract much attention; and Dr Fayrer does not hesitate to express his belief that if full information could be obtained from the whole of Hindustan, 'it would be found that more than 20,000 persons die annually from snake-bite.'

We have been favoured with the following details concerning one of the deadliest of the Indian snakes, the Cobra, by a gentleman who has passed many years in the East. He says: The Cobra da Capello (*Naja tripudians*), sometimes called the *Hooded* or *Spectacle Snake*, is the commonest and at the same time the most dreaded of all the venomous snakes of India. When excited or confronting an enemy, it assumes a remarkably graceful posture of defence, by raising the fore-part of the body to a height of perhaps a foot and a half from the ground, and at the same moment drawing together into a coil the remaining portion of its body and tail, till it forms as it were a kind of spiral spring, which aided by the elasticity and muscular power of its frame, enables it, so soon as it deems its opponent to be within range of its stroke, to launch itself forward with lightning rapidity. In an instant the bite is given, which, as we shall presently see, is nearly if not always fatal.

I believe that the cobra da capello is found throughout Hindustan, though it is far more numerous in some localities than in others. In some of our Bengal stations where I have been quartered, I have not seen a single cobra nor noticed the trace of one from one year's end to the other; in others, especially during 'the rains,' hardly a week has passed without several having been seen.

In Bandelkum, especially in the neighbourhood of Jhansi and Lallupore, the cobra is unusually common. It harbours chiefly in holes under the foundations and in the walls of old ruined forts and temples, in honey-combed ant-hills, in the sides of old wells, or amid the debris of fallen buildings and deserted outhouses, particularly where grass and jungle have been allowed to grow, and rubbish to accumulate. During the day it is rarely seen abroad, but lies coiled up asleep in its place of concealment, sallying forth in search of food so soon as darkness sets in. It preys chiefly on frogs, toads, rats, young birds, and the like. It will readily invade a house in quest of such creatures, and on entering a room travels round the angle made by the walls and

floor. During the hot-weather months, when, on account of the oppressive heat, doors and windows are left wide open throughout the night, and there is nothing to bar the entrance of vermin of all sorts, it is nothing unusual in the morning to find portions of the slough cast off its body, by a prowling cobra. Houses with thick thatched roofs, particularly old buildings, are always more frequented by snakes than tiled dwellings of recent construction.

It is a mistake to imagine that the cobra, or in fact any other kind of serpent that I am acquainted with, will ever bite or molest human beings, unless disturbed, meddled with, or provoked in the first instance. On the contrary, the greater majority of snakes are only too glad to be permitted to escape and beat a retreat when discovered by man; and unless driven into a corner or followed up, speedily vanish into some old rat-hole or other hiding-place, without shewing, beyond a threatening hiss, a sign of opposition to, or desire of retaliating on the intruder. I believe that nearly always it is the sense of fear more than anything else that induces the cobra, when surprised or touched even without being hurt, instantaneously to turn and bite the person who has alarmed it. The boots and trousers or leather gaiters usually worn by Europeans when out walking or shooting, in a great measure protect the wearers from the teeth of snakes.

Natives of India, on the other hand, in spite of the fearful loss of life annually occasioned among them by poisonous snakes, appear to be perfectly callous and indifferent about guarding against such dangerous creatures, neglecting to take even the most ordinary precautions. Some classes sleep upon *charpays* or native bedsteads; but the great majority, especially of the poorer orders, sleep on the ground with their heads wrapped up, and their bodies enveloped in a sheet or blanket. A cobra, when travelling at night in search of food, instead of circling round, often crosses over the body or legs of a sleeper; the weight and movement of the reptile partially awaken the unfortunate slumberer, who, in a half-conscious state, puts out his hand to discover what has disturbed him, probably touches the hideous intruder, and is immediately bitten.

When I was quartered at Jhansi in 1872, a poor boy in my service, while lying asleep in the veranda of my house, was fatally bitten by a cobra. It was early in September, one of the most unhealthy and trying months in the year, when to exist it becomes absolutely necessary to keep punkahs unceasingly moving at full swing night and day. I employed three punkah coolies, two men and a boy, who, by taking it turn about at intervals of two or three hours, were expected to keep the long fan suspended from the ceiling, in perpetual motion over my head. Two of these punkah coolies were father and son; the latter, a lad of fourteen or fifteen, often accompanied me in my shooting expeditions, and was rather a favourite. One evening, after tossing about for some time, I managed at length to fall into a doze, and must have slumbered for some hours, when I was startled in my sleep by hearing some one in the stillness of the night suddenly cry out. I was soon asleep again, but was aroused about daylight by my bearer carrying a lantern, who, in an excited tone of voice, informed me that one of the servants

was very ill, and desired me to come and see him immediately. Hastily donning a pair of slippers, I followed my attendant down some steps, round a corner of the house, till presently we reached the veranda facing the south. A group of natives were stooping over and supporting the head of the poor punkah coolie lad, who was insensible; and to my horror, on raising his hand, although it was still warm, I could feel no beat of pulse at the wrist. There were two dark punctures from which the blood was still oozing; and then it suddenly struck me that a snake had bitten him. No time was lost in procuring a bedstead and four bearers, and despatching the sufferer to the hospital, only a few hundred yards distant. But it was all too late; for on reaching the building, the native doctor in attendance pronounced the unfortunate fellow to be quite dead. Probably the reptile had attempted to cross over the prostrate form of the sleeper, and on being touched, had immediately retaliated by biting him.

Determined to discover the hiding-place of the snake, we removed from the veranda a large folded tent and numerous boxes and cases; and nothing remained but two packing-cases, with a small bell-tent rolled up and resting on the top of them. Two men had partially lifted the canvas, when an exclamation from one of them drew my attention to the spot, and on looking round I saw a snake coiled up on the lid of the box from which the tent had just been raised; almost beyond a doubt the one that had caused the death of my poor servant. It was a cobra of moderate size and very dark colour. The creature began to glide away, so I looked round for something to strike a blow with, and on a table close at hand was the very thing I required; what we in India call a *fly-flapper*, a stout cane some two and a half feet in length, with a piece of pliable leather fastened to one end of it. Just as I got hold of the leather end of this weapon, a red setter of mine, named Dash, who had been attentively watching the operation of removing the tent and boxes—doubtless hoping that a rat or some such animal would bolt out from behind them and afford a 'chivy'—caught sight of the cobra, now rapidly stealing off; and with hair bristling erect sprang forward, barking furiously. Instantly the cobra drew itself together, with a threatening hiss, elevated its head and neck, and with flashing eyes and quivering forked tongue, prepared to defend itself; but my dog was too knowing to close with such a formidable adversary, and only kept it at bay till his master came to his assistance and despatched it.

A fruitful cause of fatal accidents among natives by snake-bites may be attributed to their careless habit of walking barefooted when travelling, or when passing through the jungle. Some classes wear low shoes, which, however, seldom reach above the ankle, and though guarding the feet of the wearer to a certain extent, yet afford no protection whatever to the leg, which is almost invariably left bare up to the knee. The consequence is—especially during the rainy season, when vegetation springs up over the whole country with extraordinary rapidity and when all kinds of snakes are on the move—that numbers of unfortunate natives, travelling on the public roads by night as is their wont in order to avoid the heat of the sun, or passing through the grass by day, are fatally bitten, without having caught

a glimpse of the deadly creature which they have inadvertently crushed under foot or brushed against in passing.

Besides the cobra there are other snakes, such as the krait, Russell's viper, the *Ophiophagus elaps*, &c., the bite of which is certainly fatal if the strongest remedies are not instantly applied; hence it is that the government reports as to the exact species that has caused a death, are so frequently 'uncertain.' The victim is bitten, the snake disappears before the victim has had time to identify it, and the mischief is done.

Our Indian cantonments are constantly visited by roving gangs of snake-catchers or, as they are more generally termed, snake-charmers. These wandering bands—generally consisting of three or four individuals belonging to the lowest caste—gain a livelihood by travelling about the country from station to station, and exhibiting to the residents for a small gratuity numerous reptiles, chiefly snakes, which they carry about in baskets. That these people are veritable snake-catchers, I readily admit; for undoubtedly, from familiarity with the habits and resorts of various descriptions of snakes and constant practice in their vocation, they succeed in capturing numerous cobras, rock-snakes, and other serpents both large and small; but whether they are entitled to be called snake-charmers, or in other words, whether, by means of certain musical sounds, they have the power of enticing the wild snakes of the jungle out of their holes and hiding-places, so as to admit of their being captured, is another thing altogether. Natives of the country—who are in general an exceedingly superstitious race—declare these people to be gifted with mysterious and almost supernatural powers over snakes. I have myself, however, no faith in snake-charmers, for I have repeatedly detected them attempting by subtle impositions and clever acting, to delude lookers-on into the belief that they were dealing with veritable wild snakes, when all the time the dancing cobras that made their appearance at the sound of the pipe were some of their own tame snakes, placed in certain spots beforehand.

These professional snake-catchers are many of them, in addition to their regular vocation, most expert jugglers, and exceedingly adroit at all kinds of sleight-of-hand tricks. It is their constant practice to 'turn down' a few tame snakes in a garden-hedge or somewhere close in the vicinity of a house they intend paying a visit to, ere they present themselves before the sahib, the owner of the premises; and then, with every appearance of good faith, the rascals request permission to be allowed to clear the compound of snakes; at the same time stipulating for a reward, perhaps one rupee a head for every snake they may succeed in catching. If the gentleman of the house should happen to be a *griffin*, or new-comer, likely enough he will be induced to lend an ear to so plausible a request, and at length promise these crafty rogues so much for each snake they succeed in catching. Soon, to his horror and amazement, hideous serpents of various dimensions are produced, one from the straw in an empty stall in the stables, another from the garden-hedge, and so on; till at last, perhaps the fraud is carried too far and discovered; but I have known such deceptions successfully practised upon the unwary, and the snake-charmers liberally rewarded for simply

inducing, by musical sounds, some of their own pets to shew themselves and be recaptured.

It is right, however, here to say that certain descriptions of serpents—chiefly of the genus *Naja*, I believe, though I am not positive on this point—most undoubtedly are susceptible to, and in a measure become fascinated on hearing musical sounds. I have constantly seen tame snakes in the possession of snake-catchers, on hearing the sound of the pipe, erect themselves and sway their heads from side to side, and beyond a doubt shew pleasure at the strain; but I have never once seen a wild snake go through the same performance; and I believe that only tame reptiles carried about in baskets and 'broken in' for such an exhibition so conduct themselves. I have repeatedly offered snake-charmers five rupees to bring out from its sanctuary by means of music, a cobra known by me to be 'at home,' but invariably all their efforts have been in vain.

One of the favourite performances of these wandering gangs, especially when there appears to be a likelihood of extracting a larger *baksheesh* than ordinary from the lookers-on, is for one of them to so irritate and provoke a cobra (I need hardly say one that has had its fangs extracted), by pushing his knuckles into the reptile's face, till at length, after several failures, the snake makes good his stroke, and bites its tormentor on the hand, so that blood flows from the wound. Immediately he feigns terror, and produces a peculiar-looking gray substance termed a snake-stone, but which is simply a piece of bone rendered porous by having been calcined; after blowing upon the punctures produced by the serpent's teeth, he places this 'stone' upon the wound, and informs the spectators that by its means the poison will speedily be absorbed, and all danger avoided. There are many who actually believe in the efficacy of these stones; but I venture to say that if such a very simple remedy were really effectual, and a genuine specific, the snake-stone cure would speedily be brought into universal use. It would appear, however, that these people really prize these so-called stones, for I have been present when money has been offered to them to part with one, but declined.

Perhaps the strongest argument against this snake-stone cure, and which I think greatly tends to prove that it is only one of the many deceptions practised on the public by these people, is, that these very men often themselves fall victims to the bite of the cobra, though at the time in possession of a stone which they assert to be capable of working a cure. Moreover, when these professional snake-catchers have to deal with an undoubtedly wild cobra in full vigour—although as a rule they display extraordinary pluck, skill, and resolution in capturing it, and on the first favourable opportunity will with wonderful quickness seize hold of and secure it—an attentive beholder cannot fail to remark the extreme caution and watchful management they display on first clutching hold of the animal; their whole demeanour and action differing unmistakably from the off-hand, careless manner which they assume when grasping one of their own harmless specimens; and it is an undoubted fact that these men really dread the consequences of a chance bite from a wild cobra quite as much as other mortals do, and are well aware that nothing can withdraw

the deadly venom from a wound, or save life, when once the poison has mingled with the blood.

When a deadly venomous snake bites vigorously, the poison which flows through the two fangs is instantaneously introduced into the tissues, thence into the blood, and in an incredibly short time into the whole system. The result is that the nervous system of the victim is paralysed, complete prostration ensues; resulting, in the great majority of cases if not in all, in certain death. The only hope appears to be in the immediate and complete stoppage of the circulation of the blood between the wounded part and the rest of the body, by ligature or by excision or amputation. But the poison enters into the system with great rapidity, and such means, to be of any use, would need to be employed without almost a moment's delay. Ligature, to serve its purpose, must be applied without regard to the pain which it causes, for unless the cord is tightened so as to completely stop the circulation, it will be ineffectual; and an endeavour must then be made to remove the poison completely from the wound, by scarifying the punctures made by the fangs till the blood flows freely, which may be aided by sucking or by cupping. Sucking with the mouth is dangerous to the operator, because the poison may enter his system through the lips or other part of the mouth if the skin is anywhere in the least degree broken. And finally, the actual canterbury is to be used, or a mineral acid or carbolic acid applied to destroy the poison. The natives are accustomed to apply a live-coal or to burn gunpowder on the wound. But even with all the 'remedies' as yet known, including copious doses of brandy and ammonia, and the immediate efforts of skilled surgeons, it is sad to be told by men such as Dr Fayrer and others who have devoted time and energy to the subject, that there is almost no hope of saving life if the bite has been inflicted by one of the most venomous snakes in full health and vigour.

AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

June 30.—Mr Salkeld has been ill. His health has always been delicate, and he has overworked himself unsparingly, doing nearly all the duty both Sundays and week-days. Day after day his labours amongst the parishioners have been almost unceasing. The result of this was a fever, caused by a neglected cold. His illness has brought out new qualities in two people: his own patient calmness and resignation in suffering—for he suffered much—and Miss Stanhope's perfection in the sick-room. He came down-stairs to-day for the first time; and my heart ached to see his poor worn face as he sat there in Mr Stanhope's own easy-chair, vacated for him, in spite of all remonstrance, by our good vicar.

July 7.—Mr Arthur Selwyn has come home from college. Effie says her mother is angry with him because he has wasted his time and run into debt. All young gentlemen do it, Effie says. He is not yet Bachelor of Arts. But he does not seem to mind that; at least he is the reverse of sad. And he is very, very good-looking. And such agreeable manners; quite high-bred. He is quite six feet high. Effie says that now we may expect enjoyment to set in. He took us for a long drive

yesterday; all the way to Spindleston Hengh. It was delightful. What rare company he is; so full of life, and so careful of us! Oh, it is sweet to be taken care of. Mr Salkeld never helps one over a stile; but he is good in a different way.

Poor Mr Salkeld! he is still in delicate health. He is going to Scarborough for a time. How we all feel for him! He goes away much against his will, for he says he feels like a sentinel deserting his post. So earnest and true to duty is he.

July 20.—The old Grange is quite another place since Arthur Selwyn came home. There have been several dinner-parties. I was at all. Sarah Cessford came in such a ridiculous dress last night; not in the least becoming. Fancy green ribbons with a pale complexion! She will have fifteen thousand pounds when her aunt dies, it seems. Mr Arthur pays her great attention, which makes Effie so indignant. But I suppose he can please himself as to whom he pays attentions. Every young man does, I believe.

There was a great picnic one day, got up by the Cessfords, and the young Lord Framlington was there—a very girlish young man. Effie and he were together all day, while Mr Arthur Selwyn paired off with Miss Sarah Cessford, leaving me in the hands of Gavin, a most silent gentleman always, but especially so on that day, for he was jealous, yet not interestingly so. 'Lord Framlington is a confounded young milksoy,' said Gavin Cessford. Effie was quite made up with her *viscount*. I should not have thought it of her.

July 24.—I have made a discovery. They say Mrs Selwyn is a Roman Catholic. That is not her religion; it is match-making. Miss Stanhope sees it quite plainly, that she wants her son to marry Miss Sarah Cessford, and her daughter to be Lady Framlington. She is devotedly fond of her son Arthur. I cannot blame her for that; but she will wreck his happiness if she forces him into a mercenary marriage with that Miss Cessford. He is much as told Effie that he rather *dislikes* her than otherwise. If so, then, oh, what hypocrites men can be! She is fat and stumpy, and looks so odd by his six feet of height.

July 29.—I cannot understand Arthur Selwyn. One day he is all sadness and tenderness to Effie and me, and the next quite reckless and gay. Effie says he was never so before. She thinks it is the talked-of marriage that has altered him. She believes he will never have her. But Miss Sarah is hardly ever away from the Grange now. And one day Mr Arthur, when he heard she was there, jumped on horseback and galloped away, and didn't come home to dinner, nor till late at night, Effie said. Effie waited up for him, and he had such a wild look on his face when he came. His mother heard him come in, and came down-stairs; and Effie says there was a scene. But her brother never spoke back in reply to the fierce angry words Mrs Selwyn said to him. And he looked pale, and sad, and miserable.

Effie went to his room an hour afterwards, and found that he had not gone to bed, but was sitting on a chair leaning his head on his hand. She was trying to comfort him, when who should walk in but Mrs Selwyn, who threw herself at Arthur's feet sobbing, and moaning, and kissing his hands, with all her long black hair down upon her shoulders; and she had to be carried away at the last by her husband. Effie said it was quite

dreadful and terrifying. But Arthur sat motionless, like a statue. Miss Stanhope says they are deeply in debt, and that Mrs Selwyn has made up her mind that Mr Arthur shall redeem the last relic of the estate, which was bestowed upon their ancestors by one of the Norman kings. But the struggle between pride and affection is great, and that explains the strange scene which Effie described.

August 5.—Mr Salkeld has returned much better in health. It was quite a relief to me to see his calm happy face again. He commenced parochial work on the very day of his return, and he has let fall words which prove that he has been at work in Scarborough too. There is indeed no rest in these noble natures from the labour of love.

August 12.—Things have changed sadly at Selwyn Orange. A little while ago all was gaiety and sunshine; but now gloom has settled down again. Effie was here one day in sad trouble, and her lovely eyes were quite red with weeping. She says her brother has completely lost all his good spirits, and wanders all day in the woods and fields by himself, or takes long rides. And this on account of the marriage, she is sure. Her mother never swerves on that question. And Arthur himself has never opposed a single objection. But his heart is not in it, Effie says. How dreadful this is.

I could not help crying with Effie for sympathy; and afterwards when we had gone into the garden together, whom should we see come riding past in the lane but Mr Arthur Selwyn and Miss Sarah Cessford! They rode close by and never saw us, so closely were they engaged in conversation. She was looking quite red at something he was saying to her; and he looked all smiling and lover-like. I looked hard at Effie, and she was as pale as death.

'O Arthur! you hypocrite,' she gasped. 'Oh, how can he do it!' and the deep tears welled up in her pure blue eyes. She put her head on my shoulder, and I clasped her in my arms, and again we cried together. I felt very miserable too, more so than I could account for at the time.

Hour after hour I lay awake that night thinking over the sad human scheme that was being laid together by that dreadful dark lady of the Grange; and the more I thought of it the more my heart grew heavy and sore. To think of his whole life's happiness destroyed in that way by his own mother. And he so handsome, and every one so proud of him, and his endearing manly ways. I seemed to look like this far into the future years, and I seemed to see him tied to his plain stupid wife—not a good feature in her face, and her gait—O dear! it was all so dreadful to think of. But what, after all, does it matter to me? Only for dear Effie's sake, of course, for it will almost break her heart. Why does not his father interfere? He looks as cold and unsympathetic as a smiling stone statue. He has no more feeling than the marble effigy of his ancestor, Colonel Prideaux, in the chancel of the church.

I cannot get Mr Salkeld to look on this enormous fault of Mrs Selwyn as I do; he says it is all right enough, and that Miss Cessford is a very worthy young lady. But what has that to do with it? What is worthiness, if he cares no more for her than he does for me, perhaps? Indeed, I think he has quite forgotten me. We have not met for a month, except just distantly on Sundays.

August 20.—I must write to-night, Sunday

evening as it is. They are engaged; Mr Arthur and Miss Cessford, I mean. Effie just found time to whisper it in my ear as we left the church door together, with such a sad, sad look on her sweet face.

And oh! for the hand-shaking that took place in the porch between the two families. And so gracious Mrs Selwyn can be when she chooses. But she only smiles with her lips, shewing her close white teeth; her eyes never smile.

Poor Mr Arthur looks gloomy and resigned. I am glad he did not look cheerful, at all events. I watched him in church, and never a word of the sermon did he hear, I am sure. He looked up only once all the time, and strange to say, he looked straight at our pew, right over the heads of the Cessfords. His eye met mine. I felt my face burning. I was annoyed at being caught; but it served me right for not attending to Mr Salkeld, as I ought to have done. I wonder she does not notice his gloom; but I suppose he will be all smiles to her. *Memo.*—He has his mother's eyes, but so different! Deep and dark as night, like hers; but unlike hers, tender and truthful.

August 29.—I was out walking alone to-day, and whom should I meet but Mr Arthur Selwyn! I met him right in the face coming round a corner, and I looked foolish, if I look as I feel always, for I had been thinking of him all the way up the lane. He was in no way put out, but as pleasant and polite as he, and none better, can be, that ever I knew. I returned his bow rather distantly, and did not offer my hand. I did not know why at the time, nor do I now, except that I could not. I think he saw my reserve, but he shewed no sign, for he talked much as he used to. We walked on slowly side by side for some time, although somehow it seemed a short time. I found that he was not quite so gay in his conversation as usual; just a shade of gravity seemed to have come over him. Amongst other things he talked of his return to Oxford and of a resolution he had made to recover his lost time. 'Fancy!' he said; 'quarter of a century old and still at school!'

But no word passed between us in the least relative to his engagement, which all the people in the country round know of by this time. We parted, as we met, with formal bows. I was going to shake hands with him, but was too late, so we parted ceremoniously. Effie says there is no doubt about his passing all his examinations this time, as he can be deeply clever when he chooses.

September 2.—I am constantly meeting Arthur Selwyn on my walks now; but I am hardly ever alone; either Miss Stanhope or Mr Salkeld is with me; so I have had no more confidential talks; if our talk could be called confidential. He often rides out with his intended, and it seems they are asked out together to evening parties. He is a general favourite, whatever she may be, poor girl!

Sept. 25.—Received a letter from London. They all insist on my going back at once, as I have exceeded my leave of absence. My uncle inclosed a touching letter from little Ned.

Sept. 28.—The result of my London letter has been a family council, with every member of it against my going back at all. If I consult my own wishes, and incline to those who draw me hardest, I fear that I shall never leave this dear

spot, for I have learned to love it and all my friends here very dearly. But I cannot forget that my uncle and aunt have the first claim on me; so back I must go, for that letter the other day was only the most pressing of several that had been sent. The council ended in no settled plan. I had no heart to plead my own cause against them and against myself. I must try each one separately. It is very hard going against the stream, especially when that stream is the current of my own wishes; but my duty is clear if my heart breaks. Mr Salkeld has taught me the divine significance of that word *duty*, and my duty is to conquer selfishness.

Sept. 30.—I have made a compromise. It is settled that I go back to London for the winter. 'Just as if for a visit,' the dear vicar said. I confess that I am a little, just a *little* disappointed. I was wishing they would use strong measures to detain me a little longer. But Mr Salkeld and his compromise settled the matter. Ah me! Effie will miss me, I am afraid. She is violently opposed to my going, and will hear of no compromise. 'Who would be buried in London?' she said. *Mum*.—How sweet it is to be loved like this.

Here my diary ends, and it was never resumed; so the remainder of the story of those sad years of my life must flow from my pen in such fashion as comes soonest to hand. I shall therefore gather together the threads of my narrative from memory chiefly. A few years ago—may one year ago—I could not have written that which I now propose to write, though it had been to save a life. But I feel that I can now look back on the past more calmly, and in a mood more befitting one who has done with the present world as surely as a nun behind her convent walls. I have struggled hard—so hard to attain this more peaceful state of being. I have fought against my erring nature; and in prayer, I have appealed to the Supreme Disposer of all things. I have thus, I say, entered into the season of calm, the final phase of sorrow. But how far from happiness that rest of mind lies is not to be unduly spoken of again in these pages. I will endeavour, therefore, to write as if detailing the scenes, and the feelings of the persons acting in those scenes, as of something apart from myself, with such assumption of fortitude as may be permitted me.

My diary leaves off in the autumn of the year 1814, when, after a happy summer in the north, I returned to London for the winter months. My uncle, aunt, and cousins received me with open arms. They rejoiced; we all rejoiced (for I could not help falling into their joy) like children. Dear little Ned danced round and round me like a young wild Indian, and for a while forgot the beloved subject of rabbits. Poor little man!

It was a winter of almost continual fog and rain, so that I was much indoors; and it seemed to me irksome beyond measure, after the open-air life at the dear old vicarage. But I summoned up all my strength of will to restrain my impatient nature, and to make myself useful to my aunt and among the children; and this discipline did me good. Our Christmas festivities were not very gay, for as I have before mentioned, my uncle was a staunch Nonconformist; and the dear good man held many opinions that I never could think either just or reasonable. Nevertheless we had parties in our

own little set, and enjoyed ourselves in a quiet way. But often and often did my heart carry my thoughts back to dear Northumberland—to the dear little village, and those there that I loved so well—to Selwyn Grange and Effie—dear Effie!

I dreamt one night I saw the Grange by moonlight. I shall never forget the horror of that dream. I saw the old battlements, the mullioned windows, and the cloud of dark ivy which clung to the walls, lying all deep in shadow—dark and sombre as the tomb. Suddenly a great flood of light fell over all the place, and everything stood out clearly and distinctly as under the mid-day sun.

Slow and awful on the hushed air tolled once, twice, the heavy boom of the death-bell—the bell whose tongue I knew; but in my dream the sound of it was weird and oppressive, and I felt upon my bewildered senses a weight of stifling sorrow and suspense; and ever a dark foreboding. Then the hall-door of Selwyn Grange opened slowly and silently, as if by unseen hands, and looking within, into the gloomy old hall where the armour hangs, I saw an open coffin on trestles. Shadowy and indistinct it seemed, and I could not—although my heart-strings almost broke in the effort—make out the face of the occupant. But as I looked, and looked again, I became aware of a dark muffled figure standing by the side of the coffin—standing erect and motionless, but looking down, seemingly, with an intent and mournful gaze. It was the figure of a man; but I could get no sight of his face, which was closely covered with a cloak. Then I also seemed to become aware of a second figure in the presence of the dead: that of a woman, also in deep funeral robes, and with long masses of black hair flowing all around her. A deep sense of impending evil seemed to thrill me like icy stabs at the sight of this woman, and I gasped to utter a word of warning to the tall muffled figure standing opposite, seemingly unconscious of her presence; but in vain, for I could not form one articulate word. My agony was fearful; for I saw the hand of the woman raised aloft as if to strike, and heard a voice exclaim: 'Die, Arthur! last of your race!' Then the blow fell like silver gleam upon the breast of the motionless figure, and again clanged out the deep hollow voice of the bell. At the same instant I awoke to a sense of life, with a wild piercing cry that rang in my ears with the boom of the death-bell, and my whole body writhed and trembled with fierce mental suffering. My aunt rushed into my room, and I clung to her and moaned and implored her not to leave me to myself to sleep out the rest of that dreadful night.

About a fortnight afterwards I received a letter from Effie with the news of the death of her grandfather; and that Arthur, who was at home at the time, had quarrelled with his mother on the very day of the funeral, which took place at midnight by torchlight, at the old church; and that, when urged by Mrs Selwyn to press his suit with Miss Cessford, he had bitterly reproached her with the part she had taken in the matter. But Effie wrote that he still held to the engagement, with a sort of despairing resolution. This, it appears, was the first time that Arthur had expressed in words his dislike to the match; and Effie thought that he would not have done so but that his mother importuned him in the

presence of the dead. Effie chanced to enter the room at the time, and so she witnessed the scene betwixt mother and son—so alike, and yet so unlike!

I need not follow in detail the monotonous round of our daily life at my uncle's house. I tried my very best, and with my whole heart to accommodate my life to theirs and my ways to their ways. But evermore the longing would come for one sight only one, said my traitor heart—of that other home in the far north. This longing grew more and more as the weeks and months of the long winter rolled on, and at times I was miserable; and though I strove hard to conceal it, my relatives began at last to be aware of the change in me. I was filled with grief and shame when my kind aunt gently questioned me on the subject, and I could give no reason for my strange disquietude. I asserted over and over again that I was quite happy, not deceiving myself nor deceiving others. At times I almost hated myself, and tried to force myself into contentment; but all in vain. And equally in vain did I try to analyse the mental state into which I had fallen; I was blind to myself; and irrational morbid fancies began to assail me, and always, ever growing, that craving for what I knew not, except that some phantom hand for ever pointed Northwards. Some irresistible influence seemed to drive the current of my sleeping and waking thoughts in that one direction.

It was agreed by my uncle and aunt that I wanted change. 'Young people cannot be bound down always to routine,' reasoned the dear good folks; and so, as the spring came round, it was understood that I should once more visit Northumberland. Oh, the soothing joys that settled upon my unquiet heart, my rebellious unknowing heart, when this was resolved amongst us!

The time came; and once more I arrived at the dingy inn at Newcastle, and this time Mr Salkeld himself met me with the conveyance, thus making Mark Jervase a bitterly discontented man, he said. And in truth, Mark (with whom I had contrived to strike up quite a friendship) was as sour as vinegar about it. Effie was at the vicarage to receive me with the others; and again I found myself once more under that roof! The dear girl looked sad and ill; and as soon as we were alone she disburdened her heart to me. Lord Framlington had made her an offer, and she had refused him *point-blank*, and another family quarrel had been the consequence. But it was all made up again, she said; for her mother had thrown out a hint about Gavin Cessford and his four thousand a year. That gentleman had, it seemed, become all at once exceedingly shy, thinking probably, that if a lord was not good enough, a country squire would be laughed at; so it had befallen that Effie, the star of beauty of all the north, was left for the time loverless. But *that* was no affliction to her; she was dreadfully uneasy on her brother's account.

'Dear Rose! it is not natural the way he takes it. On the marriage question he is apathy itself. Oh, if I were a man, would I be so driven for all their paltry money!' she said, firing up.

I soon saw that poor Effie's fate in matrimony was a very secondary matter in her mother's eyes compared with that of the adored son; and yet

that son, so dearly loved, she was ruthlessly condemning to a life that must prove to him a living death, from what Effie said. Arthur Selwyn had quitted the university, and was at that time serving in the militia; for all the country was then in arms, and wild rumours were on every tongue about the great dethroned Emperor, who had recently escaped from Elba.

Mr Salkeld and I soon fell into our accustomed groove. Many calm and happy days we passed together at this time; and I gradually found the mad fever of heart and brain, that had so cruelly tortured me in London, yield to his influence and the beneficent labour of the daily work he gently imposed on me. Ah! I was soon to know how delusive was this calm, this hush of feeling, that had been granted me so mercifully. Too soon the angry tide of the turbulent heart disturbed this fair serenity. But at the time I believed myself to be thoroughly happy, except that now and again, when I was with Effie, some look of hers, some motion, or some tone of voice, would pierce my heart like a knife; I knew not why. So much did Mr Salkeld and I seem to understand each other, and so open-hearted seemed our daily intercourse, that the incident which I shall now relate did not come as a surprise; indeed I was in some measure, almost unconsciously, prepared for something of the sort occurring.

GOSSIP ABOUT LIGHTHOUSES.

A STRANGE lonely life must be that of the light-keepers in such a lighthouse as the Eddystone, the Bell-Rock, or the Skerryvore—three men dwelling by themselves in a sea-girt tower, apart from all the rest of mankind, on a rock often entirely covered by the sea, far from the nearest shore, and all communication with it not unfrequently cut off for weeks by stormy weather, which makes landing on the rock impossible; the waves often dashing furiously against the lighthouse, almost to the height of the lantern, and sending their spray far over its highest pinnacle. Many scenes of grandeur and sublimity they must behold, such as even the stoutest-hearted can hardly contemplate without awe; and many scenes also of great beauty, when the sky is clear, and the wide expanse of water is brightened by the sunshine, and the smoke of steamers and white sails of ships give a pleasing variety to the prospect. Yet it seems almost impossible that time should not occasionally hang heavy on their hands, notwithstanding all the resources of the library with which they are supplied, and the duties which they are called on to discharge, among the most important of which are the lighting and extinguishing of the lamps, attending to them whilst lighted, supplying them with oil, cleaning glasses and reflectors, keeping the machinery in proper working order when the light is a revolving one, and ringing a bell or making fog-signals during fogs—duties that involve a great responsibility. Shut out from the rest of the world, any unusual incident must be of peculiar interest to men so situated; and some of the incidents that do occur are in their own nature very interesting.

Some lighthouses are in pleasant situations on the sea-coast, and consist of a tower elevated merely to a height sufficient for properly shewing the light, with the houses and gardens of the light-keepers adjacent to it. Others are in lonely places, far from other habitations of men; on high rocky promontories, where they overlook the waves and are exposed to the utmost violence of winds, and where the voices of sea-birds mingle with that of the ever restless sea; or on wastes of barren sand, where sparsely growing grasses are almost the only vegetation. Some are on islands large enough to afford space for gardens, or even pasture for a cow or two; others on islets so small that their surface exhibits only patches of grass, and it is with difficulty that the light-keepers can cultivate a few vegetables; whilst others still, are on bare rocks often washed by the waves, or on rocks which, together with the base of the lighthouse itself, are covered by the sea at high-water. In the last-named cases, the tower is the only building, the light-keepers dwelling in it when on duty; it is constructed so as to defy the utmost fury of the waves, and is elevated to such a height that in storms they may not dash against its lantern with violence sufficient to injure it.

The force of the waves and the height to which they dash against lighthouse towers in the most exposed situations, are astonishing; and we cannot contemplate them without reflecting how great a triumph of science and art these buildings are, and how strange life in them must be. We find some interesting information on these points in the copious Appendix to the Report of the Royal Commission appointed in 1858 to inquire into the condition and management of lights, buoys, and beacons—a bulky parliamentary blue-book of 1861. At the Longships Lighthouse, on the top of a conical rock opposite Land's End, the Commissioners were told by the head-keeper that in heavy weather, waves break about the lantern seventy-nine feet above high-water mark; and that on one occasion the sea lifted the cowl off the top so as to admit a great deal of water, by which several of the lamps were extinguished, and all the men were employed in baling till the tide fell. He added that there is a cavern under the lighthouse at the end of a long split in the rock, and when there is a heavy sea the noise produced by the escape of pent-up air from the cavern is so great that the men can hardly sleep. Concerning the Scilly Bishops' Lighthouse, on a rock in the south-west of the Scilly Isles, of which the Commissioners say that the building is 'perhaps the most exposed in the world,' they give the report of the head-keeper that 'the spray goes over the top of the lighthouse,' the height of which is one hundred and ten feet. At the South Bishop Rock Lighthouse they were informed that 'spray occasionally strikes the lantern, and it has broken the lower windows of the dwelling-house'—that is, of the part of the tower so called. Yet the South Bishop Rock Lighthouse is on a rock—off the coast of South Wales—of such size that

there is a patch of grass before the door, and the tower rises to a height of one hundred and forty-four feet above the sea. The Smalls Lighthouse, also off the coast of South Wales, is on a low rock about twenty miles from land, but so large that there 'is room to walk about.' It is above high-water mark; but we are told, 'the sea breaks all about the lantern of the old lighthouse, and over the new building when there is heavy weather.' The 'old building' was a wooden lighthouse erected in 1778; the 'new building' a stone one in course of erection in 1859, when the visit of the Commissioners was paid. The Commissioners add, from information given to them by the head-keeper, that 'green seas pass up to a point about thirty-two feet above the level of the rock.' If this is the case in the Irish Sea, what must be the height to which 'green seas' reach on the lighthouse towers in the Atlantic Ocean! As to the force of the waves, although no stone had been removed from its place since the work of the new building began, an iron bar was shewn to the Commissioners, about two inches thick, and fixed in the rock, which had been bent like a wire.

The height to which the waves sometimes rise when they dash against rock, has been found at the North Unst Lighthouse to be far greater than appears from any of the instances already adduced. This lighthouse is one of the most recently erected on our coasts, and is of special interest as being situated at the most northern point of land in the British Islands. It is built on a *stack* or outlying rock of conical form, of nearly two hundred feet in height, at the north end of Unst, the northernmost of the Shetland Isles. The rock, as seen from the south, very much resembles a sugar-loaf in form; and its steep slope could only be scaled with difficulty, previous to the cutting of steps in it. On the north it is nearly perpendicular, and exposed to the full 'fetch' of the ocean. The top of the rock affords little more space than is sufficient for the site of the lighthouse. There is only one part of the rock where a landing can be effected, and that of course only in favourable weather; so that the light-keepers are as completely cut off from communication with the rest of the world as if their islet abode were many miles from land. The dwelling-houses of their families are on the island of Unst. The first light shewn here was from a temporary tower erected in 1854, at the suggestion of the Admiralty, for the benefit of the North Sea squadron in the Russian War. A temporary iron lighthouse and dwellings were constructed at Glasgow, and carried to the spot, with all materials and stores, by a steamer; and light was shewn after little more than two months, although landings were accomplished with difficulty, and everything had to be carried to the top of the rock on the backs of labourers. The temporary buildings being nearly two hundred feet above the level of the sea, it was supposed that they would have nothing but wind and rain to withstand. But in December, during a severe gale from the north-west, the sea broke over the rock, broke heavily on the tower, and broke open the dwelling-house and deluged it with water. Similar storms occurred during the winter: seas fell with violence on the iron roof of the dwelling-house, and on the lantern of the lighthouse, so that the light-keepers began to entertain serious doubts of their own

safety. It was resolved, therefore, to raise the permanent structure fifty feet above the rock. This lighthouse was completed in 1858.

Most lonely and remote from all the ordinary scenes of busy human life are the lighthouses of Skerryvore and Dubh-iartaig; towers of one hundred and forty feet high, on rocks in the Atlantic. Dubh-iartaig is a rock of considerable size, rising above the level of high-water, but over which the waves break in a moderate gale. It lies in the open ocean, twenty miles from the island of Mull, and a like distance from that of Colonsay. Skerryvore is a reef of low rocks, equally in the open ocean, about twelve miles from the island of Tiree, where the families of the light-keepers live, and about twenty miles west from Iona.

Life in such a lighthouse must be somewhat monotonous, notwithstanding all its duties and responsibilities. We are glad to learn that every lighthouse and light-vessel on the British coasts is provided with a library. We hope the libraries are really good ones, and contain a sufficient number and variety of books. But we are curious to know what amusement the light-keepers may at any time find, or what variety of incident, other than what arises from the changes of the weather and the sight of passing ships; and the blue-book already referred to tells us something of this, although much less than we could have wished. At Skerryvore they sometimes catch a few fish, 'such as little eel and rock-fish.' They occasionally see seals, but when the seals come about the rock no fish can be got. It is curious, however, how seldom in the notices given of the lighthouses anything is said about fish or fishing. We have been able to discover only two instances of the kind besides that of Skerryvore. We are told that at the Bell Rock the keepers catch a few fish; and that at the southern of the two lighthouses on the Maidens' Rocks—two rocks about half a mile apart, and eight miles from the shore, on the north-east coast of Ireland—they catch fish off the rock, and the head-keeper 'has a boat of his own, for the use of the boys to catch fish.' Probably, however, fishing is a more common amusement of light-keepers than can be learned from the blue-book, and it may be supposed that the Commissioners did not inquire very carefully about it. Of seals, mention is made only in one instance besides that of Skerryvore. The head-keeper at the Smalls Lighthouse once caught a young seal by descending from the tower and placing a bag in front of him as he slept. 'He poked him up with a stick, and in he went.' He was more fortunate than Hector McIntyre in the adventure with the phoca related in the *Antiquary*.

Birds are much more frequently mentioned in this blue-book than any other kind of living creatures. The head-keeper at the Smalls said 'that he had caught woodcocks in September, as also larks, starlings, and blackbirds. Five years ago, he caught a partridge on the night of the first of September. He thought that probably the shooting had driven him out to sea. "He was very fat indeed." It will be remembered that the Smalls Rock is twenty miles from land. At South Stack Lighthouse, which is on the west coast of Anglesea, on an island under a cliff, and joined to the land by a bridge, 'the sea-birds are preserved as a natural fog-signal, and are tame. Gulls sit on the walls and close to the lighthouse, and scream continually. A few white rabbits sat

among the young gulls, and seemed on terms of perfect intimacy.' The screaming of the sea-birds that frequent rocks and islets is again mentioned as a useful natural fog-signal, in the case of the Skerries, on the north-west coast of Anglesea. The Skerries Lighthouse 'is built on a low island of some extent, covered with birds, mostly terns, which are preserved. No other fog-signals are used here; but mariners can determine their position by distinguishing the noise of the birds which frequent these two stations'—namely the Skerries and the South Stack. We confess we would rather not be on board of a vessel whose position it was necessary to determine by such means, in proximity to rocks so dangerous. 'The birds which kill themselves against the lanterns' at the Skerries, we are told, 'are starlings, thrushes, blackbirds, larks, linnets in flocks, and ducks occasionally.' Of Copeland Lighthouse, on an island of considerable size at the entrance of Belfast Lough, we read, that the birds killed are blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, larks, linnets, ducks, and widgeons. At the Maidens, 'a few duck and teal are killed, but seldom.' At Skerryvore few birds are killed; those that are being mostly blackbirds, thrushes, and starlings. Once a woodcock was killed. At the lighthouse on Buehan Ness, a promontory in Aberdeenshire, starlings and blackbirds alone are mentioned as ever being killed. At the Bell Rock, few birds are killed; but thrushes and blackbirds occasionally are in winter. The birds killed at the Isle of May Lighthouse are starlings, thrushes, blackbirds, woodcocks, and small land-birds. It is added that 'no sea-birds ever kill themselves.' At the Fern Islands Lighthouses, blackbirds, thrushes, and ducks are killed, but not many.

Meagre as is the information thus collected, it is interesting. The opinion has long been pretty generally entertained by naturalists that birds of passage perform their migrations chiefly by night. We see flocks of swallows congregating by day, when the time for their departure approaches, but we rarely see them depart. Some morning we find they are gone. Other birds, it would appear, often choose the night for their flights. Is there in this a provision of nature against the dangers to which they might be exposed during the day from hawks and other birds of prey? Birds, it appears, in their nocturnal flights are attracted by a bright light, as insects are by that of a candle, or salmon by the torch that is used by leisters for 'burning' a river; and thus it happens that, flying with great rapidity, they dash themselves against the lantern of a lighthouse and lose their lives. But how is it to be accounted for that starlings, thrushes, blackbirds, linnets, and other non-migrating land-birds should in their flights go so far out to sea as some of the lighthouses where we are told of their being killed? What induces them to pass, as perhaps they are doing, from one shore to another many miles distant? These are questions which we cannot answer; but the facts upon which they are founded may help us to understand the general distribution of our native birds over all parts of the British Islands that are suitable for their respective habits and requirements. It is also particularly noteworthy that no sea-birds, such as gulls, terns, &c. ever kill themselves on the lighthouse lanterns. That this statement of the light-keepers of the Isle of May

accords with the general experience of light-keepers everywhere, appears from the fact, that no mention is made of any sea-bird as amongst the birds killed at any other lighthouse. Can it be that the sea-birds of the vicinity get familiarised with the light, and learn to avoid the lantern? Or are we rather to suppose that never flying by night, they are not exposed to its dangerous attraction? That water-fowl of the duck tribe are amongst the birds sometimes killed is not surprising, when we consider their powers of flight, and the migratory habits of some of them that come to our shores in great flocks from the arctic regions in winter. A case happened some years ago of a wild-duck which flew against the lantern of Flamborough Head Lighthouse, and smashed it—the lantern to atoms. The mangled body of the poor bird was afterwards picked up by the keepers.

It is much to be wished that some of the light-keepers of our lighthouses would make notes of their observations concerning seals, whales, birds, fishes, and other animals. Such records would be valuable; and might not some of them occupy their leisure hours in the study of natural history? They would find it a delightful resource in any of its branches which they might choose to prosecute; and we venture to recommend it to any of them who may read this paper. Interesting observations would then certainly be made, and new facts added to our stores of knowledge.

Life in the lighthouse is sometimes varied by the arrival of other visitors than seals or birds. The keepers of the Smalls Lighthouse told the Commissioners to whose Report we have been so much indebted, that 'a foreign ship once struck at the end of the rock in broad daylight. The crew, twelve men, leaped on shore; the vessel drifted about three miles and sank. On being asked how they fed so many men, the keepers replied that they always had six months' provisions when they came off.' Some lighthouses, easily accessible, are much visited during summer by tourists and pleasure-parties. Godrevey Lighthouse stands on a small islet off the coast of Cornwall, at the entrance of the Bristol Channel, and the keepers reported that the islet had been visited by a thousand people on Whit-Monday 1859. The head-keeper of the Skerries Lighthouse, when visited by the members of the Royal Commission, apologised for the condition of his lighthouse although they thought it in beautiful order—saying that it was not so clean as it should be, 'because two hundred and fifty school children and their teachers visited the island yesterday from Holyhead, in a steamer.' They drank half a butt of water, which is scarce at the Skerries, and would put their fingers on the brass-work.

Lonely as life in a lighthouse must often be, the keepers seem to be wonderfully contented with their lot. The under-keeper at the Smalls indeed, complained to the lighthouse Commissioners that it was 'rusting a fellow's life away.' But he was an exception to the general rule. The head-keeper at the same place had been eighteen years there. The head-keeper of Innishowen Lighthouse, at the entrance of Lough Foyle, was seventy years old, and had been fifty-six years in the service. Many have entered the service young, and have grown old in it. Yet the remuneration is not very great; certainly not more than enough, when not only the nature of the service is considered, but the

immense importance of a faithful discharge of its duties. The four keepers of the Bell Rock Lighthouse—three of whom are always on duty, while one is with his family at Arbroath—have each fifty or sixty pounds a year, with house and garden at Arbroath; a stated allowance of bread, butter, oatmeal, vegetables, and beer; fourpence a day for tea, and a suit of uniform once in three years.

INFECTIOUS DISEASE PROPAGATION.

ON this subject, correspondents of the *British Medical Journal* have lately offered some wholesome warnings. Dr H. A. Allbut writes as follows: 'There are three common ways by means of which infectious diseases may be very widely spread, and in the interests of sanitation, I desire to expose them. It is a very usual practice for parents to take children suffering from scarlet fever, measles, &c., to a public dispensary, in order to obtain advice and medicines. I need hardly enlarge upon the dangers which arise from such a proceeding, both to the children themselves and also to the public. It is little less than crime to expose in the streets of a town and in the crowded waiting-room of a dispensary children afflicted with such complaints. Again, persons who are recovering from infectious disorders borrow books out of the lending departments of public libraries; these books, on their reissue to fresh borrowers, are sources of very great danger. In all libraries, notices should be posted up informing borrowers that no books will be lent out to persons who are suffering from diseases of an infectious character; and that any person so suffering will be prosecuted if he borrow during the time of his illness. Lastly, disease is spread by tract distributors. It is the habit for such well-meaning people to call at a house where a person is ill and to leave him a tract. In a week or so the tract is called for again, another left in its place, and the old one is left with another person. It needs not much imagination to know with what result to health such a practice will lead if the first person be in scarlet fever or small-pox. The remedy for this is very simple: if tracts are necessary for sick people, let the distributors give (not lend) to the people in their districts.' He concludes by recommending 'all sanitary officials to use greater endeavours in order to detect and punish such evident violations of the law.' Dr Hatherly calls 'attention to another fertile source of infectious disease—namely, the letting out on hire of smits of mourning clothes for funerals. This practice is by no means uncommon in poor neighbourhoods. The clothing thus loaned out from house to house may be, in fact often is, introduced into very hotbeds of infection, and is, when not disinfected, a dangerous medium for the spread of infection.' Dr Hutton offers a warning on 'the reckless manner in which parents allow their healthy children to run into the houses of acquaintances who have members of their families suffering from scarlatina, &c. I have often seen children thus affected surrounded by a perfect levée of healthy playmates, and under my own observation, I have seen the infection thus carried from the patient, and several families attacked;

and only within the last month, two children in separate families lost their lives in consequence.' All very timely hints these. The misfortune is they are not likely to meet with much attention.

LOST JEWELS.

IN addition to the anecdotes which have lately appeared in this *Journal* upon Lost Jewels, a correspondent has sent us other two. They are as follow :

Some years ago I was admiring the handsome rings of a relative of mine, when I noticed upon her little finger an insignificant little ring of pale gold set with a bloodstone. 'Why do you wear that trumpery little thing?' I asked; and in reply she told me the following anecdote.

'The night before my eldest son was born, I undressed as usual in my big bedroom up-stairs, and put my rings into a little china plate (which contained some oatmeal used for washing my hands) on my dressing-table. I had only two or three rings at the time, and amongst them was this little bloodstone, which had been given me by a school-friend before my marriage. My boy James was born the next morning; and so it came about that for the next fortnight or three weeks I neither wore nor thought of my rings. However, when I was convalescent and dressed for the first time, I naturally looked for my rings, and found all there except the bloodstone. Search was made for it through the whole room, and afterwards through the whole house, but with no success; it was not to be found. I never thought for a moment that it had been stolen, for it is of little value; and this turquoise hoop which had lain with it would have been much more attractive to a thief. Years passed; and James was a sturdy boy of ten, when some alterations being made in the house, the flooring of my bedroom was removed. Under one of the planks was found the skeleton of a mouse with my bloodstone ring round its neck. It had evidently ventured upon my toilet table in search of the oatmeal, had unwittingly pushed its head through the ring, and had returned to its hole to die: an unintentional thief strangled by its useless prize.'

The second is an out-of-door story. A young lady, governess in a friend's family, was one autumn day walking with her pupils in their father's kitchen-garden. The children pulling at their governess's hands as she walked between them, loosened a ring which she wore, and before they noticed whither it sprang, the ring was gone from her finger and was nowhere to be seen. The garden-beds around, which had been newly dug over, were searched, so were the celery and cabbages growing near; but no ring was forthcoming. The governess mourned for the loss of her ornament, more particularly because it had been her father's signet-ring; and every day for some time she and her pupils searched the kitchen-garden, but in vain. A month afterwards she returned home for a holiday, taking with her a basket of garden produce, as a present to her mother from her pupils' parents: when lo! almost the first thing unpacked from the country basket was a fine hearty cabbage with a close green heart, amongst whose curled blades lay the much-lamented, long-sought-for signet-ring.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

BUSTLING leaves, which everywhere
Fall from branches cold and bare;
Fleeting sunshine, fading o'er
Breezy tarn and wind-swept moor;
Birds' last farewell ere they flee
To a land beyond the sea;
Moan of wintry wind o'erhead—
Nature weeps, for Summer's dead!

In my life a sad despair,
Empty hopes and aching care;
Vain regrets for Summer gone,
Lonely tears as days go on;
Vacant gaze and fruitless cry,
Dreary, dull satiety,
Moan at thought of kisses fled—
Memory weeps, for Love is dead!

But, though withered leaves and sear
Shroud with gloom the blossoms' bier;
Though the birds to other skies
Raise their amorous melodies;
Though the flickle sunshines woo
Brighter lands and seas more blue;
Shall not Spring's soft breath restore
Blossom, leaf, and bird once more!

And though Passion's heaven-born power
Lasted but for one brief hour;
Though those kisses heart from heart
Tore us—evermore to part;
Though alone I'm dreaming now,
And in thy last sleep art thou—
Death, perhaps, shall, some glad day,
Give thee back to me for aye!

DISTRIBUTION OF SEEDS BY PANTHERS.

Mr Alfred Smee writes: 'An interesting fact in natural history was revealed during the recent visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to India. In one of the hunting excursions in the neighbourhood of Baroda a panther was shot, and numerous seeds were found to be attached to the skin. The seeds had two perfect hooks, manifestly designed to attach themselves to foreign bodies. As the panther moved about it collected the seeds on the skin and carried them about wherever it went; but when it rubbed against the shrubs, it of necessity brushed some off, and thus distributed them. These seeds were taken from the skin by an officer who was one of the hunting-party, and several came into the possession of Mrs Horner of Staines, a great lover of horticulture, who did me the favour of sending me specimens. I was so struck with the incident and the remarkable character of the seed, that, after accurately figuring it, I desired it to be sown at "My Garden," when it rapidly grew into a handsome plant, and produced beautiful clusters of tubular flowers. It was immediately recognised to belong to the genus *Martynia*; and on examination, both Professor Oliver, of the Royal Gardens, Kew, and Dr Masters agree that it is *Martynia diandra*, a plant which, although introduced into this country as far back as 1731, has scarcely ever been cultivated for many years. I have placed my specimen in the hands of Mr Sowerby, the Secretary of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park; and the plant, with one of the seeds taken from the panther's skin, is now exhibited in the great conservatory.'

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STORY OF THE MOSS HOLE.

STRANGERS travelling through Scotland will scarcely fail to be told of what wonderful things have been done during the last hundred years in the way of draining and improving land—the latest of these operations on a gigantic scale being those of the Duke of Sutherland. What has been done one way and another has, in a sense, made the country, which is now a very different thing from what it was in the days of Dr Johnson. The mountains, to be sure, are there as of old, and so are the rivers, but even the hills are changed in general aspect, for they are either clothed or envircled with plantations, or they have been inclosed as pasturages. As for the rivers, their course has been cleared, and in many places lined with embankments, to prevent overflow in the case of floods. The most marvellous of all the changes, however, are those effected on the valleys and plains. Beautifully laid out fields, divided by hedgerows or stone dikes, and brought to the highest pitch of agricultural productiveness, have superseded open moors, morasses, and pools of water.

How has all this been accomplished? It has been effected mainly by the outlay of large sums of money by the land-proprietors. Intelligence and skill have of course been the presiding agents. The improvement of land has been a fashion, a pride, we might almost say a craze, a mania. Naturally enough, the great land-owners, who belong to the peerage, have done most. And next to them as improvers may be ranked men, or the immediate descendants of men, who made fortunes by some species of mercantile enterprise, and took their place among the landed gentry. Old families with but a limited rent-roll, and some style to keep up, but nothing derived from any profession, are, of course, able to do little. You know their estates, as they cast up here and there, by the shabby palings for fences, the downcast old manor-house let in summer to strangers for country lodgings, the dismal half-grown-up ponds and ancient water-courses, superseded a century ago, and still remaining a melancholy token of

impoverished gentility. But these antiquated-looking spots are exceptional and disappearing. The general rule is active local improvement along with a profuse dispersal of money. From wealth-producing Lanarkshire, from Edinburgh and other centres of industry, from India and Australia have poured forth purchasers of estates, on which they have set to work, expending fortunes in reclaiming, planting, and ornamenting grounds, also in building picturesque mansions, till the result has become what we see before our eyes.

It is but justice to say that in all cases the land-owners of every degree could have done very little unless for the powerful support of an intelligent, discreet, and well-to-do body of tenant-farmers. It would have been of no use expending capital on land to be let to men who were devoid of means to work it on a liberal and remunerative scale. The old and poorer class of tenants being gradually weeded out, there arise men of substance as tenants, and who, as regards tastes and habits, differ little from the owners of the soil. Of course, these tenants look to their own interest. What they put into the land they expect to get back with a reasonable overplus in the course of their lease, and the expectation is usually realised. Fortunate men they must be considered! Houses in a good style built for them and their servants. Everything put for them in an excellent condition, while the numerous outlays incurred on their account by the landlord, often sweep away all the rent that is got for years. The mania for buying estates under obligations of this nature is certainly very curious. For the mere honour of the thing—that of being land-owners, and numbered accordingly among the 'upper ten'—fortunes are sunk on land, yielding for the most part not two per cent.; and as often, when rates and expenses are included, not one per cent., if anything at all. Happy land, where there is so much patriotic expenditure!

We propose to tell a little story about land improvement, which may be called the Story of the Moss Hole. It is a narrative illustrating the manner in which landed gentlemen in Scotland

have often been obliged by force of circumstances to put their hand in their pocket to effect objects which were of about as much concern to the public as to themselves. We advisedly say to the public, because any costly operation in removing eyesores from a landscape, at the same time improving climate, is a matter of public importance. All drainers from the Duke of Sutherland downwards, while perhaps looking chiefly to their own tastes and immediate interests, may be viewed somewhat in the light of public benefactors.

The Moss Hole was a hideous-looking though not extensive morass on an estate having a mile or two of boundary on the Tweed to the south. The morass was situated in the hollow of a field not far from the river. In shape, it was a parallelogram, ninety-six yards long, and twelve yards across. On the surface grew coarse grass and rushes. Beneath, there was dark moss, and pools of water were seen at various spots. The water was known to be the domicile and breeding-place of thousands of frogs, which at certain seasons went forth to recreate themselves in the neighbouring fields and ditches. The water being semi-stagnant, was the source of a kind of malaria. From it, in certain meteorological conditions—as, for instance, in cold evenings succeeding a warm day, or in sudden morning chills—there arose low creeping mists, which hovered about until dispelled by the rays of the sun. The only outlet to the water in the morass was by a small run, which, getting into a ditch by the roadside, slowly trickled to the Tweed, by means of a culvert below the railway.

No one could give any information regarding the history of the Moss Hole, as it was popularly named. For what anybody knew, it might have existed since the beginning of the world. Each successive proprietor of the lands had in his turn been an improver, but all had successively refrained from meddling with the Moss Hole. They let it alone, as something too sacred and serious to tackle with. So there it was, always as stagnant, and always as full of frogs as ever. From its shape and position it almost cut the field in two, and consequently it offered an interruption to ploughing and other operations; yet, as its eradication would possibly have added but slightly to the estimated annual rent of the farm, any inconvenience from it was endured. There are eyesores and nuisances, however, not to be tolerated on the score of cost of removal, or what money will be directly made by getting rid of them. If considerations of that kind had prevailed, alas for the sanitary improvement or beautification of the country! The market-value of most landed estates does not depend on the actual return in shape of rental—that indeed, as already said, being often very small—but on the attractiveness and other generally recommendable qualities of the property. Yet, with a knowledge of this fact the successive proprietors of the land in question let the Moss Hole in all its hideousness continue to exist, and to all appearance it was destined to be a local annoyance till the end of time.

When the present proprietor entered into possession a number of years ago, he viewed the Moss Hole with disgust, and resolved on its extirpation as soon as some more clamant improvements and ornamentalions were effected. There was a farm-

stead to be modernised at a heavy cost. New cottages for labourers had to be built. Much planting for the sake of shelter had to be done. Roads and footpaths had to be laid out in a creditable style. Fences had to be repaired. An artificially irrigated meadow, the whim of a previous proprietor, had to be made into dry land, as it caused ague and bred hosts of black slugs, which nauseously crawled about in all directions. These and a number of other things, calling unitedly for an outlay amounting to five figures, required to be got out of hand. In short, no proper opportunity occurred for attacking the Moss Hole until the summer of 1876, when the surrounding field was in grass, and when a new tenant-farmer could be dealt with. It was agreed by mutual contract that the proprietor should be at the expense of draining the Moss Hole, and that the tenant should only do the drivings of material with horses and carts, from an adjoining knoll, to fill up the morass. When finished, the land, without any additional charge, was to be part of the available surface of the farm. It was a simple arrangement, convenient and beneficial to both parties. The tenant-farmer would have a benefit, whatever that was, of nineteen years' occupancy, incidental to the improvement. The landlord would have his property permanently improved. We mention this as a common method of improving lands in Scotland. The proprietor lays out the money; the tenant, in view of his nineteen years' occupancy, recoups himself for the temporary use of his carts and horses; such use being, as far as possible, at a season convenient to himself.

The project for extinguishing the Moss Hole getting wind, a considerable sensation was created in the neighbourhood. There were dreadful auguries as to what would ensue. 'The Moss Hole is of tremendous depth. No proprietor has ever dared to meddle with it. Any one who ventures into it will be drowned. Its bottom is far below the level of the Tweed, and any attempt at its drainage is out of the question. The cost of filling it up, if it ever can be filled, will be immense. It is not very nice to look at, but it would be much better to leave it alone. It does no harm to anybody. What signify the few paddocks that come out of it? Nobody cares a pin-head about paddocks. They are innocent creatures, loup, loupin; aboot.' Such were the dismal and grotesque prognostications on the subject. As an old habitué, the Moss Hole was to a certain extent venerated. As a waif and stray, which neither landlord nor tenant looked after, it furnished (at some trouble, but that was nothing) crops of rushes and rough grass, to be dried as bedding for pig-sties, and so far it was a popular institution.

Well, the terrible day arrives when the Moss Hole is to be attacked. The first thing done is to ascertain its actual depth. There, close on the margin, stand some labourers with their pickaxes and shovels, ready for anything. The superintendent of works speaking in a quiet way to the longest-legged and presumably the most skilled of the men employed, says: 'Robert, I think it would not be a bad plan for you to walk right through the Hole from end to end, and crosswise back and forward, with a good long stick in your hand, to find out how deep it is.' A neat suggestion this: to walk into a renownedly bottomless

pit. It was almost as bad as asking a man to lead the forlorn-hope, and run a hundred chances to one of being shot. Robert, an experienced hand, as joyous as if going to a wedding, fears nothing. Without a moment's hesitation, he heroically plunges into the Hole—stockings, shoes, trousers, and all. The plan adopted to discover the depth was not perfectly scientific, but it answered quite as well as the most learned device that could have been fallen upon. Poking about, Robert keeps his footing, sometimes up to the knees, sometimes up nearly to the waist. With his stick he accurately ascertains the various depths, and if of any use, he could have drawn up a chart of the soundings. It was sufficient to know that the morass was at most only from three to four feet deep. This settled the question as regards the possibility of drainage.

Country people know little of the theodolite. To calculate levels, they ordinarily use what they call boring-rods; these are sticks with a cross-piece along the top like the letter T, over which, from point to point, they look with one eye shut in a knowing sort of way, and by this rough and ready contrivance—which we have no doubt is of vast antiquity—they will engineer a gradient to a nicety. The boring-rods, aided by a spirit-level, were in constant requisition for the Moss Hole. It was conclusively discovered that from the lowest point in the morass there would be an outfall of twenty-four inches to the culvert adjoining the Tweed. That was good news. The Moss Hole stood condemned as an impostor. Its doom was sealed.

All was now plain sailing. Operations were commenced by excavating a sufficient drain from the outlet to the culvert underneath the railway. In this preliminary part of the business there was hard work, but no sort of difficulty. After excavating the required depth, and allowing for a gradual fall, the cutting was laid with glazed tile-pipes nine inches in diameter, cemented together with Portland cement, so as to form a continuous water-tight tube. When completed, the length of this spacious tubular drain was a hundred and six yards. The water ran through it in a copious stream. Then ensued the active operations on the morass. A drain was cut along its southern side from end to end, and several tributary drains were cut diagonally crosswise. This was the nastiest part of the undertaking. The workmen stood in water with feet and legs constantly wet. There they were hacking away at the black moss to make clear runs for the water, which poured out on all sides. There was this satisfaction, that the more they cut into the moss there was the less water to run out, until at length no part was undrained. The moss, like heavy black mould, was wheeled in barrows to the side.

It was interesting to note that in proportion as the water was drawn off, the top of the morass sunk, until one could walk on it with a firm footing. In the various operations, it was not pleasant to observe the discomposure of the colonics of frogs, which never could have contemplated so rude and sudden an invasion of their ancient domain. Sprawling about, a few got away, but the greater number perished as victims of a relentless act of rural improvement. 'Play to you, but death to us,' as was said by the frogs in the fable. Two or three eels were secured,

which duly figured at table in the 'Big House,' as 'Stewed eels à la sauce Matelotte'—as delicate a dish as could be presented to a Parisian gourmet.

In laying bare the foundation of the morass, no objects of antiquarian interest were discovered. No one could squeeze a bit of romance out of it. The hollow had simply been a convenient receptacle for field-drainage and rubbish. The laying down of common drain-tiles, four inches in diameter, throughout the several runs, in connection with the great tubular drain, concluded the artistic part of the process. Rough stones were packed well in, to allow the free percolation of water to the drains. Nothing remained but to bring up the surface to the level of the field. This was accomplished in the first place by pouring in upwards of a thousand cart-loads of stones and gravel. Next by wheeling in with barrows the mossy material that had been laid aside, mixed with quantities of coarse sand, to give a proper consistency to the soil. In adjusting the surface, it was made to piece in with the slope in the field. The job was at an end; and much merit is due to all who with little regard to their own comfort, helped to complete the undertaking. After a few years' culture, the spot will be scarcely distinguishable; as is thought it will be exceedingly fertile. The cost of excavation, drain-pipes, and other items of outlay, with workmen's wages, altogether amounted to less than forty pounds, a sum considerably below what was anticipated. Had it been much more it would have been well-spent money. To say nothing of the improvement in climate, a blenish has for ever been removed from one of the fairest scenes on Tweedside.

Such is a little bit of specimen of the way in which Scotland, as we now see it, has been made. And many a hundred gentleman, thinking of his numerous outlays, would add, with a half-humorous half-pensive shake of the head: 'THAT'S HOW THE MONEY GOES.' W. C.

THE ARAB WIFE.

A TALE OF THE POLYNESIAN SEAS.

CHAPTER XIII.—HOME.

ACCORDING to my imperfect knowledge of the science of navigation, and by calculating the turns and twists we had made, and allowing for the currents, I concluded that the pirogue could not be very far from the English settlements in West Australia. The shore trends inward considerably to the south, and as I had kept well out to sea, we were quite a hundred miles to the westward, and had to make much more distance than I supposed, so that instead of making the land at noon, it was near midnight before I caught the first glimpse of it in the moonlight. It was right ahead. I ran down for the charts, lit a lamp, and began to study our whereabouts, whilst Fatima without a word went up to the wheel.

After puzzling my brains for some time, I at length realised that we were considerably south of Perth, where I intended to arrive; and that the bold headland on the starboard bow must be Point Naturaliste. As this was evidently so beyond a doubt, by the peculiar configuration of the coast, which here makes a right angle, it was equally plain that we must stand again to the north, make a bold turn eastward, and then run in to

Augusta. There was not much time to lose, as at midnight Bikur would come to take the wheel; so I went on deck and stood clear out to sea again; and by the half-hour that elapsed before the negro came up, the land in rear of us was the merest speck, almost imperceptible to negro eyes, more especially as Bikur looked for it steadily in the wrong direction.

When I relieved him in the morning, we tacked dead to eastward, and ran so for an entire day, sighting various coasts, which surprised Bikur much. We were too far off to distinguish the coasts, so that he remained ignorant of their being white men's vessels. But he pondered something greatly all day long, and Fatima and I agreed to watch our sable friends narrowly. After running considerably to eastward, I commenced a series of tacks in the supposed direction of Augusta, and as it is a city set upon a hill, had little difficulty in making it. Then Fatima got Yarifa to come and see the land, after which we closed the hatch, and ordered both the negroes to remain on deck. The numerous schooners and sloops, and occasional small steamers, which were either coming in or going out of the port, convinced them that we had arrived at some great city; but they saw clearly that we had deceived them, and had sailed to the white man's country. My feelings of rapture would be hard to describe, and I know that I hailed every vessel that came near, from the delight I had in hearing the hearty English words from my own countrymen. There are French settlements north of Augusta, and German villages east of it; but the immediate vicinity is populated, as is the city itself, exclusively by English people from the southern counties; so to hear them speak was just like being at home. Tears rolled down my cheeks, and Fatima softly pressed my hand, as if to tell me that she sympathised with me, and was as happy as I.

The wind chopped round to the westward, and favoured the pirogue, which moved like a thing of life through the placid waters of the broad harbour, sparkling with the sails of hundreds of small craft. Soon we came abreast of the city, and anchored within five hundred feet of the principal block. Then I called Yarifa and Bikur, whose curiosity had greatly overcome their feelings of surprise, and told them both that they were free either to go with us or to stay in the city where we had arrived, or to go elsewhere, as suited themselves; but they were no longer slaves, for the country in which we had arrived was one where there were no slaves, but all men were free. They both elected to follow us, and made many protestations of affection and fidelity, which time has proved to be sincere.

Having arranged that Fatima and Yarifa should stay on board, Bikur and I got into the sampan and paddled to the shore. Our Arab dresses were so conspicuous that I felt a little alarmed about the attention I might receive from the street boys; but on landing I was agreeably disappointed. We indeed were followed; but the juveniles thought we were members of some outlandish inland tribe, and refrained from any unpleasant demonstrations of regard. Meeting a mounted policeman, who had all the manner and bearing of an old cavalry-man, I asked him where I might find some official, the captain of police, the sheriff or governor, or something of that sort. He gave me the

address of the captain of police, whose name was the same as my own, and I hastened there at once. I found quite a genial soldierly man, who was a distant relative of my father's, and had known Uncle Joe perfectly well. I explained to him my position, and recited enough of my adventures to excite his warm sympathy. He immediately offered us rooms in his own house, and insisted on my taking some of his clothes, which I was glad to do. The metamorphosis was soon completed; and I borrowed his carriage, driving down to the jetty with the captain's servant, and engaging a stout six-oared boat, which soon took me to the pirogue. Taking with us Fatima and Yarifa, together with the most valuable of our treasures, we hastened back, and were soon in my cousin's hospitable home.

Mrs Wade took charge in the kindest manner of Fatima, and soon fitted her out with the dresses and toilet articles of European fair. The transformation was complete. Never had Fatima seemed more beautiful; and I viewed with secret complacency the ease with which she adapted herself to European customs, and the innate grace and good-breeding which excused her blunders. But when on the next day I was obliged to inform Mrs Wade that we had so far been united only by the Arab teacher, she immediately proposed that Fatima should be baptised, and insisted in the most obliging manner upon serving as her god-mother. This brought about a confession from me that I stood in need of the same good offices, having become renegade; and it was mutually agreed that we should both be baptised, and then married again according to the Episcopal Church of England. The report of our adventures soon got wind, and I cautioned Fatima to say nothing about the casket or our other treasures, as it might make the captain's house a special object of regard to the ticket-of-leave men who find their way to this settlement from the penal ones. Our blacks, knowing no English, could not betray us, and their stories would naturally be so marvellous that nobody would credit them even if they could have spoken like natives. But even without a knowledge of our jewels, or of the crisp contents of the Dutchman's desk, we were exceedingly interesting to the townspeople of Augusta; and the governor called upon us, and insisted upon being god-father for my Fatima, his wife and Mrs Wade being her god-mothers. This is according to the ideas prevalent in the colonies, where a boy has a god-mother and two god-fathers, and a girl the converse.

The appointed day came at length, and we were admitted into the bosom of the Church in the presence of all the leading families of Augusta. We were thus re-united in the afternoon of the same day; and I folded to my arms the blushing Mrs Wade, Isabella now, instead of Fatima. There was a grand feast in the evening at the governor's house, and my wife in white satin was the admired of every one. But the rubies which she wore on that occasion were so far beyond anything that had ever been seen in Australia, that I am afraid some people of questionable taste paid more attention to them than to the wearer, who, in the wedding-dress of a European, must have been an object of envy to many a fair lady present.

We remained for some weeks at the governor's house, and then at his suggestion sailed in our own

piroque, which—in addition to the faithful couple who had been companions of our wanderings, and whom we decided upon taking with us to England—was now manned by a stout crew of good seamen. Our friends in Augusta were so obliging as to express great regret at our leaving; but the natural impatience of a son to see his father was sufficient excuse, and we departed for Port Phillip laden with a thousand good wishes, and delicacies of every description. We reached the Port without obstacle or adventure, and were soon whirled with all our belongings to Melbourne. I had preserved a faint sort of a hope that I might find my father there; but on consulting with the lawyer who had managed his affairs, I learned, to my sorrow, that he had sailed for England, to take measures for finding me through government authority; and taking with him poor Uncle Joe's fortune to the enormous amount of six hundred thousand pounds. I then inquired for Captain Orde, and was delighted to hear that the *Shooting Star* happened then to be in the harbour, and the honest Yankee captain at the Auckland Hotel.

Thither I repaired in all haste, and found the good fellow, who at first did not recognise me; but who, when I made myself known, fell upon me with the gripe of a bear, and hugging me in his arms fairly wept aloud. I was greatly moved by this display of affection in one so apparently cynical, and I think there was water in my own eyes. He accompanied me to the Victoria, where we had put up, and I introduced him to my wife, whom he pronounced to be the finest creature he had ever beheld, without even the exception of the Boston belle to whom he had once paid obeisance. I narrated my adventures at full length, as he consented to pass the day with us, and was sincerely thankful to him for the sympathy he shewed. For a cool business man, with a slow methodical deliberative manner, he was the most feeling man I ever met; and I must say that Americans generally are of this type. When I had concluded, he made me repeat parts over and over again, and at length volunteered to send, or himself carry an account of our whereabouts and welfare, to the Reis.

He also volunteered to restore the piroque, minus its crew, to the Nizam if I chose so to dispose of my now no longer serviceable little bark. To this, fearing for his safety, I at first demurred, but finding that expostulations were in vain, I at length assented. 'I am not afraid,' said he, 'to meet the Nizam, and feel quite able to run the risk; but,' he added, 'my good young fellow, you get off to England as fast as you can, and comfort your father's heart. He knows you are not dead, and has gone to interest the government in your release.'

To offer money to this noble-hearted American captain would have been insulting; so a happy thought occurred to me—a tangible way of shewing my appreciation of his courage and generosity. Selecting one of the jewels given to me by my father, and which I had been fortunate enough to preserve through all my wanderings, I got my darling wife to press it upon the skipper. 'Dear friends,' faltered he, 'I shall wear this for your sakes, and for the sake of my gallant old friend, whom I may never see again.'

So bidding our adieus, I sailed with Mrs Isabella

Wade and our two attendants for old England, in one of the great clipper liners. *The Golden Fleece* was a huge vessel of four thousand tons, and we had a grand cabin; but we both agreed that the little cabin of the piroque was more pleasant. However, on rounding Cape Horn we admitted that perhaps it was more comfortable in *The Golden Fleece*. Our trip to England was just the same as other trips. My wife improved so greatly in European ways that before we arrived at Southampton one could hardly suppose that she was not European; her skin was so very fair that she would easily be taken for a brunette English girl.

Arrived at length in London, we went to the only hotel I knew, Long's; and leaving Isabella to her own devices, and our two servants in special charge of the landlady, I set off in quest of our army agents, who directed me to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. It is a famous place for old Indian officers.

Returning to Long's, I ordered a carriage, and desired Isabella to put on her bonnet, which she had learned to wear with perfect grace. We were soon together in the carriage and rolling off to the Hummums. I sent up to the colonel's rooms to say that a gentleman and lady wished to see Colonel Wade; and he sent back word that he was unwell, but would be happy to see the persons if they were intimate friends. We went up; and in another moment I was clasped in the dear old gentleman's arms. My wife had her turn of embraces; and over the happiness that followed and that has continued to be our lot, I discreetly drop a veil.

[Although we have given the foregoing narrative very much in the words of the writer, we would take exception to his having seen either deer or monkeys in Australia, neither of these tribes being indigenous to that country. The kangaroo is a native; and the 'large kind of rabbit' and 'miniature kangaroos' were doubtless marsupial animals allied to the bandicoot.—Ed.]

WINTER VEGETATION.

THE animal world is keenly sensible of the approach of winter, a season during which many creatures take a long sleep. The mole retires to her nest; the dormouse, having laid in store for bad weather, comfortably settles herself in a cosy nook of a dry old tree; squirrels and field-mice shut themselves in with their friends, only venturing out occasionally when the sun may shine with unusual fitful brightness; frogs sink to the bottom of ponds and ditches, and bury themselves in the mud; lizards, badgers, and hedgehogs creep into holes in the earth, and remain torpid till the spring; bats get into old barns, caves, and deserted buildings, where, suspending themselves by their hind-feet, and covering themselves in the membranes of their fore-feet, they sleep away in a sort of natural hammock till the green leaves come again.

Vegetation sympathises with the general repose, and we confess to a feeling of tender melancholy at this season of the year. The conditions of growth are suspended during the winter months in all our large trees, and the leaves drop off, because

their wants are no longer supplied by their parent tree. The autumnal tints, which are so beautiful in many places, are due to the oxidation of the green colouring matter in the leaf, which is developed under the strong light and sunshine of the summer. When the functions of the leaves can no longer be performed, from the absence of nutrition and the withdrawal of light from their surface, their tissues become choked, and they dry up, wither, and fall off. At the point of union, however, where the leaf-stem was fixed to the branch, Nature has already begun to prepare for future life; and the little nodule, which can easily be seen where the faded leaf once flourished, contains the embryo future glory of the forest.

The life of all plants—in fact of all living bodies—may be said to consist of a rotation of matter; some of the matter which exists in the living organism to-day will have passed away to-morrow, and a new portion will be formed by the appropriation of fresh material from without. In a very short time the whole organism will have parted with all its original substance, and the individual will consist of entirely new elements. This rotation of matter constitutes life; and when the mystic wheel ceases to revolve, death ensues—to the individual, though not to the family. The processes of life are more vigorous and active in the higher forms of vegetable life than in the lower; hence our forest trees require light and warmth to evolve their vital forces, and to carry on their functions; when these are withdrawn, all their powers are quiescent, dormant as it were, till the return of spring.

Those whose attention has been directed to the operations of Nature find deep sources of interest even in the winter repose of vegetation. Even in the dreariest period of this condition the horse-chestnut tree is easily distinguished by its large nut-like buds, which characterise it when its leaves are all faded and gone. There they are, on its thick and heavy branches, covered with a shiny coat of sticky gum-resin, which protects the tender interior from injury by cold or wet. When, as the year advances and the sun gains power, this gummy coating melts under its influence, the tender leaves it sheltered begin to expand and very soon attain maturity. But if in our winter walks we pluck one of these shiny varnished buds and examine it, we find matter for thought and study. Cut perpendicularly through this bud with a sharp pocket-knife, and then we see, closely packed and well protected by a series of outer scales covered with varnish, the rudimentary leaves which are to clothe the tree next year. The scales are arranged over one another in the manner of the tiles of a house. In the centre of the bud is situated the tender vital growing-point, which would be injured by the least frost, and is thus kept warm and well protected by its surrounding covering. But lest this should not be sufficient to secure the safety of this vital point, a substance similar to wool is developed in the cavity of the bud, in which the infantine leaves and the precious centre-point are tenderly wrapped. All this may be seen and explained to the youngest child in the course of a winter morning's walk.

We cannot hide from ourselves that the enchantment of a country lane is gone in a great measure with the past summer. The red berries are seen on the bushes where so short a time since we pulled sweet dog-roses, gathered fragrant honeysuckles, or filled our baskets with the purple blackberry. But whilst basking ourselves in the summer sun and recklessly pulling luxuriant and verdant garlands from the hedges, we forgot to look on the bank beneath the hedge, or to cast an eye on the old gnarled trunks and branches of the trees, then laden with delicious foliage. The soft and verdant mosses were hidden then by the long grass; the curious and beautiful lichens and fungi had not as yet appeared to any advantage in their favourite nooks and corners; or only blended in their varied shades of colour with the mass of beautiful vegetation by which we were then surrounded.

Now that the hedges are no longer green, and the trees stand black and bare on the landscape, is the time to seek for endless variety, and beauty waiting to be admired in its turn. What miniature fairy glens and grottos are distributed over the hedge-banks of our country lanes! Mosses, delicate and beautiful, may be found in the interstices of any old wall, or at the foot of almost any tree or shrub. The bole of an old tree is luxuriant with them, for they seem anxious to cover with soft green tapestry the rough bark, knotted and marked by time. It is in the winter-time that most mosses and lichens are found in fruit, and beautiful objects they are. A pocket microscope lens is essential for their proper observation, and though the delicate earthen cups of the species known as the cup moss, and the familiar gray and yellow mosaic appearance we see on twigs and branches on our way are easily recognised, the study of this form of winter vegetation is an inexhaustible one, and is an occupation for a lifetime, if earnestly pursued. We do not, however, suggest that every one who endeavours to recognise the different species of moss, lichens, or fungi should necessarily do so through the medium of the microscope; but it will greatly add to the pleasure of making a collection out of doors if there be a good microscope at home, so that when the contents of the basket be turned out after the winter's walk, there should be interest even in the fragments left after a little pile of varied bits has been constructed, rivaling the choicest summer bouquet in beauty of form and colour. We have seen such a collection formed into a beautiful object by raising a little mound of rough bits of bark in a plate or saucer, and placing on it varieties of fungus of every shade of red, brown, yellow, and gray. They seem to spring forth from a bed of sphagnum or bog-moss of brightest emerald green; while a clump of the screw wall moss in fruit, with its curious little box-like capsules, supports a gray or yellow lichen, which has been gently removed from some old wall or tree. A bit of stick or a twig incrustated with a bright orange-coloured lichen, supports a trailing branch of delicate green ivy, the most beautiful and adaptable of all winter foliage. Over this little arrangement is placed a bell-glass, to preserve it from dust and the effect of a dry atmosphere; and we know how pleasing to the eye is its varied beauty of form and colour, lasting thus, a constant source of pleasure, for many a day without renewal.

On their native banks, the soft green velvety mosses form dense masses. Looking with a magnifier into their luscious green, it seems like the entanglement of a deep forest with its recesses of gloom and shade. Many of the species give in their little outlines the perfect figure of a tree—the branches spreading unbragously from a tall bare stem, and losing themselves among the foliage, as if it were a chestnut or an ash instead of a moss. It is curious to see sprays of some species in which the characteristic green is richly tinted with gold; and often may these lovely forms be found on the surfaces of stones and rocks, and on the barks of aged trees, where the surface is moist—the frost-flowers of the window-panes transferred, as it were, to the country, and endowed with verdant life. These are the little plants that form on the prostrate trunk, green and swelling cushions and natural sofas, that, as Mr Ruskin tells us, ‘full of pity, cover the scarred ruin with a strange and tender humour.’ Under favourable circumstances, they form a compact mass, which may be lifted up and removed like a carpet from a floor, bringing with it a thousand little fruit-stalks.

Another set, represented by the genus *Sphagnum*, is characteristic of swamps and morasses. Vast tracts of such country are covered with this sort of vegetation where nothing else will grow. Lichens, on the contrary, are seldom found in damp places, but grow chiefly on old dry wood and on rocks and stones. *Parmelias* of all kinds seat themselves on old churchyard monuments, on the ruins of abbeys and castles, their bright yellow eccentric patches contrasting finely with the covering of ivy around. Others cling to the branches of trees, and hang from them, gray and shaggy, like an old man's beard, to the depth of many inches, or even feet. These are often improperly called ‘tree mosses.’ We read in *Kew's Catalogue* of the ‘forest primeval, the murmuring pines, and the hemlocks

Blended with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms.

Independent of seasons, when other plants are gone to rest or decay, the diversified hues and forms of this curious lichen family ‘make glad the solitary place,’ and beguile the winter's walk of its dreariness.

Whilst in their youngest and undeveloped state, lichens often appear as a mere powdery or scurfy wash on the branches of trees, palings, &c., and at one time were believed to be distinct species, and classified accordingly. Green is a very rare colour amongst lichens; they are chiefly gray, white, or yellow; and the fact of being green, usually suggests that the specimen is a moss, and not a lichen. The fructification of lichens is usually seen in the form of minute saucers or of tiny shields, which are not always circular, but vary in shape, and are called *apothecia*. The tiny ‘letter lichens’ which inhabit the smooth bark of trees, especially that of young beeches, resemble inscriptions in Hebrew or Arabic. We might almost fancy in the depths of the unfrequented forest that we had come upon the literature of the Dryads, or that the ‘good people’ had been at work.

Of the endless variety of fungi—mushrooms

or toadstools—which grow almost everywhere, Dr Badham writes: ‘What geometry shall define their ever-varying shapes? Who but a Venetian painter do justice to their colours? Some are stilted on a high leg; others have not a leg to stand on; some are bell-shaped; many shell-shaped; some like a lawyer's wig; others like a horse's hoof or a goat's beard. In one you look into the fungus through a thick red trellis that surrounds it. Some exhibit a nest in which they rear their young; and not to speak of those vague shapes,

If shape they can be called that shape have none
Determinate,

of such tree parasites as are fain to mould themselves at the will of their entertainer (the fate of parasites whether under oak or mahogany), mention may be made of two, of which the forms are at once singular and constant; one exactly like an ear clings to several trees, and trembles when you touch it; and the other, which lolls out from the bark of chestnut trees, is so like a tongue in shape and general appearance, that in the days of enchanted trees you would not have cut it off on any account, lest the knight to whom it belonged should come to claim it of you.’

The greater proportion of fungi are autumnal; many are, however, in perfection in midwinter, and it is in the very early spring before the leaves appear on the trees that we find the beautiful crimson Dryad's cup, a circular basin of the richest carmine, of about an inch and a half in diameter. To the delight given him by this crimson cup, Fries the great fungologist attributes his first incitement to the study of this class of plants.

Occasionally in a mild winter we hear of a stray violet or primrose being found on some sunny bank; but whilst we may reasonably expect to find, in our winter rambles, botanical treasures and curiosities such as we have mentioned, we can well afford to wait till the spring for these lovely familiar friends, and spend our winter hours in making the acquaintance of fresh forms of vegetation. Two plants seem essentially connected with all our recollections of winter, and whilst thinking of winter vegetation we can never forget them. The evergreen holly and the mistletoe are in their glory at this time, associated with the ideas of winter merry-makings, family gatherings, and Christmas observances. At the season of the year when we see most of the holly, it is often in company with the mistletoe; and if our winter rambles take us through an orchard or into an apple-growing country, we are sure to see its pretty light green clusters, ornamented with its pearl-like berries, on the branch of some old apple-tree. Much has been written of the mistletoe and its habits, and observers tell us that it is so seldom seen on the oak, that its very rarity is thought to have given the oak-fed mistletoe peculiar sanctity in the days of the ancient Druids. Be this as it may, we may well exercise our love of discovery by keeping an eye on all the oak-trees in our winter's walks, with the hope of finding the mistletoe in its mystic position, as of old.

We venture to trust that the foregoing observations may tend to prove that even in winter, when all around seems to wear the aspect of desolation, there are objects well worth search by those who

will give themselves zealously to the task. Lowly though these lichens and mosses and fungi may appear to be, yet when examined with a keen spirit of inquiry, they will be found to reveal beauties hitherto concealed, and will repay the trouble of many a winter day's ramble. P. 1.

AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

CONCLUSION.

I CHANCED to be at work in the garden summer-house one afternoon, the weather being very fine, when, although it was scarcely our time of meeting, in came Mr Salkeld, and somewhat hesitatingly sat himself down beside me. He held a letter in his hand, which he desired me to read. It was a presentation of a living from an old college friend. I was both glad and sorry at the news, and so I told him. He was silent for a few moments, and he looked so strangely out of his wonted composure, that I began to fear that I had hurt his feelings by the manner of my congratulation; and just as I was about to allude to this, he turned and regarded me quite suddenly with a look in his eyes I had never noticed there before, a look that made me sink into myself, as it were. I almost instinctively felt what the tenor of his next words must be. They were these, and he spoke very solemnly, as a man speaks when his deepest feelings are moved. 'Miss Wilfrid,' he said, 'I thank you for your good wishes; but let me say, that much as I am devoted to the sacred profession in which I humbly strive to do my duty, there is yet another devotion which is also to me greatly sacred—love that is second only to the great devotion of my life. The new life that is opening to me would be cold indeed if, going there, I might not carry that human love with me. Carry it with me indeed I shall, but it rests with you to say whether I shall carry it in sorrow or in great joy.' Here his voice was solemn and beseeching almost to sadness, and I could not speak, for my heart was too full. Then I knew not how it was, but he had told me that he loved me so well that all else on earth had no comfort for him were I not by his side to sympathise, to aid him, and rejoice with him in all things.

I knew not what answer I gave him, but I was clasped in his arms, and all seemed confusion. I could neither think nor speak, and I was only aware of one wish—to be alone for a time, to collect my thoughts; but I left the summer-house leaning on Arthur Salkeld's arm as his affianced wife. We walked through the rose-garden into the house—he with a tender look of happiness on his face that has wrung from me since many a sigh of sorrow.

I went up-stairs to my room, the room that in my happy lightness of spirits I had named the Rose-chamber. The roses were nodding at the window as they had done that spring morning twelve months before. I sat down near them, and thought of the lark's song I had listened to in rapture that fresh May morning. Was I as happy as then? To be his wife—the man that of all others I respected and trusted—the beloved of all who knew him, rich or poor! I was perplexed; my brain was in a whirl. Thought after thought rose in me like wave on wave; but ever a sadness grew upon me that thought would not and could not

drown. Did I wish the event of the last half-hour undone? No! I would not, dared not, wish that. But something within me mysteriously whispered that all was not well. Had he been mistaken in his choice? I shuddered at the thought, and strove hard, so hard, to dispel it. Did I truly love him? Was I happy in that this great love of a good man had been bestowed upon me, so unworthy as I felt myself to be? 'O for the echo of that lark's song,' I said to myself, scarcely knowing that I did say so. But no echo of gladness seemed to come to me; but only still a sad, sad, yearning, anxious hunger of the heart that I could not understand. O blind, wickedly blind that I was! The years have gone since that day; and in those years how well have I known the meaning of that wistful heart-sickness which crushed every impulse of hope and joy in me with leaden force.

I did not go down-stairs all that evening, for I felt that I could not meet his earnest gentle looks, nor share in his deep tenderness as I ought. I sent down a plea of illness; and indeed it was no idle excuse. Miss Stanhope came to me with kind messages from the gentlemen, and words from Arthur Salkeld that went deeply to my heart.

The next day I was more composed, and I met his eager questions about my health with real gratitude. I then saw how wrong I had been to avoid his presence, for he had that influence over me which invariably soothed me, and led me into his own mood while I was with him. But after he had left me, the strange torturing thoughts would come: Had he done right? Was this for the happiness of both? And day after day it was always thus. I was even more with him than before our engagement; for we were formally engaged, with the free consent of Mr Stanhope, pending only my uncle's reply to a letter from Mr Salkeld.

But as the days became weeks, I grew more and more to look at the future with hope and calmness. An earnest longing now possessed me to keep him with me at my side always, for with him was peace—peace of mind. Therefore, I opposed no objection to his wish for an early marriage. He left for his new living just about the time that my uncle's letter arrived, consenting to the match; and it was then settled that in one month our wedding should take place at the village church. After he left me, I was lonely, and not quite as I had been, but not unhappy, for I felt that all had been for the best.

He was greatly missed in the village, and I strove to soften his absence to his flock by endeavouring to do as he had done amongst them. Every day, as I went here and there to the cottagers, I knew that I was doing his will, and I thereby found pleasure and contentment. But a crisis came that almost prostrated me to the lowest depths of despair. Oh, how shall I describe the terrible torture of that most unhappy time—the self-reproach—the self-abasement of it!

Mr Salkeld had left us about a fortnight. It was early in the month of June, and I remember (so well I remember every word and deed of that day) I had been to Selwyn Grange; and Effie and I had had a long, long talk about many things, about everything that had interest for ourselves and those about us. Amongst other subjects Effie talked much of her brother, who was expected home that very day. It was the

time of the great French alarm, and the dear girl was troubled lest danger should come to him, for the militia were under arms and about to march southwards in a few days. Hence this visit home, which was to be a very short one, she said. Then we also talked of my approaching marriage, and made over again the arrangements for the ceremony which we had arranged many times before. I told her how happy I was to have won the love of a man like Arthur Salkeld; but in saying so I had to crush again the rebellious promptings of my heart—the indefinable rebellion which was now so surely fading down, and soon, I hoped, to be forgotten as a sickly dream.

I thought it strange that the feeling should have asserted itself in speaking thus to her; but I conquered myself, and walked home in the dusk in a happier frame of mind than usual, for the discussion of the ceremonious trifles which Effie took such strong interest in always helped to soothe me and restore the balance of my mind. It was a calm sweet evening, and as I walked down the chestnut avenue I heard the faint sounds of the clatter of a horse's hoofs in the distance; but the sound conveyed no idea to me, and I walked on absorbed in my own thoughts. But when I left the avenue for the high-road, these sounds of hoofs came nearer and nearer, and just as I turned a corner of the road the horseman appeared in view. In spite of the deepening twilight, I knew him at once. It was Arthur Selwyn! My heart seemed to stop at the sight of him, he seemed to come so suddenly. The next moment it was beating wildly and frantically, for he had dismounted and taken me by the hand, looking in my face anxiously. Heaven help me, how I thrilled at the touch of his hand and the sound of his voice! I trembled like a leaf, and withdrew my hand from his, and answered him coldly that I had been harassed of late by many things.

He turned—leading his horse—and walked by my side, and I made no effort to prevent him from doing so, for one look at his pained face—the worn, melancholy look of it—made me long to say a word of sympathy to him, and I said to myself, to my self-deceiving heart: 'This marriage of his is making him miserable indeed.' We walked together in painful silence, for I could not put into words my half-formed resolution; they seemed to die on my lips. He himself, however, introduced the very subject of my thoughts, for he turned suddenly to me, and said in a hard, tuneless voice, so unlike the voice that spoke to me but a minute before; but the hardness of it brought me to myself. The words were these: 'You have heard of my approaching marriage, Miss Wilfrid, I suppose? My sister is very free with her communications where I am concerned.'

'Dear Effie has told me,' I replied; 'and your sister loves you well, Mr Selwyn. You should not speak so.'

He looked straight at me for a moment, and his head drooped. 'She is my dear, dear sister,' he said, and was again silent. Then he broke out suddenly: 'Miss Wilfrid, I am a most unhappy man. There is no happiness for me in this black, unlovely world—nothing but misery!'

'Do not say that, Mr Arthur; it is sadly wrong. God's providence has made the world beautiful to those who follow the path of duty in it, and trust in Him.'

'You are an angel. There is nothing but brightness on earth where you are,' he said. 'But I—I think they are trying to make a demon of me. If I never had been born, or had died a year ago, it would have been better for all who know me.' He said this in such a voice and with such a wild look that I trembled for him; and oh, how I pitied him! My heart seemed to melt within me. I said nothing.

Then he went on in the same wild strain: 'And who are they, that they should compel me to stifle my own heart and fling happiness from me? Is there no escape for me?'

I felt that I had no right to say anything to this, although he looked hard at me as he spoke, as if for a sign. I know not if my eyes revealed anything to him beyond what I felt of pity for him and deep sympathy, for had I not also suffered! But the next moment he stopped in his walk, and spoke to me words which from my memory shall never be effaced while the heart within me throbs and life endures. He said, and how deeply earnest was his voice then: 'There is one way of escape. Miss Wilfrid, you can save! O Rose! is it not perceptible to you? It is you I love! I shall go mad, I think! My darling! you, and you only, can save me! I am a doomed man else. I can't express myself as I should. You, I love; and you I have loved from the first.'

I felt as if I had been turned to stone; and then, and then the scales fell from my eyes. I read my own agonised heart—my heart, that almost broke to hear those wild passionate words. Oh, what I endured in one short-lived moment! The love that had been growing and yearning within my inmost heart seemed as though it would burst the bonds of life, so like a flood it came in one swift rush of realisation. Loved him! His love was as nothing to mine. I worshipped him! I could have died that he might be happy, if my poor life could have done so much for him. But the next instant came the awful revulsion of feeling. My burning heart became ice. It was too late! I felt that my senses were leaving me. I must have staggered backwards, I think, for he reached out his arms to me with a short sharp cry; but I shrank from him, and would have fled away, could I have done so. I sank backwards against his horse, and clutched the saddle with my hands tightly, till I forced my reeling senses in a moment back again. He placed his hand on mine. I felt it tremble—and in a low whisper, he said: 'Dearest Rose, be my wife; you love me; fly with me now. Let us leave this cold marriage behind us. In two hours we can be across the borders, and then you are mine for ever.' His dark eager face bent over me; his hand clasped mine.

Oh, the temptation of that moment! Oh, that I had fallen at his feet, never again to rise with life! But no! A shadow seemed to come between us, and the pleading eyes of Arthur Salkeld, my betrothed, were in that shadow, and the trial of my strength was over.

'How dare you?' I almost shrieked. 'How dare you torture me like this? You! engaged as you are to one who will shortly stand with you at the holy altar!'

He started back with a moan that almost shook my resolution. 'O Rose, do you not see we are the betrothed in the sight of heaven? I have made a fatal mistake. Help me to prevent that

mistake growing into a crime; for a crime it would be if I married her.'

'I cannot. I tell you, I dare not!' I gasped. 'Have you not heard? I too am bound irrevocably.'

'I have heard nothing, Rose. What do you mean?'

'I mean that the banns were proclaimed last Sunday between Mr Salkeld and me. Mr Selwyn, my duty is clear. Yours is also. Let this be forgotten between us. Let us part now; and when we meet again, you will look back and regret the words you have spoken this day.'

As I said this he became as pale as death—I could see his face alter in the dusk—and he cried out: 'Never, never! You cannot love *him*—a parson, a preacher!'

The epithets stung me, and with a touch of anger I was made firm. 'You shall not insult him in my presence. Mr Selwyn,' I said, 'let me go;' and I turned down the lane quickly.

But he came by my side again, saying: 'You will not leave me, Rosy! Is there no hope for me?'

I did not hesitate then in my reply. Oh, my cruel, cruel heart, how could you do it? I answered: 'There is no hope!'

He spoke no more—a deep sob seemed to choke some word in his throat. He seized my hand and kissed it almost violently; then with a look of daring recklessness he threw himself upon his horse, and I heard him gallop into the night, but not in the direction of Selwyn Grange. The sounds of his horse's hoofs grew fainter and fainter, and he was gone.

How I got back to the vicarage I hardly know; I had but slight recollection until I found myself lying on a sofa with the vicar and Miss Stanhope leaning over me in great distress, for they thought that some serious attack of illness had overtaken me. So it had; for the next day I was unable to leave my bed, and I remembered nothing more for many weeks. And but for that merciful unconsciousness, I had died or lost my reason; for in those weeks news came to Selwyn Grange, such cruel news as would have scorched me like lightning.

When I became convalescent, Miss Stanhope told me all that had happened. The Selwyns never knew that Arthur had been so near to them that night; and a letter was shortly afterwards brought to them to say that he had volunteered into a line regiment under marching orders for Flanders. I saw that letter long afterwards, and one sentence in it went to my heart like the stab of steel: 'My duty is clear.' The very words I had said to him that fated evening!

Poor Effie was frantic with grief.

And then came the rumours of great armies on the continent, all in movement to unite against the fiend Napoleon. Lord Wellington had gone to Brussels to take command of the English forces, and a great battle was talked of as about to take place. But of Arthur Selwyn came not a word more. Then came the time when the news of battle and victory spread throughout England like flame. Triumph, anxiety, grief, and joy shook the hearts of all. One word was in every mouth—Waterloo! Then came the official reports in the newspapers; day after day the columns of news were long lists of wounded and slain. The

brave soldiers of Britain! And one day the blow fell upon Selwyn Grange: 'Lieutenant Arthur P. Selwyn dangerously wounded.'

When I lay in the first stage of my illness I was delirious, and one cry was on my lips day and night: 'Arthur, Arthur, come back to me!' They sent for Arthur Salkeld; and he came and watched by my bedside with the others, for it was thought I was near to death. He staid until the crisis of the brain-fever had passed, and I grew gradually conscious of life and reason. This was just about the time that my loved Arthur, my brave Arthur, fell in the dreadful fight; and I knew nothing of his fate, nor for long after, for I was so weak that no event of the outer world was allowed to reach my ears.

Little did they think at the time of the other great reason for that wise precaution. Ah! little did Arthur Salkeld imagine, while he sat there with my hand in his, and his true heart filled with grief, how deeply in my own heart I had injured him, and how fruitless was that wandering cry—the cry that went forth from my delirious lips for the love of another than him.

He did not come near me any more after the dangerous period had passed away from me, thinking that his presence might be hurtful to me; and I, the traitor to him, blessed him for that, for his noble self-denying thoughtfulness.

As I became stronger I reviewed the past, and I saw how grievously I had sinned against Arthur Salkeld. But my heart's desire had been revealed, and the resolve grew with returning health that I would not do him the still greater wrong of becoming his unloving wife. Sooner death than that. My fault should not become a crime. He had not yet left the vicarage, nor would he leave without seeing me, he had said; I had feared this, and like a coward, I shrank from and dreaded the interview.

In the meantime a letter had arrived at Selwyn Grange. Arthur still lived, although badly wounded. A brother-officer had written the news, and he wrote in glowing terms of Arthur's bravery. A detachment of his regiment had stormed some building in the battle-field held by the enemy, and had driven them out; but the building had caught fire, and the dastardly French cavalry had again surrounded the place, cutting down the brave English as they forced their way out. But my Arthur fought over the body of a wounded comrade and defended the colours till help came, just in time to save him from being destroyed by the flames, but not in time to shield off the cruel French bullets. My heroic Arthur!

Mr Salkeld's continued stay at the vicarage made me feel very uneasy in my mind. I could no longer remain in my bedroom, and I dared not meet him after what had passed between myself and Arthur Selwyn. I wrote him a letter, a letter which took me a whole day to write, although it was not a long one. How could I tell him that I declined his love? In what way could I extricate myself from the cruelly false position in which my own blindness and wretched folly had placed me?

It was a terrible task to perform, for well I knew the blow that would fall upon him. But I could not have told him personally; no power in the world could have driven me to that. The strange influence he always exerted over me would alone

have defeated me utterly. So in my letter I told him all : I hid nothing from him ; I did not plead ignorance of my love for Arthur Selwyn. I threw myself on his mercy.

He did not immediately reply, not for two days. I was in wretched suspense, but on the third day I received the following letter from him, which ran thus :

'DEAR MISS WILFRID—I could not reply at once to your letter. Your sympathising woman's heart will tell you why I could not. Oh, it is hard to give you up! God knows, before whom my spirit is bowed, how I have suffered these last two days. But, dear Rose, I love you too well to sacrifice your young life to my selfish happiness, or to ask you to do so, knowing now what I do. I shall lose the brightest jewel of my life in losing you; but do not sorrow for me. I know your gentle nature too well not to know that this has cost your kind heart a deep pang. But let not my memory come, cloud-like, between you and your future life, wherever or whatever it may be. For was it not altogether my doing, this sad, sad business! Mine was the fault. I go now into the busy world of a large town; into the midst of many and pressing duties. I shall carry with me the remembrance of this love—for I cannot forget—as I would a sacred memory. And it would be better, much better for both of us never to meet again on earth. God bless and guard you from all harm. Farewell!'

That letter was bathed with my remorseful tears. The noble unselfishness of it, and the tender care for my happiness. Most unhappy I was that sad day. Had I not wronged and slighted the gentlest heart in England! And he, whom I really loved, was lost to me, lost! driven from me by my own words, in that memorable summer twilight.

Thus I lay crying and sorrowing one long night, and at daybreak I arose and walked the room in agony. I was nearly mad. I opened the window, to let in the pure morning air, and leaning there, with the sweet roses curling round me, in my soul I prayed for guidance. I prayed for both the men whom I had brought to misfortune, and for forgiveness for my wrong-doing. As I knelt there, I heard once more the silvery song of the lark, as if a voice of *hope* from heaven spoke to me; and then came the blessed relief of tears, and I arose with patience in my heart.

Shortly afterwards I went with Miss Stanhope to Scarborough, and staid there about two months; and about the end of that time we heard from Effie that her brother had been brought home to the Grange. She wrote but a short letter, and seemed in much grief, for Arthur had not recovered from his wounds. But there was a mystery about what she said that I could not understand, and apprehension seized me that some new calamity was impending. It made me more and more unhappy; indeed I had never been myself since my illness.

Effie knew nothing of my love for her brother. I knew well that her approval was sure; but I knew also that it would have set her once more against her mother's wishes.

One Saturday night, after we had returned, Miss Stanhope called me to her and said: 'Rose, dear, Arthur Selwyn is to be at church to-morrow. Mr Selwyn told my brother so yesterday.'

'Thank God, that he is so well!' I exclaimed.

'My dearest Rose,' said the good old lady, 'you must be prepared for a great shock, as he is greatly changed. I must tell you, Rose, for I cannot leave you to meet him in ignorance of his great misfortune.'

I gasped for breath.

'You remember the officer's letter about the fighting amongst those horrid flames, dear?' she continued. 'Those flames have injured his eyesight.'

'Dearest Miss Stanhope,' I cried out, 'I know what you would tell me. He is blind! O God, be merciful to me, for I have done this!'

'Not so, my dear: it is His will; and what are we that we should question it!' So the old lady comforted me in my misery. Then I knew the mystery of poor Effie's letter.

Oh, how my love went out to him when I saw him enter the church that day, leaning on his father's arm—my boundless love! O Arthur, Arthur! I waited for him at the door and, before them all, I took his hand in mine. He knew me before I spoke, and a faint flush lighted up his pale haggard face. He said little; but I knew that his heart was unchanged, and changeless.

No consideration could now stay me. I gave myself up to loving him—loving him in secret, for I saw him no more until the next Sunday, and then only for one blissful moment. I was happy.

One day Effie came to me breathless. 'O Rosy, dear,' she said, kissing me, 'I know all. Poor Arthur has told me all about everything. He could bear it no longer; and you must be friends, you two.'

'But Mrs Selwyn, dear Effie?' I said.

Effie's face clouded in an instant. 'She will not interfere between us,' she replied. 'All her schemes for my dear brother are over now. She has scarcely ever spoken a word since Arthur came home, but goes about the house with a dreadful, dreadful look in her face. Poor mamma! She thought she was doing all for the best. And the Cressfords have deserted us; all except Gavin, poor fellow; and he comes as often as he dare, for he is greatly in awe of mamma. And, dear Rosy, it is pitiful to see mamma following Arthur about the rooms and the gardens, but always at a distance, as though she dared not be in his presence.'

The result of this conversation was that I went to Selwyn Grange, and there was Arthur sitting near Effie with a shade over his sightless eyes. Mrs Selwyn sat pale and wretched-looking. Arthur greeted me in his own dear voice, as when we were all happy together; the voice that had had the power to thrill me so. Effie soon contrived that we should have a corner to ourselves. How happy, and yet how sad I felt to sit there near him who was my world, my life! I inquired after his health. I knew not what else to say to him.

'I am recovering strength,' he said; 'but the loss of my eyesight frets me so.'

We talked chiefly, after this, on subjects apart from ourselves; and before long his Christian name, engraven as it was on my heart, fell from my tongue. I could not stay it.

His face flushed instantly with pleasure. 'O Rosy, dearest Rose, you forgive me?' he said.

My heart was so full I could scarcely reply: 'Arthur,' I said, 'oh, how can you ever forgive me? Am not I the cause of this?' Then came

my tears—tears of joy and sorrow both; for I felt that my heart was nigh breaking—breaking for him. But his arms were folded round me, and my head sank on his breast.

'Let us not talk of forgiveness, darling!' he said. 'I am a happy and thankful man to be listening to your dear voice to-day. The thought that I could not ever be anything to you has borne me down more than all; for I could not cut you out of my heart, hopeless though my love for you seemed. My only pleasure left was always to think of you, for I once thought you loved me a little. Ah! Rose, I ought to have told you of my love sooner.'

The joy of perfect happiness seemed to possess me as I heard him speak like this; and my tenderness, so long imprisoned, flowed out to him in the sacred words of love.

It was not long before Effie came back. She stooped and kissed me in silence. Arthur smiled and held out his hands to her, and she kissed him again and again. I heard a convulsive smothered sob somewhere in the room, and looking round, I saw Mrs Selwyn going out at the door. My heart bled for her, and I thought, here was my duty of reparation to Arthur—to heal the broken love between these two—to close the dreadful gulf which had grown betwixt mother and son.

One day I addressed Arthur on this subject; but from what he said I feared it would be a hopeless task. Mother and son could never be to each other what they once were.

Day after day and month after month passed away like a dream. Arthur and I met every day with the free consent of everybody, for the lessons of Fate had told heavily on the austere exclusiveness of Mrs Selwyn. She and I were friends for Arthur's sake. Even Arthur and she had become reconciled. It came about on the day of his father's funeral; for another affliction had fallen upon Selwyn Grange. Mr Selwyn—to whom everything except his own pleasure was as nothing—was dead. Let his memory rest. His death was sudden and awful—the old sad story of death in the hunting-field.

After that sad event, the affairs of the ruined estate were finally wound up, and a few hundreds a year were left out of the wreck for Arthur and his mother. They sold the land, and moved to a smaller house on the estate of Gavin Cessford, whose wife Effie had become a few months before. Their wooing was a strange one. Effie often told me, in her light, joyous way, that all the talk was hers and all the sighing his. She had refused him many times, but his faithful love won her at last. Dear Effie! She has a little Gavin now, and a little Rosebud also.

Two years passed away. I need not write in detail of their quiet uneventful happiness; but at the end of those two years I was Arthur Selwyn's wife. We lived, his mother and ourselves, together, for Mrs Selwyn could now scarcely endure to have him out of her sight.

Arthur! Beloved! Two lonely broken-hearted women are living now in the sad dark house of mourning, that was once glad with our wedding-day—alone, and sorrowfully awaiting the end. More than mother and daughter are they, for thy grave unites them. One happy, happy year of health was vouchsafed to my dear husband after our marriage, and then surely and slowly he faded

away from us. Oh, the unutterable agony of those months to me—his six months of torturing illness! The gleams of hope that would one day visit us, to be extinguished the next. How I lived through it I cannot tell. I think his noble example strengthened me to bear and to suffer as he did—in silence. But the inevitable day came, and in these arms he died.

My Arthur! May I be forgiven that in that dark hour my spirit rebelled against the decree of Heaven. May God forgive my erring soul! And may He, in His pardoning mercy and loving-kindness, open soon to my wearied eyes the gates of Life—the Life which is eternal! J. C.

STOCK-RAISING IN THE FAR WEST.

THE continually increasing demand for fresh beef has led, as is generally known, to expedients for bringing live oxen from the United States and Canada. It cannot yet be said that this import trade has attained large dimensions, but that it may some day be eminently successful is far from improbable. In the meanwhile, the rearing of stock in the Far West for this kind of trade is being prosecuted with vigour, and is said to offer extensive scope for enterprise. A settler on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains sends us some particulars regarding stock-raising in that quarter, which we give pretty much in his own language.

'The cattle business in the western part of the United States offers great opportunities of well-doing for energetic young men with a few hundred pounds in their pockets, and who do not mind leading a somewhat rough life in a wild uninclosed country. Though rough, the life is not unenjoyable. The rounding in, herding, and driving of cattle; the exuberant spirits and feeling of thorough freedom, can nowhere be enjoyed to such perfection as when swiftly coursing on horseback over the great stretches of the boundless plains. In addition to this, the profits of the trade are large, and with a fair amount of good fortune, capital goes on accumulating year after year, almost beyond the owner's ability to reckon. Of course there is luck in this as in all other occupations, and a man starting with a small capital might, if not careful, lose the best part of his herd by stampede or disease, and so be swamped at the outset; but where a strict watch has been kept, and the eye of the owner always over his stock, in no instance have I known a failure to acquire success and ultimate wealth.

'The great cattle-ranges of North America stretch from Montana on the north to the Rio Grande, the southern boundary of Texas, on the south, including Western Nebraska, Kansas, and Dakota, and Eastern Wyoming, Colorado, and Montana. With the exception of Texas, where the land is mostly well fitted for agriculture, and which will be covered before many years with a network of railways, and consequently inclosed farms, these other states and territories are specially adapted by nature as the home of the stock-raiser. Here the conditions of situation, climate, and soil are such as to prevent the development of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; while the arid plains and successive ranges of mountains will render these regions the future natural home of the herdsman and shepherd.

'At present, undoubtedly Texas is the great cattle state of the country, but how long it will remain so is merely a question of time. Already has the extension of crop-raising settlements increased the value of land and restricted free pasture; and eventually the stock-raising interests will be driven to the northern buffalo grass region, which Nature seems to have specially reserved for this purpose.

'Since the rebellion, through causes arising from the war, the immigration into Texas of white and coloured people from the South has been great, and is rapidly increasing; and they have not been slow to find out the high agricultural qualities of the land, and turn the same to good account. Thus the eyes of the public in all parts of the United States have been attracted to this remote corner of the country.

'The experience of stock-growers from all sections for the last few years has proved that the pure bracing air of these more northern territories east of, and adjacent to the slope of the Rocky Mountains; the peculiar virtue of the sweet, nutritious buffalo grass, their equable climate, and the pure water of the mountain streams furnish the conditions of perfect animal health and vigour of constitution for growing stock, not enjoyed by any other portion of this continent. Intelligent investigators are aware of this fact, although the masses do not seem to realise it as yet.

'The climate has no extreme of heat and cold, and the atmosphere is pure and bracing, the mean annual thermometer being at Denver, the centre of the line of this region, about fifty degrees, and the annual rainfall about thirteen inches.

'The rainy season is in May and June, when vegetation grows with great luxuriance; and when the rains cease, the grasses gradually dry on the ground, and become perfectly cured, mown hay, and remain in this state all winter. It makes far better feed than cut hay, and all the expense of cutting and stacking is saved. On an average, about two feet of snow falls in the year, a little at a time; and cattle and sheep can graze, with few exceptions, both winter and summer. A small provision for the few severe days of an unusual snowfall is, however, generally made by the provident.

'A great part of all these states and territories consists of what is here called wild land, that is, not owned by any private individuals. The greater portion belongs to the government, or has been granted by it to the railroad companies, so many miles on each side of their roads. Land can therefore be purchased on long time from the railroad companies, and a sound title given for the same; or it can be acquired under the Homestead law from government, which permits every head of a family, or male over twenty-one years of age, who is a citizen of the United States, or has declared his intention to become one, to pre-empt or enter upon a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres in any part of the public lands, for which a patent is issued after five years' residence on the same, and the payment of one dollar twenty-five cents per acre. With this centre of operations upon which to build his home and make his improvements, the adjacent wild land is all open as a range and feeding-ground for the settler's stock. The cost of raising a three-year-old steer out west is calculated at five dollars, or about twenty

shillings sterling, including all expenses, which is certainly a small sum, all things considered.

'The whole of these pasture-grounds on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains have the advantage of transportation near at hand by either the Union Pacific or Kansas Pacific railways; which Texas, where cattle must be driven seven hundred miles for shipment, has not. At present the local demand, owing to the thousands of men who are pouring into the newly discovered mining districts, is even greater than the supply, and producers can find a home market for all the cattle they can furnish. For the benefit of those who have ever thought of embarking in stock-raising in the United States, and who desire to know a little of the new Eden before bending their hopeful steps that way, I have offered the foregoing information; and to it I will add a little advice, which from experience I am able to give, and which they would do well to follow.

'During four years that I spent in Uruguay and the Argentine Republic in South America, each succeeding steamer of the Landport and Holt line from Liverpool brought out to the river La Plata a crowd of young men from the old country— younger sons, retired officers of the army and navy, and others with a few hundred pounds capital, bent on making their fortunes at sheep-raising. We used to call them "heaven-born sheep-farmers," for the majority could not tell a ewe from a wether. Some few were successful, as they had the energy, grit, and good sense to be so anywhere; but more went home again empty-handed. Now their fault was this: they would come as far as Monte Video or Buenos Ayres, where they put up at the best hotel, and remained there a month or so playing pool, billiards, &c., with the mistaken idea that they were seeing what the country was like; or else they were making up their minds where next to go, what to do, and how to do it. They had no definite plan mapped out when leaving home, and so they wandered in an aimless way about the country prospecting, until their capital was so shrunk as to be well nigh useless; instead of going to work at the first chance they got as a working shepherd, and so learning a little of the business they had come to make their fortunes in, and of which they were perfectly ignorant.

'Whoever comes out to our western country may expect to have plenty of hard work to do, and turn into bed many a night thoroughly tired out, and find very little romance about it at first; but hard work is the only honest and manly road to success here. The less money a man brings with him the better, for he will be more likely to get to work at once, and learn the details of his business. Whatever capital he has to invest should be left behind him, until he has had at least six months' experience as a hired herder on some large cattle ranch, and then he won't be tempted to invest money in fancied opportunities until his self-imposed term for acquiring instruction and experience shall have expired. He must have made up his mind to begin thus at the foot of the ladder, or he will not succeed; and he must expect to find some pretty rough characters among his new comrades, with whom he cannot put on any airs, or endeavour to assert any superiority, for though, as a rule, open-hearted, generous, and true as steel, they are quick to take offence, and the quickest man to draw his Colt's revolver settles the

difference in his own favour. However, as long as a man minds his own business, keeps sober, and is courteous and obliging to those around him, he need not fear but that he will find the settlers to be good fellows, and always ready to give him a helping hand, and teach him what he wants to know. He will meet all grades of society, and many educated men among them, who have dropped into their ranks through the love of wandering innate in the American, under the impulse of the well-known advice of the late Horace Greeley, "Go west, young man."

The writer concludes by recommending young men bent on trying their luck in the West, not to trouble themselves with letters of introduction from Emigration Agency Companies and free information offices in England to 'influential people' in the United States or Canada, though he sees no reason against purchasing through tickets from such agents, especially as they are to be had at a reduced price. Letters of introduction from such companies are, says our writer, 'a snare and a delusion.' Nor should they bring more luggage than will fill a portmanteau, and by all means not loiter in towns by the way. Considering the unsettled state of society, we would hesitate to follow up the advices of the writer, further than to say that the young and adventurous with a taste for cattle-raising might do worse than try their fortune in the quarter of the world here recommended. Of one thing there can be no doubt. The growing demand for fresh meat not only in the Eastern States of the Union, but in England, gives promise of a lucrative system of stock-raising in the Far West.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

OUR scientific and learned Societies having got through the first weeks of their session, are preparing during the Christmas holidays for a fresh start in the New Year. Among subjects brought before the Royal Society were 'Experimental Contributions to the Theory of the Radiometer,' by Mr Crookes, in which the peculiarities of the remarkable instrument are explained more clearly than before, and a way is opened for further investigation. We have already described the radiometer in these pages; hence for the present, it will suffice to state that by modifications of the form and material of the rotating discs, very curious effects are produced; that the mill may be made to stand still by improved exhaustion of the glass case, and that in a perfect vacuum (if such could be produced) the beam of the torsion balance 'would be in perpetual motion.' There will be more to explain on this subject before the session is over.

A paper by Mr G. H. Darwin, son of the eminent philosopher and naturalist, discusses the question of the fixity or mobility of the earth's axis of rotation, and the possibility of variations in the obliquity of the ecliptic—a question which has of late attracted much attention. The sum of the argument is, that if the earth be quite rigid, no redistribution of matter in new continents could ever cause the deviation of the Pole from its primitive position to exceed the limit of about three degrees. But if it be true that the earth

readjusts itself periodically to a new form of equilibrium, then there is a possibility of a cumulative effect; and the Pole may have wandered some ten or fifteen degrees from its primitive position, or have made a smaller excursion and returned to near its old place.

With regard to the obliquity of the ecliptic, no such cumulation is possible. As Mr Darwin remarks, even gigantic polar ice-caps during the glacial period could not have altered the position of the Arctic Circle by so much as three inches. Thus the obliquity of the ecliptic has remained sensibly constant throughout geological history.

How to account for the presence of fossils of tropical animals and plants in the polar regions, is still a difficulty. A recent suggestion by way of overcoming it is, that in the primeval ages the bulk of our atmosphere was much greater than at present, whereby the warmth of the earth would be preserved and extended into regions which are now subject to perennial frost.

The anniversary meetings of the Royal Society may be regarded as records of the progress of science, for the President makes known what has been done during the year, and in presenting the medals, sets forth the reasons for the several awards. Thus at the last anniversary, the Copley medal was given to Claude Bernard, a famous French physiologist, for his discovery of the sugar-making function of the liver, which opened entirely new views of the animal economy, and helped to advance the science of physiology. Formerly it was thought that the liver had nothing to do but secrete bile; now we know that chemical actions of different nature are being carried on at the same time with such results as to make of the liver, as has been happily said, 'the sweetener of life.' The study of these actions ranks among the most interesting of physiological inquiries.

By means of the spectroscope our knowledge of cosmical science has been greatly extended; and another Frenchman, M. Janssen, was singled out for the Rumford medal, for his many contributions to spectroscopy—a science as yet in its infancy, but full of promise. He was in India observing the eclipse of 1868, when, with a flash of genius, it occurred to him that an eclipse is not necessary to enable astronomers to take observations of solar phenomena, but that by a proper arrangement of the spectroscope the ragged edge of the sun—which presents such important phenomena—can be observed on any clear day.

A Royal medal was given to Mr William Froude, F.R.S., for his theoretical and experimental researches on the behaviour of ships. These researches were carried on by means of excellent instruments of his own invention, with which he measured the oscillations or 'rolling' of ships. In a country which depends so much on its navy as England, it is of the highest importance to know all that can be known about ships and their behaviour, and on questions of form of resistance, or propulsion, Mr Froude's mechanical skill and theoretical acuteness place him in the foremost rank as an authority.

In her voyage round the world of three years and a half, the *Challenger* sailed nearly sixty-nine thousand miles; made hundreds of soundings, ascertained the nature of the sea-bottom over enormous areas, collected thousands of animals and plants from land and sea, made long series of

observations on temperature and currents, discovered facts which throw light on important geological questions, and increased our knowledge of the physics and natural history of the globe to a surprising extent. Sir Wyville Thomson, F.R.S., was Director of the scientific staff by whom all this work was accomplished; and by awarding him one of the two Royal medals for the present year, the Royal Society have expressed their opinion of his merits. Many readers will be glad to know that measures are in progress for publishing the history and results of this memorable voyage.

A German chemist has made a long series of careful experiments to ascertain the quantity of carbonic acid given off in respiration and perspiration by different animals. From among his most important conclusions printed in the *Journal* of the Chemical Society, we select a few which appear worth wider notice. In proportion to their weight, the largest quantity of carbonic acid is given off by birds—mammals come next—and worms, amphibia, fishes and snails form another group in which the excretion of carbonic acid is much smaller: of these, worms give off the most, and snails the least. Those that live in water give off more carbonic acid to the air than they do to the water; and young animals more than old ones. Experiments with coloured light shew that under the green and yellow more carbonic acid is excreted than in ordinary daylight; and on comparing light and darkness, it was found that much less carbonic acid is given off during the night than during the day. In coloured light the milk-white and blue rays come next to the green and yellow in activity; and the red and violet are the least active.

The same *Journal* publishes a statement concerning the action of sea-water on lead: 'Freshly cut strips of lead were kept in a bottle of sea-water for four days, the bottle being frequently shaken. No trace of lead could be detected in the water, but the bright surface of the strips was coated with an insoluble lead compound. Hence lead pipes may be used in marine aquaria without any fear of injury to their inhabitants.'

A series of lectures on the Laws of Health is in course of delivery at the Society of Arts, elucidated by clever experiments. The lecture on Digestion was especially remarkable, for the process of digestion was shewn in glass vessels by chemical means which a few years ago would have been thought impossible. Solid meat and chopped meat were dissolved, before the eyes of the audience to exemplify the action of the gastric juice, and the necessity for and advantage of mastication.

In the state of Durango, Mexico, about nine thousand feet above the sea, there is a remarkable tin-bearing district more than twenty miles in extent, concerning which a few particulars have been made public. By sinking of shafts it has been ascertained that stream tin and ore abound over the whole district. The ore is found loose in the veins in irregular rounded masses from the size of a pin's head to that of a man's head; and the supply is so great that 'metallic tin can be produced at a cost of two cents a pound.' There are six hundred veins already known, and more than three hundred drifts of stream tin. A visitor to the spot is of opinion that the tin ore is still forming. A portion of a vein was left

standing in 1864. On examining the place in a subsequent visit in 1870, he found that 'new films or layers of cassiterite had been deposited, and in some places noticed that peculiar variety known as toad's-eye tin, which he believes had formed during his absence.'

It is not difficult to believe that digging has never been held in such esteem as in the present century, for to say nothing of the tons of gold and silver and of other minerals which have been dug out of the earth within the past fifty years, many chapters of ancient history have been brought to light by digging in various parts of the world, and our knowledge of the arts and architecture of bygone ages has been increased. Nineveh and Babylon have been made to reappear and give up their treasures. Travellers to Jerusalem may now see portions of the city as they stood in the days of David and Solomon: grand historical buildings of the Rome of the emperors have been disinterred; and at Troy, Dr Schliemann has discovered cities more ancient than the Ilium described by Homer. Since then, while digging at Argos he found the tombs of Agamemnon and other ancient heroes, containing bones, utensils, golden sceptres, and jewelry of matchless workmanship. Discoveries not less important have been made by General di Cesnola in Cyprus: sculptures by thousands in marble and alabaster; numerous gems, ornaments in bronze, terra-cotta; rings and armlets of massive gold; more than two hundred delicately worked articles in silver, at least two thousand years old; and the official seal of Thothmosis III. king of Egypt, who conquered Cyprus in the days when his subjects were building the third and fourth Pyramids. This seal is perfect, and is described as 'a finely cut stone, pierced and mounted in gold, with its ancient movable handle of silver.' Among all these what admirable specimens there will be for modern museums! And more may be expected, for the researches will be continued. In the progress of his work the General has identified the sites of seventeen ancient cities, one of which is Kitium, the Chittim of the Bible. And last we hear of the discovery of ancient towns and golden ornaments in the wild sandy Desert of Gobi in Eastern Turkestan, an account of which was recently read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society.

To these particulars we may add the interesting fact, that in the series of translations from ancient Egyptian papyri preserved in the British Museum, one has just been published which shews that much intercourse—not always peaceful—prevailed between Egypt and the islands of the Mediterranean.

The last number of the *Journal* of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society contains an article on the 'Beliefs and Usages among the Pre-Islamitic Arabs' which is well worth reading, for there is much in the history of those early days analogous to Biblical ancient history. They appear to have in fact much in common, and the Scripture names are recognisable in their Arab dress. The subject is full of interest, and will probably have more light thrown upon it if ever the 'great ruins of Yemen' should be excavated. It will perhaps surprise some readers to learn that much of what is called Mohammedanism existed before Mohammed. He found usages and beliefs in full force, and adopted them; as, for example, the pilgrimage

to Mecca, the kissing of the black stone, the running between Cafa and Merwah, and the sacrificing of cattle.

The year just closing will be memorable for many forms of intellectual activity, for multifarious discussion on matters appertaining to education, for advocacy of endowment of research, and for decay of the feeling that knowledge is worth acquiring for its own sake alone. For example, we have an archbishop delivering prizes to successful students at Manchester, and telling them that, by far too much of our public-school education is taken up with Latin and Greek, and a very little of the sauce of mathematics: that the ancient classics as a whole are by no means the splendid models of form and taste which they had been held to be: and that modern German, French, and English offer resources for acquiring knowledge, for the building up of a refined form, and an elevated style, in a higher degree than the languages of antiquity. The anatomy of a modern language is a study of exhaustless interest, and as much intellectual acuteness may be developed in construing Shakspeare as in construing Horace. Then, again, we have the President of the Epidemiological Society endeavouring to remove popular error by calling on an audience of the medical profession to abandon 'semi-mystical speculation,' and to look on epidemic in its true light. 'The use of the word epidemic itself,' he said, 'was probably a necessity of medicine; but it should be used only in its common and natural sense to signify common to or affecting a whole people, or a great number in a community; and all mystical notions with regard to it should be wholly laid aside. It is the disease that constitutes the epidemic, and not the epidemic the disease.'

With regard to Messrs Sharp and Smith's apparatus for converting sea-water into fresh, noticed in this *Journal* for November 4, and which we believe was the invention of Mr A. P. Sharp of Dublin, we have to inform our readers that further information may be had by applying to the manufacturers at 36 West Ferry Road, Millwall, London; at 3 York Buildings, Dale Street, Liverpool; or at 21 Eden Quay, Dublin.

THE ROBIN.

E'en Dawn descends enrobed in silvery light,
 When hoden gray enshrouds the garden walls,
 And phantom trees are clothed in grizzly white,
 And Silence quivers as the dead leaf falls,
 Invisibly thou haunt'st the spectral gloom,
 Trilling lone matin-songs o'er Summer's tomb,
 Elegiac, as if the dawn of doom
 Premonitory toned thy canticles.

Hail! winged prophet of the stark white sleep;
 As Spring, the cuckoo greets, thy bode we hear
 Of Winter, though thy confères silence keep.
 From dawn till eve, thou wait'st the drooping year.
 And hark!—such cadences were affectionation,
 Did human voice intone such lamentation;
 Now; more thou savour'st of resignation,
 Seeing Nature's face each dawn more pinched and drear.

Brave nursery pet of legendary lore
 And greenwood fame, thy name's beloved, thy dnn
 Red-breasted coat hath shewn since times of yore
 A hero's heirloom, marked with victory on.
 But Robin, why so piteous a repiner?
 The common lot? No 'wood-note wild' is finer
 On Winter's verge, than thy delicious minor:
 Be Contemplation's soul in unison.

Ah, ah! an elfin flight; what tricky sprite
 Possesses thee to cut so quaint a caper?
 Did hapless emmet tempt thy appetite
 To strike with mandible of lethal taper?
 Or did the flattering sunbeams nerve thy wing,
 And touch thy breast, with amours of the Spring?
 And turn thy head with vain imagining
 Of plumes *d'er* bright, and spirits *always* happier!

Well, take thee all in all, thy fame and thee,
 Of winged guests thou art the versatile,
 All Summer long thy gallant lance is free,
 And then in Autumn-shrift thou dost beguile.
 Hail! welcome to our Yule-tide cheer;
 Welcome as praise to Contemplation's ear,
 Lonely as herald of the vernal year—
 And when all stark lies Nature dim and drear,
 May Vesta's bounty cheer thy heart awhile.

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Next Saturday, January 6, 1877, will be commenced in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

By MRS NEWMAN,
 Author of *Too Late*, &c.

(Would Mr Spooner kindly communicate his address to the Editor?)

END OF THIRTIETH VOLUME



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